



**THE BRADY STANDARD**

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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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 TEX., SEPT. 25, 1923

AN EDITORIAL BY THE OFFICE BOY.

Now we don't usually pay much attention to the little things said or done, especially if these things come from a person, but when this 'un jist keeps on nagging on griping, on profession to have a world wide knowledge of every body elses business, even to the extent of knowing who's to blame for everything that goes wrong, it just simply grates on my, the office boy's nerves, and I'm goin to use this little space to say exactly what I think of a feller like this.

Now if this here professedly wise chap would spend half as much time and energy trying to think up helpful suggestions as he does criticizing others he would be a more useful citizen. Just because we can't get every body to do as we want them to and see things as we see them, is not conclusive evidence that every body else is wrong, and certainly doesn't justify in circulating unfounded reports on those who disagree with us.

The office boy would advise this gentleman to be less like a parrot; let your talk show that you have a brain as well as a tongue. I've always been taught not to strike a fellow when he's down, but sometimes a good swift kick—properly placed is a Godsend—Texas Highway Magazine.

The Standard reporter has not been feeling quite so badly over the recent "scoop" put over on him by a neighboring newspaper, since the Brownwood Bulletin reporter now presents his alibi for a scoop put over on that paper by the Fort Worth Star-Telegram. According to the Fort Worth paper, the Brownwood klan held a rousing meeting, initiating a large class of candidates, and with representatives present from about a dozen klans from neighboring towns. The Bulletin reporter after wearing off his toe nails in running down rumors, reports no evidence of a large meeting, nor class of candidates, nor visiting delegations, and further avers that the name signed to the news telegram sent to the Fort Worth paper was unauthorized by the owner of the foresaid name. Just the same, if Cyclone Davis can make a public address in Brady without The Standard reporters becoming aware of the fact, then it is just as likely that everything the Star-Telegram reported, happened in Brownwood without the Bulletin reporters getting wise. This is a great year in the Day of our Lord.

**RATES**

THE BRADY STANDARD

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Brady, Texas

To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$1.50

per year

SIX MONTHS 75c

THREE MONTHS 40c

Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 15c per month.

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per year

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THREE MONTHS 65c

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

PA ASKITT "HELPS" TOMMY

Doubtful, However, if He Added Much to the Youngster's Store of Useful Knowledge.

"Pa, there's an airplane," he announced.

"Yes, Thomas," said Pa Askitt, absently. "Don't touch it!"

When he picked up the novel from beneath the geography book where he had hidden it, ma chanced to look up.

"What are you reading, Thomas?" she asked quickly.

"My goog—I mean er—this," There was nothing to do but show it.

"Give it to me!" said ma, sternly.

Pa looked up.

"So, that's what you read instead of doing your lessons, heh?" he said frowningly. "Boy, get on your lesson this instant, or I'll give you a taste of the strap!"

"You can help him, William," suggested ma.

"I can't—I got—"

"O, yes, you can, too. Just help him with his lessons. Somebody must do it, and I'm too busy," said ma, with finality.

"O, darn it, come along then and be mighty quick about it!" said pa crossly. "Now, what the deuce do you spell bank with a big B for?"

"Well, don't you always say that a bank is no good unless it has a large capital?" reminded Tommy.

Pa said nothing but ma snickered.

"Say, pa, what are three articles containing starch?"

"Why, er, a collar and two cuffs," answered pa.

Tommy looked doubtful about writing it down and took the safest course. He didn't.

"Why have words roots, pa?"

"Words have roots because how else could they grow?" and pa smiled the smile of the wiselheimer.—Detroit Free Press.

ABODE OF "THUNDER BIRD"

Indian Legend Concerning Tract in the "Bad Lands" Never Visited by White Man.

Half a dozen miles southwest of scenic, S. D., in the very heart of the Bad lands, is an area of approximately four square miles. No white man's foot has ever rested there so far as can be learned, the Detroit News says. The Indians call the plot "sichl makoche," meaning "bad place." Deep canyons and gorges lead up to spirralike pinnacles, and every attempt to follow their tortuous paths thus far has ended in failure.

Chief Flaming Arrow, a veteran of the frontier days, gives what probably is the Sioux belief. Many years ago, the chief said, before the pale face came, here was the place where dwelt the "Thunder Bird" high in the pinnacles of stone. This wall of rock kept out unwelcome visitors, the chief contended, and added that the protected area is rich in food, sunlight and warmth, and has pure, cold streams of running water.

Artistic Ancient Earrings.

Within the last decade has occurred the return of the earring, so long laid aside. Few seen today, however, surpass in taste and delicate finish the earrings of Biote, the daughter of Aristotle, which were found in Chalcis, where the young woman was buried.

These ornaments represented doves swinging in golden hoops. The miniature birds were marvelously wrought, the feathers of granulated gold, the wings and breasts enriched with bands of color supplied by inserted gems. Precious stones gleamed like tiny sparks for the eyes. Daintiest of all, the tall feathers were so finely made and curiously adjusted as to move at the slightest motion of the pendant loop, so that whenever the proud wearer should toss or shake her head two attendant doves would seem to balance themselves upon their perches as live birds do in swinging on a bough.

Ancient.

Temple of the Moon, believed to be the oldest building on earth, is uncovered by scientific diggers at Ur on the lower Euphrates river. It was erected about 7,000 years ago, and was used continuously as a church for 4,000 years.

King Tut seems very ancient to us, yet here's a building that was about 40 centuries old when he was born. Discovery of the Temple of the Moon is important. It helps confirm the scientific belief that the first civilization was along the Euphrates. Somewhere in that vicinity probably was the cradle of the human race—though Chinese claim that their authentic history dates back at least 22,000 years.

Couldn't See the Joke.

I was nine and he was ten. I was deeply in love with him. When my birthday arrived, a heavy package also arrived, from him. I took off the first wrapping and there was another following and several more. Then came a shoe box. I opened it, and my heart was beating with excitement. But, lo, and behold! there lay a brick, with "greetings" printed on it. This was the beginning and also the end of my first love affair.—Exchange.

Machine Weighs, Counts Hay Bales.

After a day's work in baling hay, the owner of a hay press need only look at the recorder of a new automatic weighing and counting machine which Popular Mechanics Magazine describes and illustrates, to know how many bales his machine has turned out and their weight. As the bales come out of the press, they fall upon the device, weigh and count themselves.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any Constable of McCulloch County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to cause to be published once a week for a period of ten days before the return day hereof, in a newspaper of general circulation, which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year in said McCulloch County, a copy of the following notice:

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To all persons interested in the Estate of S. A. Davenport, Deceased, Mrs. Maggie Davenport has filed in the County Court of McCulloch County, an application for the Probate of the last Will and Testament of said S. A. Davenport, Deceased, filed with said application, and for Letters Testamentary on the estate of said S. A. Davenport, Deceased, which will be heard at the next term of said Court, commencing on the third Monday in October A. D. 1923, the same being the 15th day of October A. D. 1923, at the Court House thereof, in Brady, Texas, at which time all persons interested in said Estate may appear and contest said application, should they desire to do so.

Herein Fail Not, but have you before said Court on the said first day of the next term thereof this writ, with your return thereon showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Brady, Texas this 30th day of August A. D. 1923.

W. J. Yantis, Clerk, County Court, McCulloch County, Texas.

Sundown in America.

An Irishman was aboard an ocean liner bound for America. The ship had reached a point just in sight of Sandy Hook and Pat was much engrossed in the first sight of the promised land.

He heard the sound of the sundown salute from the fortress and turned to a fellow passenger and asked, "And what in hell's that?"

The fellow passenger said, "Why that is sundown in America."

Pat said, "Beggorra it sure goes down with a hell of a crash.—The Dog Tag.

Some Gift.

"The boss offered me an interest in the business today."

"He did?"

"Yes, he said that if I didn't take more interest pretty soon he'd fire me."

CARTER'S INX AND ADHESIVE.

ES—You see them advertised in the Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, System and other national magazines. Nationally known; nationally used. We have Carter's complete line on sale. THE BRADY STANDARD.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank both neighbors and friends for their kindness and help through our Mother, and Grandmother, Gamblin's illness; and for their beautiful floral offerings. We also wish to thank Dr. A. D. Nelson of Richland Springs for his kind and skillful treatment, and the nurse, Miss Sercy Virdell, for her patience and kindness.

BERRY GAMBLIN and Children.

**For Comfort and Health**

WE try to awaken an "ice consciousness" among our customers and those who should be. This is harder to do than one might think, however, as the real blessings of ice are taken so much for granted. Let us quote an interesting way of putting this.

"Have you ever stopped to think what a difference in our comfort and health ice makes? In the ice box the butter is hard, the milk sweet and cool, the lettuce crisp and tender, the dessert firm and meat for the dinner doesn't spoil. We all take this as a matter of course without thinking where the ice came from. Perhaps it is a part of the covering of the pond or river over which you skated last winter—perhaps it was frozen in the building you see on the hill"—*The Book of Knowledge.*

Worth while remembering—much worth while acting upon when you realize that purest of ice and best of service are yours for a telephone call— or the stopping of one of our drivers.

PHONE 125

**MANN BROS. ICE CO.**

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES  
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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.

Affection.

That horseman who says "a car doesn't quiver with affection under the touch of your hand," knows little about jitneys.—Associated Editors (Chicago)

Postal Scales. Brady Standard. Clip Boards. The Brady Standard.

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These Prices are Good Until Monday Night, Oct. 1

In order to reduce our stock, we are making these extremely low prices for a short time only. Get them while they are hot. You won't see such another lot of bargains in a long time:

SPUDS, per 100 lbs. ....\$3.00

SUGAR, per 100 lbs. ....\$9.25

SUGAR, per 25 lbs. ....\$2.35

FLOUR, per 100 lbs. ....\$3.50

MEAL, per 25 lbs. ....70c

COFFEE, Peaberry, 10 lbs. ....\$2.50

LARD, Swift's Jewel, 8 lbs. ....\$1.35

CRISTINE LARD, 8 lbs. ....\$1.35

PINK BEANS, per 100 lbs. ....\$6.50

PINK BEANS, less quantity, per lb 7 1-2c

BLOCK SALT, in lots of 10 .....53c

BLOCK SALT, plain .....43c

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# THE KING OF BOYVILLE :-:

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

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BOYS who are born in a small town are born free and equal. In the big city it may be different; there are doubtless good little boys who disdain bad little boys, and poor little boys who are never to be noticed under any circumstances. But in a small town, every boy, good or bad, rich or poor, stands among boys on his own merits. The son of the banker who owns a turning-pole in the back yard, does homage to the baker's boy who can sit on the bar and drop and catch by his legs; while the good little boy who is kept in wide collars and cuffs by a mistaken mother, gazes through the white paling of his father's fence at the troupe headed for the swimming hole, and pays all the reverence which his dwarfed nature can muster to the sign of the two fingers. In the social order of boys who live in country towns, a boy is measured by what he can do, and not by what his father is. And so, Winfield Hancock Pennington, whose boy name was Piggy Pennington, was the King of Boyville. For Piggy could walk on his hands, curling one foot gracefully over his back, and pointing the other straight in the air; he could hang by his heels on a flying trapeze; he could climb a pole so many times that no one could count the number; he could turn a somersault in the air from the level ground, both backwards and forwards, he could "tread" water and "lay" his hair; he could hit any marble in any ring from "taws" and "knucks down,"—and better than all, he could cut his initials in the ice on skates, and whirl around and around so many times that he looked like an animated shadow, when he would dart away up the stream, his red "comfort" flapping behind him like a laugh of defiance. In the story books such a boy would be the son of a widowed mother, and turn out very good or very bad, but Piggy was not a story book boy, and his father kept a grocery store, from which Piggy used to steal so many dates that the boys said his father must have cut up the almanac to supply him. As he never gave the goodies to the other boys, but kept them for his own use, his name of "Piggy" was his by all the rights of Boyville.

There was one thing Piggy Pennington could not do, and it was the one of all things which he most wished he could do; he could not under any circumstances say three consecutive and coherent words to any girl under fifteen and over nine. Even after school Piggy could not join the select coterie of boys who followed the girls down through town to the postoffice. He could not tease the girls about absent boys at such times and make up rhymes like:

"First the cat and then her tail;  
Jimmy Sears and Maggie Hale,"  
and then shout them out for the crowd to hear. Instead of joining this courtly troupe Piggy Pennington went off with the boys who really didn't care for such things, and fought, or played "tracks up," or wrestled his way leisurely home in time to get in his "night wood." But his heart was not in these pastimes; it was with a red shawl of a peculiar shade, that was wending its way to the post office and back to a home in one of the few two-story houses in the little town. Time and again had Piggy tried to make some sign to let his feelings be known, but every time he had failed. Lying in wait for her at corners, and suddenly breaking upon her with a glory of backward and forward somersaults did not convey the state of his heart. So only one heart beat with but one single thought, and the other took motto candy and valentines and red apples and picture cards and other tokens of esteem from other boys, and beat on with any number of thoughts, entirely immaterial to the uses of this narrative. But Piggy Pennington did not take to the enchantment of corn silk cigarettes and rattan and grapevine cigars; he tried to sing, and wailed dismal ballads about the "Gypsy's Warning," and "The Child in the Grave With Its Mother," and "She's a Daisy, She's a Darling, She's a Dumpling, She's a Lamb," whenever he was in hearing distance of his heart's desire, in the hope of conveying to her some hint of the state of his affections; but it was useless. Even when he tried to whistle plaintively as he passed her house in the gloaming, his notes brought forth no responsive echo.

One morning in the late spring, he spent half an hour before breakfast among his mother's roses, which were just in first bloom. He had taken out there all the wire from an old broom, and all his kite string. His mother had to call three times before he would leave his work. The youngster was the first to leave the table, and by eight o'clock he was at his task again. Before the first school bell had rung, Piggy Pennington was bound for the school house with a strange looking parcel under his arm. He tried to put his coat over it, but it stuck out and the newspaper that was wrapped around it, bulged into so many corners, that it looked like a home-tied bundle of laundry.

"What you got?" asked the freckle-faced boy, who was learning at Piggy's feet how to do the "muscle grind" on the turning-pole.

But Piggy Pennington was the King

of Boyville, and he had a right to look straight ahead of him, as if he did not hear the question, and say: "Lookie here, Mealy, I wish you would go and tell Abe I want him to hurry up, for I want to see him."

"Abe" was Piggy's nearest friend. His other name was Carpenter. Piggy only wished to be rid of the freckle-faced boy. But the freckle-faced boy was not used to royalty and its ways, so he pushed his inquiry.

"Say, Piggy, have you got your red ball-pants in that bundle?"

There was no reply. They had gone a block when the freckle-faced boy could stand it no longer and said: "Say, Piggy, you needn't be so smart about your old bundle; now honest, Piggy, what have you got in that bundle?"

"Aw—soft soap, take a bite—good fer yer appetite," said the king, as he faced about and drew up his left cheek and lower eye-lid pugnaciously. The freckle-faced boy saw he would have to fight if he stayed, so he turned to go, and said, as though nothing had happened, "Where do you suppose old Abe is, anyhow?"

Just before school was called Piggy Pennington was playing "scrub" with all his might, and a little girl—his Heart's Desire—was taking out of her desk a wreath of roses, tied to a shaky wire frame. There was a crowd of girls around her admiring it, and speculating about the possible author of the gift; but to these she did not show the patent medicine card, on which was scrawled, over the druggist's advertisement:

"Yours truly, W. H. P."

When the last bell rang, Piggy Pennington was the last boy in, and he did not look toward the desk where he had put the flowers, until after the singing.

Then he stole a sidewise glance that way, and his Heart's Desire was deep in her geography. It was an age before she filed past him with the "B" class in geography, and took a seat directly in front of him, where he could look at her all the time, unobserved by her. Once she squirmed in her place and looked toward him, but Piggy Pennington was head over heels in the "Isar rolling rapidly." When their eyes did at last meet, just as Piggy, leading the marching around

a dark day. When a new boy, who didn't belong to the school, came up at recess to play, Piggy shuffled over to him and asked gruffly: "What's your name?"

"Puddin' 'n' tame, ast me agin an' I'll tell you the same," said the new boy, and then there was a fight. It didn't soothe Piggy's feelings one bit that he whipped the new boy, for the new boy was smaller than Piggy. And he dared not turn his flushed face toward his Heart's Desire. It was almost four o'clock when Piggy Pennington walked to the master's desk to get him to work out a problem, and as he passed the desk of Heart's Desire he dropped a note in her lap. It read:

"Are you mad?"

But he dared not look for the answer, as they marched out that night, so he contented himself with punching the boy ahead of him with a pin, and stepping on his heels, when they were in the back part of the room, where the teacher would not see him. The King of Boyville walked home that evening. The courtiers saw plainly that his majesty was troubled.

After this feat the king was quiet. At dusk, when the evening chores were done, Piggy Pennington walked past the home of his Heart's Desire and howled out a doleful ballad which began:

"You ask what makes this darkey wee-eeep,  
Why he like others am not gay."  
But a man on the sidewalk passing, said: "Well, son, that's pretty good, but wouldn't you just as lief sing as to make that noise?" So the king went to bed with a heavy heart.

He took that heart to school with him the next morning, and dragged it over the school ground, playing crack the whip and "stink-base." But when he saw Heart's Desire wearing in her hair one of the white roses from his mother's garden—the Penningtons had the only white roses in the little town—he knew it was from the wreath which he had given her, and so light was his boyish heart that it was with an effort that he kept it out of his throat. There were smiles and smiles that day. During the singing they began, and every time she came past him from a class, and every time he could pry his eyes behind her geog-

raphy, or her grammar, a flood of gladness swept over his soul. That night Piggy Pennington followed the girls from the schoolhouse to the post office, and in a burst of enthusiasm he walked on his hands in front of the crowd, for nearly a block. When his Heart's Desire said:

"Ah, ain't you afraid you'll hurt yourself, doing that?" Piggy pretended not to hear her, and said to the boys: "Aw, that ain't nothin'; come down to my barn, an' I'll do somepin that'll make yer head swim."

He was too exuberant to contain himself, and when he left the girls he started to run after a stray chicken, that happened along, and ran till he was out of breath. He did not mean to run in the direction his Heart's Desire had taken, but he turned a corner, and came up with her suddenly.

Her eyes beamed upon him, and he could not run away, as he wished. She made room for him on the sidewalk, and he could do nothing but walk beside her. For a block they were so embarrassed that neither spoke.

It was Piggy who broke the silence. His words came from his heart. He had not yet learned to speak otherwise.

"Where's your rose?" he asked, not seeing it.

"What rose?" said the girl, as though she had never in her short life heard of such an absurd thing as a rose.

"Oh, you know," returned the boy, stepping irregularly, to make the tips of his toes come on the cracks in the sidewalk. There was another pause, during which Piggy picked up a pebble and threw it at a bird in a tree. His heart was sinking rapidly.

"Oh, that rose?" said his Heart's Desire, turning full upon him with the enchantment of her childish eyes. "Why, here it is in my grammar. I'm taking it to keep with the others. Why?"

"Oh, nuthin' much," replied the boy. "I bet you can't do this," he added, as he glowed up into her eyes from an impulsive handspring.

And thus the King of Boyville first set his light, little foot upon the soil of an unknown country.

of an unknown country.



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30x3 1-2 Oldfield Fabric 999	8.50	1.60

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**F. R. Wulff Motor Co.**  
Phone 30  
Brady, Texas

### MOVEMENT TO POOL TURKEYS IS MEETING WITH MUCH SUCCESS.

The move to pool the turkey crop of the county is meeting with more success than had even been hoped for. The various communities are lining up with each other and already several car loads of turkeys have been signed up, whereas, the move has just begun. In several instances single communities have signed up a car load or more. This indicates that the farmers were ripe for an opportunity to pool with their neighbors and are more and more realizing that in order to keep abreast of the times they must organize the same as all business interests are organized.

The poultry producers of the county will meet at the court house, in Brady, Saturday afternoon at two o'clock at which time the turkey situation will be discussed in detail and plans formulated and committees appointed to handle the marketing of the present turkey crop. At the

same time if there is sufficient demand for same steps will be taken looking toward the organization of a pure bred poultry association for McCulloch county. The idea of an association of this kind is to promote the production of pure bred or standard bred poultry and displace the scrubs with same. In case an organization of this nature is perfected it will very likely be the first step towards holding a poultry show in Brady some time during the winter or spring months. Every poultry raiser in the county is requested to be present at this meeting and surely it will be to the interest of everyone to attend. A special invitation is also accorded all of the business men.

#### THE COMMITTEE.

We have the famous Superior Dairy and Poultry Feeds in stock. Phone your orders to 295. MACY & CO.

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### THE BIG WICHITA DAM TO RECLAIM QUARTER MILLION ACRES OF FARM LAND

Construction of the Wichita Dam, 54 miles west of Wichita Falls, Texas, is now about completed; it will reclaim for irrigation 250,000 acres of farm lands along the valley of the Wichita River. This is the biggest irrigation project attempted in Texas for some time, and is, no doubt, the beginning of many similar projects which will be carried out in Texas during the next few years, conserving moisture and holding back flood waters.

Its construction was a big and expensive undertaking. The Brady Standard readers will be told how the big dam and lateral canals were built in our issue of October 5th.

Don't miss the good reading in our Magazine Section. It gets a little better all the time and will entertain and instruct every member of your family.

Paper Clips. The Brady Standard.

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We have now bought an entire new stock and by cutting our expenses, we are going to sell for cash and make your dollars do double duty. Come, buy your fall bill for less than you have paid before, besides get your share of the free Kitchenware we are giving away. Remember, Shoes, Ready-to-Wear, Clothing, in fact everything new and at bargain prices.

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# POPULAR DRY GOODS CO.

North Side Square

Brady, Texas

### BRIEFLY TOLD.

During the recent eruption of Mount Etna, a Sicilian peasant dug a hole in the outer crust of the cooling lava until he reached the almost boiling lava below. He lowered a pan filled with water, which was thus heated to a point where it could cook food. He then proceeded to prepare a meal for himself and other refugees.

The Soviet government, in an official statement, says all Jews who wish to join relatives in America may do so by applying for emigration passports. Permission has been granted the all-Russian Jewish Relief Committees to establish branches throughout Russia to facilitate emigration.

Woodrow Wilson recently wrote, "Capitalists have often seemed to regard the men whom they used as mere instruments of profit, whose physical and mental powers it was legitimate to exploit with as slight cost to themselves as possible, either of money or of sympathy."

In Spanish cities at eleven o'clock at night the doors of all rooming houses are closed and locked. After that hour one can get in only by calling the guard or watchman of his particular block. This is an old Spanish custom which holds over to the present day in nearly all the cities of Spain. The watchman carries a lantern and the keys of all the houses under his charge.

A state law regulating aviation in Kansas supervises arial flight, determines qualifications of pilots, prescribes uniform traffic rules and generally guards the interest of the public. The aircraft board has authority to issue licenses for airplanes at twenty dollars and flyers at ten

dollars a year. Cities are empowered to establish and maintain municipal aviation fields out of city funds.

Magnesium was known 3,000 years ago. Ancient Greeks discovered blackstones in the vicinity of Magnesian in Lydia which had the power of attracting iron and were themselves attracted to each other by an invisible force. "Magnet" derives its name from its original point of discovery—"Magnesian."

### ROBS CALOMEL OF NAUSEA & DANGER

Medicinal Virtues Retained and Improved — Dangerous and Sickening Qualities Removed. Perfected Tablet Called "Calotabs."

The latest triumph of modern science is a "de-nauseated" calomel tablet known to the drug trade as "Calotabs." Calomel, the most generally useful of all medicines thus enters upon a wider field of popularity,—purified and refined from those objectionable qualities which have heretofore limited its use.

In biliousness, constipation, headaches and indigestion, and in a great variety of liver, stomach and kidney troubles calomel was the most successful remedy, but its use was often neglected on account of its sickening qualities. Now it is the easiest and most pleasant of medicines to take. One Calotab at bedtime with a swallow of water,—that's all. No taste, no griping, no nausea, no salts. A good night's sleep and the next morning you are feeling fine, with a clean liver, a purified system and a big appetite. Eat what you please. No danger.

Calotabs are sold only in original, sealed packages, price thirty-five cents for the large, family package; ten cents for the small, trial size. Your druggist is authorized to refund the price as a guarantee that you will be thoroughly delighted with Calotabs.—(Adv.)

### CLASSIFIED ADS

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

### WANTED

WANTED—To rent, light housekeeping rooms. Phone 278.

WANTED—Woman or Girl for general housework. Mrs. IRA MAYHEW. Phone 342.

### LOST—

STRAYED—Young Jersey cow, had halter on, branded S. B. Give information to WES BAUERS, Brady.

LOST—Full leather telescope Cigar Case. Name "Claude Brent" cut on inner case. \$2.00 reward for return to Standard office.

### FOR SALE

FOR SALE—White picket yard fence. See H. C. SAMUEL.

FOR SALE—Cheap, Second-hand Ford. G. C. Kirk. Nuf Sed.

FOR SALE—Buick car. Will take trade or cash. See A. W. KELLER, Brady.

FOR SALE—Nice home one block from new high school. O. D. MANN & SONS.

FOR SALE—Three-year old Jersey bull, good stock. Cheap. J. V. CHANDLER, Rochelle Texas.

FOR SALE—1500bu. Ferguson 71 seed oats, free of smut and Johnson grass, yield 93 bu. per acre this year, test 36. H. C. JOHANSON, Brady.

FOR SALE—2 and 3 year old mules; Giant Copper Bronze Turkeys; Pedigreed English strain White Leghorn chickens. See L. J. ABERNATHY, Brady, Nine Route or Phone 4002.

FOR TRADE—Good, 5-passenger Car in good condition, to trade for Oats, good Maize Heads or Live Stock. See us now! O. D. MANN & SONS.

FOR SALE—Let us show you some bargains in Sewing Machines. We are making some Special Prices, or will trade for Oats, Maize Heads or Cattle. O. D. MANN & SONS.

CAR BARGAINS  
One brand new Ford sedan at a discount.  
One Ford touring, 1922 model.  
One Ford touring, 1917 model.  
One Buick roadster.  
SIMPSON & CO.

### MISCELLANEOUS

Sheep and Goats to let on shares. Inquire at Standard office.

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

Have your clothes Cleaned and Pressed at KIRK'S and try out the NEW DRY CLEANER and you can see the difference. It costs no more to have it Done Right. Nuf Sed.

## Announcing

### COTTON EXCHANGE FOR LAMPASAS, TEXAS

OCTOBER 1st, 1923

We will furnish Continuous Cotton, Grain and Stock Quotations at all times.

We have both Telephones, Rural and Southwestern.

We are members of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange and act as Brokers only. We solicit your business and will appreciate your patronage.

Call or write us for particulars.

### Lampasas Cotton Exchange

J. E. HAIRE, Manager

# LYRIC THEATRE

Brady's Popular Amusement Place--The Home of Good Pictures

JULIUS LEVY, Proprietor and Manager

Presents the Following Program for This Week and Next:

<p>Wednesday, Sept. 26th</p> <p>JACK HOXIE</p> <p>—In—</p> <p>"BARB WIRE"</p> <p>5—Reel Western Drama</p> <p>An absorbing tale, with red blooded people of the real west. If you were on trial for your life and your own mother's testimony had convicted you—an innocent man; What would you do? Jack Hoxie answers this in Barb Wire. Also</p> <p>DON'T WEAKEN</p> <p>2-Reel Comedy</p>	<p>Thursday, Sept. 27th</p> <p>PIERRE DE GUINGANT</p> <p>—In—</p> <p>"ONE NIGHT IN PARIS"</p> <p>5 REEL COMEDY DRAMA</p> <p>Night is youth's play time! Paris is loves playground. Something far out of the ordinary is "One Night in Paris." It is a comedy drama brimful of pep, punch, gaiety and laughs. The plot concerns the romantic adventures of a gay batchelor about town. The story unfolds with a whiz and a bang and the series of amusing situations will keep you in an uproar. Also</p> <p>FOX NEWS</p> <p>CURRENT EVENTS</p>	<p>Friday, Sept. 28th</p> <p>ALICE TERRY</p> <p>—In—</p> <p>"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"</p> <p>9—REEL DRAMA</p> <p>"The Prisoner of Zenda," is a fine master piece. A fortune has been spent in producing it. It would seem that every individual penny used has been spent intelligently. The settings are magnificent and atmospheric; the massive scenes are impressive; the exterior locations picturesquely gratifying and the casting is at all times appropriate. "The Prisoner of Zenda," is a great attraction. Don't miss it.</p>	<p>Saturday Sept. 29th</p> <p>MATT MOORE</p> <p>And</p> <p>VIRGINIA VATTI</p> <p>—In—</p> <p>"THE STORM"</p> <p>8—REEL DRAMA</p> <p>"The Storm" is one of the distinctive pictures of the year. It is an adaption of Langdon McCormick's stage melodrama of the same name. The picture begins with a snow storm and ends with the fire. What stamps "The Storm" as a capitol picture is the inspiring manner in which the production is made in all departments. Truly a great picture. Don't fail to see it.</p>	<p>Monday Oct. 1st</p> <p>The Great Special Attraction—</p> <p>"THE TOWN THAT FORGOT GOD"</p> <p>10—REEL DRAMA</p> <p>A dramatic story based on the love of a boy for his mother. This photodrama boasts of the most sensational storm and flood scene that has ever been shown on the screen. The picture abounds in thrills, laughs and heart gripping moments. A picture you can't afford to miss. By all means try to see this picture and you will never regret it.</p>	<p>Tuesday Oct. 2nd.</p> <p>FRITZI RIDGEWAY</p> <p>—In—</p> <p>"TRIFLING WITH HONOR"</p> <p>8—REEL DRAMA</p> <p>Here is one of the most enthralling dramas of life in the months; an epic of the national pastime, a chronicle of romance and thrills that will hold you until the final foot has been flickered from the screen. In this picture there is Drama: comedy, love, baseball, thrills, anything you would like to see in a big picture. Don't miss the thrilling ball game. Also</p> <p>FOX NEWS</p>
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Remember, Our Prices Are 15c and 25c for All Pictures, Every Night, Including War Tax. All Children Not In Arms Must Have Tickets. Doors Open at 7:30; Show Starts at 8:00 p. m. Every Night Except Saturday. Two Shows Saturday Night—First at 7:45 Until Further Notice. Watch This Space Every Tuesday for Future Programs.