

Home of Hart-Schaffner and Marx Clothes---MANN BROS. & HOLTON

PUGET SOUND TO GULF HIGHWAY ANNUAL MEETING MOST ENTHUSIASTIC

DELEGATES AT FREDERICKSBURG REPORT GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN HIGHWAY ROUTE OVER YEAR AGO—SOME WONDERFUL ROADS NOW BEING BUILT.

Delegates to the annual meeting of the Puget Sound to the Gulf highway, held in Fredericksburg last Friday, waxed most enthusiastic in boosting this project, which was unanimously declared not only the shortest route from Colorado to the Gulf, but one of the best improved as well. Parties traveling other routes declared none could equal this highway (officially designated as State Highway No. 9) for generally safe and pleasant, as well as speedy, travel. The reports of the delegates showed a vast amount of road improvement now being completed, in progress, or ready for construction, and the wonderful improvement in the highway was reported by delegates coming from both the northern and the southern extremities of the state.

There were something like 300 delegates at the meeting, all the counties along the route sending a large representation. The meeting was featured by numbers of enthusiastic addresses, chief of interest among which were those of F. H. Burmeister, vice-president of the association, Judge Brooks of Howard county, Judge W. W. McCrary, member of the State Highway commission and D. E. Colp, original Good Roads booster of San Antonio.

Mr. Burmeister, who bears the distinction of being the only foreign-born member of the Texas legislature, made such a distinct hit with his original and sincere address that he was unanimously elected head of the highway organization for the coming year. Mr. Burmeister stated that his county had voted good road bonds in such immense sum that all the cattle were sway-backed from carrying the burden of taxation. As a matter of fact, Atascosa county voted \$250,000 worth of bonds with which they were building 13 miles of hard-surfaced roads, and incidentally they were eliminating eleven grade crossings.

Gillespie county voted \$200,000 bonds and is now completing a stretch of about 40 miles of first-class highway. Other counties had similar good reports to make. Judge Brooks made a rousing appeal upon the subject of "Loyalty to the Designated Highway," stating that every town on the highway should take such pride in the highway and realize its importance and value to such an extent as to never think of routing any tourist in any other manner than by the Red and Blue signals.

To Judge McCrary the convention was indebted for a most able presentation of the work of the State Highway commission and the invaluable work it is doing. Mr. McCrary stated that the members of the commission were sacrificing high-remunerative offices in serving as members of the commission at salaries of only \$1,000 per year. He stated that the state highway engineer, who was accounted one of the best in the U. S., was serving at a salary of \$9,000 a year, when he could affiliate himself with private concerns any time he chose and at a salary to be named by himself. His rapid-fire address included figures showing that the commission had given Highway No. 9 a large percent of the federal aid at their disposal and he gave assurance of continued aid. It is safe to say that Judge McCrary's address made enthusiastic supporters for the highway commission out of every delegate present.

D. E. Colp made some of the most valuable and interesting statements regarding the value of highways. Mr. Colp stated that when the highway between San Antonio and Austin was first projected, it was estimated that travel might eventually be developed to where 75 vehicles per day

PHONE 336 FOR PROMPT BATTERY SERVICE
We Call For and Deliver Batteries
R. J. GARTMAN J. D. GOODRICH
STANDARD BATTERY CO.
Don't forget the location—Lee Morgan Building on South Blackburn St.

would use the highway. Before the work was completed, the promoters

COMPLETE TEST AIR COMPRESSOR IS BEING MADE

Delay in the shipment of the electric motor for driving the new city pumping plant has induced the water committee to improve the wait by drilling the new city well deeper for the purpose of increasing the volume of water already had. As a result, drilling operations were resumed at 2,011 ft. last Saturday morning by Drilling Contractors Bodner & Conway, and 103 ft., 6 inches of white water sand was drilled through before striking schist. Further drilling was thereupon declared useless and operations were suspended.

Today the setting of the permanent 4 1/2-inch piping is being accomplished, the pipe being set to a depth of 329 ft., 5 inches, from which a complete test is to be made. The setting of the tubing is to be done under the supervision of F. L. Burch of Dallas, representing the Sullivan Air Compressor Co., and who will thoroughly test out the compressor. In the absence of the motor, the city's five pump motor will be used for the test. It is expected that at least a day's pumping will be required to clear up the well and enable an accurate test of the flow of water from this depth. According to Mr. Burch, the lowering of the water can be accurately gauged by the air pressure required in the pumping.

Arrival of the permanent motor for pumping the well is not expected until the latter part of next week, when the supplying of consumers with water from the well will be undertaken.

FIRE BOYS BENEFIT AGAIN PROVES LOSING VENTURE MONDAY NIGHT

Monday night's benefit show at the Lyric theatre proved another disappointment to the fire boys, the total receipts being about \$38, with expenses running much heavier. The show was of high standard in every way, and the comparatively light attendance was, no doubt, the result of the stormy and threatening weather.

A feature of the show, and one which is proving a much appreciated part of the regular performance, was the organ accompaniment to the picture played by Miss Jennie Bannister. Miss Bannister is an accomplished organist, and her pleasing selections are adding greatly to the popularity of the Lyric playhouse.

ORDER COAL TODAY!
And get in on our next shipment. Phone 295. MACY & CO.

Loaded Bait.
A lawyer got into an argument with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions. "I don't say that all lawyers are villains," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men." "No," retorted the lawyer; "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

QUARANTINE AGAINST McCULLOCH COUNTY LIFTED REPORTS INSPECTOR BATES

The Menard Messenger last week reported Mason county cattle being routed via Menard for shipment to market on account of quarantine being placed on McCulloch county. This situation no longer obtains, as the quarantine of the Brady-Mason and Vece roads and also the local stock pens has been lifted, all having been declared cleaned up, according to Inspector O. F. Bates.

The quarantine was placed following finding of a tick on each of these roads. One half-grown tick was found on the Brady-Mason road about two months ago, and a full-grown tick was found in the Fort Worth stock pens on a steer coming from the Vece road about a month ago. Not only is this territory free from quarantine, but all of McCulloch county is tick-free with the exception of a small district just across the Brown county line from Winchell, which territory had been cleaned up, but which was re-infected from Brown county.

Music Studio Announcement.

Miss Pinkie Jones will have her music school studio at the Presbyterian Sunday School room, 1st door north of the Presbyterian church, and one block east of the Central school building. The room is quite comfortable, and is being equipped with black boards and small chairs, and will serve nicely as a studio in primary work, as well as in club work, which Miss Jones expects to give. She will also have a studio at her home near High school.

We are now located on the West Side of the Square, where we will be glad to welcome you. We are still rendering the best of service in our repair department; also carry a line of the best in jewelry. A. F. GRANT, Jeweler.

Don't delay ordering your coal for winter. You'll save money by getting in on our next shipment. MACY & CO.

Send your films to a good finisher. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.

INSPECTOR WILLIE THAXTON STATES NO CHARBON FOUND AMONG McCULLOCH CATTLE

Contrary to the report of Veterinarian W. R. Sanderson of Brownwood, no charbon or anthrax exists among the stock in the Fife community. This is the statement of Assistant State Inspector Willie Thaxton of the Live Stock Sanitary commission. Mr. Thaxton was in Brady Sunday a week ago enroute back to Fort Worth, following a visit to the Fife community where he had investigated alleged cases of charbon. Mr. Sanderson had visited the same community the Thursday previous and upon his return to Brownwood announced through the Brownwood papers that charbon existed there and advised a strict quarantine by Brown county authorities against the infected locality.

The report was occasioned by loss of stock belonging to J. S. Wyres, in the Lohn community, and by Doc Wyres, Tom Mitchell and Henry Bradley in the Fife community. Mr. Thaxton declared his opinion that there was no evidence of charbon among the cattle, however.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our deep appreciation to neighbors and friends for their many kindnesses and assistance during the illness and at the death of our mother, Mrs. Celie M. McDowell. Especially do we wish to thank the Rev. G. T. Reaves for the beautiful funeral service and for his words of comfort and consolation. May God's richest blessings reward you all.

HER CHILDREN.

Fresh, home-raised and killed beef, pork and mutton at money-saving prices. We will appreciate a trial and a share of your business. BEHRENS BROS., North Side Square, Brady.

For Albatross Flour and Bumguardner Meal, Phone 237. W. K. GAY.

FREE—SATURDAY, SEPT. 10
—A Blotter, Ruler and Balloon with each 5-cent "Billiken" school tablet. C. H. VINCENT, South Side.

Announcement Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association

The following telegram has been received here: Dallas, Texas, Sept. 2, 1921.

B. D. Black Brady, Texas

We want you and all the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association members rejoice with us that our organization is completed. Finances available, system installed and all other arrangements made to handle cotton. Tags and drafts are being mailed to each county to be distributed and a letter mailed to each member giving definite instructions as to the method of shipping cotton and drawing money. The price of cotton is soaring; buying is active and the time is ripe to get quick action, so let's all put a shoulder to the wheel and make it turn. It has been a hard fight but we have won. Let every one know that we are ready to start this mammoth enterprise and make it go.

JOHN TORR, President Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association.

All signers of the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association contract are hereby notified that the terms of the contract are now in full force and effect, and no cotton can be marketed by members from now on, except through this Association.

McCULLOCH COUNTY COMMITTEE.

MATTRESSES! MATTRESSES!!
Come in and see the new line of mattresses and get the new low prices on mattress making and renovating. The best of workmanship and material assured you by the label that each mattress bears. Not genuine without the label; look for it. It signifies quality and means money to you. "If this ad says it so, it's so."
E. R. CANTWELL
MATTRESS MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER
New Mattresses
Two Doors East Sentinel Office

HARRY HILL, AGED 13, LIES AT POINT OF DEATH AS RESULT GUN ACCIDENT

CHARGE FROM 410 SHOT GUN TEARS GAPING WOUND IN RIGHT BREAST MONDAY AFTERNOON—VICTIM OF DEPLORABLE TRAGEDY HAS CHANCE FOR LIFE.

Harry Hill, aged 13, and son of Mrs. J. H. Hill of Brady, lies at the point of death in Brady sanitarium as the result of accidentally shooting himself Monday afternoon at about 4:00 o'clock, while out hunting three miles east of town. The full charge from a 410 shot gun struck him in the right breast, tearing a gaping wound, and puncturing the lung. Although suffering great agony, the lad retained consciousness throughout the mad drive back to town, first aid being given at the Central drug store, and from where he was taken to the local sanitarium. Attending physicians state that he passed a restful night, and that while several days would elapse before the outcome of the deplorable accident could be forecast, yet the victim had a fighting chance for recovery.

The accident came as the climax of a successful hunt in which young Hill had been joined by Jack Deaton, aged 16. The boys were in the neighborhood of the Henry Carlson home, east of Brady, and were on the point of returning home. According to Hill's own statement, just before entering the car he jerked his gun up to make a quick shot, and in so doing struck the trigger against the running board. The load struck him near the right nipple, ranging upward. His terrified companion helped the lad into the car and then drove madly for town. Fortunately, both Dr. Anderson and Dr. McCall were in town and gave immediate attention, staunching the profuse flow of blood, following which the boy was taken to the sanitarium. An x-ray examination showed the lung had been perforated, and that all sixteen shot were lodged in the body.

HEAVY RAINS REPORTED IN VARIOUS SECTIONS

Heavy rains are reported in various sections of the country both last night and this morning. According to the West Texas Telephone Co. report, good rains were had at Bangs, Ballinger, Burkett, Blanket, Comanche, Winchell and Fort Worth. An extra-heavy rain was reported at Richland Springs. Lohn and Pear Valley had good rains, and a good rain was had out from Fredonia, although none was had at Fredonia. San Angelo and Rochelle reported light showers. Rockwood is said to have had a heavy rain, but at Fife it was light again. The Colorado was reported on a rise, indicating heavy rains farther up.

Last Friday heavy rains were had between Ballinger and Pa't Rock and extending on down to Eden, putting out considerable stock water, which was reported lower than for nine years. The South Concho was on a rise, filling up water holes. Train service between Sweetwater and San Angelo was suspended for 24 hours on account of wash outs on the Orient.

CATTLE AND SHEEP DIE ON JOHN EWING PLACE FOLLOWING DRINKING OF WATER

The sudden death of cattle and sheep on the John Ewing place in the Nine community, following drinking of water from a well, has caused suspicion to be directed against the water as being poisonous. Mr. Ewing lost two valuable cows, a calf and some six or eight head of sheep, all of which died within a couple hours after drinking the water.

The water is from a bored well which has been on the Ewing place for a long time, but which has not been used. Some ten years ago it was in use, at which time a number of head of cattle were poisoned after drinking the water. Mr. Ewing's tanks having gone dry, he decided to try the water out, and accordingly erected a windmill to pump the same, with the above fatal results.

Willie Thaxton, assistant live stock sanitary inspector, who was here ten days ago, carried samples of the water back to Fort Worth with him for chemical analysis, but so far no report has been had as to the findings of the analysis.

PICKNICKERS, ATTENTION!

We now have one gallon Hot and Cold Bottles for Picknickers. Bottles have opening large enough to insert hand. BRADY AUTO CO.

Give me a trial with your next roll of films. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.

Before Days of H. C. L.
"You claim that you know a lot about the Bible, don't you?"
"Yes."
"Well, then, perhaps you can tell me who Esau was."
"Esau was the fellow who wrote a book of fables and sold the copyright for a bottle of potash."

Headache In the Morning

Don't Feel Good Anyway

"Not very well when you were taken," and feel worse as the days go by. ALL BECAUSE YOUR LIVER AND KIDNEYS are WRONG. Keep your liver right, and all the world will look bright. Get a bottle of REXALL LIVER SALTS and LITHIA TABLETS. Use them according to directions and you will feel fresh and fine.

—GET IT TODAY!

Trigg Drug Company

THE **Rexall** STORE
On Tuesday

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, 7½c per line, per issue
Classified Ads, 1½c 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, Sept. 6, 1921.

HONEST INJUN.

It is stated that hi-jackers never bother anyone carrying an array of fountain pens and automatic pencils in their vest or coat pockets. Think it over!

A BULLS-EYE.

Commenting upon The Standard's recent editorial about the rotten service had over the Santa Fe-Eden extension, Editor Smith of the San Saba News says:

Right you are Brother Schwenker. And San Saba is suffering with Brady. The Santa Fe complains at lack of passenger traffic and in San Saba most people have to ride the automobile to Lometa just as they did before the "huge bonus" was paid for a railway service we have never gotten. The Santa Fe is a great railway system and it gives the best service or the rottenest service of any road in the world. San Saba would be better off today without the road it has. No service at all is better than the extremely rotten service San Saba is getting. And the News expects to never tire of raising its voice in protest. The people of this town paid for real railroad service. They paid for bread, they got a stone.

The Standard joins the News in the plan to never tire of protesting the service given by the Santa Fe along this route. Let the newspapers of the other towns from Lometa to Eden join in the chorus. Let the citizens of the towns affected add their protests, and the storm will swell in volume to where even the Santa Fe officials will no longer be able to turn a deaf ear. This is not a plan to knife the Santa Fe—rather it is a prod pole, equipped with an electric spark that should cause someone to jump. And once our hopes of first-class passenger service has been accomplished, The Standard pledges to boost just as hard to make the improved service a paying proposition as we now protest the service at present given.

News dispatches tell that down at Lockhart a pioneer merchant fell dead from over-exertion following his pushing his automobile through a strip of sand, in which the car had become lodged. This may be taken as another timely warning to build more better roads—and to build them now! Roads are cheaper than lives, no matter what the roads cost.

Read it in The Standard.

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 longer than three months, please specify the length.

AD-VENTUROUSLY SPEAKING.

"Believe me," smirked a full-page newspaper ad, to a modest little two-column thing, "I slice the congealed aqua. Mine is the dazzling and accomplishing life. When I step into public view, I monopolize the gazes and start the legal tender rolling home.

"People make a big stir over me, and I play odd tricks with their wallets. Whether they would or not, I make 'em listen. I unlimber the sixty-point ordnance, and lay down an italic barrage. I tell it to 'em, from congomme to almonds. I grab their attention with pictures. My paragraphs startle their interest; my panels ignite their desire, and my prices take charge of their actions.

"I step out once, and a three-days' wonder is on. Our doormen and clerks are all kept on their toes, and our registers clanging quite merrily.

"Don't you wish you could cut as much ice?"

"Mine's a less turbulent life," said the meak little two-column ad, "but the things that I do aren't slow. I'm always on deck with my something to say, and I say it one thing at a time.

"I never butt in, but I get the attention, at that. Many folks disadmire being swept from their feet. They'd much rather dope things themselves. I'm w'se—and deal mostly in hunches.

"You move lots of stuff, but it isn't your smartness that moves it. It's moved by your hulking strength. You're not an appeal. You're a summonser. You don't invite 'em, you grab 'em. You're a knock-out, and, like a knock-out, you're merely a once-in-a-while.

"But I keep the business wheels turning. I dispose of the staples of stock. I wise our old friends to the latest, and add a few new ones each month. I draw the good will and the profit, pay salaries, and settle the rent. And you owe your existence to me!"

"Hold on there, you two," said a solemn and wise editorial. "You're filling the air full of space. Each one of you birds has a mission in life that cannot be filled by the other. You both keep the customers coming, but do it in different ways. So get wise to yourselves and quit squabbling—and simply keep ad-ing away."—By Jack Edwards, in Lino-type Bulletin.

TIPS.

Five bootblacks, the Gregory brothers, will build a \$1,000,000 hotel at Uniontown, Pa.

They saved the million in 15 years since they came from Greece and opened a cubby-hole shoe shining "parlor."

How many customers, whose tips helped the Gregor's reach the top, have accumulated \$1,000,000? Probably none.

A lot of people spend so much money trying to make people believe they are rich that they never attain any wealth whatever. Hundreds of men let the r pride kid them into tipping the Gregory brothers, but the Gregory boys soaked the money away and today they ride about the city in Packard motor cars.

Their success is being duplicated all over this country by their countrymen—men who have the faculty of saving money. That's what may be accomplished by "watching the nickels and dimes"—for the dollars take care of themselves. That's just another thrift story too, stripped of most of its romance. —San Angelo Standard.

COMPARISONS ARE ODOROUS.

Question of the hour? "Why would a woman rather wash a poodle than deodorize a bunch of diapers?" —San Saba Star.

Why compliment the poodle dog by such a comparison?

It took a Chicago girl to find what promises to become a dangerous rival to the original "first national bank." This young lady, Miss Rose Yore, secretary of a dairy rompany, was stopped by robbers while on her way to a bank to deposit \$1,000 currency. Dropping the money on the sidewalk, she sat down on it and screamed!

SNAP SHOTS.

Tillie Clinger says the only thing she likes about her present boarding place is that the soup is so thin it leaves no stain on the fat boarder's vest.—Dallas News.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The country keeps on trying bootleggers; perhaps in time it will try prohibition.—Denver Times.

The only nation capable of licking the world is stagnation.—Elmira Star-Gazette.

In spite of prohibition the high seas remain wet. Ain't nature wonderful?—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

We don't see how the film story of Adam and Eve is going to get by the censors.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

You can still find some good natural complexions among men.—Terre Haute Star.

It will be an unfortunate day for crooks when policemen adopt the practice of aiming at innocent bystanders.—Hartford Times.

Veteran of Civil War Still Hale and Hearty



GEORGE D. SHAW, Springfield, Mass.

"To say that I feel twenty-five years younger, twenty-five years healthier and twenty-five years stronger expresses what Tanlac has done for me better than any other way I can put it," said George D. Shaw, veteran of the Civil War, who now lives at 321 Walnut street, Springfield, Mass.

"I am now seventy-eight years old and I don't hesitate to say I have never known a medicine to equal Tanlac. For fifteen years I was subject to attacks of indigestion that were so bad at times I would have to lay up for a week or two. For a long time I lived on crackers and milk alone as nothing else agreed with me. "When I started on Tanlac I weighed only one hundred and seventeen pounds and my days were thought to be numbered. I've been so wonder-

fully built up, I now weigh one hundred and forty-three pounds and my stomach is as sound as a dollar. In fact, I believe I could eat the old army rations again without it hurting me in the least.

"I never miss a chance of saying a good word for Tanlac and I would like to urge the boys of the "Sixties" who are not feeling right to give it a trial, for I am sure it would put them in line again just as it has me. For a man of my age to have no physical ailment, to be well and strong and enjoy life as he did twenty-five years ago, is certainly something to be thankful for and there is nothing too good I can say for Tanlac."

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

LOCAL BRIEFS.

S. L. Kincaid was a business visitor in Brady from the Rochelle community Monday. He reported a good rain had about ten days ago from Placid south, although only a limited area was covered.

R. L. Connolly has resigned his position as bookkeeper at the Ford garage, and with his family returned Saturday to Dublin where they will again make their home. Willie Hill will have charge of the Ford garage books in future.

Will Behrens is rejoicing this week over the arrival here of his family, who are moving to Brady from near Mason with the intention of making their permanent home here. Mr. Behrens came to Brady about a month ago to take charge of the Behrens' Bros. meat market.

Tom Bradley of Fife is reported suffering greatly with a badly infected right arm, the infection following the accidental cutting of the arm while killing a sheep last Thursday. The infection has caused the arm to be greatly drawn, which has added discomfort to the pain.

F. M. Phillips, former McCulloch county citizen, and who still retains wealthy interests here, is in Brady this week marketing a carload of sweet potatoes shipped from the Beaumont section where he now makes his home. Mr. Phillips says he has quit cotton entirely and is growing sweet potatoes and other products which he knows to be sure crops.

Grady Bannister, accompanied by his sister, Miss Mabel, spent a brief stay here with Miss Jennie Bannister Monday afternoon. They were en route to Santa Anna, on the return trip from Kimble county, where the party had been enjoying an outing the past week. Incidentally, Miss

CONTENTED COWS GIVE MORE MILK.

Fly pestered cows are not contented. "Martin's Fly Spray" keeps cows contented and free from flies. Satisfaction guaranteed by Trigg Drug Co.

Leona Bannister remained in Kimble county, where she teaches this school term.

The many friends of the family will rejoice to learn that Mrs. F. R. Wulff is effecting a splendid recovery at Battle Creek, Mich., from her long illness, and that she has been enabled to discard her crutches for the past couple weeks. She is expected to return to Brady next Friday. Her son, Fred, Jr., and her sister, Mrs. John Wall, who accompanied her to Battle Creek, will return with her.

Saturday saw the biggest crowd of shoppers in Brady that the city has been able to boast for many a moon. Automobiles, buggies and wagons lined the curb fronting all sides of the business section and in addition the court house square was completely surrounded by vehicles. Looked like old times, for sure. Merchants report excellent business and foresee a splendid run of fall business.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray and family are new residents of Brady, having moved here from Cherokee. They are recently of Plainview. Mrs. Gray, who is a sister of Mrs. J. E. Bell, formerly of this city, has accepted a position as saleslady with the C. H. Vincent store, while Mr. Gray expects to invest in McCulloch county property. Brady folks are glad to welcome this estimable family to citizenship.

There's just a lot of pride and happiness contained in a little card received this week from Fort Worth and which contains the following message: "Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. (Jack) Simpson announce the arrival of a boy on August 31st, 1921; name Shadrick Homer; weight 8½ pounds." We might add that this pride and happiness is likewise shared by Grandpa and Grandma Shad Simpson of the Rochelle community because of the tiny namesake.

L. M. Farmer is here today from Fife on business. He reports only a slow rain having fallen in that community yesterday evening. However, last Friday a week ago Mr. Farmer had a very good rain at his place, which put about 6000 barrels

TO FARM BUREAU MEMBERS:

If you want a better price for your cotton seed pool them with the Farm Bureau which is in position to sell them in car lots at a better price than you are now receiving.

Get in touch with the local office through the county agent at once, and advise as to quantity of seed you have for sale.

Committee

You See the Gas You Buy At Taylor's Filling Station

In Lee Morgan Building, on Blackburn St.
We handle only Texas Gas and Lub. More Miles to the Gallon with the gas, and less lub.
Quick Service—Always on the Job

CLASSIFIED ADS

LOST—

LOST—One small black mare mule, 7 years old, branded Z—left shoulder. G. R. WHITE.

ESTRAYED—One brown horse mule, about 14½ hands high, branded O on left front shoulder, lazy S on left thigh. Owner may recover by paying for this ad and cost of pasturing. A. O. Turn, 5 miles East of Brady.

Water in a steel tank and gave him about a three weeks' supply of stock water in a dirt tank he was just building. He says the rain came just in time to save him digging a well for water. The rain covered only a limited scope of territory.

W. B. Hamilton, sheriff of Polk county, accompanied by Mrs. Hamilton, was in Brady this morning on a business visit. Upon their return home they were accompanied by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Rankin, who has made her home at the Queen hotel the past six months, and who will visit with them in Polk county in the hopes of recuperating her health. Mrs. Hamilton is correspondent for six of the leading dailies of the state and also the Associated Press, and is greatly interested in journalism.

A trade was made last week in which J. B. Wallace becomes the owner of a restaurant business at San Saba and Dennis Armor received in exchange for it Mr. Wallace's "Home Cafe" in Eden. Mr. Wallace went to take charge of his new business on August 31st. Mr. Armor took charge here on the 1st. Mrs. Wallace and Miss Irene are to go to San Saba on Friday to join Mr. Wallace. We regret to lose Mr. Wallace and family (however, we are retaining George) but hope that they will do well in their new home. Mr. and Mrs. Armor are not strangers in Eden as they formerly lived here and are only coming back home, and we are glad to have them with us.—Eden Echo.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 30c.

You expose them, and let me finish them. John McDowell.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—A good Wagon. For particulars see Ed Jacoby.

TO TRADE—Some good mules for good Merino Sheep. ROHDE BROS., Brady.

FOR SALE—All my thoroughbred Rhode Island Reds, including good lot of Cockerels. C. A. YOAS, Brady.

—For Sale—
Good four-room house on second block south from Central school building; part cash, balance easy terms. See or write H. Meers, Owner.

FOR SALE—Live Oak Church house, together with seats and organ; will be sold separately at public auction at 10:00 o'clock Saturday morning, September 24th, on the church grounds. W. E. BENSON, E. J. HOWARD, W. R. PENCE, Com.

WANTED

WANTED—All People to use Classy-Fi-Ads.

WANTED—A few hundred bushels ear corn. See JAMIE BROOK or W. H. CALDWELL.

WANTED—100 Families to use Watkins Products; 25 to 40 percent reduction on the entire line. W. K. GAY, Agt., Brady, Texas. Phone 237.

MISCELLANEOUS

It would be a happy occasion if parties that owe past due notes or accounts to J. F. Schaeg would come forward and take them up.

MUSIC CLASS.
Miss Jennie Bannister announces the opening of her class in violin and piano. For further information phone 299.

MUSIC CLASS.
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The MYSTERY OF THE SILVER DAGGER

BY RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE CASE OF CAVENTISH"
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—In a New York jewelry store Philip Severn, United States consular agent, notices a small box which attracts him. He purchases it. Later he discovers in a secret compartment a writing giving a clue to a revolutionary movement in this country seeking to overthrow the Chilean government. The writing mentions rendezvous, and Severn decides to investigate.

CHAPTER II.—Finding the place mentioned in the writing apparently deserted, Severn visits a saloon in the vicinity. A woman in the place is met by a man, seemingly by appointment, and Severn, his suspicions aroused, follows them. They go to the designated meeting place, an abandoned iron foundry.

CHAPTER III.—At the rendezvous Severn is accepted as one of the conspirators and admitted. He meets a stranger who appears to recognize him.

CHAPTER IV.—The stranger addresses Severn as Harry Daly. The incident plays into Severn's hands and he accepts it. His new acquaintance is a notorious thief, "Gentleman George" Harris. Concealed, Severn learns the girl he had followed address the conspirators. She urges them to hasten the work of revolution.

CHAPTER V.—Leaving the crowd to discuss the message she had brought, the girl discovers Severn listening. She accepts his explanation of his presence and makes an appointment to meet him next day. He tells her his name is Daly. Harris informs him of a scheme he has to secure a sum amounting to \$2,000,000, the revolutionary fund, and offers to "split" with him. Severn accepts the proposition.

CHAPTER VI.—Severn learns it was his new friend and a "Captain Alva" who had lost the box which started him on the trail. Harris tells him the woman is Marie Gessler. He arranges to meet Severn next day at Tom Costigan's saloon. Leaving the building, Severn notices a stalled automobile few blocks away. Investigating, he finds the body of Captain Alva, stabbed to death with a hatpin dagger. Securing it, he remembers having seen it, or one like it, in Marie Gessler's hat.

CHAPTER VII.—Believing Marie left the foundry with Alva, Severn is forced to believe she is the slayer. He takes the dagger with him, leaving the body to be discovered later. At the address, Marie had given him, he finds the woman unknown. He visits Costigan's and learns that Harris has disappeared. Costigan apparently has no doubt that Severn is really "Daly," and gives him his full confidence.

CHAPTER VIII.—At his hotel Severn finds a message asking him to phone the Hotel McAlpin. He does so and is invited to call. At the McAlpin he meets Marie Gessler. She refuses fully to explain her position, and he is unable to make up his mind as to whether she is guilty or innocent of Alva's murder. The presumption, however, is all against her, and Severn, on whom she has made a deep impression, is in a quandary.

CHAPTER IX.—With Marie, Severn visits Perod's cafe, an underworld resort, where the girl believes they may meet Harris and a Russian Jew, Ivan Waldron, a leading spirit in the scheme of robbery. At Perod's, Harris discovers Severn, and believing the latter has obtained the money after killing Alva, attacks him. Severn fights him and, in the tangled fight with Marie, escapes. The girl refuses fully to explain her position in connection with the conspirators, insisting that Severn must give her his full confidence. With that he is forced to be content.

CHAPTER X.—After leaving the girl at the McAlpin, Severn finds that his room has been entered and the dagger stolen. Bewilderment about comes to the conclusion that Marie has secured it as incriminating evidence. On a telephone call from Harris Severn visits Costigan's. There Harris, Costigan and Waldron confront him. They refuse to believe he has not got the money stolen from Alva, and after a fight Severn is left unconscious.

CHAPTER XI.—Returning to consciousness, Severn escapes from the room in which he is confined. He finds Marie in another room, and her partial explanation of her part in the tangled affair almost convinces him of her innocence. She explains her presence in the house by the fact that she and Ivan Waldron's wife had been childhood friends. She has been decoyed to the place by Harris in the hope that, having her in their power, the conspirators can induce Severn to share the money which they are convinced he had the girl had stolen from Alva.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the Colmar Building
His horse was not a fast traveler, yet this afforded me time to think over my own situation, as well as this clue so unconsciously furnished me by the loquacious driver. The chances were that this mysterious passenger of two nights before had no connection with the Alva case; yet there remained a possibility. The hour, the place, his evident fear of pursuit, his eager desire to get out of sight, the heavy bag he carried, and his being a foreigner of some kind, all combined to incite my suspicion. Who the fellow could be was beyond guess. The Colmar building? My recollection of the place was vague, a huge pile on Broad near Wall, devoted largely to brokers' offices, absolutely deserted at night, except by scrubwomen and a watchman or two. A tenant might slip in at such an hour, yet he would be fortunate indeed

to escape the observation of some one along the halls, or on the staircase. I felt confident a careful questioning among the night employees would give some line on the identity of the man, even if there should prove no other means of locating him.

One thing was settled; I must go back to the hotel. If I was to pay my bill and depart I would lose all connection with Marie Gessler; she would then possess no means of finding me. I could not seek her, but she possessed my address, and must surely endeavor to communicate with me before night. The only thing, then, was to remain and wait for her to call. Yet this surely exposed me to the danger of arrest, if Waldron named me to the police in connection with the death of Harris.

Yet by this time I was firmly convinced that the Russian would either lie outright in the affair—claiming that Harris' injuries had resulted wholly from a fall down stairs in the dark—or else would swear them upon some unknown invader who had escaped after knocking him senseless. Certainly he would never reveal the truth, unless compelled to do so. To do so would queer his whole game.

That is, it would if his game was anything as I had doped it out. If he, working alone, or with some accomplice, as now appeared more probable, had been concerned in the Alva murder, his main object at present would assuredly be to escape detection, and get a division of the spoils. His one desire would be to remain out of sight, and in order to do this he must shield me from arrest.

I awoke at eleven, rested and with a clear brain. Nothing had occurred to disturb me, and, as I looked at the watch and realized the hour, felt no longer a doubt but what Waldron had found some way in which to protect us both. Eager to look over the noon editions myself, I dressed rather hurriedly, and descended to the lobby. The paper secured was devoid of particulars, "Gentleman George" Harris, well known to the police, had been found dead in the hallway of a rooming house on Le Comte street, operated by Mrs. Sarah Waldron. It is believed to have been a thieves' quarrel from the evidence of those in the house, who heard the sounds of a struggle, and saw a strange man escape through the front door. There were no arrests, although the police were searching for certain parties who might be implicated.

So far so good; but now what about the Russian? He had evidently escaped suspicion, yet would be far from easy in his own mind. The situation in which he found himself would only serve to increase his desire to secure the money, and get safely away while the going was good. If he actually knew where such money was to be had, he would scarcely delay seeking it. If he had personally hidden that bag of currency taken from Alva, he would be after the stuff within twenty-four hours; while if another held it, he would as surely seek the fellow out, and demand his share. This gave me two lines to follow; I might locate Waldron, and shadow him; or I might see what discoveries I could make in the Colmar building. The better

chance seemed to me lay in Broad street. I ate a deliberate lunch, planning how best to proceed, and hoping some bellboy would call me to the telephone. I finished the meal uninterrupted.

Both Wall and Broad streets were busy enough when I elbowed my passage through the shifting crowds of men hurrying in every direction, and reached the edge of the curb, gazed upward at the ornamental front of the Colmar building.

I took an elevator to the twelfth floor, and walked slowly from end to end of the marble corridor, reading the names on the glass doors as I passed. I met but few people and attracted

no attention, passing down the stairway to the floor below. Growing more pessimistic as I proceeded, I had reached the fifth floor, when, as I turned at the front of the iron stairs, my glance rested on the letters stenciled along the frosted glass opposite—"Mutual Investment Company, Gasper Wine, Manager." I stopped still, my heart beating wildly, realizing that I had stumbled blindly on the very thing I had been seeking. Gasper Wine was the name of the man who, through accident, had opened to me the door leading into the Alva factory; the man who had left me alone in the entry while he disappeared to talk with Alva privately in the little side-room. Gasper Wine! For the first time I really believed the old hack driver was right—he had actually picked up just such a fare, juggling a bag with him, and driven the fellow to this place at midnight.

I had never connected the crime with Wine before—yet why not? He was among those present; he had been alone with Alva; he doubtless knew of the transferring of the money; and he answered fully the description of the man the cobby had picked up near the Jersey docks.

I stood irresolute, undecided as to my next move. I felt convinced I was at last on the right trail but how could I verify my suspicion? There seemed to be but one sure method. Whoever had actually committed the murder and robbery, I still clung to the theory that Ivan Waldron knew him, and would demand his share as the price of a silent tongue. Nor would he, under present circumstances, be content to wait very long for such a division. He needed the money more than ever to escape from the observation of the police. If Wine had possession of the valise he would certainly be called upon to deliver a portion of its contents very shortly. My best course, then, was to keep an eye open for Waldron; if he came, there would be no doubt as to the exact nature of his errand.

The stairway gave me no advantage; it was open and doubtless frequently used. To be seen loitering there for any length of time would attract attention. I ventured to try the private door, but, as expected, found it securely locked, nor did I dare exert any force, not knowing who might be inside. The office remained quiet, no one either leaving or entering, nor did I observe any shadow on the frosted glass indicative of movement within. Baffled and uncertain, I had barely returned to my point of concealment, when an elevator stopped at this floor level, and three men stepped out into the corridor. Two of them attracted no attention, but the third was in his shirt-sleeves and wore a cap with some insignia upon it. He advanced briskly, and flung open the door leading into what had once been the "Railway Exchange," and motioned the others to enter. As the three vanished, I heard him explain that this was the only vacant suite on this floor, and then another voice said, dissatisfied, that it was altogether too small for their purpose. When they came out the agent closed the door carelessly and pressed the elevator button, saying he would show them something on the second floor above.

Even as they shot up out of sight I was across the corridor with hand on the knob. I feared a springlock, but was pleasantly disappointed, the door opening instantly, permitting me to slip inside. There were two rooms, both small, and littered with the fragments left by the late occupants. What struck me forcibly was that there was no connection between those rooms and the next suite; they were separated by a thick wall, I could hide here securely enough, and

by slightly lifting the glass, gain good view of the corridor, but it would be impossible to overhear anything taking place in Wine's office. At that the position was better for my purpose than the open stairway, and I unfastened the window sash, propping it open a crack so as to afford me a fair view. If Waldron appeared I would endeavor to discover some means of learning the object of his visit. Meanwhile I was safe enough, and able to observe every movement on the floor.

Suddenly, when I least expected it, the door of the investment office opened, and a young woman came out. She had her hat on, and I took note of a pencil stuck into her hair, and felt no doubt she was Wine's stenographer, who had finished her day's work and was departing for home. They the man was probably still there alone. The girl disappeared down the elevator, and could scarcely have reached the lower floor, when a cage traveling in the opposite direction stopped and discharged a passenger. It was a woman who stepped out, glancing quickly about as though uncertain where to go, and I recognized Marie Gessler.

She started down the corridor, looking for the numbers on the doors, and then, discovering herself wrong, retraced her steps and approached Wine's door. Even then she appeared to doubt her next move, glancing around as though anxious to remain unobserved before venturing farther. Then, opening the door quickly, she disappeared within. In that moment, before the door closed, I caught the sound of a man's voice, started, uttering a single surprised exclamation.

"You here! What does this mean?" Then a low spoken answer, the words inaudible, and ended by a click of the latch.

That closed door seemed to urge me to learn what was transpiring beyond; I could not fight back the temptation. But would it open? had it been left unlocked? The only way in which I could ascertain was to try. There was no one to witness my attempt, and, even if some office door suddenly opened, I could quickly find concealment in the nearby stairway. I crept out through a narrow crack, and approached on tiptoe the entrance to Wine's office. No sound reached me from within, and my fingers silently pressed the knob, which turned without resistance—the latch was off. A half inch at a time I opened the door, listening for any noise behind, my eyes peering through the narrow crack at what was revealed within. They perceived little, merely a small, unoccupied room, evidently an outer office, containing a cheap desk, two chairs and a typewriter. Behind the machine covered, upon the walls, in

and in the other a diminutive closet, the door ajar. That was all, except that indistinguishable voices were conversing somewhere beyond the partition and well out of view.

Encouraged to believe this I thrust my head far enough forward to make sure. A step to the left would doubtless have revealed Wine, but from where I stood the end of the partition interfered. By slipping to the right it would be quite possible for me to enter without being seen, and three cautious steps would bring me to the security of the closet. From there, with the door into the corridor closed, I might overhear all that passed between the two. I had ventured too far now to retreat, and, without a second of hesitation, I pressed through the narrow opening, and silently



"Felt You Ought to Be Forewarned."

closed the door behind me. Confident that I had not been detected, I crouched into the narrow closet, scarcely knowing whether to be ashamed or proud of my success.

I could clearly distinguish the words of conversation. At first these were hardly understandable, seeming to have no connection with any matter with which I felt concerned. The two were evidently discussing money, to be sure, but in terms involving the payment of interest, and the impossibility of extending a loan. I overheard her say, quietly but firmly:

"I came to you, Mr. Wine, because of our connection in other matters. I overheard this discussion, and felt you ought to be forewarned."

"I appreciate your kindness," he answered, evidently surprised, "but simply cannot raise the amount today—it is too late."

"It does not have to be raised today, but before the closing of banking hours tomorrow."

"I can have it by then," desperately.

"I was sure you could, if I only explained the necessity."

She arose as though her purpose had been accomplished, but apparently the man was uneasy, and desired to know more.

"But I fail to understand your interest; why should you take the trouble to come here and tell me this?" She laughed lightly.

"Why? really it is easily enough understood. We are together, are we not? Now that Captain Alva is dead, it is generally believed you will be selected to lead in this work. Oh, yes it is; I have already been so informed. And in that case it is absolutely necessary that your bank connections be excellent. There are other funds already in this country."

"Other funds! I supposed this last payment was to be all."

"Assuredly not; the cause cannot stop for an instant merely because of this loss. Moreover, that will doubtless be recovered."

"Do you think so? Have the police found any clues?"

"The police! Hardly, but there are others searching, not so easily turned aside. We believe we know already who got the money."

"You—you think you know?" he could not keep the tremble out of his voice. "Was—was it one of us?"

"It could scarcely be an outsider, for the secret was guarded well. Only those of that circle knew the money was here, while not more than two or three were aware of its having been passed over to Alva. I can't say any more at present, Mr. Wine. You knew Captain Alva very well, did you not?"

"Yes; that is, we were good friends. We had much in common."

"Are you a German?"

"By blood—yes, but born in Poland; Captain Alva's mother was also a Pole; this brought us closer together."

"And you have no suspicion of any one who could have known, and been guilty of this murder and robbery?"

"Why should I? Why you ask me that?" excitedly. "There were many there; perhaps all know except me. You not suppose I know he—die?"

"Oh, no; I merely thought you might have some suspicion, that was all. It was a strange weapon he was killed with."

"A strange weapon! What you mean, a strange weapon? Do they know what it was that killed him?"

"Certainly; it was picked up in the bottom of the auto—a dagger hatpin, such as women wear. See, it was just like this of mine."

She must have plucked the ornament from out her own hat and laid

it on the desk, and then the sharp click of its fall. There was a moment of intense silence, and I could vision the intense horror with which he was staring at the instrument, unable to command words.

"That thing!" he burst forth finally. "Killed with that!"

"No, not that; but one exactly like it."

"Who says so—the police? Gott! It could not kill a man. Why you tell me this—why?"

"Oh, only because I thought you might be interested. However, let's not talk about it any more. You will settle that account before the close of banking hours tomorrow?"

"I? Yes, I will settle."

There was the sound of a foot on the cement floor of the corridor without, and, almost at the same instant the electric light, which had been turned on, revealed a man's shadow on the glass of the closed door. He seemed to stand there hesitatingly; then he rapped with his knuckles on the glass.

I flattened myself out against the inner wall of the closet, aware that the two in the second office were coming forward together, Wine giving vent to a startled oath in his excitement. He strode straight to the door, and opened it with a jerk.

"You, hey! What the devil do you want here?"

"A word with you, and d—n quick—"

It was Waldron's voice, but his speech ended abruptly, as his eyes caught sight of the woman. She wasted no time.

"I was just going," she said calmly, ignoring him, but speaking directly to Wine. "I will see you tomorrow then."

She passed between the two, without so much as favoring the Russian with a glance, and he stared after her with open mouth, then stepped back to watch her progress down the corridor. Wine drew him hastily aside, closing the door tightly and shooting the night-latch.

"The d—n girl never locks this door when she goes out," he muttered angrily, wheeling about to face the other. "Now, speak up, will you! what sends you butting in here?"

"Well, first you tell me," thundered Waldron, gripping the other angrily with one hand, "what business that female has with you? By God, Wine, if you are trying to double-cross, you'll find me no easy mark. Answer, you cur—what was she here for?"

"Nothing, only private business."

"You promised to see her tomorrow?"

"Yes, it was to pay a note. Come in here, and I'll explain all. There's nothing to frighten you, Waldron."

The two disappeared into the inner room, Waldron's voice still rumbling, with Wine interjecting a word now and then. I ventured to stand erect again in the confines of the closet.



"Hush! Don't Talk So Loud!"

and press my ear to the crack of the inner door. Both men were confident of being alone, and so deeply immersed in their own affair as to speak with little restraint. Waldron, really frightened at this discovery of Miss Gessler, adopted the method of a bully to carry his point, more eager than ever to escape the city.

"Well," he began, thumping the desk with a fist, "now you begin to spill. Don't try to work any game on me. What do you mean by paying a note? You owe her something?"

"No; now listen, and don't get mad. I tell you just how it was," and Wine endeavored to be smooth and plausible, his voice pitched so low I had difficulty in hearing the words. "She said I was to succeed Alva, and be the revolutionary agent; partly she came to tell me this, but some way she learning of my indebtedness, that I have an overdue note at the bank—"

"How the h—l did she know that?"

"I could not tell," apparently surprised himself. "I never asked, but maybe Krantz he told her. When they talked over my being given charge of the fund—yes, that must be the way, for she insisted I must straighten that matter up quick, before other money was given me."

"What other money?"

"That which is sent from across the water for the cause."

"Oh, I see; there is more coming then."

"Coming, yes; maybe some is here already."

"How much did you owe the bank, Wine?"

"Between eight and nine thousand—"

it is over the three months; now I promise to pay it all up tomorrow."

"Oh, you did, hey! out of that stuff, I suppose?"

"Where else I get it, you think! Mein Gott, I have no more."

"Say," burst out Waldron suspiciously, "that's all right, but what bothers me is why this girl should hit you for it at just this particular time. Krantz must have sent her, but what made them think you had money now? It ain't very likely they was just takin' a chance, is it? I believe that is all a d—n lie; they haven't got any more coming. Only I do think they imagined you might have some on hand."

"How they imagine that?"

"Search me, Wine; only I happen to know there is a h—l of a lot going on under the surface. It don't look good to me, they jumping you just at this time."

"What you mean? You have not spilled nothing?"

"Me!" he laughed roughly. "D—n it, I'm not the spilling kind. There's been plenty o' fellers after the dope, let me tell you, but I've let 'em hunt."

Say, I've had to laugh sometimes the way they've been fooled. You know that guy who called himself Horner?"

"Sure—a smart fellow."

"You bet he is; a d—n sight smarter than you think. He ain't Horner at all, if you ask me; his right name was Harris, as slick a crook as ever lived."

"Harris? a crook? What was it I saw in the paper? Wasn't he the same guy what was croaked last night?"

"You bet he was; that's what I'm telling you about; that's why I come up here to get this off my chest. He bifed this fellow Horner coming over, blew in with all his papers, an' started negotiati'n with Krantz and Alva. He an' Alva got awful thick."

"I know; what was the game?"

"To get that check into cash, of course. He hung around for that purpose for weeks, an' then missed out."

"An' you knew him, an' never said a word?"

"Sure I knew him, first time I got eyes on the bloater; but what was it to me? I'm not in this business for my health, Wine. I never gave a d—n who got hands on that stuff, so I had my grab at it. Harris an' I had it framed; that's why I was out there, waitin' for a signal from him. But when you beat him to it, I'd just as soon be your running mate as his."

"Hush! Don't talk so loud! And now you say Harris is dead?"

"As a mackerel; he couldn't be no deader. But that was my house where he was croaked, an' so I got to get out o' town. The police ain't wise so far, but they might tumble if I hang around."

"That why you come here?"

"Exactly; I've got to have some rino right away, and it's up to you to see that I'm heeled. You know where the stuff is, and how to get it quick."

"I wouldn't dare use that money yet; I haven't even opened the bag."

"The h—l you wouldn't! You are goin' to cop off enough to pay that note tomorrow, ain't you? That's what you promised the girl. Well, I'm just as important as she is, I reckon, and I'm goin' to have my share, you bet, or else I'll make it hot for you—I'll say that."

"You haven't nothing but your own word."

"Ain't I! Say, Wine, don't be a fool; there are others beside us that's got a nose in this affair. There's a saloonkeeper down on Sixth avenue, named Costigan, who's got all o' Harris' dope, an' he's goin' to keep on the trail. Then there's another fellow who's liable to raise h—l. I ain't got him exactly placed yet, but he's the guy that led up to Harris being killed. I'm the only one what knows that, an' I ain't talked before."

"Who is he—a detective?"

"Maybe; Harris called him Severn. They got the guy down into Costigan's and the three of us slugged him. They patched him up, and then locked him into a back room over in my place. The next morning they was goin' to give him the third degree. Then with him safe, Harris went after this girl, thinking she would be made to talk. I didn't want to trouble with Harris, nor Costigan either for the matter of that—they're both of 'em bad actors."

"Well, then, what happened?"

"That's mostly guess-work. They had this guy Severn locked in upstairs. He was unconscious when we dumped him there, and later, when my wife got this girl to come over—they was raised in the same town—Harris he turned the key on her. They was aiming to bring them together the next morning, but somehow Severn must have woke up, an' got out o' the room, for the next thing I know'd he was fightin' Harris out in the hall, an' after that I found the girl had slipped out durin' the fracas."

"They both got away?"

"Clean, leaving Harris behind with his skull busted; deader than a door-nail when I got to him."

"And you don't know who this Severn is or what he is up to?"

"No, I don't, Wine, but he's sure got some game on, an' he's got my goat. He's in with the girl all right, and knows too d—n much. That's what makes me leery about her being here pumpin' you."

"She didn't pump me."

"You mean to say the two of you didn't talk about Alva?"

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PERSONAL MENTION

Bill Vaughn left Sunday for Sherman where he will attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Johnson are visiting here from Viejo this week.

B. R. Bolding was numbered among the business visitors from Lohn in Brady Monday.

Mrs. E. M. Shore returned Friday from a visit with relatives at Bangs, and reports a delightful time.

Mrs. Belle Lindley and Mrs. Rex Gaither and daughter of Brownwood are guests of Dr. H. W. Lindley and family.

Horace Kennen, who has been located in California since early in the summer, is back here for a visit with friends.

Mrs. Chas. Rardon and baby arrived here Monday from Dallas for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Nona Montgomery.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Hale of Dallas arrived this morning, having been called here by news of the accident which befell their nephew, Harry Hill, yesterday evening.

PUGET SOUND TO GULF
HIGHWAY ANNUAL MEETING MOST ENTHUSIASTIC
 (Continued from Page 1)

found they had to revise their figures and raise their standard of building to a road that would take care of 150 vehicles per day. At present, he stated, travel on this highway totaled 4,000 vehicles per day.

The McCulloch county delegation returned Saturday to Brady very enthusiastic over the meeting, each and every one being firmly convinced that now, as never before, must McCulloch county get in line with a complete program of good roads building. As emphasizing the need of road improvement in this county, it might be stated that two hours were required to negotiate the road from Brady to Mason, a distance of some thirty odd miles, while the road from Mason to Fredericksburg, a distance of 45 miles, was covered in one and one-half hours. The delegation were proud of the splendid road now being constructed at Otte's but feel that it is imperative that this work be continued until the entire county is traversed with a first-class highway, if Brady would retain her place upon this route. Loyalty to the designated highway was pledged by the delegates at the meeting, but only upon condition that each section continue their road improvement work unabated.

Numbered among the delegates attending the convention from McCulloch county were County Judge Evans Adkins, Commissioners R. L. Burns and J. F. Priest, Messrs. F. R. Wulff, Geo. H. Ehlinger, E. A. Burrow, S. J. Striegler, H. J. Huffman, H. F. Schwenker and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Jordan.

Fredericksburg entertained in royal style for the delegates, Hop's military band giving a musical program and also a band concert, the visiting ladies being tendered a reception at Klaerner's hall, and Saturday being given over to a picnic and barbecue at the historic Enchanted Rock, located 18 miles north of Fredericksburg. The barbecue was attended by over a thousand, the greater portion of whom were enabled to visit the Enchanted rock for the first time. The barbecue was a long-to-be-remembered event, the Fredericksburg people fairly out-doing themselves in the serving of the choicest of meats, innumerable and varied potato and fruit salads, coffee, pickles, cakes, cookies and other delectable viands. A dance Saturday night at Klaerner's hall concluded the festivities.

Colds Cause Grip and influenza
 LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets remove the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." W. GROVE'S signature on box. 30c.

EVANGELIST CAMPBELL HAS GREAT CROWDS AND INTEREST IN ROCHELLE REVIVAL MEET

Tremendous crowds are attending revival at Rochelle, conducted by Evangelist Campbell and S'nger Townsend.

The community tabernacle is used and Sunday night every available seat was taken and many sat in their cars around the tabernacle. Bro. Townsend used the cornet very effectively and is leading two big choruses.

Bro. Campbell is stirring the whole community with his forceful, uncompromising, soul-converting messages.

Four came forward at invitation Sunday night—three confessions, one reclaimed. Other ministers and churches are co-operating in fine spirit.

—Chairman Committee.

FREE—SATURDAY, SEPT. 10
 —A Blotter, Ruler and Balloon with each 5-cent "Billiken" school tablet. C. H. VINCENT, South Side.

"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.

Send your films to a good finisher. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.

Save money and be sure of your winter fuel by placing your coal order with us now. Phone 295. MACY & CO.

Old Idea.
 "What do you think of this new feminine fad of wearing stockings with a roll in them?"
 "New? Why, women carried their rolls in their stockings before you and I were born."

Give me a trial with your next roll of films. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
 Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles. Instantly relieves itching Piles, and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price 60c.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Parent-Teachers Club.
 The Parent-Teachers club will meet at High school auditorium Thursday afternoon from 4:00 o'clock to 6:00 o'clock. Every citizen interested in the school work is earnestly requested to attend.

School Notice.
 On account of the crowded condition of our schools, only pupils who were six years of age or older before September 1, 1921, will be allowed in school this year. Children who will be six years of age later in the year cannot enter. In order to attend, all six year old children must enter at the beginning of the school—none will be admitted later. Those between the ages of six and seven years will be charged tuition at the rate of \$3.00 per month.

Children within scholastic age and not entitled to free tuition will be charged at the following rates:

Those in the Primary Department, (1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Grades) \$3.00 per month; those in the Intermediate Department (5th, 6th and 7th Grades) \$3.50 per month; those in the High School Department, \$5.00 per month.

On next Thursday afternoon, all pupils belonging to 4th, 5th and 6th Grades are supposed to register at the Central school building and get their books for this year's work. Pupils in the 3rd and lower grades, will register and secure books at the same building on the next afternoon.

All high school and 7th grade pupils will complete registration and secure books at the High school building next Friday afternoon.

J. B. SMITH, Supt. Schools.

JOINT TEACHERS' INSTITUTE TO MEET IN BROWNWOOD OCT. 31st TO NOV. 4th.

The teachers of the Common School Districts of this county will meet in joint institute with the teachers of San Saba, Coleman and Brown counties on October 31st to November 4th at Brownwood.

Every teacher in the Common School Districts of this county, who has contracted, either verbal or written, to teach in this county is required to attend this institute, or subject their certificate to cancellation.

I will not issue any transfer to other institutes except in extreme instances or rare cases. The teachers institute cost the people of this county \$2267.22 last year, and all teachers should try to give value received for this money by getting something worth while out of the institute. Teachers should not figure on making a profit during institute week, as this is the only case, that I know of, where teachers are paid to learn something.

Trustees should take notice of this date, and set the opening of their schools accordingly. If they cannot have at least two weeks of school before the institute, they should, by all means, place the opening of school after the institute.

Signed, W. M. DEANS, County Superintendent

\$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 catarh. Catarh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarh 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 Catarh 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.

ON AN OUTING
 You will need one of those new Hot and Cold Bottles, one-gallon size, with opening large enough to insert hand. Call and see them. BRADY AUTO CO.

Nothing New Under the Sun.
 A Cambridge undergraduate, contrary to regulations, was entertaining his sister, when they heard someone on the stairs. Hastily hiding his sister behind a curtain he went to the door and confronted an aged man who was revisiting the scenes of his youth and was desirous of seeing his old rooms.

Obtaining permission, he looked around, and remarked, "Ah, the same old room." Going to the window, he said, "the same old view," and peeping behind the curtain he exclaimed, "The same old game!"
 "My sister, sir," said the student.
 "Oh, yes," said the visitor, "the same old story."

MARTIN'S SCREW WORM KILLER.
 Kills worms with one application. Heals wounds and keeps off flies. More for your money, and your money back if you want it. Ask Trigg Drug Co.



SCHOOL

Will Start Soon

and of course for that occasion you will want to start your boy dressed in clothes that will look good and that will give the most wear for the money.

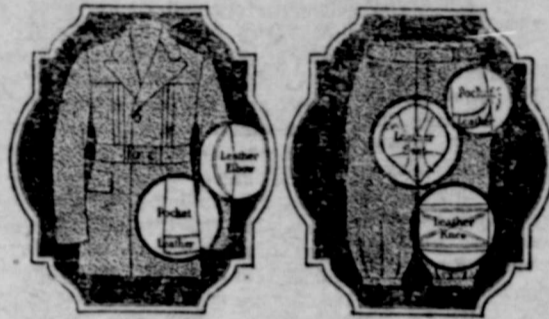
You will agree that boys, as a usual thing, are very hard on clothes. And often we are prone to remark, "I wish I could buy him a suit of ARMOR." Indeed, that seems to be about the only thing that will hold them, however impossible it is to buy such a suit.

You will agree with us that it is far more possible to make the suit in durability to suit the boy than it is to caution the boy to suit the suit.

We had that in mind when we bought our line for fall.

So we have now for your inspection an exclusive showing of Jack O'Leather suits for boys at prices that will make them very cheap compared to other boys clothes.

They have exclusive features that no other suits for boys have.



They are Reinforced with Genuine Leather where the greatest wear comes. Notice the accompanying cut.

When you come in to inspect them be sure to ask us about the guarantee they carry.

Exclusive showing of Jack O'Leather at

MANN BROS. & HOLTON

The APPEARANCE

of your printed Stationery reflects the character of your business

FIRST impressions are usually lasting, and you should no more think of representing your business with ill-arranged, poorly printed stationery than with an uncouth, inexperienced salesman. The psychological effect would be the same.

THE SNAP and vitality of our "distinctive" printing registers instant approval. Ask a user.

SHIFT your printing troubles over to our shoulders—they are a burden to you—a pleasure to us.

If IT'S USED IN AN OFFICE, WE HAVE IT

All Our Prices are Based Upon the Standardized

FRANKLIN PRINTING PRICE LIST

"One-Price-on-Everything Marked-in-Plain Figures"

THE BRADY STANDARD

Distinctive Printers—Office Outfitters
 BRADY, TEXAS