

**JUST RECEIVED---Men's NoJelty Hose---Mann Bros. & Holton, Phone 148**

## DEATH SENTENCE PRONOUNCED ON GEO. F. HORNSBY

Belton, April 9.—George F. Hornsby of Brown county was sentenced to be "Hanged by the neck until dead" by District Judge Blair in the Bell county district court today, following adverse action by the court on a motion by Hornsby's attorneys for a new trial. The motion was overruled at 12:15 p. m. The death sentence was suspended pending appeal of the case to the higher court, notice of which was given immediately after the court's action.

The defense motion for a new trial was based upon the words "prove his attempt to break jail," which, it was claimed, appeared at the top of a sheet of paper on which Hornsby had written "John Brown," "Jones" and "Wright," during his testimony in the trial of the case. This paper had been handed to the jury in the trial it was claimed. All the jurors in the case were put on the stand and each testified that the words had not been seen and that an attempt to break jail had not been discussed in the jury room in the decision of the case.

Hornsby took more interest in today's proceedings than during his recent trial here. He stood quietly and dignified while the sentence of the court was pronounced. His fingers twitched nervously and he swallowed three times in an effort to restrain his emotion. There were but few persons in the court room.

George F. Hornsby was convicted in the Bell county district court, on charge of venue from Brown county, on a charge of murdering J. N. Weatherby at Brownwood October

18th, 1920, the trial having been held here during the week of March 14th.

Will teach private class in Shorthand and Typewriting. For information write Miss Hallie Gentry, or Phone 122.

Adding Machine Paper. The Brady Standard.

### WHEREABOUTS OF CONFEDERATE SEAL REMAINS MYSTERY

Washington, April 9.—The whereabouts of the official seal of the Confederacy, an unsolved mystery for more than half a century, probably will forever remain unknown. James Jones, aged negro employe in the senate office building, said to be the only person with a knowledge of where the seal was buried, died today without disclosing the secret.

Jones was serving as a servant of Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, when Davis was captured. As the story goes, Jones buried the seal before the federal authorities could obtain possession of the Confederate leader's effects, and to his death never revealed the spot.

## MATTRESSES

PILLOWS, PADS, CUSHIONS  
ETC.

Workmanship and material guaranteed to be the very best and up-to-date. Renovating a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**E. R. CANTWELL**

MATTRESS MAKER

Brady, Texas

Located 3 Doors North Moffatt Bros. & Jones

## MISS EDITH McSHAN WINS IN DECLAMATION AT DIST. MEET IN COMANCHE

BRADY GIRL RECEIVES FIRST PLACE AMONG EIGHT CONTESTANTS FOR HONOR—WILL REPRESENT DISTRICT AT STATE MEET IN AUSTIN MAY 6TH AND 7TH.

Miss Edith McShan of Brady won first honors in the Senior Girl's Declamation contest at the District Interscholastic meet in Comanche last Friday night. This inspiring news was received by wire from Comanche last Saturday morning, and means Miss McShan will represent the Thirteenth District as Senior Girl Declaimer at the State meet to be held in Austin on May 6th and 7th. Miss McShan is the charming and talented daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee McShan of this city, and Brady and McCulloch citizens are proud of her record, winning as she did from among eight contestants, many of whom had had special training in declamation. The Comanche Chief issued a special edition covering the district meet, and featured Miss McShan's award.

The declamation contests were held in the high school auditorium on Thursday night, and the event was largely attended by visitors and by Comanche citizens as well. The fact that Miss McShan won, with but a comparatively few Brady folks present, and all the remainder of the audience strangers, is all the more to her credit.

Interscholastic District No. 13, popularly known as the Comanche district, is composed of twelve counties, as follows: Brown, Coleman, Comanche, Eastland, Erath, Kimble, Lampasas, Mason, Menard, McCulloch, Mills and San Saba. The winners of first places in the track and literary events recently held in Brady went to Comanche Thursday night, returning home Sunday morning. Those from Brady contesting for places in track events were: Gerald Adkins, high jump; Royston Taylor and Virgil Wilhelm, tennis; Arthur Awalt and John Allison Polk, low hurdle; Bill Vaughn,

shot put, 50-yd. and 100-yd. dashes; George Dutton, broad jump. Those contesting in literary events were: Edith McShan, senior girl's declamation; Juanita Joyce, junior girl's declamation. Those accompanying the contestants were Mrs. Lee McShan, Misses Cunningham and Arvie Wegner; Messrs. Dudley Westbrook and Ace McShan. Bill Vaughn won a place for the finals in the 100-yard dash, and Arthur Awalt in the low hurdle, but the grounds being too wet the boys did not enter the final track events. The finals among Class B schools were had, and some of the finals in Class A, the rain interfering with the completion of the track program. All the finals in Class A are to be had over at Comanche on Saturday of this week. Class A includes all schools of 600 or more scholastics, and as Brady school last year fell slightly under this mark, none from Brady will be in the contests next

Saturday.

According to the Comanche Chief, there were seven schools to enter the Senior Boy's Debating contests in the preliminaries. DeLeon was winner over Coleman first; then Cisco defeated Unity (Lampasas county), and Dublin won over Lohn, McCulloch county. In the finals, DeLeon won from Cisco.

In the Senior Girl's Debates, Dublin and Santa Anna went to the finals, Santa Anna winning.

The visitors report Comanche as having extended them every hospitality, the citizens there opening their homes to them, and tendering them a free dinner Saturday, among other courtesies.

### Lose Baby Daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Myrick have the sympathy of all in the loss of their little 7-months old daughter, Martha Elizabeth, who died Sunday morning, April 10th, at 1:20 o'clock. The little child had been ill for several days with whooping cough, and with the sudden change in weather, this developed into fatal pneumonia. Funeral services were held at Brady cemetery at 10:30 a. m. Monday, the Rev. J. H. Taylor conducting, and many sympathizing friends attending.

### SHEPPARD MATERNITY BILL TO PASS IN NEXT CONGRESS, WOMEN THINK

Cleveland, April 9. — Predictions that the Sheppard-Towner maternity and infancy bill will be passed in the next congress were made today by members of the board of directors of the national League of Women Voters, following an exciting session at which Mrs. Maude Park of Boston, chairman of the League, reported an interview which she had had with President Harding. The convention of the League will open here Monday.

## \$5,500 STATE AID FOR BRADY-MASON ROAD RECEIVED

The McCulloch county commissioners court has been advised that the plans and specifications for the improvement of the Brady-Mason road have been approved by the State Highway department, and \$5,500 has been allotted by the state to the county for this improvement work.

The county is now advertising for sealed bids for the work on the Mason road, which will include about 1 1/4 miles of roadway, running this way from the San Saba river. In other words, the work is to be resumed at the point where it was stopped pending state approval of the work.

All bids are to be in the hands of County Judge Evans Adkins by 11:00 a. m., April 27th, and are to be accompanied by a certified check of \$700.00.

The description of the work as set forth in the advertisements for the contract, are as follows:

Clearing 4 acres, grubbing 4 acres, excavation, 3,102 yards, borrow 2-260 yards, loose rock 1,000 yards, solid rock 2000 yards, gravel hauled first quarter 3,042 yards, gravel hauled additional quarter 19,001 yards, reinforcing steel 2,556 pounds, concrete 110 yards, structural excavation 75 yards.

### Card of Thanks.

To neighbors and friends who so kindly aided us during the illness of our dear daughter, and whose comforting words and beautiful floral offerings served to lighten our burden of grief, we are deeply grateful. May God bless you all.

MR. AND MRS. JOE MYRICK.

# LYRIC THEATRE

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

JULIUS LEVY, Proprietor and Manager

COMING THURSDAY, APRIL 14TH, THE GREAT SPECIAL ATTRACTION—

## "ATTA BOY"



World's giant cowboy in pictures and in person, presenting his little pal, "Tiny Mite," the world's smallest horse, 5 years old, 21-in. in height, weight 65 lbs. This will be an added attraction in addition to the picture—a big double show for the same prices of admission. No raise, 15c and 25c. Special Notice—Everybody come early to get good seats as there will be only one show given on this night, starting promptly at 7:00 p. m. as this attraction must leave on the night train for Brownwood, so if you want to see this great world wonder, come early, as it is your first and only chance. Don't forget the show starts promptly at 7:00 p. m.

Wednesday, April 13  
LOUISE LOVELY

### "PARTNERS OF FATE"

5-REEL DRAMA

A picture of heart interest and appeal. Don't fail to see the picture, with Louise Lovely as the star. It is a picture with many interesting incidents and one that will long be remembered by everyone seeing this great picture in which dainty Louise Lovely plays the leading role. She is also supported by a strong cast. You must see this picture to appreciate the story.

Also—  
"PURPLE RIDERS"  
2-Reel Serial

Thursday, April 14  
J. WARREN KERRIGAN

### "THE GREEN FLAME"

5-REEL DRAMA

"The Green Flame" is a very cleverly developed detective mystery story. It will have those who see it guessing. The climax of the story comes as a happy surprise.

—Also special attraction  
"ATTA BOY"

World's Giant Cowboy in picture and in person, presenting his little pal, "Tiny Mite," the world's smallest horse.

Don't miss it. Only one show, starting at 7:00 p. m.

Friday, April 15  
BRYANT WASHBURN

### "BURGLAR PROOF"

5-REEL COMEDY DRAMA

This is the story of a prosperous young man who is so tight in money matters that they call him "burglar-proof," meaning that only a charge of nitro-glycerin is able to shake his dollars from him. But cupid finds the combination and effects a complete change. How this is accomplished makes a highly entertaining story. Lois Wilson is his leading woman and heads a fine all-round supporting cast. Don't miss seeing this clean comedy.

Also—  
"THE HUNTSMAN"  
2-Reel Clyde-Cook Comedy

Saturday, April 16  
BILLIE BURKE

### "THE FRISKY MRS. JOHNSON"

5-REEL COMEDY DRAMA

If you are fond of real drama, wholesome comedy, and, incidentally, have an eye to the beauty of the latest creations of the Parisians modistas, then you should see Billie Burk in her new Paramount picture—"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." Talk about rich gowns! why this picture presents a vast variety that will bewilder most women. The support, headed by Word Cram, is exceptionally adequate. It is a beautiful picture. The scenes are laid in Paris during the Gay Carnival season.

Also—  
"BRIDE 13." 2-Reel Serial

Monday, April 18  
ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

### "PLEASURE SEEKERS"

5-REEL DRAMA

Marrying a man to reform him does not always work out—but something had to be done when she found out that he needed reforming after they were married. It wasn't as smooth sailing as she thought it would be when they left the country village, but Mary Murdock put one over on Broadway and everything turned out great. "Pleasure Seekers" are going to find what they desire in Elaine Hammerstein's latest picture "Pleasure Seekers."

Also Fox News.

Tuesday, April 19  
GEORGE B. SEITS and  
JUNE CAPRICE

### "ROGUES AND ROMANCE"

6-REEL DRAMA

A flaming drama of a slam-bang Yank in sunny Spain. A vivid play of fiery eyes, flashing steel, brilliant fandangoes, red red lips, women's wiles and reckless rogues. Blazing battle action, passionate feeling, a host of thrills and rip-roaring laughter; a world-beater. A spectacular romance and romantic Spain with its enchanting scenery, its dreamy beauty, its bewitching color, make the richest and rarest background for this lavish photodrama.

Also—  
KINOGRAM WORLD'S  
NEWS

# THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

Absorbed the Brady Enterprise and the McCulloch County Star May 2nd, 1910

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

**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

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.

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

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.

BRADY, TEXAS, April 12, 1921

## HONEST INJUN.

Those same folks that were recently preasing an early Spring, are now mighty busy forecasting a late Winter.

## BAND BELIEVERS.

The Standard editor has found many "band believers" in Brady—that is to say, folks who believe Brady should have a good band and are willing to co-operate in the effort to establish and maintain one. Likewise there are numbers of boys and men of musical talent, who could readily form the nucleus for a splendid organization. It appears that all that is lacking is a leader to get the organization together. Now, won't some public-spirited citizen get busy on the work of organization, and give Brady this much-to-be-desired institution?

## TILL DEATH DO US PART.

If every tenant farmer in the cotton belt in 1920 had fed and milked one cow; bred and fed one sow and had fattened, killed and cured the meat from her litter, and had taken care of and used what two dozen hens would have produced, no farm family in the South would be wondering where the food is to come from.—Capper's Farmer. (Kansas).

This is true, although it was said by the paper whose owner, Senator Capper of Kansas, was berating the South a year ago for proposing to decrease the cotton acreage. As it turned out, and as Senator Capper might have known had he been very wise, the South last year had no idea of decreasing the cotton acreage. Cotton was going at 40c a pound at planting time last year. This year it is going at 7c or 10c or not going at all, and still there is not much chance of a greatly reduced acreage. We of the South are wedded to the cotton devil, and although he is guilty of non-support and cruel treatment, we do not know how to get a divorce from him. We always give him another chance, hoping that he will be good. We are even going to give him another chance after the way he treated us last year. It is true that he has not our full confidence just now, but we love him so unutterably that we are disposed to make almost any sacrifice of self-respect in order to live with him.—Dallas News.

## SNAP SHOTS.

Tillie Clinger says the reason she quit her job as stenographer at the Federal Reserve Bank was because she felt like a million dollars and couldn't dress to match.—Dallas News.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

THE BRADY STANDARD  
Published Semi-Weekly  
Tuesday Friday  
Brady, Texas  
To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$2.00 per year  
SIX MONTHS \$1.00  
THREE MONTHS 65c  
Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 25c per month.  
To postoffice more than 50 miles from Brady \$2.50 per year  
SIX MONTHS \$1.25  
THREE MONTHS 75c  
Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy, straight.

Effective July 1, 1920.

## A VOICE FOR PARTITION IN WEST TEXAS.

The citizens of West Texas, who met in large numbers at Sweetwater Saturday to protest against the veto of the West Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College bill and the failure of the Legislature to reapportion the State upon a basis fair to the people of West Texas, suggested the possibility of a movement for partition of the State unless more recognition be accorded to their interests and demands by the powers that be.

The Governor's veto of the college bill was predicated upon the platform upon which he was nominated and elected, so he is on firm ground there. But beyond that, the Post believes that no additional educational institutions ought to be established until there shall have been a real survey of all Texas' school needs. Up to this time, Texas has provided for her educational interests in a haphazard sort of way. That is a wasteful way.

More and more public education will make demands upon the treasury. It will not be many years before the State's annual expenditure for higher education and the common schools will reach \$50,000,000, perhaps \$100,000,000. Surely with such a prospect as this, some comprehensive and definite plan should be adopted in order to obtain the greatest possible benefits from this constantly increasing annual outlay. Surely we ought to know what we are building to, instead of having the Legislature assemble every two years to umpire a scramble for the location of institutions which may or may not be needed.

Of course, there can be no answer to the West Texas demand for proportionate legislative representation, except to grant it.

As for the partition of Texas, probably no one will be disturbed by such a possibility at this time. Proposals to partition the State when made will be passed upon according to their merits. In years to come, no doubt, Texas will be partitioned. That possibility was foreseen by the fathers when they negotiated the treaty of annexation with the United States government.

But such partition, when it does come, will result from some imperative economic or political necessity, and not from pique or the activity of political or financial exploitation.

Nevertheless, it is true that the Legislature ought to take a deeper interest in the great semi-arid region of West Texas. As matters stand now, its great economic problems are in suspense, because, being a minority, the West Texas people can do very little towards solving them. Such subjects as dry farming, irrigation, the conservation of flood waters, and others which deal with the peculiarities of that region of vast area and potential resources, are pressing for attention.

The population of West Texas is increasing. It is a progressive population, and the people desire to develop their great section of the State. Their problems are not the problems of the humid section, the coastal plain, the black prairies or the timbered hills. They must have their hands unshackled so that they can go forward, and if the State Legislature cannot promote their welfare, then it must let them go with a blessing, as ultimately they must go in any event.

The solidarity or indivisibility of Texas is more a matter of sentiment than reality. The Sweetwater meeting is not the first Texas gathering to suggest partition. It has been done in El Paso, Amarillo and other points. We do not doubt that quite a majority of the Panhandle would like to set up housekeeping even now.

As settlers flock to the State from all parts of the country and the world, and as the population grows, the people to whom Alamo, Goliad, Conception and San Jacinto are sacred memories become relatively fewer. And when the total inhabiting our area shall reach such figures as 20,000,000 or perhaps 50,000,000, as it will in time, the question of partition will be a live issue, if not an accomplished fact.

But regardless of all considerations like these, the interests of West Texas are not getting the attention they ought to receive, and have never received much attention. And West Texas ought to be regarded as a full-fledged part of Texas or released to work out its own salvation.—Houston Post.

A strong pull, a long pull and a pull all together is what every community needs—and most communities lack.

You know that it is a bad thing to let your watch run down. It rains the works. It is just as bad to let your business run down, and advertising is the key that keeps it wound up.—Eldorado Success.

The veto of the rural school aid measure brings disappointment to the country schools; but under the constitutional amendment adopted last year each school district is permitted to tax itself as much as it desires for school purposes, and after that is probably the better method for supporting the schools. There is no real requirement for the state to collect school taxes from the people who pay local school taxes. Each school district ought to provide most of the money which its schools need, and the state should collect only sufficient school taxes to provide for maintaining a supervision of the educational development of the state.—Brownwood Bulletin.

Read in the

## MRS. IDA MYERS AND GRANDSON ARRIVE HERE FROM KOVNO, RUSSIA

There is rejoicing in the families of Messrs. Will, Ike and Joe Myers over the safe arrival in Brady of their mother, Mrs. Ida Myers, aged 62 years, who sailed on the 15th of last month from Rotterdam, Holland, enroute to the Land of the Free. Accompanying Mrs. Myers was her grandson, Ike Sack. Eleven days were required for the ocean journey, and Mrs. Myers suffered badly from seasickness all the way over. Despite this fact, however, she feels well rewarded in that she has, after many years, been reunited with her sons, and incidentally has escaped from the horrors of Russia.

At New York she was met by Mrs. Will Myers of Brady and Mrs. H. M. Levison, of Dallas, who had been visiting relatives and friends in that section for the past six weeks, while awaiting arrival of their mother-in-law.

The party then journeyed to Texas, arriving in Fort Worth last Friday afternoon, where Mr. and Mrs. Ike Myers, and Messrs. Joe and Will Myers, and also Henry Myers, another brother, from Coleman, had gone to meet them. Joe had not seen his mother in something over ten years, while the other boys had been gone from home twenty-three years. None of them recognized their mother, nor did she recognize any of them. But when they saw her approaching upon the arm of Mrs. Will Myers, they knew it was the mother for whom they had so long waited. One after another, they shouted "Mother!" to her, and the happy reunion was a most thrilling episode, which travelers gathered at Fort Worth from all over the U. S., stopped for a moment to witness.

Mrs. Myers says that the many experiences through which she passed are almost unbelievable, and she often wonders how they managed to survive. Her grandson was engaged in watchmaking and repair business at Kovno. He is 18 years old, and came to the U. S. just in time to escape military service.

Mr. and Mrs. Izzy Shapiro and Mrs. Henry Myers are here from Coleman to greet the newcomers. Mrs. Shapiro and Mrs. Louis Zweig of Coleman, both of whom are daughters of Mrs. Myers, made their escape from Russia to the U. S. two years ago.

## \$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative power of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

PHONE 67—we'll call for and deliver your laundry. City Steam Laundry.

### Ice Cream Sherbets

Stop by and Take a Brick of Ice Cream Home with You.

#### Vanilla and Assorted Flavors

*Ice Cream and Sherbets Packed in 1-2-3-5 Gallon Packers*

Special Attention Given Orders for Home, Churches, Banquets, and Lodge Entertainments

—PHONE 20—

### Schill Ice Cream Company

BRING IN YOUR SWEET CREAM DUTTON BLDG.

## Enroll Now!

Young women are now filing their applications with The Temple Sanitarium Training School for Nurses for entrance in the June class.

If you are a young woman of average intelligence, physically strong, and of good moral character, we are interested in you. If you wish to earn your own livelihood; if you care to receive a training that leads to a profession much in demand, we wish to advise you to become a nurse. The nursing field is broad, and the demand is far greater than the supply.

When you are a graduate of The Temple Sanitarium Training School you are assured of a place in the nursing profession. Board and tuition free with a monthly allowance while you are receiving your training.

Write today for illustrated booklet. Address:

### Miss Wilma Carlton, R. N.,

Supt. of The Temple Sanitarium Training School for Nurses, Temple, Texas.

## HE COULD NOT DO A FULL DAY'S WORK

But Hasn't Lost A Day Since He Began Taking Tanlac, Says Farmer.

"At the time I got Tanlac three years ago I hadn't been able to put in a full day's work for two years; but the medicine fixed me up to where I felt fine and I've not lost a day's work on account of ill health since," was the statement made by Charles Hamblen, well-known farmer residing on R. F. D. No. 1, Keefeton, Okla., recently.

"About five years ago my system got out of order and I went down in health until I was so weak I could hardly stand up, and, as for work, I was scarcely able to do anything. I had no appetite and what little I did eat seemed to do me no good, and I had headaches constantly. I was also troubled with a persistent cough, and it seemed that my old-time strength and energy were gone for good.

"But it didn't take Tanlac but a little while to straighten me out, and I was soon full of new life and energy. Ever since then I've been praising Tanlac, and I'm glad to give this statement for what it may be worth to others. Tanlac is the best medicine I ever saw or heard of."

Tanlac is sold in Brady by Trigg Drug Co., in Mercury by J. T. Matlock, in Rochelle by C. W. Carr, and by leading druggists everywhere.

## Parent-Teachers Program.

The Parent-Teachers Association will hold its next meeting at the high school building at 3:30 o'clock Friday, April 15th.

The following program will be rendered:

"Present Needs of Our Schools." Discussion led by Mrs. W. B. Anderson.

Papers by Mrs. Jim Mann and N. A. Cleveland

All mothers and as many fathers as can conveniently come, are urged to be present that we may plan wisely for our present and future needs. If you have a child in the school come and express your wishes for his development.

We "Come Clean" with your Clothes. Try us. City Steam Laundry.

"No dirt—no shavings—no dust—no soiled fingers." That's why every home, office and school needs the Boston Pencil Pointer. The Brady Standard.

Now unloading car of coal—you can save by placing your order at once and have delivery made direct from the car. Macy & Co.

How about your watch? Is it keeping correct time? If not, let us remedy the trouble for you. Satisfaction guaranteed. A. F. Grant, Jeweler, east side square, Brady, Texas.

When you send your clothes out to be washed, are you sure they are washed in a sanitary manner? The CITY STEAM LAUNDRY returns your wash clean, fluffy and sanitary.

## WHAT IS IT WORTH?

If you want to sell something, buy something, trade something, find something, warn some folks, secure help—etc., etc., etc.

How much would it cost you to set out by yourself, or else hire someone in your stead, to accomplish what you had set out to do?

Then compare with this, the quarter, half-dollar, dollar or couple of dollars you might spend in a Classy-Fi-Ad in The Brady Standard, which would not only cover more territory than you would ever think of doing, but do it more thoroughly.

### The Brady Standard Classy-Fi-Ads

Have no limit on the scope of territory they cover. They work while you sleep—good times or bad—fair weather or stormy. They "bring home the bacon."

## 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, unless you have a ledger account with us.

## LOST

LOST—Black silk bag, containing two checks, a \$1.00 bill and 80c in change. Finder please return to City Steam Laundry.

LOST—About two weeks ago, on streets of Brady, or on Voca road, gold brooch, containing picture of Albert Behrens. Finder please notify Mrs. Albert Behrens or Brady Standard office.

## FOR RENT

Rooms for rent. See E. B. RAMSAY.

FOR RENT—First-Class business location on Brady square. Can make short or long term lease, or will sell to right parties. For further information, apply to Brady Standard, Brady.

## FOR SALE

FOR ROUGH Lumber at 3c to 3 1/2c per foot, see J. F. Schaeff, Brady.

FOR SALE—Rebuilt, 1 1/2 ton Dodge truck. F. R. WULFF, Brady.

FOR SALE—Checker Kaffir and Double Dwarf Maize Seed at \$1.50 per 100 lbs. at the barn. JNO. NELIN.

## MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Ford car, just overhauled and in good shape, new rear casings; price \$260. Apply at Brady Standard office.

FOR SALE—A few registered Duroc Jersey Pigs; will be weaned in short time. Engage yours now. See S. S. GRAHAM.

FOR SALE—Good second-hand wagon. Also any kind of leather goods at any old price, regardless of cost. See J. F. SCHAEFF.

FOR SALE—Ford truck, A1 condition, 1920 model, practically new; both pneumatic and solid tires. Phone or write A. P. SQUYRES, Mercury, Texas.

## To Stop a Cough Quick

take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a cough medicine which stops the cough by healing the inflamed and irritated tissues.

A box of GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE for Chest Colds, Head Colds and Croup is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. The salve should be rubbed on the chest and throat of children suffering from a Cold or Croup.

The healing effect of Hayes' Healing Honey inside the throat combined with the healing effect of the salve soon stops a cough.

Both remedies are packed in one carton and the cost of the combined treatment is 50c.

Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

## WITH THE CHURCHES

Catholic Church.  
Mass will be said on the third Sunday of each month at 10:00 a. m. by the Rev. Francis Hudon.

Church Notice.  
There will be preaching at the Church of Christ Sunday, April 17, morning and evening instead of Sunday the 24th.

A hearty welcome to all. Come! S. W. ALFORD, Christian Evangelist.

## No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the Child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 50c per bottle.

## Manuscript Covers. The Standard.

PHONE 67—we'll call for your laundry and make prompt delivery. City Steam Laundry.

## Carter's Show Card Colors for sign writing.

The Brady Standard.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. ADVERTISING RATE FOR CARDS. One Inch Card, per month.....\$1.00 One Inch Card, per year.....\$7.50

J. E. SHROPSHIRE LAWYER General Practice, Civil and Criminal Special Attention to Land Titles Office Over Broad Merc. Co. South Side Square, Brady, Texas

J. E. BROWN LAWYER Office Over Brady National Bank BRADY, TEXAS

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PERSONAL MENTION F. O. A. Johnson was a visitor here Monday from the Melvin community. John and Will Moore were business visitors from the Lohn community Monday. G. H. Henslee spent Sunday in Mason, while making a visit to the southern section of the county. Mert Bloomfield came down from Dallas Friday, and was greeting friends here while looking after property interests. J. C. Mayhew returned Saturday from a several weeks' visit with relatives and friends at Fort Worth, Cisco, Coryell county and other places. Mr. and Mrs. Thad O. Day arrived Monday morning from Hot Springs, Ark., where they had been the past number of weeks taking the curative baths at that place. W. J. Roberts, living about five miles out on the Coleman road reported Monday that he thought his potatoes and corn both had been killed in the freeze Sunday night. The genial and ever-smiling Bob Prater is spending a few days here from Brownwood, while checking up on the season's work of Bill Hampton, the Crawford-Gosho Co.'s local representative.



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CHAPTER I.—In the village of Bingleville thirteen-year-old Robert Emmet Moran, crippled son of a poor widow, is known as the Shepherd of the Birds. His world is his mother and friends, his little room, the flower garden of Judge Crooker, and every flying thing he sees from his window. The painting of pictures is his enjoyment, and little Pauline Baker, small daughter of a neighbor, the object of his boyish affection. To him, J. Patterson Bing, the first citizen of Bingleville, is the ideal of a really great man.

CHAPTER II.—The village becomes money mad, reflecting the great world in its state of unrest. The Bing family is a leader in the change. To them the village has become "provincial." Pauline Baker, victim of her surroundings, elopes with a stranger, and her parents are unable to trace her.

Now, all this would seem to have been in itself a matter of slight importance. But Orville Gates, the superintendent of the mill, and John Seaver, attorney at law, and Robert Brown, the grocer, and Pendleton Ames, who kept the book and stationery store, and William Ferguson, the clothier, and Darwin Hill, the butcher, and Snodgrass, the carpenter, and others had joined the picnic caravan led by the millionaire. These good people would not have admitted it, but the truth is J. Patterson Bing held them all in the hollow of his hand. Nobody outside his own family had any affection for him. Outwardly, he was as hard as nails. But he owned the bank and controlled credits and was an extravagant buyer. He had given freely for the improvement of the village and the neighboring city of Hazelmead. His family was the court circle of Bingleville. Consciously or unconsciously, the best people imitated the Bings.

Judge Crooker was, one day, discussing with a friend the social conditions of Bingleville. In regard to picnic Sundays he made this remark: "George Meredith once wrote to his son that he would need the help of religion to get safely beyond the stormy passions of youth. It is very true!"

The historian was reminded of this saying by the undertow of the life currents in Bingleville.

The dances in the Normal school and in the homes of the well-to-do were imitations of the great party at J. Patterson Bing's. The costumes of certain of the young ladies were, to quote a clause from the posters of the Messrs. Barnum and Bailey, still clinging to the billboard: "the most daring and amazing bareback performances in the history of the circus ring." Phyllis Bing, the unrivaled metropolitan performer, set the pace. It was distinctly too rapid for her followers. If one may say it kindly, she was as cold and heartless and beautiful in her act as a piece of bronze or Italian marble. She was not ashamed of herself. She did it so easily and gracefully and unconsciously and obligingly, so to speak, as if her license had never been questioned. It was not so with Vivian Mead and Frances Smith and Pauline Baker. They limped and struggled in their efforts to keep up. To begin with, the art of their modiste had been fussy, imitative and timid. It lacked the master touch. Their spirits were also improperly prepared for such publicity. They blushed and looked apologies and were visibly uncomfortable when they entered the dance hall.

On this point, Judge Crooker delivered a famous opinion. It was: "I feel sorry for those girls, but their mothers ought to be spanked!"

There is evidence that this sentence of his was carried out in due time and in a most effectual manner. But the works of art which these mothers had put on exhibition at the Normal school sprang into overwhelming popularity with the young men and their cards were quickly filled. In half an hour, they had ceased to blush. Their eyes no longer spoke apologies. They were new women. Their initiation was complete. They had become, in the language of Judge Crooker, "perfect Phyllises!"

The dancing tried to be as naughty as that remarkable Phyllistinean pastime at the mansion of the Bings and succeeded well, if not handsomely. The modern dances and dress were now definitely established in Bingleville.

Just before the holidays, the extension of the ample home of the millionaire was decorated, furnished and ready to be shown. Mrs. Bing and Phyllis, who had been having a fling in New York, came home for the holidays. John arrived the next day from the great Padelford school to be with the family through the winter recess. Mrs. Bing gave a tea to the ladies of Bingleville. She wanted them to see the improvements and become aware of her good will. She had thought of an evening party, but there were many men in the village whom she didn't care to have in her house. So it became a tea.

and water pipes and useless bathrooms and outrageous costs. Phyllis sat in the palm room with the village girls. It happened that they talked mainly about their fathers. Some had complained of paternal strictness. "Men are terrible! They make so much trouble," said Frances Smith. "It seems as if they hated to see anybody have a good time."

"Mother and I do as we please and say nothing," said Phyllis. "We never



"We Never Tell Father Anything—Men Don't Understand."

tell father anything—men don't understand."

Some of the girls smiled and looked into one another's eyes.

There had been a curious unrecurrent in the party. It did not break the surface of the stream until Mrs. Bing asked Mrs. Pendleton Ames, "Where is Pauline Baker?"

A silence fell upon the group around her.

Mrs. Ames leaned toward Mrs. Bing and whispered, "Haven't you heard the news?"

"No. I had to scold Susan Crowder and Martha Featherstraw as soon as I got here for neglecting their work and

they've hadly spoken to me since. What is it?"

"Pauline Baker has run away with a strange young man," Mrs. Ames whispered.

Mrs. Bing threw up both hands, opened her mouth and looked toward the ceiling.

"You don't mean it?" she gasped. "It's a fact. Susan told me. Mr. Baker doesn't know the truth yet and she doesn't dare to tell him. She's scared stiff. Pauline went over to Hazelmead last week to visit Emma Stacy against his wishes. She met the young man at a dance. Susan got a letter from Pauline last night making a clean breast of the matter. They are married and stopping at a hotel in New York."

"My lord! I should think she would be scared stiff," said Mrs. Bing. "I think there is a good reason for the stiffness of Susan," said Mrs. Singleton, the wife of the Congregational minister. "We all know that Mr. Baker objected to these modern dances and the way that Pauline dressed. He used to say that it was walking on the edge of a precipice."

There was a breath of silence in which one could hear only a faint rustle like the stir of some invisible spirit.

Mrs. Bing sighed. "He may be all right," she said in a low, calm voice. "But the indications are not favorable," Mrs. Singleton remarked.

The gossip ceased abruptly, for the girls were coming from the palm room.

The next morning Mrs. Bing went to see Susan Baker to offer sympathy and a helping hand. Mamie Bing was, after all, a good-hearted woman. By this time, Mr. Baker had been told. He had kicked a hole in the long looking-glass in Pauline's bedroom and flung a pot of rouge through the window and scattered talcum powder all over the place and torn a new silk gown into rags and burned it in the kitchen stove and left the house slamming the door behind him. Susan had gone to bed and he had probably gone to the club or somewhere. Perhaps he would commit suicide. Of all this, it is enough to say that for some hours there was abundant occupation for the tender sympathies of Mrs. J. Patterson Bing. Before she left, Mr. Baker had returned for luncheon and seemed to be quite calm, cold self-possessed

On entering her home, about one o'clock, Mrs. Bing received a letter from the hand of Martha. "Phyllis told me to give you this as soon as you returned," said the girl. "What does this mean?" Mrs. Bing whispered to herself, as she tore open the envelope. Her face grew pale and her hands trembled as she read the letter. "Dearest Mamma," it began, "I am going to Hazelmead for luncheon with Gordon King. I couldn't ask you because I didn't know where you were. We have waited an hour. I am sure you wouldn't want me to miss having a lovely time. I shall be home before five. Don't tell father! He hates Gordon so."

"Phyllis." "The boy who insulted her! My God!" Mrs. Bing exclaimed in a whisper. She hurried to the door of the butler's pantry. Indignation was in the sound of her footsteps.

"Martha!" she called. "Martha came." "Tell James to bring the big car at once. I'm going to Hazelmead."

"Without luncheon?" the girl asked. "Just give me a sandwich and I'll eat it in my hand."

"I want you to hurry," she said to James as she entered the glowing limousine with the sandwich half consumed.

They drove at top speed over the smooth, state road to the mill-city. At half past two, Mrs. Bing alighted at the fashionable Gray Goose Inn where the best people had their luncheon parties. She found Phyllis and Gordon in a cozy alcove, sipping cognac and smoking cigarettes, with an ice tub and a champagne bottle beside them. To tell the whole truth, it was a timely arrival. Phyllis, with no notion of the peril of it, was indeed having "a lovely time"—the time of her young life, in fact. For half an hour, she had been hanging on the edge of the giddy precipice of elopement. She was within one sip of a decision to let go.

Mrs. Bing was admirably cool. In her manner there was little to indicate that she had seen the unusual and highly festive accessories. She sat down beside them and said: "My dear, I was very lonely and thought I would come and look you up. Is your luncheon finished?"

"Yes," said Phyllis. "Then let us go and get into the car. We'll drop Mr. King at his home." When at last they were seated in the limousine, the angry lady lifted the brakes in a way of speaking.

"I am astonished that you would go to luncheon with this young man who has insulted you," she said. Phyllis began to cry.

Turning to young Gordon King, the indignant lady added: "I think you are a disreputable boy. You must never come to my house again—never!"

He made no answer and left the car without a word at the door of the King residence.

There were miles and miles of weeping on the way home. Phyllis had recovered her composure but began again when her mother remarked, "I wonder where you learned to drink champagne and cognac and smoke cigarettes," as if her own home had not been a perfect academy of dissipation. The girl sat in a corner, her eyes covered with her handkerchief

and the only words she uttered on the way home were these: "Don't tell father!"

While this was happening, Mr. Baker confided his troubles to Judge Crooker in the latter's office. The judge heard him through and then delivered another notable opinion, to wit: "There are many subjects on which the judgment of the average man is of little value, but in the matter of bringing up a daughter it is apt to be sound. Also there are many subjects on which the judgment of the average woman may be trusted, but in the matter of bringing up a daughter it is apt to be unsound. I say this, after some forty years of observation."

"What is the reason?" Mr. Baker asked. "Well, a daughter has to be prepared to deal with men," the judge went on. "The masculine temperament is involved in all the critical problems of her life. Naturally the average man is pretty well informed on the subject of men. You have prospered these late years. You have been so busy getting rich that you have just used your home to eat and sleep in. You can't do a home any good by eating and snoring and reading a paper in it."

"My wife would have her own way there," said Baker. "That doesn't alter the fact that you have neglected your home. You have let things slide. You wore yourself out in this matter of money-getting. You were tired when you got home at night—all in, as they say. The bank was the main thing with you. I repeat that you let things slide at home and the longer they slide at home the faster they slide when they're going down hill. You can always count on that in a case of sliding."

"The young have a taste for velocity and often it comes so unaccountably fast that they don't know what to do with it, so they're apt to get their necks broken unless there's some one to put on the brakes."

Mr. Emmanuel Baker arose and began to stride up and down the room. "Upon my word, judge! I don't know what to do," he exclaimed. "There's only one thing to do. Go and find the young people and give them your blessing. If you can discover a spark of manhood in the fellow, make the most of it. The chances are against that, but let us hope for the best. Above all, I want you to be



Service. SERVICE, n. That which promotes interest or happiness; benefit.—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

When you come to "Irwin's," you may expect all that the word, "Service," implies. The very best of food, prepared with a carefulness and accuracy, seasoned "just right," garnished in appropriate fashion and served in a manner that will make you relish every bite.

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"IRWIN'S" H. & L. IRWIN

LOCAL BRIEFS. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Millsap and baby have returned from Dublin, where they have been making their home the past several months, and will again become Brady residents. Mr. Millsap, together with Homer Davis, will engage in general painting and paperhanging.

G. H. Henslee of Wolfe City has accepted a position with the C. H. Vincent store, in charge of the books of the firm, and as well assisting in caring for the trade. Mr. Henslee is a most agreeable gentleman, and is rapidly making friends of all with whom he meets. Mrs. Henslee will join him here later.

Messrs. L. Brook and son, Jamie, and Walter Caldwell, who returned recently from a several weeks' trip and sojourn in the coast country, report a most enjoyable time, and say they saw some beautiful country. Especially did they find the orange groves beautiful beyond description. All along the route they found old-time acquaintances, all of whom were glad to see them. Notable among the number was Will Hundley at Harlingen, who sent his very best regards to Brady folks, and still protested that he was among the living, despite the account of his death published here about a year or two ago.

Among the pleasant callers at the Standard office this morning was Mrs. B. F. Gabbert of Lockhart, accompanied by her daughters, Mesdames J. N. Boleman and L. F. Downs of Whiteland. Mrs. Gabbert arrived here Saturday, accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Boleman, who had gone to Lockhart to spend a week with her there. Mrs. Gabbert was one of the early residents of McCulloch county, having owned extensive holdings adjoining H. J. Huffman's place north of Brady. She left McCulloch county in 1908, and though she has visited here upon number of occasions, she says Brady does not look familiar to her at all. She recalls that there were but three houses, located on the north side, when she first came here, which was long before the Frisco railroad built their Brady extension from

gentle with Pauline. You are more to blame than she is. "I don't see how I can spare the time, but I'll have to," said Baker. "Time! Fiddlesticks!" the judge exclaimed. "What a darn fool money makes of a man! You have lost your sense of proportion, your appreciation of values. Bill Pritchard used to talk that way to me. He has been lying twenty years in his grave. He hadn't a minute to spare until one day he fell dead—then leisure and lots of leisure. It would seem—and the business has doubled since he quit worrying about it. My friend, you can not take a cent into Paradise, but the soul of Pauline is a different kind of property. It might be a help to you there. Give plenty of time to this job, and good luck to you."

TALE OF A TERRIER AND THIRTEEN RABBITS AS TWICE-TOLD TO US This is the tale of a terrier and of thirteen rabbits—a twice-told tale when it reached us. While the facts in the case were presented to us at Brady's popular east-side fishing and hunting resort, we have no reason to believe the tale a yarn, since poaching on the club's preserves is now taboo, and all fish and game stories must now be verified. Further than that, the story as related herewith is vouched for by Victor Wolf, whose reputation for veracity, industry and the number of live stock on his farm, is flawless. The yarn is related by Campbell Gavit, and substantiated in toto by none other than Mr. Wolf himself.

Other day while plowing in his field, Victor's prize feist terrier came up to him dragging a rabbit, which he laid at the feet of his master. Victor tossed the rabbit off to one side, and went on with his plowing. As he made the round, the dog came dragging another rabbit up. Again the master tossed the rabbit off to one side along with No. 1. As he made the next round, the performance was repeated—in fact, it was repeated so many times that Victor's curiosity was at last aroused, and he followed the dog to learn where the rabbit hatchery was located. It appears that the terrier had run all the rabbits into a hollow stump, and had crowded them in there so hard and fast that the last one in, was not in at all, but fell easy prey to the terrier. In all the dog accounted for ten rabbits, and Victor himself accounted for three more in the stump.

Now Victor claims the champion rabbit dog in the country, and is thinking of having its picture published in the Sunday pictorial section.

Brownwood. Mrs. Gabbert will spend about a week here, and naturally her old-time friends will be glad to see her.

Who Washes Your Clothes? You'll be pleased with our work and our service. CITY STEAM LAUNDRY.

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 50 years. All druggists, in the U.S. Look for the name Gold Medal on each capsule and accept no imitation.

next Tuesday.

## McCULLOCH CO. FARMERS ENTER BIG COTTON POOL

Considering the weather, there was a splendid attendance of farmers and citizens at the courthouse last Saturday afternoon, at which time the proposition of the Texas Farm Bureau cotton pool was explained to the audience. Practically every man present signed the contract. In fact, wherever meetings have been held—at Lampasas, Brownwood, Coleman, Ballinger, Paint Rock, Eden Georgetown—the pooling plan has received the endorsement of practically 100% of the farmers present, which goes to show that when the plan is thoroughly understood, it is certain to be endorsed.

Walton Petzet, director of commodity organization of the Texas Farm Bureau Federation, went into details and explained the cotton contract. The speaker in making various illustrations became humorous at times, which caused frequent ripples of laughter to run through the audience. Many of the points taken by Mr. Petzet were philosophical truths. For instance he declared, in explaining one of the main reasons why the cotton problem was now occupying so serious a situation is because "where there are many sellers and few buyers, the buyer sets the price, and where there are few sellers and many buyers the seller fixes the price." This is one of the ordinary conditions of all lines of business except with the cotton farmer. He sells his cotton at whatever price he can get and buys his goods at whatever price the other fellow places upon them. The American farmer is the poorest salesman in the world, although he is at the same time the greatest producer.

The fundamentals of the organization were explained by Mr. Petzet at some length. Employment of experts and merchandising commodities instead of dumping them indiscriminately, as has been the custom is the plan. The cotton association contract was explained and discussed and a number of questions were asked and answered before and following this address. The speaker called attention to the fact that before the world war the English cotton merchants bought up our cotton with the cheap money then available to them all over the world. They stored this cotton against future demand and sold it to the mills as the mills needed it. These men made more money on our cotton than we did. But this year they could not get the money and for the first time in the history of the industry cotton was a drug on the market. We want to sell it but can't, simply because of the fact that the speculative interests in the great money centers of the world are not buying. We have no merchandising system so arranged as to feed our cotton out to the mills as it is needed. In a word we are demoralized, and have been milling round and round, to use a cattleman's phrase, with no well defined purpose in view. The cotton selling plan proposes to relieve this situation by pooling to sell in large lots, to people who need it not for speculative purposes but for industrial purposes at legitimate profit.

Previous to the speaking every person present was presented with a booklet which fully explained the terms and intentions of the cotton contract and it is safe to say that already the idea has been given wide publicity in McCulloch county and is now receiving the serious consideration of farmers in every locality in this county.

### FREEZE SUNDAY NIGHT DOES SOME DAMAGE—MOISTURE IS SALVATION OF THE GARDENS

Sunday night saw a heavy frost over McCulloch county, with resultant damage to gardens and field crops that were well advanced. Some reports reaching this office early Monday morning indicated that gardens had been killed, including potatoes, and that corn, already injured in previous freezes, had been killed. Ice was formed early Monday morning, reports giving the amount varying from a thin shiver of ice in some localities to one-fourth inch in others. Later reports indicate that the damage was not so extensive as first thought for, Saturday's rain having moistened the earth to such extent as to overcome the effects of the frost and freeze. Something like one-third of an inch of rain fell in Brady Saturday, and while the rain appears to have covered quite a scope of territory, yet it is said to have been spotted in the county.

fer Binders. The Standard.

## An Enchantress of the Slums

By R. J. PEARSALL

Ford's Landing had once been a village. Boats trafficking in Michigan lumber had stopped there, wagons laden with lumber had come from far inland, and boisterous lumbermen had spent their money easily at the two prosperous stores and the three prosperous taverns. Times were good then! The chink of money vied with the rattle of logging chains. But now—

The lumber was all gone, years before. So was the dock. Weakened by neglect, it had been seized by ice-floes and crushed into splinters. The storekeepers and hotel men had drifted away one by one with the cessation of trade, taking their goods with them and leaving the empty shells of buildings to rot away unused.

All the people were gone—that is, all but a few. The Simpsons, the Manns, the Fraziers, Joe Bailey.

Bailey had turned one of the three rooms of his house into a sort of general store.

Thus, Ford's Landing had ceased to be either a landing or a village. It was merely a name; worse, it was a term of reproach. To live there implied disgrace.

Now, of all the shiftless families of Ford's Landing, the laziest and poorest was that headed by Jack Simpson. Simpson himself was tall, angular and raw-boned, with straight black hair, high cheek bones, and a noiseless, gliding walk. He was supposed to be part Indian. His wife was a no-nonsense, a little thin, apathetic woman, so used to privation, even to real cold and hunger, that she never thought of complaining. Then there was the daughter, Lizzie, a girl of sixteen.

She was a true daughter of her parents and of her environment, and consequently, was not beautiful. But that did not prevent her from being pretty.

Lizzie had been sent to "borry" some butter from Mrs. Maxfield.

The Maxfields owned a section of land lying just to the west of Ford's Landing, and, compared with the Simpsons, were wealthy.

She had to pass the two-room shack in which the Manns lived.

Jack Mann happened to be sitting in front of the house. When he saw her he scrambled up and came awkwardly out to meet her. He was about twenty; tall, ungainly, with a freckled but not unpleasant face.

"Mornin', Lizzie."

"Mornin'," she said, not unkindly.

"Where y' goin'?"

"Up t' Maxfields."

He sauntered along beside her, wordless.

"Where you goin'?" There was untaught coquetry in her eye.

He blushed, and stammered guiltily: "Oh, just up the road." He tried to answer lightly, but signally failed.

Then followed silence.

"Why don't y' say somethin'?" he blurted desperately.

"Say somethin'? Wy, yer th' funniest feller. Why don't you? Y' act th' funniest, lately. What's the matter? Cat got yer tongue?"

"Y' know what's th' matter. I told y' before. I—I like y' so, Lizzie."

"So do other people, I guess. An' they c'n talk."

"Oh, it's different! I—I love y'."

"Why, Jack Mann! But y' don't mean it."

"Mean it! Why, I love y' so I dream about y'. I'd do anything fer yer, Lizzie."

She looked at him curiously, as if measuring her power. "I don't believe it."

"I would. I can't help it. I'd—I'd go an' jump in th' lake this minute if y' told me t'."

"I wonder if y' would?"

"I would."

She broke into merry laughter.

She turned to go. "Now, go back," she said. "Ye've come far enough."

He obeyed, and she went on, smiling at his obedience.

Mrs. Maxfield had a visitor, her brother, Joe Stanley, from the city. He was a young man, possibly twenty-one. He was sauntering about the yard when Lizzie entered the gate.

She looked at him, and of a sudden became conscious of her bare feet, her shabby dress, her unclean hands. His eyes swept over her figure, and her own sank, abashed, to the ground. There was nothing of the bashful timidity of young Mann in his direct gaze.

Several times during the week Lizzie and he met.

After the first few times he, being a free-mannered youth, accosted her with a nod and smile. But never anything more.

Lizzie cast about for reasons for his indifference. All of which was not good for her disposition.

"Lizzie," said her father sharply, one evening, "I don't see what has got into y' lately."

"Pa," said Lizzie, as if making a desperate resolve, "I want a new dress."

"Well, is that all? Are y' sure that's all? Don't y' want a kerridge. Or an automobile? Now, I tell y' what. Yer gettin' too high-fangled notions."

Lizzie did not pursue the subject. It was no use.

But she had decided upon the thing that would

ness she needed. The means did not matter.

### III.

Meanwhile, things were not pleasing Jack Mann. He wondered dully how he could have displeased Lizzie. Her capricious attitude toward him had been changed into one of actual dislike. It was hard to get to talk to her. One day, however, he got an opportunity of remonstrance.

"What makes y' use me so?" was his plea.

"Use y' how?" Lizzie was plainly anxious to get rid of him.

She saw Joe Stanley coming up the road.

"Like yer usin' me now. Y' act like y' want me t' go. An' I'd do anythin' fer yer. I would, y' know it."

Lizzie saw the approaching figure turn off from the road across the field, and her face fell. Then her eyes brightened again.

"Y' don't mean that, Jack?"

"I'll show y'. Anythin'. It don't matter what."

"D'ye really mean it? If I thought y' did—"

"Let me show y'."

"Mebbe I will, Jack, some day." She looked at him with the first tenderness in her eyes that he had ever seen there.

"I b'lieve y' would," she went on, speaking almost to herself. "I've got t' go now, Jack. But I'll see y' again."

She pressed his hand. "I'll see y' again, Jack. Good-by."

She left him trembling, bewildered, staring foolishly after her.

He talked to her again next day. He made love to her clumsily, and she let him. But she would not believe in his sincerity. Over and over again he protested it. And at last she set him his task.

"Oh, I knew y' didn't mean it!" she cried, at the look in his eyes.

"Anythin' else; anythin'."

"I knew it. And I'm sorry." Under her eyes his young blood mounted feverishly. "Oh, all right, then." Her tone changed suddenly, and she turned away.

"Wait! Wait a minute! I will. Anythin'. I said I would, an' I will."

### IV.

That was a memorable night in Ford's Landing. For the first time in twenty years, something happened important enough to warrant the mention of the place in metropolitan newspapers.

The window of Joe Bailey's store was forced, the store entered, and the till robbed.

There were several things about the robbery that marked it as a peculiar one. One was the fact that, although there were more than twenty-five dollars in the till, only five had been taken. Again, the thief had been at no pains to conceal his tracks, and had been easily identified by them. Finally, when accused of the crime, he broke down at once and confessed, refusing to say, however, what he had done with the five dollars, or why he had wanted that particular sum.

Jack Mann went to the penitentiary for two years.

Lizzie Simpson secured her coveted finery.

The day before she put it on, Joe Stanley, his vacation coming to an end, went back to his work in Detroit.

### COCO-PALM RIGHTLY PRIZED

Natives of Ceylon Seem to Put it to Every Conceivable Use During Their Lives.

To the natives of Ceylon the graceful coco-palms that line the shore where red flamingoes fly, are far more precious than the rare woods and spices, the fragrant tea or the bright jewels for which Ceylon is famous, according to Mary Titzel, in Asia Magazine. Over the bed on which he is born and over the grave in which he is buried is hung a cluster of coconut blossoms to charm away evil spirits. This one tree furnishes practically all he needs for life. The fruit provides him with food and oil, and the sap with "jaggery" or coconut sugar. The "milk" of the green nut is a healthful, refreshing drink. The juice of the unopened flower he makes into a delightful wine; distilled, the wine becomes "arrak," a powerful spirit. From the fiber or "coir," that cases the shell he makes ropes, fishnets and matting; his baby sleeps in a cradle of coir-ropes. The shell of the nut he fashions into drinking vessels and spoons, and the fragments left over serve as fuel. He plait the leaves into dishes and into thatch for his dwelling. The dried leaves serve as torches; with the stalks he fences his garden. He hollows out the trunk of the tree into a canoe that, buoyed by an ingenious outrigger of poles, goes swiftly through the roughest seas. He builds his house of coconut wood, and when he dies he is laid away in a coffin hollowed from the friendly tree.

### Some Noted Bells.

The Church Bell foundry has turned out about a dozen bells for America, most of them for New England churches, including the Church of the Advent, Boston; Groton school chapel, that Roosevelt attended, and the chapel of Wesleyan university, Middleton, Conn. Canada has only two bells, one in Vancouver cast by a French foundry and one in Montreal cast by the Mott establishment.

Australia and South Africa have several bells, and Indian and African plantations have many far-carrying bells, for summoning workers. They were cast by Robert Mott's successors, who also have produced fine-toned dinner bells for aristocratic homes in Great Britain. These costly special bells are silver plated.

## BURLESON TO SEEK COTTON MART ABROAD

Austin, April 9.—In order to stimulate a market for Texas cotton and at the same time dispose of approximately 2,000,000 bales remaining unsold of last season's crop, former Postmaster General Albert S. Burleson has been engaged to make a tour of Continental Europe to find suitable market to dispose of this cotton and at the same time create a market for next season's crop, announced H. A. Wroe, president of the American National bank at Austin, which financial institution is back of the enterprise. General Burleson will be accompanied by N. C. Schlemmer, former postmaster of Austin, who has had much experience in exporting cotton to Europe.

It is pointed out by Wroe that domestic spinners are not buying, the Far East is apparently supplied and likewise the British spinner, so the question presents itself, how can this cotton be disposed of?

"The only opening left is the Continental Europe spinner," stated Wroe, "and, apparently, he cannot buy because of lack of ability on his part to pay cash as he has in the past. Can this cotton be sold to these European spinners, German, French, Italian, Polish, Belgium or Czechoslovakia on liberal terms, says three, four, six or twelve months' time and these obligations for the purchase price with proper bank indorsements be made reasonably safe? If so, to what advantage to the cotton producer over the ruinous prices now offered can be secured for him?" The answer, according to Wroe, is thru the formation of an exporters' cotton association.

"The American National Bank has prevailed on ex-Postmaster General Burleson," continued Wroe, "to go to Europe and there ascertain just what can be done towards selling this cotton unsold. General Burleson will be accompanied by former postmaster N. C. Schlemmer, who has had much experience as a buyer of cotton and who on a recent trip to Europe succeeded in disposing of his own cotton on advantageous terms. They will visit France, Italy, Poland, Germany and other European countries and will report to the American National Bank the best conditions upon which

this cotton might be disposed of. If it is found practicable to sell this cotton in Europe, the American National Bank has already prepared the draft of articles of incorporation of an exporters' cotton association and will at once take out the charter and contract with cotton owners to export and sell their cotton. In order to do this the American National Bank or the corporation to be formed will, where the owner is unable to do it for himself, finance the transaction by advancing the money for freight, insurance, storage and other necessary expenses incident to such exportation."

General Burleson and Schlemmer will leave immediately, Wroe said, and in the meantime those owners of cotton who may desire to have the staple exported may communicate with L. J. Schneider, vice president of the American National Bank, or R. G. Crosby, an experienced cotton man of Austin.

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**CHICKENS!**  
**CHICKENS!**

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