

THE BRADY STANDARD

TWICE - A - WEEK

ABSORBED THE BRADY ENTERPRISE AND THE McCULLOCH COUNTY STAR, MAY 2, 1910

WEDNESDAY - FRIDAY

Vol. IV, No. 34

THE BRADY ENTERPRISE
Vol. XIII, No. 34

Brady, McCulloch County, Texas, Friday, July 19, 1912.

McCULLOCH COUNTY STAR
Vol. III, No. 75

Whole No. 287

No. 7827

The Brady National Bank Of Brady, Texas

Capital \$100,000.00
Surplus 17,500.00

We Know Your Wants and Want Your Business
Make OUR Bank YOUR Bank

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

F. M. RICHARDS, President; JEFF F. MONTGOMERY, Cashier
F. W. HENDERSON, Vice-Pres.; T. J. WOOD, Vice-Pres.
CLARENCE SNIDER, Assistant Cashier.
E. E. WILLOUGHBY J. E. BELL
JOHN P. SHERIDAN C. P. GRAY
ABNER HANSON

SAN SABA FAIR.

Four Days—July 30th to August 2nd Are the Dates.

The San Saba fair opens on Tuesday, July 30th. This is the tenth annual fair and encampment, and judging from the successes of the fairs held in San Saba the past several years, it should be one of the best in the state. The best purses put up by any fair in the state is the claim of the management, and this should insure some of the best racing to be seen. The new exhibition hall has just been completed and the farm exhibits this year should excel any ever shown. Likewise in all other departments preparations have been made for the most elaborate exhibits ever held.

San Saba has a beautiful grounds for the holding of the fair, and offers accommodations for all visitors, and their folders announce that "if you come, you will come again." Rates on the Santa Fe railroad will be given, and a big time and a big attendance is anticipated.

The editor is in receipt of a card from S. A. Benham stating that the sea breezes were fine and that he and his party were having a great time. They are at present at Corpus Christi and will spend the next couple weeks enjoying life in the gulf coast country.

We want you to investigate our line of kitchen cabinets. The best assortment ever shown in the city. Broad Mercantile Co.

C. J. Burt left this week for Sunset, where he will be located for awhile and orders The Standard sent to him in order to keep up with things at home.

Public Speaking.

I will speak at the following places in McCulloch county in behalf of my candidacy for the legislature from the 120th district, composed of McCulloch and San Saba counties:

Stacy, Monday, 22nd, 3:00 p. m.
Waldrip, Mon., 22nd, 8:00 p. m.
Fife, Tuesday, 23rd, 3:00 p. m.
Lohn, Tuesday, 23rd, 8:00 p. m.
J. K. RECTOR, JR.

ROCHELLE PICNIC.

Pull Off a Big One Saturday of This Week.

Rochelle citizens are going to celebrate Saturday. Such is the word that has been passed around, and while particulars do not seem to be available, it is certain that the picnic will be a success, for that is Rochelle's style of doing things.

A good program of speaking and entertainment has been prepared, among other speakers of prominence being S. C. Rowe of Menard, Judge J. E. Shropshire and Judge F. M. Newman of Brady. The candidates will also be given an opportunity to present their appeals to the voters, and a general good time is assured.

Enjoy Saturday with the Rochelle folks, and you will have the company of some of the best people on earth.

Iron beds—we have as large a stock as is ordinarily carried in wholesale houses. We buy in large quantities and get the lowest price. Broad Mercantile Co.

Bring us your harness for repairs. We do the best work in the city. H. P. C. Evers, Brady National bank building.

Eugene Murray was here this week, a refugee from the uninhabitable city of Menard. Mr. Murray was enroute to San Benito, where he will make his home. Mrs. Murray and baby are the guests of Mrs. Honeycutt for several days.

J. W. Russell, Jr. was here Wednesday from Post City. Mr. Russell has located at San Saba and orders The Standard changed to that place.

Leg Broken.

While out in the pasture after a bunch of horses yesterday morning, the horse ridden by Frank Walker, son of G. W. Walker, a prominent of Tucker, slipped and fell on the young man, breaking his left leg between the knee and the ankle. Medical attention was summoned and he is reported doing as well as could be expected.

PEAR VALLEY.

Citizens Provide Day of Amusement and Pleasure.

The barbecue and picnic at Pear Valley last Friday was one of the most successful public entertainments of the season, and was enjoyed by a large assembly of McCulloch county citizens.

The exercises were begun in the forenoon by an educational address by Mr. T. C. Yantis of Brownwood, in which he vividly portrayed the greater advantages the educated boy or girl has over their illiterate neighbor and appealed to the parents to make the education of their children a matter of first consideration. At the close of his address Mr. Yantis revived the history of Howard Payne college of Brownwood and solicited the attendance of all the young people of this section who have finished their high school work.

At the close of the address of Mr. Yantis the dinner was spread and a table several hundred feet in length was laden to capacity with choice meat, barbecued under the supervision of Mr. G. W. Vineyard, and the ladies came forward with mountains of delicious cakes, pies and other tempting viands, which they alone can prepare with such excellence, and the throngs were fed to the utter satisfaction of everyone in attendance.

The afternoon was devoted to the candidates, opening with an address by Hon. Matt Allison of San Saba, candidate for representative, followed by the county candidates, after which F. M. Newman, Joe Adkins and Thos. Bell discussed the merits of the various candidates for state office.

One of the objects of the entertainment was to secure funds for the construction of a tabernacle for Pear Valley, and a committee of girls passed through the crowd soliciting contributions to a tabernacle fund, and the crowd, especially the candidates, proved to be quite liberal in their donations and a nice sum was collected from this source and the different stands conducted for this purpose were liberally patronized.

A total of \$127.25 was cleared, which will insure the tabernacle as soon as it can be built.

Quite a crowd of Brady people attended and all are loud in their praise of the hospitality of the Pear Valley people.

R. P. Conner of Brownwood was here Wednesday mingling with the voters in the interest of his candidacy for the state senate. Mr. Conner is a man of pleasing address, and is vouched for by his friends as a man of sterling character and worth, and a man who will, if elected, serve his constituency with honor and credit.

A splendid line of linoleums. The price is right. Broad Mercantile Co.

I want 100 rocking chairs to repair. J. M. Page Second Store.

Land Loans.

I have \$50,000 to loan on McCulloch county farms. Ranch loans made anywhere in the state. No loan too large, as I have ample funds available for ranch loans. Write me.
B. E. HURLBUT,
Brownwood, Texas.

GOOD SHOWERS.

Rain in Various Parts of the County Yesterday.

Telegraphic reports Wednesday evening were to the effect that heavy rains were had at Coleman, Dublin, San Antonio and a number of other places, while at Beaumont, Houston, and, in fact, practically over the entire state it was cloudy and prospects good for rain.

Yesterday afternoon good rains were reported at the following places: Goldthwaite, Coleman, Winchell, Mullin, Bangs, Santa Anna. Showers at Ballinger, Mercury, Lometa, Zephyr, Brownwood, Sweetwater, Abilene, Rising Star, Mason, Lohn, Stacy, Menard.

No rain at Brady, Millersview, San Angelo or Waldrip.

The rain at Lohn fell just after dinner and was local, and very streaked at that. At the Meers well a heavy rain fell. Passengers on the evening train report good rains from Brownwood to Rochelle, with water standing in the fields and some of the small creeks resembling raging streams. Beyond Brownwood, no rain.

Indications in the Brady country were never better for rain than yesterday afternoon, and it is the earnest hope of all that the increasing prospects may yet develop into the much-desired downpour.

Wanted—100 crippled rocking chairs at J. M. Page's Second Store.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bailey are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine girl, born on the 16th.

Orval Jackson, better known as "Little Jack" is now dispensing cold drinks at the Palace Drug store with his usual skill.

T. L. Sansom was here yesterday from Mercury greeting his friends with his usual happy smile and giving good reports from his section. Teddy says if we will keep our eye open we will see something happening in the Mercury oil field before long.

Frank Gentry, one of the hustling young business men of London, was here Wednesday transacting business with the Brady Telephone Co., and incidentally shaking hands with his many friends. Mr. Gentry has recently purchased from Johnny White and others the telephone line between Brady and London.



THE CITY BAKERY

Wants Your Business



We take pleasure in giving you prompt and courteous attention and can furnish you

Bread

Cakes

Candies

Pies and Cakes Of All Kinds, Cream Puffs, Coconut Macaroons, Angel Food, Devil Food, Lady Fingers, Chocolate Bess, Coconut Kisses, Ginger Snaps and All Kinds of Snaps, and Cookies.

Everything Good to Eat and Ready to Eat

J. R. STARKEY, Proprietor
PHONE NO. 92

Howard Payne College, Brownwood, Texas

Twenty-third session opens September 12th. 316 students enrolled last year. Co-educational. Dormitories for boys and girls under careful management. Handsome new dormitory for girls, costing \$45,000.00. Courses given in the following departments: Literary college and preparatory; Business; Bible; Pedagogy; Expression; Art; Music; Piano; Voice, and Stringed instruments. Faculty composed of Specialists from the best colleges and conservatories. Athletics in charge of a trained manager who is a member of the faculty. For catalogue address,

John S. Humphreys, Pres., Brownwood, Texas

JUDGE WRIGHT SPEAKS.

Here Wednesday Night in Behalf of Judge Ramsey.

Judge W. A. Wright of San Angelo was here Wednesday and addressed the voters Wednesday night at the court house in behalf of Judge Ramsey. Judge Wright is a splendid speaker and his address was one of the most appreciated and enjoyed of any speaker who has been heard here, being entirely free from abuse or ridicule, and being straightforward as to facts and figures. There was but a small attendance, but those who did attend speak most complimentary of the judge and his address.

Hay ties. Broad Mercantile Co.

PUTTING UP CABLE.

Telephone Company Removing Wires Down Town.

The Brady Telephone Co. has just completed the putting in of seventy-five-wire cables about the square, and will remove all the wires in the downtown district. The wires on the north side of the creek will also be replaced by cable, and old poles replaced by new. While the downtown work has been completed, the north side is awaiting the arrival of the cable, when work will be rushed to an early completion.

Conley Mercantile Co. are preparing for a big fall rush of business by installing one of the largest and latest modeled department store cash registers.

If It's Not a Fit It's Not Fit

We won't allow a suit of clothes to leave our shop unless it's a perfect fit in every point of fine tailoring.

Coming toward you or going from you a man who wears our make of clothes will never be an object of criticism. He'll be pointed out as a properly and tastily groomed man. Over half a thousand patterns to choose from. All weaves, all shades, all textures from the best woolen mills all over.

Let F. A. T. Dry Clean and Press Your Clothes. "Best Yet."

PHONE NO. 151 THE TOGGERY
TOWNSEND & OGDEN



BARNEY HARMSSEN

GENERAL CONTRACTOR

Brady, - - TEXAS

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

WALDRIP WHOOPS.

Waldrip, Texas, July 15.

Editor Brady Standard:

We are still having hot, dry weather, with little prospects of rain. It looks as if we are going to have to resort to the rain-makers at last, but then what's the use of talking about it? All will be well.

Mrs. Pearl Hickey and Mrs. Essie Briscoe were shopping in Brady one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Daniels and Master Jack Kenneth Daniels were in Brady last week.

Rev. W. D. Watkins of Brownwood filled Rev. Robison's appointment here last Saturday and Sunday, Rev. Robison being in a meeting.

Mr. Lee Webb of Lohn attended church here Sunday night.

Mr. Nat Rands and Miss Powell, Mr. J. R. Winstead, Jr. and Miss Mary Bratton attended church at Lohn Saturday night.

Mrs. Orlando Chaffin has been seriously ill, but we are glad to report her much better at present.

John and Elbert Briscoe made one of their flying trips to Brady Sunday.

Mr. J. Davis Ramsey of Cleburne came in last Sunday for a visit to home folks. His coming was a glad surprise to his friends.

T. R. Briscoe began work Tuesday on D. W. Hill's new gin.

Mrs. Parker of Rockwood is visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. Hill and little Miss Annabell Parker has been on the sick list.

Miss Dovie Watson entertained Monday night with a musical.

T. R. Briscoe and family, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Briscoe went fishing last Friday night. Ten fish were caught.

THE KID.

The Choice of a Husband is too important a matter for a woman to be handicapped by weakness, bad blood or foul breath. Avoid these kill-hopes by taking Dr. King's Life Pills. New strength, fine complexion, pure breath, cheerful spirits—things that win men—follow their use. Easy, safe, sure. 25c. Jones Drug Co.

PEAR VALLEY GLEANINGS.

Pear Valley, Texas, July 16.

Editor Brady Standard:

Well, as we escaped the waste basket, will renew our efforts.

Another good rain would be appreciated about now.

The farmers are all up with their work and enjoying the picnics.

The barbecue last Friday was indeed a success. Pear Valley can boast of as liberal-minded and big hearted people as you can find anywhere, as has been tested and proven.

Rev. J. W. Shirley made the address of welcome, followed by an able address along educational lines by Mr. Yantis of Brownwood which I am sure was appreciated by all, for nothing sacrificed on education is ever lost. Then dinner was announced, of which there was plenty for all, and lots of provisions left.

There was speaking in the afternoon by the various candidates who did their full share toward making the program a success. Ice cream and all kinds of refreshments were furnished

by the ladies, from which they realized a nice sum which will go to help build the tabernacle. All have our thanks who helped with the worthy cause.

Our Sunday school continues to grow in interest with Bro. Rush as superintendent.

Mr. Head and family and Mr. Wooten and family of Coleman county have been spending a few days with Mr. J. W. Jones and family. Also took in the picnic while here.

Mrs. Seaborn and daughter of Brady are visiting Mrs. Hill.

Mrs. Ludee Gault went to Bowser last week to visit home folks. Hope you will enjoy yourself while there, Ludee.

Little Miss Fonia Insall of Bowser spent last week here, the guest of Miss Dora Smith.

Miss Velma Stracener has returned to Pear Valley to stay awhile. We are glad to have you with us again, Velma.

Mrs. Hannaford and family of Milburn was visiting at Mr. Faulkner's last week.

The Baptist annual protracted meeting begins Friday night before the third Sunday, conducted by Bro. Mayo, pastor. Everybody cordially invited.

Mrs. Baze and little son, Mylas, came to S. J. Howard's Thursday eve to be at the barbecue.

Miss Alta Shuler of Gouldsburg visited at Mr. Jones' and was at the picnic Friday.

Mr. Roy Miller and sister, Mamie Lee, of Dodge visited at Mr. Harrell's home last week.

Insect Bite Costs Leg.

A Boston man lost a leg from the bite of an insect two years before. To avert such calamities from stings and bites of insects use Backen's Anicura Salve promptly to kill the poison and prevent inflammation, swelling and pain. Heals boils, burns, ulcers, piles, eczema, cuts, bruises. Only 25c at Jones Drug Co.

Visiting cards for married and single ladies at The Standard office. We have the latest and most approved sizes and styles. Engraved cards to order.

Manuscript covers. The Standard.

DEEP CREEK ITEMS.

Cowboy, Texas, July 13.

Editor Brady Standard:

Here I come again with my small bit of news.

Crops are looking very well, considering the dry weather.

Mrs. White of Milburn spent last Sunday with Mrs. Jonas.

Mr. Bert Hughes is in Brownwood.

A good many from this neighborhood attended the picnic at Hall Valley last week, and all report having a nice time.

Guess we will get a good rain before many days longer, as the Baptist protracted meeting will begin in Placid tonight, and will continue all next week, if nothing providentially hinders. It generally rains every time Bro. Dunsworth comes to Placid.

Mrs. Mack Jonas and daughter, Mrs. Jim Jones, were shopping in Mercury last Saturday.

Mr. Shaw, who has planted cotton three different times this year, has a real pretty crop of young cotton now. He says this country can promise less and do more than any country he ever lived in.

We are having some hot wind today.

Guess I had better quit until some other time. T. 9 E.

LOST CREEK ECHOES.

Voca, Texas, July 17.

Editor Brady Standard:

We are again needing rain. From April 7th to June 16th at least on these two dates we had about seven inches of rain—a plenty to make a good crop of everything had it been distributed properly. However, we have no room to complain, as everybody is making plenty of corn to run them through next year. This section will make anywhere from ten to twenty bushels per acre, and at present the cotton crop is very promising.

The people of the Mt. Tabor community gave a free-for-all entertainment at the school house which was well conducted and very much enjoyed by the large crowd in attendance, after which they served ice cream and lemonade, charging for the latter, the proceeds go to make some much needed repairs on the building.

Arch Brown and daughter, Miss Mabel, left one day last week for Kaufman county for a visit with relatives.

John R. Williams and wife, formerly of this part of the country, but for the past seven years in the Fife country, are here on a visit together with business. They are the guests of Mrs. Jasa Armor. John R. says he is coming back to the land, where he can have his crib and smokehouse at home. He says the Fife country is a winner on cotton, but he is tired of so much cotton.

Our part of the country has sort of a magnetic power which never fails to bring them back. It may be those Mamie Ross and Elberta peaches and sweet juicy watermelons or our sparkling, pure crystal water or a thousand other good things we could mention if we had the space to mention them all.

Mrs. Lula Deans of Voca is the guest of Mrs. D. H. Henderson this week.

We thank the editor for his kind notice of the picnic on the 20th and hereby send him a special invitation.

A. CITIZEN.

Any skin itching is a temper-tester. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

CALF CREEK WINDIES.

Nine, Texas, July 15.

Editor Brady Standard:

That rain we have been longing for hasn't arrived yet, but hope it will in the near future.

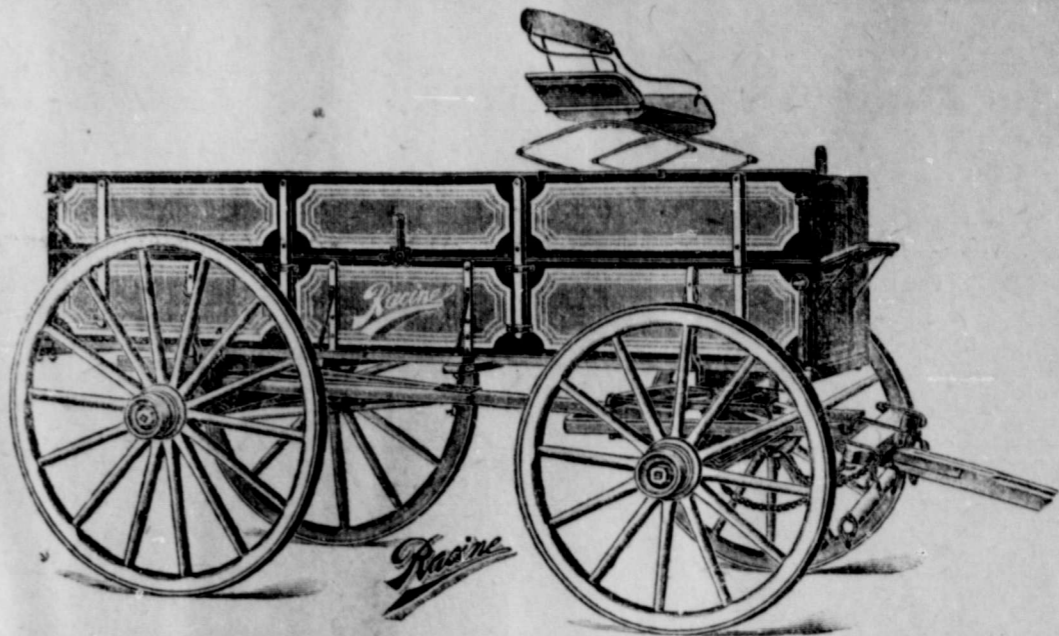
Cotton is doing fairly well; maize made a good crop, cane is almost a failure; most of it will do to mow, but that's all. Some corn made fairly well, some made a failure.

Mr. Horrell Bourland of Comanche county returned from the southwest. Said nothing doing out there. Said there was not a sprig of grass and a fellow very often got thirsty for water. Horell says he believes he will stay in good old McCulloch for awhile.

There was a cream supper at the J. T. Gressett home Friday night. There was cream served to eighty-five persons. They were from far and near. There were people there from four months to eighty years old. If there was anyone in attendance who did not have a jolly time I failed to notice them, except one young lady. Of course that's natural when their best fellow fails to be present. Fred, I don't know whether it was your bright smiles or winning ways that was missed so much. I am afraid those Hext people will happen to some bad luck if they keep you much longer.

Wanted! Wanted!

Bring in your Horses and Mules to exchange for Harness, Vehicles, Etc., as I am in the market for 100 head of Horses and Mules.



C. W. L. SCHAEG

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Alexander is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Willis Henry. Mr. Alexander is still very poorly.

Messrs. H. L. Blasdel, J. T. Gressett, R. M. and J. W. Attaway, Tom Bingham and Horrell Bourland was over in Mason county Saturday gathering a variety of Mason county's delicious fruit, yes and some of those big melons. If the Mason sand-lappers aren't careful they will tempt those McCulloch mud flippers to move over on their side of the fence.

Mrs. Bowyer is visiting her parents and friends at Freder-

icksburg for a few weeks.

Mr. Martin and family of Mason and a crowd of Mason's lady bronco busters are on the Martin ranch for a few weeks. On account of a scarcity of water in the roundup pasture, Mr. Martin and Mr. Bowyer will postpone dipping until it rains.

Mr. D. H. Handsard and two sons visited J. W. Attaway and family Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Cude was visiting in Brady a few days last week.

Several of the Calf Creek people have been attending the big Methodist meeting at Nine the

MRS. M. SUMMERS'

Famous Home Treatment (For Women) Sold by MRS. W. J. BLAIR, Brady, Texas. P. O. Box 453.

past week.

A. M. Wood and family were guests at the J. T. Gressett home Sunday. They left in the afternoon for the San Saba river, where they expected to meet the Wood delegation and have one of those old time family reunions.

Ye correspondent had the pleasure of spending the day on the river at the old block house crossing, where the Wood reunion was going on, and to say they were having an excellent time would be putting it mildly. There were between forty-five and fifty persons on the ground, all related. There was Judge Wood, wife and three single daughters, his three sons, Am, Seymour and Cal and their families, three sons-in-law, Tom Holmes, Bud Mullins and one I failed to remember and their families and Mrs. Wood's brother, Mr. Wess McCully of Comanche county and old Grandpa Holmes—about forty-five in all.

Messrs. StClair and Carrithers were out there with their shooting machine. Took two nice groups and had the pleasure to drive in the old fashion, and a bountiful meal was had. Here's hoping for Mr. and Mrs. Wood to spend many more such happy reunions.

Luck to the editor and the many readers.

OLD WOMAN.

Mr. W. S. Gonsalus, a farmer living near Fleming, Pa., says he has used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in his family for fourteen years, and that he has found it to be an excellent remedy, and takes pleasure in recommending it. For sale by all dealers.

Going fishing? Need some new lines or hooks, a minnow seine, or bucket? We have everything in the fishing line. Wm Connolly & Co.

The price of the Perfection Oil cook stove is in the reach of everyone—the cooking quality is there. Why will you go another day without one? Broad Mercantile Co.

E. B. Kennedy was in from Waldrip and called on us long enough to tempt us with some silver coin. We're going to send him The Standard for that.

Make your next pair of oxfords or shoes a pair of Packards. Every one guaranteed. Wm. Connolly & Co.

Old papers at this office, 20c per bundle of 100.

RESOLVED:

That you don't run to the station after the train has gone and expect to catch it. Don't run to our store after the sale is over. Come now.

BUSTER BROWN

R. F. Outcault

There are many who wait until the good things are all gone, thinking they will get cheaper. The best things will soon be gone. They go because they are the best. If you want to take advantage of our lowered prices, come now. Last call.

O. D. Mann & Sons

BRADY, TEXAS

EXCUSE ME!



RUPERT HUGHES
NOVELIZED FROM THE
COMEDY OF THE SAME
NAME.

ILLUSTRATED FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS OF
THE PLAY AS PRODUCED
BY HENRY W. SAVAGE.
COPYRIGHT 1911 S. A. K. FLY CO.

CHAPTER I.

The Wreck of the Taxicab.
The young woman in the taxicab scuttling frantically down the dark street, clung to the arm of the young man alongside, as if she were terrified at the lawbreaking, neck-risking speed. But evidently some greater fear goaded her, for she gasped:
"Can't he go a little faster?"
"Can't you go a little faster?" The young man alongside howled as he thrust his head and shoulders through the window in the door.
But the self-created taxi-gale swept his voice aft, and the taxi chauffeur perked his ear in vain to catch the vanishing syllables.
"What's that?" he roared.
"Can't you go a little faster?"
The indignant charioteer simply had to shoot one barred glare of reproach into that passenger. He turned his head and growled:
"Say, do you want to lose me me license?"
For just one instant he turned his head. One instant was just enough. The unguarded taxicab seized the opportunity, bolted from the track and flung, as it were, its arms drunkenly around a perfectly respectable lamp-post attending strictly to its business on the curb. There ensued a condensed Fourth of July. Sparks flew, tares exploded, metals ripped, two wheels spun in air and one wheel, neatly severed at the axle, went reeling down the sidewalk half a block before it leaned against a tree and rested.
A dozen or more miracles coincided to save the passengers from injury. The young man found himself standing on the pavement with the unhinged door still around his neck. The young woman's arms were round his neck. Her head was on his shoulder. It had reposed there often enough, but never before in the street under a lamppost. The chauffeur found himself in the road, walking about on all fours, like a bewildered quadruped.
Evidently some overpowering need for speed possessed the young woman, for even now she did not scream, she did not faint, she did not murmur, "Where am I?" She simply said: "What time is it, honey?"
And the young man, not realizing how befuddled he really was, or how his hand trembled, fetched out his watch and held it under the glow of the lamppost, which was now bent over in a convenient but disreputable attitude.
"A quarter to ten, sweetheart. Plenty of time for the train."
"But the minister, honey! What about the minister?"
The consideration of this riddle was interrupted by a muffled hubbub of yeips, whimpers and canine hysterics. Immediately the young woman forgot ministers, collisions, train-schedules—everything. She showed her first sign of panic.
"Snoozeiums! Get Snoozeiums!"
They groped about in the topsyturvy taxicab, rummaged among a jumble of suitcases, handbags, umbrellas and minor impedimenta, and fished out a small dog-basket with an inverted dog inside. Snoozeiums was ridiculous in any position, but as she slid tall foremost from the wicker basket, he resembled nothing so much as a heap of tangled yarn tumbling out of a work-basket. He was an indignant skein, and had much to say before he consented to snuggle under his mistress's chin.
About this time the chauffeur came prowling into view. He was too deeply shocked to emit any language of the garage. He was too deeply shocked to achieve any comment more brilliant than:
"That mess don't look much like it ever was a taxicab, does it?"
The young man shrugged his shoulders, and stared up and down the long street for another. The young woman looked sorrowfully at the wreck, and queried:
"Do you think you can make it go?"
The chauffeur glanced her way, more in pity for her whole sex than in scorn for this one type, as he mumbled:
"Make it go? I'll take a steam winch a week to unwrap it from that lamppost."
The young man apologized.
"I oughtn't to have yelled at you." He was evidently a very nice young man. Not to be outdone in courtesy, the chauffeur retorted:
"I hadn't ought to have turned me head."
The young woman thought, "What a nice chauffeur!" but she gasped: "Great heavens, you're hurt!"
"It's nuttin' but a scratch-on me 'umb."
"Lend me a clean handkerchief, Harry."
The young man whipped out his reserve supply, and in a trice it was a bandage on the chauffeur's hand. The chauffeur decided that the young woman was even nicer than the young

man. But he could not settle on a way to say it. So he said nothing, and grinned sheepishly as he said it.
The young man named Harry was wondering how they were to proceed. He had already studied the region with dismay, when the girl resolved:
"We'll have to take another taxi, Harry."
"Yes, Marjorie, but we can't take it, till we get it."
"You might wait here all night without ketchin' a glimpse of one," the chauffeur ventured. "I come this way because you wanted me to take a short cut."
"It's the longest short cut I ever saw," the young man sighed, as he gazed this way and that.
The place of their shipwreck was so deserted that not even a crowd had gathered. The racket of the collision had not brought a single policeman. They were in a dead world of granite warehouses, wholesale stores and factories, all locked and forbidding, and full of silent gloom.
In the daytime this was a big trade-artery of Chicago, and all day long it was thunderous with trucks and commerce. At night it was Pompeii, so utterly abandoned that the night watchmen rarely slept outside, and no footpad found it worth while to set up shop.
The three castaways stared every which way, and every which way was peace. The ghost of a pedestrian or two hurried by in the far distance. A cat or two went furtively in search of warfare or romance. The lampposts stretched on and on in both directions in two forever.
In the faraway there was a muffled rumble and the faint clang of a bell. Somewhere a street car was bumping along its rails.
"Our only hope," said Harry. "Come along, Marjorie."
He handed the chauffeur five dollars as a poultice to his wounds, tucked the girl under one arm and the dog-basket under the other, and set out, calling back to the chauffeur:
"Good night!"
"Good night!" the girl called back.
"Good night!" the chauffeur echoed. He stood watching them with the tender gaze that even a chauffeur may feel for young love hastening to a honeymoon.
He stood beaming so, till their footsteps died in the silence. Then he turned back to the chaotic remnants of his machine. He worked at it hopelessly for some time, before he had reason to look within. There he found the handbags and suitcases, umbrellas and other equipment. He ran to the corner to call after the owners. They were as absent of body as they had been absent of mind.
He remembered the street-number



Henry Mallory and Marjorie Newton.

they had given him as their destination. He waited till at last a yawning policeman sauntered that way like a lonely beach patrol, and left him in charge while he went to telephone his garage for a wagon and a wrecking crew.
It was close on midnight before he reached the number his fares had given him. It was a paragon leaning against a church. He rang the bell and finally produced from an upper window a nightshirt topped by a frowsy head. He explained the situation, and his possession of certain properties belonging to parties unknown except by their first names. The clergyman drowsily murmured:
"Oh, yes, I remember. The young man was Lieutenant Henry Mallory, and he said he would stop here with a young lady, and get married on the

way to the train. But they never turned up."
"Lieutenant Mallory, eh? Where could I reach him?"
"He said he was leaving tonight for the Philippines."
"The Philippines! Well, I'll be—"
The minister closed the window just in time.

CHAPTER II.

The Early Birds and the Worm.
In the enormous barn of the railroad station stood many strings of cars, as if a gigantic young Gulliver stabled his toys there and invisibly amused himself, now whisking this one away, now backing that other in.
Some of the trains were noble equipages, fitted to glide across the whole map with carriages of Lilliputian millionaires and their Lilliputian ladies. Others were humble and shabby linked-up day-coaches and dingy smoking-cars, packed with workers, like ants.
Cars are mere vehicles, but locomotives have souls. The express engines roll in or stalk out with grandeur and ease. They are like emperors. They seem to look with scorn at the suburban engines snorting and grunting and shaking the arched roof with their plebeian choo-choo as they puff from shop to cottage and back.
The trainmen take their cue from the behavior of their locomotives. The conductor of a transcontinental nodds to the conductor of a shuttle-train with less cordiality than to a brakeman of his own. The engineers of the limiteds look like senators in overalls. They are far-traveled men, leading a mighty life of adventure. They are pilots of land-ships across land-oceans. They have a right to a certain condescension of manner.
But no one feels or shows so much arrogance as the sleeping car porters. They cannot pronounce "supercilious," but they can be it. Their disdain for the entire crew of any train that carries merely day-coaches or half-baked chair-cars, is expressed as one darkey in a uniform can express disdain for poor white trash.
Of all the haughty porters that ever curled a lip, the haughtiest by far was the dusky attendant in the San Francisco sleeper on the Trans-American Limited. His was the train of trains in that whole system. His car the car of cars. His passengers the surrulers of all.
His train stood now waiting to set forth upon a voyage of two thousand miles, a journey across seven imperial states, a journey that should end only at that marge where the continent dips and vanishes under the breakers of the Pacific ocean.
At the head of his car, with his little box-step waiting for the foot of the first arrival, the porter stood, his head swelling under his cap, his breast swelling beneath his blue blouse, with its brass buttons like reflections of his own eyes. His name was Ellsworth Jefferson, but he was called anything from "Poarr-tur" to "Pawtah," and he usually did not come when he was called.
Tonight he was wondering perhaps what passengers, with what dispositions, would fall to his lot. Perhaps he was wondering what his Chicago sweetheart would be doing in the eight days before his return. Perhaps he was wondering what his San Francisco sweetheart had been doing in the five days since he left her, and how she would pass the three days that must intervene before he reached her again.
He had Othello's ebony color. Did he have Othello's green eye?
Whatever his thoughts, he chatted gaily enough with his neighbor and colleague of the Portland sleeper.
Suddenly he stooped in the midst of a soaring chuckle.
"Lordy, man, looky what's a-comin'!"
The Portland porter turned to gaze.
"I got my fingers crossed."
"I hope you git him."
"I hope I don't."
"He'll work you hard and cuss you out, and he won't give you even a Much Obligated."
"That's right. He ain't got a usher to carry his things. And he's got enough to fill a van."
The oncomer was plainly of English origin. It takes all sorts of people to make up the British Empire, and there is no sort lacking—glorious or pretty, or sour or sweet. But this was the type of English globe-trotter that makes himself as unpopular among foreigners as he is among his own people. He is almost as unendurable as the Americans abroad who twang their banjo brag through Europe, and berate France and Italy for their innocence of buckwheat cakes.
The two porters regarded Mr. Harold Wedgewood with dread, as he bore down on them. He was almost lost in the plethora of his own luggage. He asked for the San Francisco sleeper, and the Portland porter had to turn away to smother his gurgling relief.
Ellsworth Jefferson's heart sank. He made a feeble effort at self-protection. The Pullman conductor not being present at the moment, he inquired:
"Have you got yo' ticket?"
"Of cawse."
"Could I see it?"
"Of cawse not. Too much trouble to fish it out."
The porter was fading. "Do you remember yo' numba?"
"Of cawse. Take these." He began to pile things on the porter like a mountain unloading an avalanche. The porter stumbled as he clambered up the steps, and squeezed through the strait path of the corridor into the slender aisle. He turned again, and again to question the invader, but he was motioned and bosted

down the car, till he was halted with a "This will do."
The Englishman selected section three for his own. The porter ventured: "Are you sho' this is yo' numba?"
"Of cawse I'm shaw. How dare you question my—"
"I wasn't questionin' you, boss, I was just astin' you."
He resigned himself to the despot, and began to transfer his burdens to the seat. But he did nothing to the satisfaction of the Englishman. Everything must be placed otherwise; the catch-all here, the portmanteau there, the Gladstone there, the golfsticks there, the greatcoat there, the raincoat there. The porter was puffing like a donkey-engine, and mutiny was growing in his heart. His last commission was the hanging up of the bowler hat.
He stood on the arm of the seat to reach the high hook. From here he paused to glare down with an attempt at irony.
"Is they anything else?"
"No. You may get down."
The magnificent patronage of this wilted porter completely. He returned to the lower level, and shuffled along the aisle in a trance. He was quickly recalled by a sharp: "Pawtah!"
"Yassah!"
"What time does this bally train start?"
"Ten-thutty, sah."
"But it's only ten now."
"Yassah. It'll be ten-thutty a little later."
"Do you mean to tell me that I've got to sit hyah for half an hour—just waitin'?"
The porter essayed another bit of irony:
"Well," he drawled, "I might tell the conducta you're ready. And mebbe he'd start the train. But the timetable says ten-thutty."
He watched the effect of his satire, but it fell back unheeded from the granite dome of the Englishman, whose only comment was:
"Oh, never mind. I'll wait."
The porter cast his eyes up in despair, and turned away, once more to be recalled.
"Oh, pawtah!"
"Yassah!"
"I think we'll put on my slippahs."
"Will we?"
"You might hand me that large bag. No, stupid, the othah one. You might open it. No, it's in the othah one. Ah, that's it. You may set it down."
Mr. Wedgewood brought forth a soft cap and a pair of red slippers. The porter made another effort to escape, his thoughts as black as his face. Again the relentless recall:
"Oh, pawtah, I think we'll unbutton my boots."
He was too weak to murmur "Yassah." He simply fell on one knee and got to work.
There was a witness to his helpless rage—a newcomer, the American counterpart of the Englishman in all that makes travel difficult for the fellow travelers. Ira Lathrop was zealous to resent anything short of perfection, quick and loud of complaint, apparently impossible to please.
In everything else he was the opposite of the Englishman. He was burly, middle-aged, rough, careless in attire, careless of speech—as uncouth and savage as one can well be who is plainly a man of means.
It was not enough that a freeborn Afro-American should be caught kneeling to an Englishman. But when he had escaped this penance, and advanced hospitably to the newcomer, he must be greeted with a snarl.
"Say, are you the porter of this car, or that man's nurse?"
"I can't tell yet. What's yo' numba, please?"
The answer was the ticket. The porter screwed up his eyes to read the pencilled scrawl.
"Numba se'm. Hesh she is, boss."
"Right next to a lot of women, I'll bet. Couldn't you put me in the men's end of the car?"
"Not ve'y well, sah. I reckon the cah is done sold out."
With a growl of rage, Ira Lathrop slammed into the seat his entire hand baggage, one ancient and rusty valise.
The porter gazed upon him with increased depression. The passenger list had opened inauspiciously with two of the worst types of travelers the Anglo-Saxon race has developed. But their anger was not their worst trait in the porter's eyes. He was, in a limited way, an expert in human character.
(To be continued.)

REVIVAL MEETING



Rev. W. T. Hilton of Fayetteville, Ark., will assist the pastor, D. R. Hardison, in a revival meeting at the Christian Tabernacle beginning

SUNDAY, JULY 28th

Rev. Hilton is one of the strongest preachers in the brotherhood and will both entertain and instruct. Mrs. Hilton will be with her husband and will assist with her solos.

All singers and workers of our Brady churches are cordially asked to attend and assist all they can for the salvation of souls.

TEXAS NEEDS GREAT MEN

XXI. QUARRELS

THE neigh of a horse made Darius King of Persia, the six contending powers for the throne agreeing among themselves that the one whose horse should neigh first should possess the kingdom. This ancient method of settling disputes among politicians could be revived with profit in Texas today. If our partisan factions and petty politicians could only settle their disputes by the neigh of a horse, the bark of a dog or the Bray of a donkey, it would be a great blessing for Texas and would give our citizens a better opportunity to pursue the vocations of industry free from political strife.



DARIUS MADE KING OF PERSIA.

Let those who pick political plums by raising rows and wailing flash swords dripping in the blood of industry understand that they cannot turn the public forum into a political arena and by a clash of personal aspirations still the hammer and stop the plow and that their quarrels must be settled in the back alleys of civilization. Texas Needs Great Men.

Typewriter onionskin at The Standard.
Our fall samples are the prettiest ever. Take a look at them. Nuf sed. Kirk.
Your hosiery troubles are all over when you wear Iron Clad; all sizes and in all colors. Wm. Connolly & Co.
Brady Auto Co. solicits your business. Phone 152.
The Bain wagon—all handmade. No wagon stands up quite so well as the Bain. Broad Mercantile Co.
More new summer dress goods here than anywhere in town. Wm. Connolly & Co.
Our fall samples are in and we are already receiving orders. An early pick assures you the best of the bunch. Kirk, Nuf Sed.



The Old Oaken Bucket

Filled to the brim with cold, clear purity—no such water nowadays.

Bring back the old days with a glass or bottle of

Coca-Cola

It makes one think of everything that's pure and wholesome and delightful. Bright, sparkling, teeming with palate joy—it's your soda fountain old oaken bucket.

Free Our new booklet, telling of Coca-Cola vindication at Chattanooga, for the asking.



Demand the Genuine as made by THE COCA-COLA CO ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an arrow think of Coca-Cola.



Miss Annie Estella Bradley, Editor; Phone 179

Elliot-Baker.

On Sunday evening at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. E. A. Hoffman, in Mason the beautiful words were spoken which united in matrimony Mr. William Claude Baker and Miss Helen Estella Elliot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Elliot of this city, Rev. Lyle, pastor of the Presbyterian church officiating.

The parlors were the scene of the wedding ceremony, where palms, ferns and potted plants were elaborately arranged in the decorations, a bank of ferns furnishing the setting for the wedding picture.

The bride entered on the arm of her father, to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march played by her mother, and was met at the altar by the groom. Only a few relatives and close friends witnessed the ceremony. The bride wore a charming gown of cream hand-embroidered voile, with cream satin slippers, while the groom was dressed in the usual black.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker returned to this city Tuesday and will make this their home for the present.

Pleasant Event.

Miss Mary Schaeg was hostess to one of the most delightful features of this season on last Friday evening. Her guests were invited to meet at the Palace Drug store at 8:30 o'clock, and the spacious apartment was almost filled when all had arrived. Cold drinks were served, after which Miss Schaeg accompanied the party to the Lyric endome, where two excellent reels of moving pictures were enjoyed. That a surprise was in store for the crowd upon their return to the drug store was whispered about. After the Palace again enclosed this gay crowd, an enjoyable contest was given. A cardboard was tacked on the wall, upon which was a drawing of an humble looking donkey. The game was, "Who can pin the donkey's tail in

Lawn Party.

The Houston (Miss.) Post of last week contained the following notice of a reception tendered one of McCulloch county's popular young ladies, Miss Lillian Roberts, who is the guest for the summer of her cousin, Miss Lorane Rushing, at Starkville, Miss.

"Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Tindall delightfully entertained on Tuesday evening at their home on Jackson street in honor of their guests, Misses Lillian Roberts of Texas, and Lorane Rushing of Starkville.

"The entire lower floor was thrown open for the occasion and beautifully decorated, and in each room the color scheme of green and yellow was carried out by a profusion of fern and field daisies.

"The guests were graciously welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. R. C. West. In the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Tindall, Misses Roberts, Rushing, Annie Hughes Hall, Estella Winter and Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Andrews.

"From the parlor the guests were invited by Mr. W. H. Ward to the library, where punch was served by little Misses Janice Brevard and Margaret Walker. From here they were asked by Mrs. W. M. Berry to register in a dainty hand-painted book in the form of a daisy presided over by little Miss Mariannie Tindall.

"Mrs. John Tabb invited them to the lawn which was very attractive with rustic seats and Japanese lanterns. Partners were then found by matching verses from the song, "Casey Jones," there following a most amusing contest of sketching and describing partners.

"Delicious ices and cake were served and on each plate was a hand-painted daisy on which was written an appropriate toast. These were pretty souvenirs of a pleasant evening.

"Mrs. Tindall wore white marquisette, with lace garniture, Miss Roberts, yellow satin draped in gold dew drop net with gold garniture; Miss Rushing, pink marquisette with crystal trimmings; Miss Winter, white lingerie over pink; Miss Hall, white embroidery voile; Mrs. Andrews in pink satin with lace.

"Among the fifty guests, the out-of-town visitors were Misses Millsaps of Hazelhurst, Ferguson of Pontotoc, Dominick of West Point and Messrs. Joe Baskin Bradford of Arizona and Rex Winter of Vardaman."

Miss Morris Honoree.

On Tuesday afternoon from 3:30 to 6:30 o'clock Miss Ruby Morris of Brownwood was honoree of a party given by Miss Ruby Wood at her home.

Tables were arranged for games in parlors and living rooms. Tall vases and bowls of sun flowers decked the mantels, piano and tables.

Delicious grape juice was served during several games of "42".

Refreshments of pineapple ice cream and cake were served to the following: Misses Ruby Morris of Brownwood, Ruth Campbell, Mary Johanson, Iva Goodson, Ferole Ford, Estella Bradley, Lucile Yantis, Mamie Spiller, Olga Schaeg, Nettie Lou Morrow, Stella Sayle, Zuma Long, Ruth Wood and Mesdames Virgil Jones and Claude Wood.

Chicken Fry.

Mrs. L. A. Williams entertained her Sunday school class Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock with a chicken fry at the Dutton grove. Sandwiches, pickles, olives and eggs, added to the abundance of chicken, went to make it a very delightful picnic spread.

Miss Leslie Bradley was given a surprise party last Friday evening by her jolly set of friends. Several games were played,

causing the time to pass very pleasantly until 11 o'clock, when frozen water melon was served. The party consisted of Misses Sallie Miller, Flora Schaeg, Nora Samuels, Ruth Schaeg, Leslie Samuels and Virginia Miller and R. H. Long, Erv Boyd, Charlie Koerth, John Doole, Marion Hardison and Howard Ogden.

Henry Dial offers us a dollar bill, and says his address is Plainview. We wonder what the dollar was for.

There might be as good buggies as the Moon Bros., but they have not shown up on this way yet. Broad Mercantile Co.

Don't send away for your saddles. We make the best saddles on the market. If we haven't what you want, we make them to your order and guarantee satisfaction. H. P. C. Evers.

When your old straw hat or Panama gets to looking dingy, bring it to Kirk—Nuf sed.

T. A. Jean of Melvin likes The Standard well enough to permit us to send it to him some more.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Engdahl are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a fine young lady at their home on the 15th.

Crop and Chattel Mortgages and Notes—Texas Standard legal forms—at The Standard office.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Miss Nell Bryant of Mason is in the city visiting friends.

Mr. Sam McCollum spent Saturday and Sunday in Mason.

Mr. Belmont Sammons was in our city Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. Chas. Bradley returned Tuesday from a business trip to Richland Springs.

Miss Clara Wilhelm left Tuesday for an extended visit in Lampasas and Houston.

Mrs. J. D. Branscum returned Saturday from a pleasant visit at the Tom Baker ranch.

Miss Libbie Carr left Tuesday for Victoria, after a pleasant visit here with relatives and friends.

Mrs. A. G. Walker and daughter, Miss Helen, left Tuesday for a two months' visit in Kansas City.

Messrs. George Vierling, Bill White, Buss Crothers and Joe White returned Saturday from Junction.

Mr. H. F. Schwenker returned Wednesday from a visit with

Report of Condition of the Commercial National Bank

Brady, Texas

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 14TH, 1912.

United States Depository

Loans and Discounts	843,442.42	Capital Stock	\$130,000.00
Overdrafts	917.58	Surplus and Profits	82,131.20
Bonds	52,000.00	Circulation	50,000.00
Banking House	10,000.00	DEPOSITS	347,510.80
Other Real Estate	1,900.00		
Cash & Exchange	\$100,678.84		
Cotton	703.16		
	101,382.00		
Total	\$809,642.00	Total	\$609,642.00

STATE OF TEXAS I, W. D. Crothers, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. D. CROTHERS, Cashier

Succeeded The Commercial Bank, of Brady, March 11, 1907

The stock in this bank is owned by some of the most progressive business men, farmers and stockmen of the country, whose individual responsibility is over Six Million Dollars.

We Want Your Business



THE CALORIC Fireless Cook Stove

BAKES, ROASTS BOILS, STEAMS OR STEWS

Increases the tenderness, nutriment and deliciousness of meats, vegetables, pastries. Saves fuel, work and food. Gives leisure for rest while the meal is cooking.

We Want Every Lady in McCulloch County to Come to Our Demonstration July 22. Refreshments will be served to all. Expert From Factory Will be in Charge.

O. D. MANN & SONS
BRADY, TEXAS



BIDE-A-WEE STOCK FARM

Registered and High-Grade Red Polled Cattle, Choice MichCows and Young Bulls For Sale.

G. B. AWALT, Prop.
Camp San Sabo, Texas

Mr. John E. Cooke and family at Rockdale.

Mrs. Virgil Jones and little daughter, Mildred, returned Sunday from a visit with relatives in Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Goodson and children came in Sunday from Fort Worth, and are visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. Joe A. Adkins returned yesterday from Lampasas, where she spent the past week most pleasantly with her sister.

Miss Carrie Berry and grandmother, Mrs. Mayo, left Tuesday on the noon train for Corsicana to spend several weeks with relatives.

Mrs. Joe McCall returned Friday from a delightful trip to Washington, D. C., New York City, parts of Canada and various other places of interest.

Mr. Lee Goodson left last night for Fort Worth, where he will remain until Saturday, when he will go to Galveston and sail from there Sunday for South America.

Misses Sarah Johanson and

Hattie Pence and Charlie Koerth left Wednesday morning for Waco to attend a house party given by Mrs. A. M. Martin. They will return in about two weeks.

Mr. O. Wells of Rosebud was here this week in his car and was the guest of J. M. McAnally and family. He was accompanied home today by Mrs. McAnally and daughter, Fay, who will visit for a month in both Rosebud and Waco.

Mr. Tom White of Mason was in from the Alta Vista farm Sunday and was accompanied on his return by his aunt, Mrs. John Schaeg, and cousin, Miss Mary Schaeg, who will enjoy this week in camp there.

Mrs. R. A. Rutherford and daughter, Helen, left last night for Fort Worth, where they will visit for several days before going to Brownsville, where Mr. Rutherford is holding a position with a lumber company. These good people were formerly citizens of Brady, and we regret very much to lose them so completely. Their many friends wish them prosperity in their new home.

