







REPORT OF CONDITION OF  
THE BRADY NATIONAL BANK

At Brady, in the State of Texas, at the close of business on December 31, 1922.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts, including rediscounts (except those shown on b and c)	\$344,700.67
Overdrafts, unsecured	10.56
U. S. Government securities owned:	
Deposited to secure circulation (U. S. bonds par value)	50,000.00
All other United States Government Securities	5,000.00
Other bonds, stocks, securities, etc.	4,725.00
Banking House, \$23,153.64; Furniture and fixtures, \$3,565.32	28,718.96
Real Estate owned other than banking house	300.00
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	22,472.75
Cash in vault and amount due from national banks	34,797.46
Amount due from State banks, bankers, and trust companies in the United States (other than included in Items 8, 9 or 10)	98.71
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than Item 12)	472.08
Total of Items 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13	35,368.25
Checks on banks located outside of city or town of reporting bank and other cash items	3,077.04
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	2,500.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$496,873.23</b>
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits	\$ 22,350.00
Circulating notes outstanding	50,000.00
Amount due to State banks, bankers, and trust companies in the United States and foreign countries other than included in Items 21 or 22	1,577.37
Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding	3,232.86
Total of Items 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25	4,810.23
Individual deposits subject to check	292,713.00
Dividends unpaid	7,000.00
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve, Items 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31	299,713.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$496,873.23</b>

STATE OF TEXAS, County of McCulloch, ss:  
I, E. L. Ogden, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
E. L. OGDEN, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of January, 1922  
A. B. CARRITHERS, Notary Public.  
Correct—Attest: J. C. Hall, F. M. Richards, F. W. Henderson, Directors.

**BIG RETURNS**

"That little four-line Classy-Fi-Ad sold \$66.00 worth of pigs to one man alone," said Oscar Turner yesterday. "The sale cleaned up all I had to sell, as I had made several good sales from the ad previously."

Nothing costs less, goes farther, or does more real work in the quickest time than

THE

**BRADY STANDARD'S  
Classy-Fi-Ads**

"They Work While You Sleep."

**Trail of the White Mule**

By Frederic J. Haskin in Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

Washington, Dec. 24.—There is a wooded section not far from the Nation's capital which was once a favorite ground for the good old Southern sport of 'coon-hunting. Some of the people thereabouts have been known to pay as high as \$150 for a 'coon dog of good reputation. In those parts you might slay a man's child and get away with it, but if you kicked his 'coon dog it is a case of fight or run.

And now most of those expensive 'coon dogs are getting fat and stiff in the joints from lack of use and the 'coon hunters are all disgruntled. The reason is not any shortage of 'coons, either. The reason is that every little branch and gully which the 'coons use is now the home of a moonshine still, and if you blunder into a still suddenly and at night with a gun in your hand, you are more than likely to encounter a charge of shot.

In some sparsely settled sections not too far from the great thirsty cities, there is almost a still in every bush. Not long ago a posse was formed to chase a murderer through the woods of Virginia near here, and it is said that in sixteen miles of travel they uncovered seventy-seven stills. Usually the owners were not at hand. One of them was seen, however. He was sitting on a hilltop not far from his still. A large flock of turkey buzzards was circling around over the still, attracted as buzzards are, by the odor of the mash. The man had a repeating high-powered rifle and he was shooting the buzzards as they flew over him in order that they might not betray the location of his still.

"And he wasn't missin' none, either," said a member of the posse in recounting the episode.

The posse decided not to arrest the

man. They couldn't prove that he owned the still anyway.

**Still More Stills.**

The stills are multiplying at an astounding rate. No doubt ever since prohibition there have been many stills, both for private supply and for commercial purposes, in all parts of the United States, but the great development of this infant industry is in the Appalachian mountains and their immediate vicinity. As every reader of romance knows, it is in the mountain regions that the art of converting corn into liquor in secrecy has long been practiced. The mountain men all know how to do it. Before prohibition there was a little still hidden away somewhere in almost every mountain neighborhood. It's owner, at some personal risk, saved perhaps fifty cents on each gallon of liquor he made by evading the revenue tax. At best he made a precarious living. Everyone who has read the magazines knows what he looked like—a gaunt, hawk-nosed citizen, wearing no socks and carrying in the hollow of his arm a rifle six feet long.

Then came prohibition, and moonshine suddenly jumped from a dollar or two a gallon to ten or twenty a gallon. The result was inevitable. Create any opportunity for anyone to make easy money and that opportunity will be used to the full. Nor will a spice of danger in the least interfere with the proceeding. And especially is this true of the mountain men. They are adventurous fellows, they are used to breaking laws where liquor is concerned, they are accustomed to the use of firearms, and they have a sort of clan loyalty which makes it very hard for a stranger to work among them.

Not only 'coon hunters but many

others whose business takes them into the sparsely settled sections have found this out. The work of all sorts of Government field officers has been crippled by the suspicious attitude of the natives. Thus the Biological Survey in its work of trapping predatory animals, finds that its first and most difficult task in a given region is to convince the natives that the trappers are not looking for stills. The Veterans' Bureau in its roundup of men who were entitled to compensation, met the same obstacle.

The stills seem to have first multiplied within the mountain sections, and then to have slowly crept down into the valleys near the cities. There have always been a few moonshine stills in the Blue Ridge mountain near Washington, but now there are a hundred in the woods along the Potomac river for every one that was hidden in the mountains ten years ago. The men who operate these stills are for the most part of the mountain type. It seems to be literally true that the mountaineer of romance has come down from his wooden heights bringing his art of liquor-making with him.

**The Rise of the Mountaineer.**

And in coming down physically he has gone up socially and financially. That lean, hawk-nosed, sockless man has become a prosperous fellow with a good car and a bank account. Many a mountain boy and girl is getting a better education and better food and clothes by reason of prohibition. There are no more staunch supporters of prohibition than these artists of the White Mule. It has been a boon to them. They are back of the Anti-Saloon League to a man.

There are risks, of course, but they cannot be great. In the cities the police frequently arrest bootleggers, but in the wild rural neighborhoods where White Mule is made the local officers are seldom hostile. In fact, it is not unusual to find the sheriff a part owner of a still and the local store keeper supplying the sugar for a share of the profit, and in some cases even the preacher has been known to partake of the labors and the profits of the venture. In a word, the whole neighborhood is pretty sure to be in cahoots, and the way of the stranger there is apt to be hard. It was published not long ago that the prohibition enforcement department was sending a hundred men into the Appalachian region to "comb out the stills." Probably a thousand could not have done the job.

Meantime the market for the product steadily widens. It has always been used largely in the Southern cities, such as Chattanooga and Birmingham, and the moonshiners found a ready market in those places as soon as prohibition went into effect. Washington has also been a steady user of White Mule for a long time. New York, it is said, is just beginning to acquire a taste for it, but the market there is growing despite the competition of imported stuff. Moreover, white corn whiskey, while a terrible thing at its worst, is by no means unpalatable at its best. There is no reason why the moonshiner's field of activity should not widen, as he learns how to cater to the better trade.

Perhaps next this infant industry will have its lobby in Washington, and will co-operate with the Anti-Saloon League for legislation to prevent the importation of liquors. White Mule is 100 per cent American, so it must be good.



The Standard's Classy-Fi-Ad rate is 15¢ per word for each insertion. Where advertiser has no monthly account with us, cash must accompany order. Count the words in your ad, and remit accordingly.

**FOR SALE**

FOR SALE—Two registered Poland China Sows with pigs. Sell for cash, or take good note. G. C. KIRK, Brady.

FOR SALE—Buick Six, in A1 mechanical condition. Priced right, for cash. MANN-RICKS AUTO CO.

FOR SALE—Big bone Poland China pigs; priced right. Call on OSCAR TURNER, Myers Bros., Brady.

**FOR RENT**

FOR RENT—3 furnished rooms suitable for light house-keeping; also 4 unfurnished rooms. Apply Southern Hotel.

FOR RENT—Two places of 90 acres each. For further information, see or write J. F. CAWYER, Mercury, Texas.

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

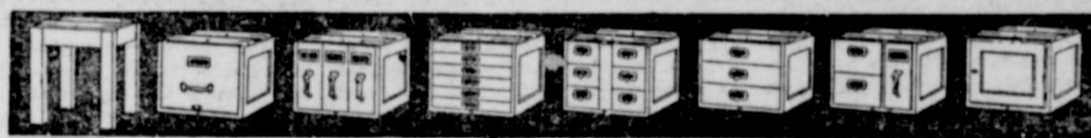
I take great pleasure in announcing to the people of Brady and McCulloch County that I am again located in Brady, having purchased the stock and good will of the H. Wilensky Dry Goods firm on the West Side of the Square.

As always, this store will continue as the home of goods of high quality at a low price. You are cordially invited to visit here—to make this store your headquarters when in Brady—and when you need anything in our line, get our prices before making your purchases.

Mr. V. B. Deaton and Miss Bessie Rice will continue with the store, and will be glad to meet and serve our customers—both old and new.

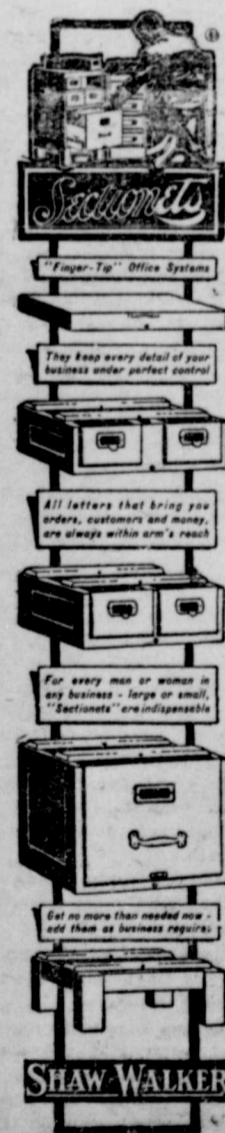
A GOOD NEW YEARS RESOLUTION—DURING 1922 SHOP AT

**R. WILENSKY  
DRY GOODS  
West Side Brady, Texas**



**Start the New Year Right**

Put more system into your business--it means less work and greater profits.



**Ledgers and  
Blank Books**

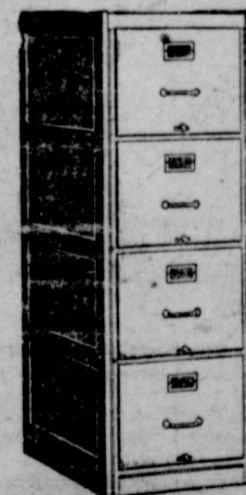
Loose Leaf devices and bound books--let us supply your needs for the New Year.



**FILING DEVICES**

point the way--- none better--- few as good.

Both Steel and Wood Equipment.



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