

## BIG CLUB RALLY FOR McCULLOCH CO. GIRLS MAY 26

At 2 P. M. on May 26, there is to be a rally of the McCulloch County Home Demonstration Club girls at Brady. Much enthusiasm is being manifested by the club girls all over the county and a great day is expected. The club that has the largest per cent of members present will be given a check to be used in meeting the expenses of a club member to the Short Course held at A. & M. college in July.

The purpose of the rally is to discuss the scholarship and the clothing contest which are put on each year by the Extension Department of A. & M. college to encourage girls' club work in the State of Texas. At the rally will be present two important members of the Extension Department, Miss Mary Jessie Stone, District Home Demonstration Agent, and Mrs. Dora Russell Barnes, Clothing Specialist. They will explain fully the requirements necessary to enter the contests. They will also have with them exhibits of required work so that all club members may see the quality of work submitted by other clubs from other counties. All club members are not only urged to be present themselves but the parents are cordially invited to come and see just what club work means educationally as well as socially in the lives of their girls.

The scholarship contest is put on under the Extension Department of A. & M. college of Texas by the State Fair of Texas. There are four scholarships offered, valued at \$200 each, to be used at any of the State colleges for girls, as follows for the—

- 1—Best record for first year club work;
- 2—Best record for second year club work;
- 3—Best record for third year club work;
- 4—Best record for fourth year club work.

Girls of McCulloch county are only entitled to try for the scholarship offered for first year club work, because there are only first year clubs in the county. The contestant must be 15 years old by January 1, 1923.

In judging the work submitted by the contestants the following will be taken into consideration:

- 1—The progress and development of the girl.
- 2—Her home responsibilities and environments
- 3—The locality of Texas in which she lives.

The girls' clothing contest is conducted among club girls with a three-fold aim, as follows:

**Aims of the Contest.**  
A. To raise the standard of dress among the Texas Club girls by considering the entire costume as a whole, the harmony of each garment made with its wardrobe environment, the occasion on which it is to be worn and the amount spent. For example, a dress will be considered not simply as a dress but together with all its accessories—underwear, shoes, hose, and hat; and with reference to the occasion and the amount spent.

B. To increase the interest of the girls in good taste in dress and in the processes and problems involved in the making of clothing, and to bring the girls of the community into closer touch with each other.

C. To encourage the subordination of clothing to the efficiency, satisfaction, happiness and health of the individual.

The articles of clothing to be entered are:

- 1—A cotton school dress, with all accessories, underwear, shoes, hose, hat, etc.
- 2—Underwear:
  - (a)—Teddies;
  - (b)—Princess slip or petticoat and cover.

Each contestant must show all of the articles of the wardrobe named. Prizes will be offered for individual articles making up the complete exhibit. All the articles entered must be made by the girls entering them, and the accessories for the wardrobe must be made or chosen by the girls (hat, shoes and hose need not be new).

The first exhibition of the articles entered in the contest will be held in the county and the girl who is selected as having the best exhibit will then go to A. & M. college in July at the time of the short course. At this time she will enter the state clothing contest, using the same exhibit that she had in the county contest. The expenses of the successful contestant will be met by the county.

Now be sure to remember and don't forget:

- The date—Saturday, May 26.
- The place—Brady, the District Court room at the court house.
- The time—2 P. M.

## SEVEN-YEAR OLD CHILD IS SCALDED TO DEATH—FALLS IN WASH POT WHILE AT PLAY

A most distressing accident occurred last Thursday afternoon at about 2:00 o'clock when Carleen Kirk Morris, 7-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Morris, living 4 miles out in the country, fell into a kettle of scalding hot water, suffering such severe burns that it died at 5:50 o'clock Friday morning at the local sanitarium, where it was brought for medical care. The child was playing with a wagon and was walking backwards when it bumped into the wash pot, the top of the kettle catching it just at its knees and dumping it backwards into the steaming caldron. The body was literally cooked down to below the knees.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris had been making their home in Brady until last Saturday a week ago, when they moved to the country. They have the deep sympathy of the entire community in their terrible bereavement.

The little fellow was the oldest of five children, three sisters and one brother surviving.

The body was taken to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. C. Evers where funeral services were conducted Friday afternoon at 5:00 o'clock, Rev. Jackson officiating. Interment was in Brady cemetery.

## LIGHTNING SUNDAY STRUCK TWO HOUSES—TIMELY DISCOVERY PREVENTS DAMAGE

Lightning struck the residence of C. A. Trigg and also Mr. Trigg's rent house across the street, and which is occupied by C. M. Owens, at about 3:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon during the storm here. At the Trigg residence, the damage was confined to burning out all the electric and telephone wiring. A big ball of fire was seen to fall in the hall, but set nothing afire. No one was at home at the Owens' home, Mrs. Owens being in Dallas, and Mr. Owens being in San Angelo. A neighbor girl, who chanced to go to the Owens' residence after the storm, found a bunch of rags afire, and her timely discovery undoubtedly prevented destruction of the home. The wall paper in the kitchen was burned, the back of the kitchen cabinet was torn out and the dishes scattered and broken.

## SCHOOL NOTICE.

Mrs. E. C. Mitchell will begin a summer school at the Central School building, on May 28, will continue eight weeks. Grades from second to seventh, inclusive.

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

## BRADY BAND IS GOING GOOD

A phone call last night from Secretary Wm. D. Cargill at San Angelo advised that the Brady band was going good, and was taking in the "Queen City of the Conchos" in great style. The boys paraded up town, into the department stores and around the aisles, playing their best and receiving great ovations wherever they went. Cargill says the boys are playing like veterans and are sure to capture the prize in the Class B Band Contest.

## SAN ANGELO IS MECCA OF ALL WEST TEXAS FOR W. T. C. OF C. CONVENTION

SUNDAY ATTENDANCE IS ESTIMATED AT 13,000 AND ALL RECORDS PROMISE TO BE BROKEN—BRADY CITIZENS TO ATTEND EN MASSE WEDNESDAY

All West Texas is gathering at San Angelo for the great annual convention of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, which opened its session in that city yesterday morning and which continues in session today and tomorrow. San Angelo is in gala attire, and in true West Texas fashion, is taking a gambler's chance on the weather and is staging all her big programs in the wide-open out-of-doors. Every incoming train disgorges hundreds of delegates from all over Texas, and every highway leading into San Angelo is crowded with automobiles journeying to the Magic City of the Concho. The initial crowd on Sunday, the day prior to the opening of the convention, was estimated at 13,000.

That the convention will exceed in attendance all previous records is accepted as a foregone conclusion. The San Angelo citizens are united in their efforts to accommodate, entertain and do lavish hospitality upon their guests. "Hop In" cars take you where you want to go. Almost every hour of the day sees one or another band staging an open-air concert for the benefit of the constantly swelling throngs.

**Brady Delegation in Camp.**  
The Brady delegation, pioneered by Wm. D. Cargill, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, who accompanied the trucks loaded with baggage, tents and bedding to San Angelo Saturday, is camped out in one of the choicest spots in the Tourist park, Brady being second to be given choice of the spaces allotted. With ample shade, and with the swimming pool just at the foot of 400 x 400 space, the Bradyites are comfortably established and are eagerly awaiting the arrival of several hundred additional delegates, for which there is ample provision in camp. Only cots and bedding are required. Hubert Jackson has established a camp restaurant, and is serving three hot meals per day at the nominal price of 35c per meal.

**Brady Band in Action.**  
The band boys took things easy Sunday, resting from their trip, and awaiting the arrival of the remaining members of the band. The boys were scheduled to stage a concert at the ball park yesterday morning for the opening game between Brady and Winters, and will give various other concerts on the streets and about San Angelo, preparatory to the staging of the Class B. band contests in which they will contend for the \$350 first prize.

**Brady Loses Opening Ball Game.**  
Brady and Winters opened a two-game series yesterday morning, with Winters winning by a score of 4 to 0. Brady outclassed Winters in brilliance of playing, but appeared to have all the hard breaks against them. The Brady team has a splendid line-up, having recruited Ingram, Steadman, Lefty Blevins and McCarty, the new catcher, in addition to the old stand-bys, and is booked to win this morning. Should they win, the two game series will result in the tie being played off probably this afternoon, and the winner will play the winner of the afternoon series for the championship.

**Plainview Sends Big Delegation.**  
Plainview arrived in San Angelo Sunday evening about 7:00 o'clock, with over 100 delegates, in addition to a 50 or 60-piece Boy Scout band. Headed by the band, Plainview marched in double file up Chadbourne street, bearing aloft such signs as "Howdy San Angelo,"

this afternoon, and the final round-up will be Wednesday morning. By all means, Brady should not have less than 500 delegates at San Angelo. Brady is not only a contender for first honors in base ball and in Class B bands, but Brady also has her hat in the ring for the 1924 convention, and it will take a big delegation of several hundred live wires to make a showing. Let's all take one day off, go to San Angelo and show West Texas the stuff that they call the "Brady spirit." Just remember, when your band enters a contest with twenty or thirty other bands, it is going to put ginger into them to know that 500 or more Bradyites are there to back them up and pull for them. Brady is certain to win on best uniforms, too, for none of the bands so far sighted have anything to compare with our boys in the way of uniform.

## Road Information.

The Standard editor, in company with C. M. Owens, drove to San Angelo Sunday morning and returned to Brady Monday morning. We traveled three routes, and—always barring further rain—the following is the road information. Going up Sunday morning, mud was encountered along the road, the worst spot being just this side of the West Sweden church. By keeping to the left-hand side of the road, this spot may be safely passed. Those who went by way of Pear Valley and Doole had good traveling. Those who took the road north of Melvin encountered a bad mud hole there, while those who went by Melvin found fairly good traveling. From Melvin on through Pasche to Eden the roads were dry. At Paint Rock, the road leading directly to San Angelo is graded up for about six miles, making for slow traveling. One can avoid this, and travel a very good road by taking the other route, which, however, is twelve miles longer to travel. Returning, we found an even better road via Paint Rock to Millersview, although five miles this side of Millersview there was a bad mud hole, which was being filled with rock, and from Doole south the road was pretty muddy and rutted as a result of Sunday afternoon's rain; however, we traveled through it all without mud-chains. As before stated, this information is good only in case of no further rains. A little additional rain on some of these muddy spots would make them well-nigh impassable, while a little wind and sunshine would dry them in a hurry. It's best to seek advance information before starting out, but with the great numbers of cars that are traveling to San Angelo, it is certain that even in case of additional rain, it will not be long before the roads will be thoroughly dry.

The main idea is—Go to San Angelo, and let's get BRADY going big!

## MEMORANDUM ORGANIZES LIVE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE TO BOOST THAT LIVE TOWN

A phone message received last Saturday from Judge Joe Matthews brought the news that the citizens of Menard had met the evening before and had organized a Chamber of Commerce to boost that live burg. Judge Matthews advised that since Brady had made such a great success of her Chamber of Commerce, Menard wanted to pattern her body after the Brady Chamber, and he desired all possible advice, information and suggestions that could be had. Secretary Wm. D. Cargill has promised to visit Menard whenever the citizens there desire, and will lend his assistance in getting them started out to do big things for Menard and Menard county.

## MEMPHIS ARRIVES.

Shortly after, Memphis arrived at the orient depot, and those who thought Plainview had the best band ever, set about revising their figures, for Memphis has a band that is Class A and Class A-1 in addition. Memphis is said to be spending \$1,000 to send her delegation to San Angelo, and they are putting on a great show.

## Beautiful Displays.

In the Crowther Hardware show window, Sonora has a display representing in miniature a West Texas ranch home, complete with a tiny windmill gaily pumping water into a tank on which miniature ducks swim about. The ranch scene is complete to the prickly pear and sage grass, with mountains and canyons for a background. In the Findlater Hardware Co. window is a display said to be conceded as the swellest ever seen in West Texas. Every visitor should make special effort to see this.

## Brady's Big Opportunity.

Both Brady's banks and many of the stores will close Wednesday and join the band boys and ball team in putting Brady on the map of West Texas at San Angelo. It is our one big opportunity, and everyone who possibly can, should go to San Angelo. The visit is certain to prove both a revelation and an inspiration. It will put a true West Texas spirit into our citizens, and they are certain to come away feeling well-rewarded for the trip. Many Brady citizens went to San Angelo yesterday to join the Brady crowd, and many have planned to go this morning or

## NATURAL GAS IS PROMISED BRADY BY NEW STRIKE

Natural gas for Brady looms as an immediate possibility by reason of a big gas strike in a well on the Geo. Shafer place 12 miles northeast of Brady, and about six miles northwest of Rochelle. The well was brought in the latter part of last week, and while no accurate test of the flow has so far been possible, it is declared to have about four or five times the volume of the gas well drilled last year on the W. Z. Stapleton farm, and which is about one mile northeast of the new strike. So strong is the flow that it will lift two men standing on a board laid over the hole. The new well is on a line from the Stapleton well leading towards the Day-Daley field.

Originally contracted to be drilled 200 feet, a neighborhood purse was made up to continue drilling the hole to 500 feet. When the 500 foot depth was reached, still another purse was raised by Walter Mooring and others to drill another 50 feet, but the drill had gone but three feet when the gas flow was struck, and but two feet of sand has been penetrated so far. After the drilling was stopped, the well caved in, and when the gas forced its way through the cave, mud, together with a showing of oil, was thrown 40 feet in the air by the gas pressure.

Much interest locally has been taken in the gas, and it is reported that one investor has refused a \$100 offer for his \$5 stock in the well.

## BRADY WINS MASON GAME BY A SCORE OF 5 TO 3 ON MASON GROUNDS FRIDAY

The Brady ball team returned from Mason last Friday with another scalp in their belt, having tomahawked Mason to the tune of 5 to 3. McCarty, the new catcher from San Antonio, was tried out, and proved a worthy successor to "Buck" Bailey. McCarty not only receives well, but is a good base runner, and best of all, he has a whip that keeps the opposing runners hugging the bases.

## NOTICE

The Junior and Senior Societies of the East Sweden church will have an ice cream supper Friday night, May 25, 1923. Everyone invited to attend.

Miss Pinkie Jones will begin her Summer class in Piano next Monday, May 30th. Pupils may enroll at any time.

## THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

In Summer time people drink Iced Tea!

You know that, of course—but You didn't know that we are selling The Best Tea at 50c per pound; All kinds Fendell brand Jams at 90c; All kinds Fendell brand Preserves at 40c.

Phone 50; we'll deliver.

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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.  
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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.  
**TRIGG DRUG CO.**  
The Rexall Store

**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 22, 1923

**HONEST INJUN.**

Readers and fellow citizens: If this issue of The Standard appears to be somewhat abbreviated and hastily "gotten together"—remember the San Angelo convention is now on, and by the time you read this, The Standard force will, in all probability, be there.

Not long since we visited a cemetery and saw a tall and costly monument glittering in the sunlight. We knew the man who sleeps beneath it, and we wondered if in the world beyond the stars he found happiness. He certainly did not do so this side of the meridian. He gave his strength in the chase of gold. His schemes by day and night were of how he could increase his harvest. He never saw the sorrowful face of the widow in want or heard the plaintive voice of childish hunger. The birds sang gaily in the tree tops, innocent flowers wafted their perfume to him and the sunlight danced across his path, but he noticed nothing. The only music heard was the jingle of the gold as it dropped into his coffers. In the flush of his conquest and power he was stricken down with the poorest. He left behind no legacy of kindly deeds, no cherished words of hope, no achim heart for a friend who was gone. His gold has bought for him monument of gold and pulseless granite that defies the moans of the winds as his heart defied the sobs of humanity. In the democracy of the grave there is no caste, and we say that this man wasted his life as much as the rum-soaked pauper who sleeps in the potter's field a stone's throw away.—McGregor Mirror.

You laugh at prohibition laws.  
The libertine laughs at the marriage laws.  
The anarchist laughs at the property laws.  
Watch out that your son does not laugh at all laws. Let's quit laughing at any laws.—Col. Dan Morgan Smith.

A Sensitive Sole.  
Colored Rookie—"I'd lak to have a new pair of shoes, suh."  
Sergeant—"Are your shoes worn out?"  
Colored Rookie—"Worn out! Man, the bottoms of mah shoes am so thin that ah can step on a dime and tell whether it's haid or tails."—Dyer-grams.

New Albums for Snap Shots or Kodaks; also White Pencils and Art Corners for Mounting. The Brady Standard.

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Food cannot be properly protected against spoilage, germ growth, loss of flavor—except in a well made, well insulated refrigerator.

Bar none, there is no utility of the home so vital to health. Your doctor will confirm this.

And the clean, pure product we deliver is all a good refrigerator needs in order to protect your family's health—and help you live as you should.

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**Gymnastic Stunt.**  
Barbour—"You seem warm. Have you been exercising?"  
Waters—"Yes, indeed! I went to the deaf mutes' dance and swung dumb belles around all the evening."  
—Gargoyle.

**He Grew to Be a Lawyer.**  
Mother—"You say you have been to Sunday school, yet I can smell fish on your hands. Explain please."  
Jehnnie—"Well, here's the Sunday school paper, mom, and there, right on the back page, is the story of Jonah and the whale."

**"And a Sack of Flour"**

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.

**Remember, It Pays to Use the Best**

**Waples Platter Grocery Company**

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**HAIL AND WIND STORMS WREAK HAVOC TO CROPS**

Disastrous storms Saturday and Sunday have wreaked havoc to growing grains and newly planted crops, and inestimable and irreparable loss has been done to the farmers of this section. Local men estimate that 8,000 acres of cotton will have to be replanted, and in addition a tremendous acreage of oats and other small grains, which would have been ready for the reaper within the next week or two, has been blown down and beat into the ground, while corn that was up to about knee-high, has been broken and all but ruined.

The hail and storm Saturday afternoon appears to have been at its worst in the Whiteland and Melvin sections, and 2,000 acres surrounding Whiteland on the north, south and west have been denuded of all growing crops. Albert Malmstorm, Oscar Nelson and John Swenson are numbered among the heavy losers, and others of their neighbors were likewise hard hit. Mr. Swenson yesterday was reported as having seventeen planters running in his fields to replant the destroyed crops. The heavy downpour of rain caused Brady creek to come down on about a three-foot rise Sunday morning.

Sunday afternoon another disastrous hail and wind storm struck this section. According to best reports available, the storm extended from the Santa Anna section in Coleman county, through the Mercury, Placid and Voca sections of McCulloch, and through Katemey on down into Mason county. The extent of the damage could not be learned, but is most serious.

East of Brady, much damage is reported on the Eld and Chas. Bryson places. Chas. Bryson yesterday reported a 40-acre patch of oats which he was preparing to cut within the next week, as having been beaten and blown until it looked like a dull reaper had been run over it, while a 70 or 12-acre corn patch had the corn stalks broken off. The storm came between 2 and 3 o'clock and some of the hail stones were as big as hen's eggs. A fine rain followed the hail and wind.

J. E. Carlson reports considerable damage in the East Sweden community, several houses having the window lights knocked out. The storm here seems to have followed its old path across the Engdahl place. The hail stones were reported quite large, but not so very thick. One fell with such force as to puncture a galvanized tank and let all the water out.

Joe Myrick, who was visiting in the Katemey community Sunday reports much damage down that way, and says some of the hail stones appeared as big as base balls. Some fell and broke into pieces as big as hen's eggs. One extra large hailstone was picked up and put in a pitcher to cool water. At J. H. Dobbs' residence, a hail stone knocked a hole through a newly-shingled roof.

Chas. Kensing of Mason county reports the damage as having been quite severe in the path on the storm through that county.

In Brady the fury of the storm found vent in a terrific windstorm, with a light hail. The total of Saturday and Sunday's precipitation in Brady was about one-fifth of an inch.

The Doole community was visited by another hail storm Sunday afternoon, which covered only a narrow and short strip on J. M. Pate's place. A streak of rain extended diagonally across the country from about five miles this side of Millersview, crossing the road leading south from Doole, going through Cow Gap and into Brady.

**Pedigreed.**

In a New Brunswick village a town character who preferred emphasis to the verities was a witness in a petty trial involving an auger. He positively identified it as the property of one of the parties to the suit.

"But," asked the attorney for the other side, "do you swear that you know this auger?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you known it?" he continued.

"I have known this auger," said the witness impressively, "ever since it was a gimlet."—Everybody's.

**Her Distinction.**

A teacher asked her class in spelling to state the difference between the words "results" and "consequences."

A bright girl replied, "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."—Harper's Bazar.

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**The Girl Who Understood Men.**  
Everybody's Magazine: Salesgirl (to companion): "The man who bought that five-pound box of chocolates said it was for his wife."  
"Is he just married?"  
"Either that, or he's done something."

**Only Circumstantial**  
Following a dinner of savants a certain professor of psychology thought he would test a colored cloak attendant as to his memory. Although the professor pretended to have mislaid his creak the boy without hesitation handed him the right hat.

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Shaw-Walker Filing Devices in Steel and Wood put system into any business. The Brady Standard.

"How did you know this one is mine?" asked the learned man.  
"Ah don't know dat, suh."  
"Then why did you give it to me?"  
"Cause you give it to me when you come in, suh."

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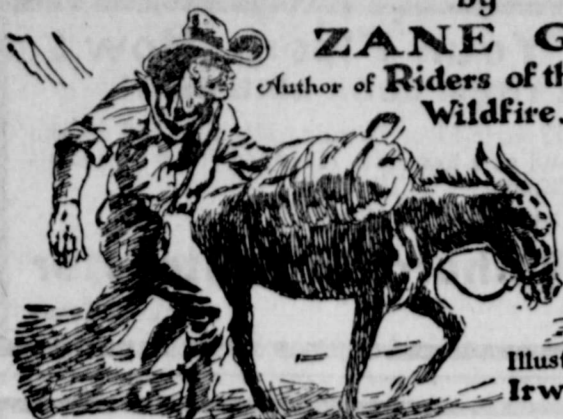
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We are now delivering coal on the new cheap summer prices. Order your winter coal today and save further worry. Macy & Co.

# 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," solitary prospector, forms a partnership with an unknown man whom he later learns is James Warren, father of a girl whom Cameron wronged, but later married, back in Illinois. Cameron's explanation appeases 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 Forlorn 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 tells 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 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.

**CHAPTER VIII**—Gale, with Ladd, Lash and the Yaqui, pursue the raiding party over the desert, finally cornering them. Five of the six thieves are killed and the party of whites, with the recovered horses, return to the ranch in triumph.

**CHAPTER IX**—Gale secures from Mrs. Belding what he feels is reluctant permission to allow him to seek Nell for a wife. He begins his courtship with energy, confident that he can win her.

### CHAPTER X

Rojas.

No word from George Thorne had come to Forlorn River in weeks. Gale grew concerned over the fact, and began to wonder if anything serious meant? bluntly demanded return.

"Nell has started for Casita," burst out Gale. "She has gone to fetch Mercedes some word about Thorne. Oh, Belding, you needn't shake your head. I know she's gone. She tried to persuade me to go, and was furious when I wouldn't."

"I don't believe it," replied Belding hoarsely. "Nell may have her temper, she's a little devil at times, but she always had good sense."

"Tom, you can gamble she's gone," said Ladd.

"Aw, h—l, no! Jim, what do you think?" implored Belding.

"I reckon Sol's white head is posted level and straight down Casita trail. An' Nell can ride. We're losin' time."

"That roused Belding to action. 'I say you're all wrong,' he yelled, starting for the corral. 'She's only taking a little ride, same as she's done often. But rustle now. Find out Dick, you ride cross the valley. Jim, you hunt up and down the river. I'll head up San Felipe way. And you, Laddy, take Diablo and hit the Casita trail. If she really has gone after Thorne you can catch her in an hour or so.'

"Shore I'll go," replied Ladd. "But, Beldin', if you're not plumb crazy you're close to it. That big white devil can't catch Sol. Not in an hour or a day or a week!"

"Laddy, you mean to say Sol is a faster horse than Diablo?" thundered Belding, his face purple.

"Shore I mean to tell you just that there," replied the ranger. "I'll ride your Blanco Devil as he never was rid before, 'cept once when a d—n sight better hossman than I am couldn't make him outrun Sol."

Without more words the men saddled and were off. The interminable time that followed contained for Gale about as much suspense as he could well bear. What astonished him and helped him greatly to fight off actual distress was the endurance of Nell's mother.

Early on the morning of the second day, Gale saw three white horses and a bay come wearily stepping down the road. He heard Blanco Sol's familiar



"Blanco Sol Gone!" Yelled Belding, in a Rage.

whistle, and he leaped up wild with joy. The horse was riderless. Gale's sudden joy received a violent check, then resurged when he saw a limp form in Jim Lash's arms. Ladd was supporting a horseman who wore a military uniform.

Gale shouted with joy and ran into the house to tell the good news. It was the ever-thoughtful Mrs. Belding who prevented him from rushing to tell Mercedes.

Lash handed down a ragged, travel-stained, wan girl into Belding's arms. "Dad! Mamma!"

It was indeed a repentant Nell, but there was spirit yet in the tired blue eyes. Then she caught sight of Gale and gave him a faint smile.

"Hello—Dick."

"Nell!" Gale reached for her hand, held it tightly, and found speech difficult.

"You needn't worry—about your old horse," she said, as Belding carried her toward the door. "Oh, Dick! Blanco Sol is—glorious!"

Gale turned to greet his friend. Indeed, it was but a haggard ghost of the cavalryman. Thorne looked ill or wounded. Gale's greeting was also a question full of fear.

Thorne's answer was a faint smile. He seemed ready to drop from the saddle. Gale helped Ladd hold Thorne upon the horse until they reached the house. Belding came out again. His welcome was checked as he saw the condition of the cavalryman. Thorne reeled into Dick's arms. But he was able to stand and walk.

"I'm not—hurt. Only weak—starved," he said. "Is Mercedes—Take me to her."

"She'll be well the minute she sees him," averred Belding, as he and Gale led the cavalryman to Mercedes' room. There they left him; and Gale, at least, felt his ears ringing with the girl's broken cry of joy.

When Belding and Gale hurried forth again the rangers were tending the tired horses. Upon returning to the house Jim Lash calmly lit his pipe, and Ladd declared that, hungry as he was, he had to tell his story.

"Shore, Beldin'," began Ladd, "that was funny about Diablo catchin' Blanco Sol. Funny ain't the word. I nearly laughed myself to death. Well, I rode in Sol's tracks all the way to Casita. Never seen a rebel or a raider till I got to town. I went straight to the camp of the cavalrymen, an' found them just coolin' off an' dressin' down their hosses after what looked to me like a big ride."

"Some soldier took me to an officer's tent. Nell was there, some white an' all in. She just said, 'Laddy!'"

Thorne was there, too, an' he was bein' worked over by the camp doctor. I didn't ask no questions, because I seen quiet was needed round that tent. After satisfying myself that Nell was all right, an' Thorne in no danger, I went out. "Shore there was so darn many fellers who wanted to an' tried to tell me what'd come off. I thought I'd never find out. But I got the story piece by piece. An' here's what happened: "Nell rode Blanco Sol a-tearin' into camp, an' had a crowd round her in a jiffy. She told who she was, where she'd come from, an' what she wanted. Well, it seemed a day or so before Nell got there the cavalrymen had heard word of Thorne. You see, Thorne had left camp on leave of absence some time before. In a few more days it turned out pretty sure that for

some reason Rojas was holdin' Thorne. "Now, it happened when this news came Colonel Weede was in Nogales with his staff, an' the officer left in charge didn't know how to proceed. Rojas' camp was across the line in Mexico, an' ridin' over there was serious business. It meant a whole lot more than just scatterin' one Greaser camp. Thorne's feller soldiers was anxious to get him out of a bad fix, but they had to wait for orders.

"When Nell found out Thorne was bein' starved an' beat in a dobe shack no more'n two mile across the line, she shore stirred up that cavalry camp. Shore! She told them soldiers Rojas was holdin' Thorne—torturin' him to make him tell where Mercedes was. An' she begged the cavalrymen to rescue Thorne.

"From the way it was told to me I reckon them cavalrymen went up in the air. Fine fiery lot of young bloods, I thought, achin' for a scrap. But the officer in charge, bein' in a ticklish place, still held out for higher orders.

"Then Nell broke loose. You-all know Nell's tongue is sometimes like a choya thorn. I'd have give something to see her work up that soldier outfit. Can't you fellers see her on Blanco Sol with her eyes turnin' black?"

Ladd mopped his sweaty face with his dusty scarf. He was beaming. He was growing excited, hurried in his narrative.

"Right out then Nell swore she'd go after Thorne. If them cavalrymen couldn't ride with a western girl to save a brother American—let them hang back! One feller, under orders, tried to stop Blanco Sol. An' that feller invited himself to the hospital. Then the cavalrymen went flyin' for their hosses. It didn't take long for every man in that camp to get wind of what was comin' off. Shore they musta been wild. They strung out after Nell in a thunderin' troop.

"Rojas and his men ramoused without a shot. That ain't surprisin'. There wasn't a shot fired by anybody. The cavalrymen soon found Thorne an' hurried with him back on Uncle Sam's land. Thorne was half naked, black an' blue all over, thin as a rail. He was given food an' drink. Shore he seemed a starved man. But he picked up wonderful, an' by the time Jim came along he was wantin' to start for Forlorn River. So was Nell. By main strength as much as persuasion we kept the two men quiet till next evenin' at dark.

"Well, we made as sneaky a start in the dark as Jim an' me could manage, an' never hit the trail till we was miles from town. Thorne's nerve held him up for a while. Then all at



He Was Very Weak, Yet He Would Keep Mercedes' Hand and Gaze at Her With Unbelieving Eyes.

once he tumbled out of his saddle. We got him back, an' Lash held him on. Nell didn't give out till daybreak."

As Ladd paused in his story Belding began to stutter, and finally he exploded. His mighty utterances were incoherent. But plainly the wrath he had felt toward the willful girl was forgotten. Gale remained gripped by silence.

"Laddy, what knocks me is Rojas holdin' Thorne prisoner, tryin' to make him tell where Mercedes had been hidder," said Belding.

"Shore. It'd knock anybody."

"The bandit's crazy over her. That's the Spanish of it," replied Belding, his voice rolling. "Rojas loves Mercedes as he hates her. He wants this girl only to have her, then kill her. It's d—n strange, but even with Thorne here our troubles have just begun."

"Tom, you spoke correct," said Jim Ladd, in his cool drawl.

"Shore I'm not sayin' what I think," added Ladd. But the look of him was not indicative of a tranquil optimism.

Thorne was put to bed in Gale's room. He was very weak, yet he would keep Mercedes' hand and gaze at her with unbelieving eyes. Then, fighting sleep with little strength he had left, at last he succumbed.

For all Dick could ascertain his friend never stirred an eyelash nor a finger for twenty-seven hours. When he awoke he was pale, weak, but the old Thorne.

"Hello, Dick; I didn't dream it, then," he said. "There you are, an' my darling with the proud, dark eyes—she's here? Mercedes is well—safe! Oh! . . . But say, I haven't a dollar to my name. I had a lot of money, Dick, and those robbers stole

it, my watch—everything. D—n that little black Greaser!"

"Cheer up. Belding will make you a proposition presently. The future smiles, old friend. If this rebel business was only ended!"

"Dick, you're going to be my savior twice over. . . . Well, now, listen to me." His gay excitement changed to earnest gravity. "I want to marry Mercedes at once. Is there a padre here?"

"Yes. But are you wise in letting any Mexican, even a priest, know Mercedes is hidden in Forlorn River?"

"It couldn't be hidden long." Gale was compelled to acknowledge the truth of this statement.

"I'll marry her first, then I'll face my problem. Fetch the padre, Dick. And ask our kind friends to be witnesses at the ceremony."

Much to Gale's surprise, neither Belding nor Ladd objected to the idea of bringing a padre into the household, and thereby making known to at least one Mexican the whereabouts of Mercedes Castaneda. Belding's caution was wearing out in wrath at the persistent unsettled condition of the border, and Ladd grew only the cooler and more silent as possibilities of trouble multiplied.

Gale fetched the padre, a little, weazened, timid man who was old and without interest or penetration. Apparently he married Mercedes and Thorne as he told his beads or mumbled a prayer. It was Mrs. Belding who kept the occasion from being a merry one, and she insisted on not exciting Thorne. Gale marked her unusual pallor and the singular depth and sweetness of her voice.

Thorne could not be kept in bed, and all in a day, it seemed, he grew so well and so hungry that his friends were delighted, and Mercedes was radiant. In a few days his weakness disappeared and he was going the round of the fields and looking over the ground marked out in Gale's plan of water development. Thorne was highly enthusiastic, and at once staked out his claim for one hundred and sixty acres of land adjoining that of Belding and the rangers. These five tracts took in all the ground necessary for their operations, but in case of the success of the irrigation project the idea was to increase their squatter holding by purchase of more land down the valley. A hundred families had lately moved to Forlorn River; more were coming all the time; and Belding vowed he could see a vision of the whole Altar valley green with farms.

Meanwhile everybody in Belding's household, except the quiet Ladd and the watchful Yaqui, in the absence of disturbance of any kind along the border, grew freer and more unrestrained, as if anxiety was slowly fading in the peace of the present. Jim Lash made a trip to the Sonoyta oasis, and Ladd patrolled fifty miles of the line eastward without incident or sight of raiders. Evidently all the border hawks were in at the picking of Casita.

The February nights were cold, with a dry, icy, penetrating coldness that made a warm fire most comfortable. Belding's household congregated in the sitting room, where burning mesquite logs crackled in the open fireplace.

There came a low knock at the door. It may have been an ordinary knock, for it did not disturb the women; but to Belding and his rangers it had a subtle meaning.

"Who's that?" asked Belding, as he slowly pushed back his chair and looked at Ladd.

"Yaqui," replied the ranger. "Come in," called Belding.

The door opened, and the short, square, powerfully built Indian entered. He carried a rifle and strode with impressive dignity.

"Yaqui, what do you want?" asked Belding, and repeated his question in Spanish.

"Senor Dick," replied the Indian. Gale jumped up, stifling an exclamation, and he went outdoors with Yaqui. The Indian's presence was always one of gloom, and now his stern action boded catastrophe. Once clear of trees he pointed to the level desert across the river, where a row of campfires shone bright out of the darkness.

"Raiders!" ejaculated Gale. Then he cautioned Yaqui to keep sharp lookout, and hurriedly returning to the house, he called the men out and told them there were rebels or raiders camping just across the line.

Ladd did not say a word. Belding, with an oath, slammed down his chair.

"I knew it was too good to last. . . . Dick, you and Jim stay here while Laddy and I look around."

Dick returned to the sitting-room. The women were nervous and not to be deceived. So Dick merely said Yaqui had sighted lights off in the desert, and they probably were campfires. Belding did not soon re-

turn, and when he did he was alone, and, saying he wanted to consult with the men, he sent Mrs. Belding and the girls to their rooms.

"Laddy's gone over to scout around and try to find out who the outfit belongs to and how many are in it," said Belding. "I don't look for an attack on Forlorn River. I'm afraid it's—"

Belding hesitated and looked with grim concern at the cavalryman.

"What?" queried Thorne.

"I'm afraid it's Rojas."

Thorne turned pale but did not lose his nerve.

"I thought of that at once. But Rojas will never get his hands on my wife. If I can't kill him, I'll kill her. . . . Belding, this is tough on you—this risk we put upon your family. I regret—"

(Continued Next Week)

## ATTENTION FARMERS

Buy your **MEBANE** Seed with A. D. Mebane, the breeder's guarantee on every sack.  
Look for his Trade Mark—a red circle with the word "Mebane" in green.  
**WE ARE READY TO MAKE DELIVERIES.**  
CALL AT GIN.

### J. H. PURDY

EXCLUSIVE DEALER Brady, Texas

\*\*\*\*\* PERSONAL MENTION \*\*\*\*\* LOCAL BRIEFS \*\*\*\*\*

Miss Dora Rawlings left Saturday for her home in Burnett to spend the summer.

Miss Bernie Kirchner of Belton is a guest of her brother, W. A. Kirchner, and family.

Mrs. J. F. Albright and daughters, Mary Kate and Harriet, of Dublin, are guests of her sister, Mrs. G. L. Hollon, and family.

Miss Augusta Eubanks left Friday for Mercury to spend a few days with her father before going to summer school.

E. M. Womack and family will leave today for a month's visit with relatives in Fort Worth, Paris and Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. Louise Baker and two sons left Sunday for Whittier, Calif., to join Mr. Baker, and where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Nona Montgomery spent Sunday in Menard, a guest of her niece, Mrs. Otis Moser. Mrs. Chas. Rardon and baby who had been visiting there the past week, accompanied her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Snider and children of Brownwood spent last week here visiting relatives. They also attended the commencement exercises, James Snider being a member of the graduating class.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Jones, accompanied by Miss Cora Snider, drove over to Brownwood Saturday to be present at the recital at Howard Payne college, Miss Estelle Jones being a member of the graduating class in piano music.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee King and daughters, Misses Mildred and Marie, and Miss Knola King, left Monday in their car for Tucson, Ariz., where they will visit a brother of Mrs. King, there they will go to California, Oregon and Everett, Wash., for a visit with another brother. They also expect to go into Canada for a few days, returning here the latter part of the summer.

Post Cards for all occasions at The Brady Standard.

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

## PROGRAM

At Methodist Church, Tuesday Evening,  
May 24, 8 o'clock  
By Pupils of  
**MISS PINKIE JONES' MUSIC CLASS**

Invocation—Rev. S. H. Jones.  
Piano Solo—Tinkling Bells  
Elizabeth Sparks.  
Recitation—Little Jack Horner.  
Mary Lou Russell.  
Solo—The Cucoo . . . . . Wallace Johnson  
Myrtis Evers.  
Solo—The Sleigh Ride . . . . . Daniel Rowe  
Dorothy Salter.  
Solo—Lively Jumping Jack . . . . . Geo. Spenser  
Vivian Samuelson.  
Solo—Jolly Darkies . . . . . Karl Bechter  
Orvala Wilbanks.  
Recitation—Wanting to Catch a Beau . . . . . Grace Engdahl.  
Duett—Playing Tag . . . . . Margstein  
Gladys Lindsey and Milton Coalson.  
Eight Hand Piece—Valse La Raimne . . . . . De Messa  
Ruth Maurine, Frances and Murtis Evers and Elizabeth Sparks.  
Solo—Pass In Boots . . . . . Renard  
Milton Coalson.  
Solo—En Route March . . . . . H. Engelmann  
Frances Evers.  
Solo—Taps! . . . . . H. Engelmann  
Mayfair Woosley.  
Reading—(a) When Ma Is Sick.  
(b) When Pa Is Sick.  
Ruth Maurine Evers.  
Solo—No Surrender March . . . . . R. S. Morrison  
Addie May Wilbanks.  
Solo—Golden Dreams . . . . . M. L. Preston  
Gladys Lindsey.  
Duett—Jolly Companion Galop . . . . . H. Encke  
Dorothy and Jewel Salter.  
Duett—Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star.  
Addie Mae and Orvala Wilbanks.  
Solo—Bird's Morning Song . . . . . D. Missler  
Ruth Maurine Evers.  
Solo—Garden of Dreams . . . . . H. J. Lincoln  
Miss Jewell Salter.  
Solo—Hearts and Flowers . . . . . Tobani  
Miss Ruth Longley.  
Character Sketch.  
Gladys Lindsey.  
Solo—Dance of the Demons  
Miss Alice Marie Hutschenreuter.  
Solo—Whims . . . . . Schumann  
Miss Maurine Wolf.  
Reading—Gazelle and Swan  
Gladys Lindsey.  
Duett—Midsummer Night's Dream.  
Misses Maurine Wolf and Ruth Longley.  
Benediction—Rev. Buren Sparks.  
The audience will kindly preserve silence during renditions.

## SAN ANTONIO DELEGATES HERE ENROUTE TO S. A.

Seventeen of San Antonio's leading business men, under the direction of the Mexican Bureau and Trade Extension Department of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce, arrived in Brady at 4:00 o'clock yesterday afternoon, spending two hours renewing acquaintances and conferring with the business men of the city.

The party is on its way to the West Texas Chamber of Commerce gathering at San Angelo and is making stops at Fredericksburg, Mason and Brady going, and at Eden, Menard, Junction and Kerrville, on the return trip.

They are traveling in Packard and Cadillac touring cars and are taking an opportunity to get first hand information on the roads, conditions of crops, development of San Antonio's trade territory and secure from leading business men, agriculturists and stock raisers, what San Antonio can best do to assist them in financing and marketing their products and developing their territory.

Miss Lucile Bear, San Antonio's winner of the National Rudolph Valentino Beauty Contest, who will go to New York shortly to compete against representatives chosen from leading cities of the country, the winner of which will be given a prominent part in Valentino's next picture, will be San Antonio's sponsor at the San Angelo meeting.

Miss Bear will be known as "Lady San Antonio" and will take a prominent part in the Pageant and social functions which are to be given in honor of the sponsors at San Angelo.

She is prominent in the younger set of the city of San Antonio and is widely known for her beauty and artistic dancing. She was chosen from several thousand who competed for the distinction of being the most beautiful girl in San Antonio, and the contest was awarded to six beauties, Rudolph Valentino himself coming to San Antonio from his home in Hollywood to pick the most beautiful girl from the group of six, to represent San Antonio in the final National Contest in New York.

The party is in charge of C. C. Wolfe, secretary of the Mexican Bureau & Trade Extension Department, and Ralph Durkee, publicity secretary of the San Antonio Chamber.

The personnel of the party includes: Alex Hall of M. Hall; John Donovan and John Carruthers of A. B. Frank Company; Chas. F. Hirschfield of San Antonio Body Company; E. V. Heady of the G. A. Duerler Manufacturing Company; F. W. Voeste of Ed. Friederich; Jeff Condon of the San Antonio Sewer Pipe Works; Marvin Hill of the Alamo Printing Company; O. B. Hardin of Stowers Furniture Company; U. S. Pawkett of San Antonio Freight Bureau; F. A. Slimp of the Slimp Oil Company; John B. Carrington and S. B. Rickaby of Carrington & Rickaby, and Charles H. Alvord, C. C. Wolfe and Ralph H. Durkee of the Chamber of Commerce.

### STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY FAVORS BIRTH REGISTRATIONS TO MAKE MONTHLY REPORTS

At a recent meeting of the State Medical Society at Fort Worth, several important resolutions were adopted, among them being one in the interest of Vital Statistics, stimulating registration, according to Dr. W. H. Beazley, State Health Officer.

The Bureau of Vital Statistics, directed by Dr. Wm. Story, has made a careful survey of all reports of births this year, and will furnish each county every month hereafter a detailed report of births occurring in the various counties.

McCulloch county reported 13 births for the month of April by the following doctors:

- Dr. J. S. Anderson, Brady, Texas.
- Dr. J. G. McCall, Brady, Texas.
- Dr. J. W. Matlock, Rochelle, Texas.
- Dr. O. C. Jackson, Voca, Texas.
- Dr. Shelby Roatan, Mercury, Tex.
- Dr. J. B. Gonzales, Brady, Texas.
- Dr. A. D. Nelson, Richland Springs, Texas.

Hardly. Newsboy (on railroad car, to gentleman occupant)—Buy Edgar Guest's latest work, sir? Gentleman—No! I'm Edgar Guest himself.

Newsboy—Well, buy "Man in Lower Ten." You ain't Mary Roberts Rinehart, are you?

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

Ask—**TRIGG DRUG CO.**

## ROSE CAPITULATED

By INA L. BURNELL

Women, like sentences, are of three kinds—simple, complex and compound.

Of the simple type, with one subject, was Mrs. Warren. Her subject, cooking, stood alone without modifiers, as the one important duty of her life. Cooking, in itself, is an art and Mrs. Warren excelled in that art. There was nothing from soups to ice creams that she could not make. She took the home papers, just to read the housekeepers' sections.

Her vision was so narrowed by her own act, however, that she could not conceive of a complex woman as amounting to anything worth while. Of this complex type, so hard to analyze, was Mrs. Warren's daughter, Rose. "She's such a scatterbrain," Mrs. Warren was wont to say. "Goodness only knows what will become of her. Her bread sours, her cakes won't rise even when I stand by and see that the risin' and wettin' are added just right! Goodness only knows!" Whereupon the good lady would shake her head and beat up Rose's favorite sponge cake "extra special," for supper.

As for Rose her accomplishments were varied. She was the most popular dressmaker in the town. She could equal any French ma'mselle when it came to millinery. She sang beautifully—professionally, in fact, at the church and at all public gatherings.

Rose was manager of the girls' basketball team. Rose was president of the women's club. The town's baseball team could not play a good game if Rose wasn't there to cheer them on. If the team went out of town to play, Rose would always take a crowd of girls in her own car. She was lovable—everybody loved her, but she was heart-whole. None of the young men would consider making love to Rose. She was above them, as a queen is above her subjects, and yet she was one of them, more than any other girl in the town, and more than some of their own boys. In fact, as one of the boys expressed it, "Rose Warren is our 'chief push'!"

But Mother Warren continued to shake her head and sigh, "Whatever will become of you, goodness only knows! If you could only cook, I shouldn't be so worried!"

And Rose's eyes would twinkle, "I don't need to cook, mother, as long as you can cook so well."

There comes a crisis in the life of every young lady. Though she does not admit that it is a crisis, later on, as she looks back, she will cherish "that one day" or "that one letter," or "that one little incident."

Rose was no exception. The crisis in her life came unexpectedly, of course. In itself, it is hardly worth mentioning.

It was the Saturday afternoon of the big game between the Canton baseball team and their worst rivals. Everyone interested in baseball was present, including the new pastor, just arrived, who was to preach his first sermon the following Sunday.

It was the first of the ninth. The score was a tie, when the pitcher suddenly whirled to throw the ball to first base and in some unaccountable way turned his ankle and fell.

Time was called and confusion reigned. Rose, the ever-ready, was beside the fallen pitcher instantly. The boys lifted him into her auto and she whirled him to the village doctor.

"Game's lost now," muttered one of the boys, as they started back to their bases.

"Yup!" mourned another. "Might as well quit now. Gyp can't pitch, and he knows it."

"I'll pitch! Let me in!" came the excited voice of the enthusiastic young fellow on the side lines.

"Can you?" "Will you?" "Who's he?" was heard from all sides.

Not until he gave his name, however, did they recognize Rev. Horace Benton.

Rose drove back in time to see the finish of the game.

"Who's pitching?" inquired she, as her glance took in the field with a stranger in the middle.

"Our new pastor!" exploded half a dozen girls, as they clambered into the auto.

"Who-o-o?" gasped Rose, with a surprised stare, "well, he's just copping the game for us, anyway."

When it was finished, the home boys, cheering lustily, bore down upon the pitcher, lifted him to their young shoulders and carried him off the field.

"And we'll all meet you at the church tomorrow!" sang out one boy, after the noise had partially subsided, and all had shaken hands with Rev. Horace Benton.

Often, thereafter, the pastor was seen at the games in Rose's car, for a reverend, especially a very young reverend, is not likely to own a car himself.

One morning at the end of that perfect summer, Rose danced into the kitchen. She wore a house dress, which should have been warning enough to her mother.

"Aren't you going to work this morning, Rose?" asked that unsuspecting lady.

"Yes, mother," announced Rose, "I am going to work, right here. I want to learn to cook! And I'll have good luck, too!"

After all, women are not simple like sentences—they are all complex—so hard to analyze. When her daughter had danced happily out of the room, Mrs. Warren dropped heavily into a chair, covered her face with the corner of her apron—and cried.

## "The Wedding Cake"

Will be presented by pupils of Miss Lucille Benham

Lyric Theatre

Thursday, May 24th, 8:00 P. M.

Adults 35c

Children (Under 10) 20c

## 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 SALE

For good milk cows, see Oscar Turner.

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

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

### MISCELLANEOUS

#### LIBERAL REWARD.

For the recovery of 5 registered Brown Pigeons, stolen Sunday morning from my premises 1 1-2 miles east of Brady. JAS. COALSON.

SALESPERSONS 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.

#### Completing the Series.

From the Hardware Man's Idea Book: He was running a small hardware store in a newly developed district and the wholesale dealers found him backward in payment of his accounts. They sent him letter after letter, all of them polite, but each more threatening than the last. Finally they sent their representative down to give him a sporting chance.

"Now," said the caller, "we must have a settlement. Why haven't you sent us anything? Are things going badly?"

"No, everything's going fine. You needn't worry. My bankers will guarantee me all right."

"Then why haven't you paid up?"

"Well, you see, those threatening letters of yours were so well gotten up that I've been copying them and sending them out to some customers of mine who won't pay up and I've collected nearly all outstanding debts. I was only holding back because I felt sure there must be a final letter and I wanted to get the series complete.

Clip Boards. The Brady Standard.

CARTER'S—Writing Fluids, Show Card Colors, Cico and Library Pastes, Mucilages, Glues, Stamp Pad Inks, Inkycracer, Stamp Pads and Linen Marking Outfits. The Brady Standard.

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.

ONE OF INCORPORATORS OF STANDARD OIL CO. DIES AT ADVANCED AGE

PLAINFIELD N. J., May 18.—Orville T. Waring, 84, one of the original incorporators of the Standard Oil Company, and a close friend of John D. Rockefeller, died at his home here today. His fortune is estimated at several millions. He is survived by his wife and eight children, including Richard Waring of San Angelo, Texas.

### 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.

### MERCURY WOMAN'S HOME DEMONSTRATION CLUB MET WITH MRS. JUD BRATTON

The Mercury Woman's Home Demonstration Club met with Mrs. Jud Bratton on Wednesday, May 2. Miss Mae Belle Smith, Home Demonstration Agent, gave a very interesting demonstration on Cottage Cheese, the method of making and Cottage Cheese Dishes. As Miss Smith prepared some twelve salads and several sandwiches the recipes were carefully written down by the members in their note books.

In order to show the proper ways of serving, the salads were artistically arranged on lettuce leaves and later served with sandwiches and coffee to the club members, making a very delightful luncheon. As a result, those who came with the idea that Cottage Cheese was only "Turkey Feed," remained to praise, thoroughly convinced that Cottage Cheese was not only nutritious but also palatable when properly made.

Those present were: Mesdames Shumate, Pool, Shepard, Bratton, J. B. Cawyer, Bushnach, Beasley, Sanson, Wright, W. A. Penn, Pumphries; Misses Wright, Cawyer Shumate, and Miss Smith, the Home Demonstration Agent.

### MEAT CANNING AT PLACID ATTENDED BY LARGE CROWD AND GREAT INTEREST SHOWN

In order to keep young there is nothing like keeping up with the trend of the times, be susceptible to new ideas and you will always be prepared to keep step with youth. We all remember the old-time corn huskings and still enjoy the all day singings, but the latest wrinkle is the all-day canning. On Tuesday, May 8, Mr. Joe Parker furnished the beef, Placid furnished the workers and both together made a meat canning, conducted by Miss Mae Belle Smith, Home Demonstration Agent.

The beef weighed 300 pounds dressed. One hundred No. 3 and 25 No. 2 cans were put up. The people of Placid are very interested in the preservation of food by means of the steam pressure method and several families are going to buy retorts and sealers preparatory to the vegetable season. They have adopted as their slogan:

We'll can  
What we can  
When we can!  
Down with the old H. C. L.!!  
There were between 100 and 125 people present at this canning demonstration. All reported an enjoyable and profitable, as well as a workable day.

Read The Brady Standard.

Macy & Company still have plenty of the Jap Amber Cane Seed. Phone your order to 295. Gibson Art Cards and Party Goods. THE BRADY STANDARD.

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.

## Dress Your Floors Now! MAKE THEM LOOK LIKE NEW!

My up-to-date Electric Floor Dressing Machine will do the work quickly and at a low cost. Polished floors are sanitary and easily kept. For full information, see or phone

**H. H. Richards, Contractor**  
Phone 355 Brady, Texas

## UNION BUS COMP'Y FREIGHT AND PASSENGER SERVICE Between Brady and San Antonio

Announcing DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE After April 1st.

Car Leaves Brady for San Antonio - - - 9:30 A. M.  
Car Leaves Brady for San Antonio - - - 12:00 M.  
Car Leaves San Angelo for San Antonio - - - 6:00 A. M.  
Car Leaves San Antonio for Brady and Angelo 7:00 A. M.  
Car Leaves San Antonio for Brady - - - 12:00 M.

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



—THE—

## Commercial National Bank

OF BRADY

WILL BE CLOSED

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23rd

On Account of

## San Angelo Convention



Please Arrange to Do Your Banking Today

# The Santa Fe and the Car Supply for 1923

Everyone in Santa Fe territory is asking if we are going to have cars enough when the usual heavy business comes this year.

We hope to have them, but—

Our ability to furnish cars depends not only on our own efforts, but on the ability of all the roads in the United States to function properly. For three years the railroads have been struggling slowly forward. They are beginning to see daylight. Since January 1st, nearly 10% more cars of commercial freight have been handled than in the corresponding months of 1920, the record year. In the same months the car shortage has been reduced by one-half. These figures mean constructive effort by both shippers and carriers.

### In this program the Santa Fe is—

Providing new engines and cars; enlarging its shops; building second track wherever congestion is liable; and enlarging its yards and other facilities. In addition it is making every effort to reduce its "bad order" cars and locomotives to less than the normal number, to get the greatest number of miles per day out of its cars, and to get as heavy loading per car as possible. If what we have set out to do can be accomplished all over the country, the question of the car supply is solved, but to reach that goal the shippers must help.

### We therefore ask all Shippers to—

Load promptly and to capacity of the car whenever practicable;  
Unload without delay;  
Ship early in the season for road and building construction and for coal storage and like purposes;  
Increase storage facilities;  
Order only the number of cars that can be loaded daily; and  
Avoid shipping under "to order bills of lading" and reconsignments as far as possible.

W. B. STOREY, President.  
The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway System.