

## EVERYTHING IN MEN'S WEAR---MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

### REBUILDING BRADY COMPRESS TO COMMENCE WITHIN NEXT FEW WEEKS

GEO. W. KING OF WACO, ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER NATIONAL COMPRESS COMPANY, GIVES OUT GOOD NEWS WHILE IN BRADY THURSDAY.

The Brady Compress, destroyed last August with a \$200,000 loss in property and cotton, is to be rebuilt at once, according to announcement of George W. King of Waco, assistant general manager of the National Compress Company, owners of the local plant. Mr. King was in Brady last Thursday in conference with N. T. Cook, engineer for the local plant, and who has had its affairs in charge the past season, and the announcement was made following the visit of Mr. King here.

Work of rebuilding is to be begun within the next few weeks, and plans call for one of the most complete and modern plants in this section. New boilers will be installed, and all machinery necessary to the complete restoration and improvement of the local plant, will be purchased. The new plant will have a capacity of about 1,200 bales per day.

In rebuilding the plant, special attention towards safe-guarding from fire will be given, and the entire plant will be as nearly fire-proof as possible. The wharves and sheds will all be of concrete construction. While the rebuilding of the plant proper is to be begun without delay, according to Engineer Cook, who will have charge of the work, replacing of the wharves and sheds will be delayed until later in the season. However, ev-

erything will be in readiness before the cotton season opens up this fall.

The rebuilding of this institution will be hailed with satisfaction, not to say delight, by the citizenship of Brady and of this entire section as well. The compress has been one of Brady's most valued institutions, has employed a great amount of labor, and has furnished Brady with one of her heaviest pay rolls. In addition, it has served to make Brady a concentration point on cotton for several hundred miles around, and in ordinary good seasons has been a valuable factor in the handling of the cotton of this section. The local compress, in its last several seasons, has been operated with good success, and this fact is, in all probability, largely responsible for its re-establishment here.

### NEFF ASKS CITIZENSHIP OF TEXAS FOR THEIR SUPPORT IN LAW AND ORDER MOVE

Austin, Jan. 15.—All patriotic and law-abiding men and women of Texas are urged by Governor Pat M. Neff to join with him in a "definite campaign for the education and development of public sentiment in favor of the maintenance of the law" in a statement, made public late Saturday by the Governor, addressed "to the people of Texas" and signed "Yours for the law."

The Governor also urges upon every preacher who preaches, every editor who writes and every speaker who talks Sunday, Jan. 22, to prepare a sermon, write an editorial and make a speech on that day "advocating the supremacy of and obedience to the law of the land." District judges also are requested to open court Monday, Jan. 23, "with an address on the enforcement of the law."

The text of the Governor's statement follows:

#### Holds Government Together.

"The law is the foundation of civilization. It is the cement that holds together the bricks of established government. Obedience to the law is the first and highest obligation of the citizen. Loss of respect for the law marks the beginning of the breakdown of civilization. When people scoff at the law or those attempting to enforce it they are aiding the cause of anarchy.

"On every side we hear the underground rumblings of revolt against law and order. The crime wave is lashing the ship of state and tearing it from its moorings. Life and property are unsafe. Every mail brings, appeals from every section of Texas asking for aid to suppress lawlessness—claiming that local authorities cannot or will not enforce the law. We have an unprecedented growth of crime.

"The law is the great channel through which flows the sovereign power of the people. They are, in the last analysis, the preservers of peace and the conservators of civilization.

#### Calls for United Effort.

"Therefore, as your Governor, I call upon all patriotic, law-abiding men and women to unite with me in a definite campaign for the education and development of public sentiment in favor of the maintenance of law. As the Executive of the State, I ask officially that every pastor who preaches, every editor who writes and every speaker who talks Sunday, Jan. 22, preach a sermon, write an editorial and make a speech on that day advocating the supremacy of and obedience to the law of the land.

"I also call on every county and district judge in Texas, who holds

### FALL FROM PORCH RESULTS IN DEATH OF M. L. STALLING'S NEPHEW

Mrs. M. L. Stallings Sunday received news of the fatal accident which befell her nephew, the son of her sister, Mrs. Hugh A. Leake, at his home in Temple. The nephew, Robert C. Leake, well-known cotton man, was overcome with vertigo and fell off the front porch of his home, his head striking an iron foot scraper, and a fracture of the skull being produced, which resulted in his death from concussion of the brain at a hospital twelve hours later. The injured man never regained consciousness after the accident. He was 33 years of age, and unmarried.

court Monday, Jan. 23, to open court on that morning with an address on the enforcement of the law. I suggest that each prosecuting attorney and sheriff be called on for remarks. I hereby invite the people to assemble at your respective courts to encourage you with their presence, and to hear what their officers have to say.

"I further request every school teacher in the State open school Monday, Jan. 23, with a talk to the students on the importance of obeying the law. I beseech the forces of righteousness in every nook and corner of Texas to join hands in a united effort to clear this State of every character of lawlessness."

#### Death of Enoch Spivey.

Enoch Spivey, aged 23 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Spivey of Nine, died at 3:00 o'clock Sunday morning at the family home, following an illness of the past five weeks with pneumonia, as an after-effect of the flu. Deceased was born in Lampasas, coming to McCulloch county with his parents a number of years ago, and having made his home here since. He was well-known to a large circle of friends, and was popular with all.

Besides the parents two brothers and two sisters survive.

Funeral services were conducted at 3:00 o'clock Sunday afternoon, the body being brought to Brady for interment in the Brady cemetery. The sympathy of all is extended to the bereaved family.

### SAN ANTONIO-BRADY BUS LINE

Via Fredericksburg and Mason. Cars leave San Antonio at 6 a. m. from Union Bus Station; arrive in Brady at 4 p. m. Fare—\$9.00. Round Trip—\$15.00. Leave Brady, from Queen Hotel at 9 a. m.; arrive at San Antonio Union Bus Station at 6 p. m.

Forget—Remember.  
Forget each kindness that you do  
As soon as you have done it;  
Forget the praise that falls to you  
The moment you have won it;  
Forget the slander that you hear  
Before you can repeat it;  
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,  
Wherever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done  
To you whate'er its measure;  
Remember praise by others won  
And pass it on with pleasure;  
Remember every promise made  
And keep it to the letter;  
Remember those who lend you aid  
And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness  
That comes your way in living;  
Forget each worry and distress,  
Be hopeful and forgiving;  
Remember good, remember truth,  
Remember heaven's above you,  
And you will find, through age and youth,  
True joys, and hearts that love you.  
—Youth's Companion.

One Side of Prohibition.  
Whatever else may happen,  
Although the country's dry,  
The sailor still will have his port,  
The farmer have his rye;  
The cotton still has got its gin,  
The seacoast has its bar,  
And each of us will have a bier,  
No matter where we are.—South-  
ern Ruralist.

### LOCAL BRIEFS.

W. N. Ellis, secretary of the newly organized Brady Mutual Life Insurance association, has opened offices upstairs over Broad Mercantile Co. store. Mr. Ellis reports a large list of applicants for membership already secured, and states that by fall he expects to complete the limit of 2,000 members for the organization.

Otto Johnson, who has been in charge of the books at the O. D. Mann & Sons' store the past year, is enjoying a week or two vacation, preparatory to leaving for Tyler, where he will enter business college for a six-months' course. O'Farrell Craddock will take charge of the Mann & Sons' books, until the return of Mr. Johnson next August.

Lewis Jordan hasn't been seen in town the past several days, mostly because he is too busy admiring that fine nine-pound boy that the great old Stork left for him and Mrs. Jordan at their home in Voca on last Thursday, January 12th. Both mother and babe are reported doing splendidly, and Father Jordan is being roundly congratulated upon the happy event.

Mrs. John I. Jones spent part of last week in Brady, having come here from Eldorado in company with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Jones, on a visit to relatives. Mrs. Jones made her annual visit to The Standard office, for the purpose of renewing her wholesale list of subscriptions. She says that anytime she wants to start a fuss, all she has to do is to intimate to any one of the six relatives to whom she sends The Standard, that she does not intend to renew the coming year. They all read and enjoy The Standard, says Mrs. Jones, even if she is the one that pays for it.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Mathis returned this morning from a visit the past three weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Crawford, who now reside on a ranch twelve miles this side of Abilene. Mr. Crawford has just occupied this new ranch, having hauled his last load of household effects since Christmas, and is well pleased with his new location. He has about 500 acres of grass land, part of which is in cultivation. About an inch of rain was had in that section a week ago, which put out water in the tanks, although drinking water must still be hauled. While "Uncle Bud" is well pleased with the "wild and woolly west," yet he greatly misses all his old-time friends, and sends cordial

### PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. Jas. Jennings of Fredonia, is a guest this week of Mrs. Joe Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Johnson spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Dial at Eden.

The Rev. J. H. Taylor left Monday night for Fort Worth to attend the conference on Law Enforcement, called by Governor Neff.

The many friends of W. J. (Uncle Joe) Moore will learn with regret that he is very ill, having been taken sick several days ago, and being now threatened with pneumonia. All trust he may have a speedy recovery.

#### Parent-Teachers' Meeting.

A meeting of the Parent-Teachers association is announced for tomorrow afternoon at 3:15 o'clock at the high school building, at which time a program will be had. Everyone interested in the Brady schools is invited to be in attendance.

#### DO YOU LIKE PIES?

If so, call around and try a piece of our home made fruit pie, topped with rich whipped cream. Watch for the Blue Front CITY CAFE.

#### Large Assortment of Memo and Day Books at The Brady Standard.

greetings to them all.

The disputed identity of a grave in the Brady cemetery resulted last Saturday in the opening of the grave in question for the purpose of determining whose remains had been interred therein. Arthur Suggs claimed the grave as the last resting place of his father, A. C. Suggs, who passed away about five years ago, while F. M. Campbell was equally certain that the grave contained the remains of his niece, Mrs. Emma Humphries, whose death occurred about eleven years ago. The matter was still further complicated by the fact that a headboard bearing the initial "E. H." marked the grave, Mr. Campbell claiming that he himself had placed it there at the time of the burial of his niece, and that he had attended to the keeping of the grave ever since. The opening of the grave disclosed only a few fragmentary evidences of the coffin, and the skeleton of what was declared by some to be that of a man. Another grave is to be opened today or tomorrow in the hopes of definitely settling the perplexing question.

### W. H. GIBBONS LETS CONTRACT FOR TWO-STORY BUILDING ON EAST SIDE

CONTRACTOR HERE SATURDAY ARRANGING FOR MATERIALS—CONSTRUCTION IS TO BE BEGUN ABOUT MARCH 1ST, ACCORDING TO REPORT.

A handsome and modern two-story brick and plate-glass building is to grace the corner on the East Side of the square, and which has been vacant since the destruction of the famed Klondike and adjoining buildings last year. Contract for the erection of the new structure has been let by W. H. Gibbons, owner of the property on the corner, and work will begin within thirty or sixty days, according to E. E. Churchill of Fort Worth, to whom the contract was let. Mr. Churchill was in Brady last Saturday looking after arrangements for building material and supplies.

While Mr. Gibbons has not been interviewed in the matter, it is understood that the general plans for the building will be the same as outlined in The Standard some weeks ago, the front being of brick and plate glass, with modern awning, and the entire construction will be fireproof and in accord with the most up-to-date building regulations.

The change in the original plans in the adding of the second story, to be fitted up for office rooms. These rooms will be arranged as the most modern and comfortable in the city.

### WEATHER SO DRY FISHERMAN CATCHES 3 MIGRATORY BIRDS ON TROTLINE AT BROWNWOOD

Nowhere else in the world except in the Brownwood country could a fisherman catch birds on a trotline. But anything is possible in the Brownwood section.

A fisherman last week prepared his trotline, which as everyone knows is a weapon of offensive warfare against channel catfish and sundry other varieties of the piscatorial species, and dropped it across Pecan Bayou a few miles north of Brownwood. After leaving the line in the water for a few hours and failing to catch any fish, the fisherman lifted it out of the water and left it suspended in the air so that it might dry properly. Each of the score or more of hooks on the line was properly baited.

Returning a few hours later to retrieve the line preparatory to calling it a day and returning to Brownwood, the fisherman was surprised to find on the trotline, securely hooked, three large blue herons. The birds, no doubt, had been foraging for food and, seeing the nicely baited hooks with juicy Brown county angleworms and small fish dangling from the line, sought to swallow the baits and were thus caught beyond the possibility of escape.

This is a true story.—Brownwood Bulletin.

### BALLINGER FINANCES '22 BASEBALL CLUB—300 SEASON TICKET SALES

Ballinger, Texas, Jan. 15.—The local baseball club will go into the West Texas circuit this year supported by the sale of 300 season tickets. In planning to finance the local club this year, the directors put it up to the fans to buy 300 season seats at \$35 each, and they are taking them, and Ballinger will remain in the league.

Ballinger went into the league in mid-season last year, starting at the bottom with the Mineral Wells franchise; she worked within a game and a half of the pennant fighting Abilene for first place in the second half, and the club closed the season out of debt, and is ready to go with a good lineup for the 1922 race.

#### A Mean Slam.

"Girl, I am glad to have broken the engagement."  
"Thank you."  
"Will you send me back my letters?"  
"No; I thought I'd sell them to a humorous weekly."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

#### He Drank from the Spring.

"Have you had supper?" asked the scoutmaster.  
"Yes," replied the first-class scout.  
"I got so hungry at 7:59 that I 8 o'clock."—Boys' Life.

### OMITTED COUNTY MAY VOID STATE REDISTRICTING BILL

Austin, Jan. 11.—That the act of the Thirty-seventh Legislature providing for a reapportionment of the representative districts in Texas is unconstitutional, because Swisher county was omitted from the measure, is the opinion of State Senator W. H. Bledsoe of Lubbock, who spent Saturday at Austin.

"I believe that this law is unconstitutional and 'inoperative,'" said Senator Bledsoe, "because the constitution provides for the redistricting of the entire State and the bill provides for only a portion of the State. I believe that a test of the proposition would sustain that contention."

In passing the redistricting bill apparently unintentionally omitted Swisher county and the attorney general's department was asked for a ruling on the subject. The ruling has not yet been announced. Swisher county was in the 123rd district before the passage of the new law and from all indications, it is assumed that Swisher county was to be placed in the 125th district.

Senator Bledsoe said he was a candidate for re-election to the Senate and King of Throckmorton is also an aspirant for the Senatorial job.

### BAXTER WITH PURE FOOD BAKERY AND GROCERY AT UVALDE, TEXAS

J. D. Baxter, who was formerly in Uvalde in the drug business, but who for the past two years has lived at Brady, Texas, has returned to make this place his home and will be interested with Fritz Zilz in the Pure Food Bakery and Grocery store, a deal having been closed by them and becoming effective on January 1st. The business will be conducted under the original name and both Mr. Baxter and Mr. Zilz invite the public to call and see them at the old stand on Main street. They expect to carry a complete line of groceries and expect to give special attention to their baking department.

Mr. Baxter is a son-in-law of our townsman, S. W. Hooper and as before stated, is not a stranger in Uvalde. His friends welcome him back and wish the new firm much success.—Uvalde Leader News.

#### Fixing Their Status.

A man overtaking two friends heard his own name mentioned and asked what it was they were saying about him.

"Well," answered one, "to tell the truth, we were disputing as to whether you are a fool or a rogue."

Taking an arm of each, he said: "I think I can best settle that—I am something between the two."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Wire Waste Baskets—Metal Waste Baskets. The Brady Standard.

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor
Absorbed the Brady Enterprise and the McCulloch County Star May 2nd, 1910

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

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, Jan. 17, 1922.

HONEST INJUN.

Politics may have been a "dirty game," but with ladies running for office and ladies voting for officers, it looks like politics was in for a clean sweep.

LAW AND ORDER CAMPAIGN.

Governor Neff has inaugurated a campaign for law and order, and has called upon "every pastor who preaches, every editor who writes and every speaker who talks, to preach a sermon, write an editorial or make a speech advocating the supremacy of the law and obedience to the law of the land."

In which worthy effort, the Governor has our whole-hearted and earnest support.

It is time for a clean-up in the state. The criminals, the vags, the vicious law-breakers and law-defiers must go. There is no place for them in the great state of Texas.

When there comes a time that life, liberty and pursuit of happiness is no longer possible to the people of the United States because they rest under the shadow and the fear of the thug, the cut-throat, the "invisible" mob, then it is high time that the blindfold was removed and that Justice be meted out to the law-breakers and the evil-doers.

Let every citizen join with Governor Neff in promoting law and order. Let us remove the menace that crime and disorder bring with them. Let us preserve this great nation and this great state as a haven to the oppressed, whether it be the oppression of tyrannical governments or of criminal classes.

HOLDING PROGRESS DOWN.

There are statistics showing that bricklayers in 1909 got 56 cents an hour for work and laid 1,100 brick a day. In 1920 bricklayers received \$1.25 an hour and laid 541 brick a day. This is not the only instance where production went down as wages went up.

In fact, organized labor generally has the indictment placed against it of lessening output as a means of creating demand for labor, and thereby affording a lever to raise wages. Whether this bill of indictment would support a conviction it cannot be said, but it may be said for certain that organized labor always insists on increased pay, but has never been known to insist on an honest day's work with an increased output.

This country, including organized labor, is probably now suffering from this vicious doctrine of more pay and less output. Just as the bricklayers, carpenters, plasterers and others have boosted building costs and put up rents on all buildings, new and old, they have restricted building and made work scarce. With part time work and high rents and increased retail prices partly caused by high rents, high wages for small output is of very questionable advantage. So with mining and almost every line of manufacturing.

High wages and lessened output make the goods so high that they cannot be sold, and these workers are partly idle, pay high rents and high retail prices. The farmers, the largest body of workers of all, have not increased wages, cut hours and reduced output. The farmer is getting no more for a day's work than a bricklayer gets for an hour, but he is producing abundantly and staying on the job.

Farm products are being exported in large volume in spite of the restricted ability of the world to pay. Other goods are not being exported in any considerable volume.

Our country never will hold its rightful place as an exporter of manufactured goods, if the pretensions and expectations of organized labor are to be met.—Hamilton Herald-Record.

The Fife High School Journal

Volume I. Fife, Texas, Tuesday, January 17, 1921. Number 1.

Nova Doyle Editor-in-Chief
Imogene Tedder Literary Society Editor
Bertie Lee Coonrod Athletic Editor
Roy Doyle Joke Editor

Composed twice a month by the members of the Grady E. Doyle Literary Society of the Fife High School.

Be Attentive to Your Classes.

Thomas A. Edison is making the entire business world set up and take notice of his methods of work. All have heard of Mr. Edison's methods and have read his sample questionnaires. These tests are simple measurements of your remembering powers. In a few years when you are seeking a position somewhere you will have one of these questionnaires thrust upon you. Your ability to answer will depend upon the attention that you have paid to the important things going on around you. The fellow who does not pay attention in class will doubtless have a hard time answering these questions. Think this over and pay more attention in class.

You don't need to shout, "Come and see what I do."

"Come gaze at my speed as my goal I pursue."

You don't need a bugle to summon the throng.

To watch you perform, or to cheer you along;

You don't need to boast of your strength or your skill,

Or the things that you know of your courage and will.

Put your trumpet away—there is no need to blow it.

Just do your work well and the whole world will know it.

—Selected.

Literary Society.

Our society met Monday, January 2nd, but since the celebration of the holidays everyone seemed to have lost interest. Now, since the holidays are over, let's get down to real work and make these meetings worth while.

(1) Let's arouse, organize, and enlist all loyal students of the Fife High School for a personal part in the task of renewing and making a more vigorous effort to build up the society.

(2) All the pupils of the Fife High School are eligible to become members, the only requirement being a willingness to take part in the work.

(3) Let us maintain by our personal efforts a high standard of scholarship in our school.

(4) Permanent growth is slow. Try to realize that you are building for your future life, and everything that you take part in in this society will help you later.

Everyone should be a member of

our Literary Society. Now is the time to join. There is a reason. The whole school must pull together. "United we stand; Divided we fall."

"If the day looks kinder gloomy, And your chance is kinder slim; If the situation's puzzlin' And the prospects awful grim, And the outlook is depressin' Till all hopes are nearly gone, Just buckle up and grit your teeth, And keep on keeping on." —Selected.

ATHLETICS.

The girls of the Fife High school basket ball team are still progressing. They played a game with the Whon girls Thursday January 5th, the score being 30 to 5 in Fife's favor. The Whon girls came expecting to win, but they accepted the overwhelming defeat good naturedly.

On Friday afternoon January 6th, the Pear Valley junior and senior boys' basket ball teams met the Fife boys on Fife's court. The game was a very interesting one, but on account of lack of practice the senior boys were defeated by a score of 19 to 11. The junior boys made a good showing and, although it was their first game, the score was 4 to 4. With a little more practice and the splendid coaching of Mr. Young, our boys' teams have a splendid outlook for the future.

On Saturday, January 7th, the girls' team journeyed to Whon and on that court played them another game. Our girls won by a score of 26 to 11. The game was extremely rough but no one was hurt. There was very little star playing in the first half as both sides played so rough. However, in the last half there was some good team work and superior playing shown by the Fife girls.

Much credit for the splendid playing of the girls goes to Miss Knola King, who has worked untiringly to give us a winning girls' basket ball team.

JOKES.

Why I come to school— To get more sleep—Finis Dennis. To get out of doing the dishes—Myrl Baldridge. To tease the girls—Joe Baldridge. Nothing else to do—Other Dennis. To learn—Imogene Tedder. To play ball.—The teams.

We'd like to see—

Barton Guyton as a cowboy. Cyril Farmer flirt with a girl. Eddie Ranne six feet tall. Gay Mitchell looking stern. Mr. Young weighing two hundred pounds.

Joe—"Papa, what holds us on the earth?"

Mr. B.—"The law of gravitation, my son."

Joe—"What held us on before the law was passed?"

(Mr. Young to Roy Roach)—"Roy, what is a high school boys vocabulary?"

Roy—"I don't know."

Mr. Young—"Exactly!"

Some people are born to trouble, and some have trouble thrust upon them, while others just go out and buy a second-hand car.

Mr. Young—"Why is English called the mother tongue?"

Finis—"Because father never gets a chance to use it."

Arthur—"This paper tells of a man out in Ohio who lives on onions alone."

Myrl—"Well, anyone who lives on onions ought to live alone."

Mr. Young—"Ethel, parse the word, 'kiss.'"

Ethel—"This word is a noun but is usually more common than proper. It is not very singular in that it is usually used in the plural. It agrees with me."

Bertie Lee—"Ads, you look sweet enough to eat."

Ada—"I do eat; where shall we go?"

On a bright sunny morning, In the middle of the night, Two stone dead boys got up to fight. A deaf and dumb cop heard the noise And knocked the very life from the two dead boys.

Mr. Young—"Barton, I had to flunk you in the test. Do you know why?"

Barton—"I haven't any idea."

Mr. Young—"That's exactly the reason."

This is what Bertie Lee was telling Cyril:

You see a beautiful girl walking down the street. She of course, is feminine. If she is singular, you are nominative. You walk across to chance to verbal, and then become dative. If she doesn't object you become plural. You walk home together. Her mother is accusative and you become imperative. You walk in, sit down and talk of the future but she becomes objective. You kiss her and she becomes masculine. Her father becomes present, things are tense and you become the past participle. —Selected.

Announcements

Congressional \$15.00
District 10.00
County 10.00
Precinct 5.00
Public Weigher 10.00
Commissioner 5.00
Justice of the Peace 5.00
Constable 5.00
City Offices 5.00
(One insertion per week.)

Terms: Strictly cash in advance. No announcements inserted unless cash accompanies same. Announcements inserted in order in which fees are paid at this office. Fee includes 100-word announcement to be furnished by candidate; all over 100 words at the rate of 10c per line. Fees do not include subscription to The Brady Standard.

The Standard is authorized to make the following announcements, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary:

- For District Clerk: FRANK W. LOHN, MISS MAGGIE McKEAND
For County Tax Assessor: H. R. HODGES (Re-Election), P. A. CAMPBELL
For County Treasurer: JUNE COORPENDER (Re-Election), MRS. NONA MONTGOMERY
For County Judge: EVANS J. ADKINS (Re-Election)
For County Sheriff: J. C. WALL (Re-Election)
For County Clerk: W. J. YANTIS (Re-Election), HENRY D. BRADLEY
For County Superintendent of Public Instruction: W. M. DEANS (Re-Election), Mrs. M. L. STALLINGS
For Commissioner Pre. No. 1: WALTER W. JORDAN
For Commissioner Precinct No. 3: J. F. PRIEST (Re-Election)
For Public Weigher Pre. No. 1: ED JACOBY (Re-Election)

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Classy-FI-Ad rate is 1 1/2c 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—Second-hand Corrugated Iron. See N. T. COOK, at Brady Compress Co.

FOR SALE or Trade—Fat hogs, by C. M. LIVERMAN, at J. E. Brown's place, 4 miles northwest of Brady.

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

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

FOR SALE—Eggs, \$1.50 a setting, from thoroughbred White Leghorn hens. JOHN JOHNSON, O K Blacksmith shop, Brady.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Brown Leghorns, hens and roosters; also Big Bone Poland China hogs. See J. B. MILLER, Rt. 2, Brady.

WANTED

WANTED—Load of clean, bright Johnson grass hay. Apply at Brady Standard office.

WANTED to Trade—for small farm; Voca country preferred. Call, or address C. M. LIVERMAN, Brady, Texas, Route 1.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished or unfurnished house, 6 rooms, sleeping porch and bath. See L. W. St. CLAIR.

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.

LOST

LOST—Saturday on streets of Brady, string of pearl beads; diamond set clasp. \$1.00 reward to return to Standard office.

LOST—White cur dog; brown left ear, and brown over left eye; fresh cut on throat. \$5.00 reward for recovery. Notify J. E. WHITE, Brady.

FOUND

FOUND—Ladies hand bag, containing rings. Owner may recover at Standard office by describing and paying for this notice.

When you have Hides, Furs, Poultry, Eggs or Produce for sale, we will appreciate a part of your business. We are also in the market for several hundred bushels of wheat; if you have any for sale, see the man with the fur collar, SPILLER & KIRKLEN, across alley from Rohde Market.

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

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

ADVERTISING RATE FOR CARDS: One Inch Card, one time a week, per month \$1.00

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, County of McCulloch. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain Execution issued out of the Honorable County Court of McCulloch County, of the 6th day of January, 1922 by W. J. Yantis, County Clerk of said McCulloch County, for the sum of Eight Hundred Seven and 46-100 (\$807.46) Dollars and costs of suit, under an Execution, in favor of R. E. Nix, Guardian in a certain cause in said Court No. 678 and styled R. E. Nix, Guardian vs. C. V. Curry, placed in my hands for service, I, J. C. Wall, as Sheriff of McCulloch County, Texas, did on the 6th day of January, 1922, levy on certain Real Estate, situated in McCulloch County, Texas, described as follows, to-wit: Being a 1-36 interest and being all his interest in and to 128 1-20 acres of land situated in McCulloch County out of the E. H. Danken Surv. No. 1216 and 1217, Cert. No. 691; Abst. No. 194 and 195. Also his undivided 8-36 interest and being all his interest in and to 160 acres of land situated near Rochelle in McCulloch County, Texas, and being all of the W. G. Willoughby survey No. 783, Abst. No. 2083, patented to C. H. Hamberg by patent No. 64, Vol. 17, and levied upon as the property of C. V. Curry and that on the first Tuesday in February 1922, the same being the 7th day of said month, at the Court House door, of McCulloch County, in the town of Brady, McCulloch County, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., by virtue of said levy and said Execution I will sell said above described Real Estate at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said C. V. Curry.

And in compliance with law, I give this notice by publication, in the English language, once a week for three consecutive weeks immediately preceding said day of sale, in The Brady Standard, a newspaper published in McCulloch County. Witness my hand, this 6th day of January 1922. J. C. WALL, Sheriff McCulloch County, Texas.

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# The GIRL AND A HORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$400,000, lies in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a pinto horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford meets from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a flooded mine.

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while, his idea finally centering on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow traveler was a mining engineer, Charles Bullerton. Bullerton refuses him information, but from other sources Broughton learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville, in the Red desert.

CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform at Atropia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appears to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. He presses, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angela. There he finds that Atropia was originally Placerville, his destination. Unable to secure a conveyance at once to take him to Placerville, Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Beasley, that he is slightly demented.

CHAPTER V.—Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked, and escapes on foot. In the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback, and the girl, after he explains his presence, she invites him to her home, at the Old Cinnabar mine, to meet her father.

CHAPTER VI.—Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter, Stannie. Seeing the girl, Stanford is satisfied he has located his property, but does not reveal his identity.

CHAPTER VII.—Next morning, with Hiram, he visits the mine. Hiram asks him to look over the machinery, and he does so, glad of an excuse to be near Stannie, in whom he has become interested, and he engages in the first real work he has ever done.

It was all off with me from that time on. For what was left of the evening, Bullerton played a solo. I got full-up on the performance about nine o'clock, and climbed my ladder and went to bed, muffling my head in the blankets so that I wouldn't have to lie there and listen to the bagpipe drone of Bullerton's voice in the room below.

In morose discouragement I recalled the few things I had learned about drowned mines while I was knocking about in the Cripple Creek district trying to trace Bullerton. Particularly I remembered my talk with Hiltou, the man who had finally put me upon what had proved to be the right track in the tracing job. He had talked quite freely. Sometimes the flood was only the tapping of an underground stream, as when one digs a well; in other cases—and these were most common in the Cripple Creek region—the source of the flood would be found in a buried lake or reservoir, large or not so large, as the luck might have it. If the source were a lake—so Hiltou had said—there was little use in trying to pump the mine dry.

Mulling over these discouraging bits of information, I was naturally led back to the Pullman smoking-room talk with Bullerton. I remembered, with a sharp little flick of the memory whip, which, as it seemed, he had backed up a year earlier with a thousand dollars of real money—the deposit in the Omaha bank made to cover my grandfather's bargain binder. What he had said was, "I'm reasonably certain that I discovered a way in which that mine can be drained at comparatively small expense."

Had he really discovered a way—and with no better data than a study of the maps? Staring down at the black pool which Daddy and I hadn't been able to lower by so much as a fraction of an inch in a week's pumping, I doubted it.

I was stumbling out toward the engine room with my head down and my hands in my pockets when I heard footsteps coming from the direction of the shaft beyond the dump. Looking out, I saw Bullerton sauntering over to the shaft-house. Though I knew that some sort of a wrangle with him was inevitable, I was perfectly willing to postpone it, so I edged into the blacksmith shop and sat down on the anvil, hoping he might miss me and go away. But there was nothing coming to me on that bet.

"I saw your lead when you left the house," he began, after he had found me and had dug out of an empty dynamite box for a seat. "Don't you think

quick east and you can't marry her because you haven't money enough. Half a loaf is better than no bread; and I'm offering you very nearly the half loaf. Take a day or so to think it over. I'm in no hurry." And with that he went back to the cabin across the dump and left me warming the anvil.

I guess it will say itself that the next few days stacked up about as wretched an interval as I had ever been called upon to put over. Bullerton had a masterful sort of grip that seemed to give him a strange hold upon everything he tackled. At table and in the evenings before the fire he monopolized the talk and the rest of us sat around like stout-bottles and let him do it.

It didn't help matters out much when Daddy Hiram, chasing me up on one of the days when I was dodging Bullerton, gave me the sealed envelope which my grandfather had left with him. As will be remembered, it was on the night of Bullerton's arrival at the Cinnabar that I had told Daddy and his daughter who I was, and the subject hadn't been again referred to by any of us. But now Daddy, having overtaken me on one of the trails above the mine, sat beside me on a flat rock and we had it out together.

"You knew who I was from the first, Daddy?" I asked.

"Not right plumb at first, no," he qualified. "You see, I didn't know who I was looking for. Always reckoned somebody'd be along, 'f course, but I hadn't had any idea who 'r when."

"I'm afraid I've been a pretty sorry disappointment to you," I muttered. "I have no money and I don't know enough to be any good at the mining game. And that reminds me: my grandfather paid you a regular salary for the caretaking, didn't he?"

"Uh-huh."

"That has been discontinued since his death?"

"I reckon so."

"I have a little income of my own; not much, but enough for the way we're living here. It must be understood that I share it with you and Stannie, so long as I stay with you."

"Ain't no need of 'your doin' that, Stannie. I got a little stake hid out for a pinch."

In all this, you will notice, there was no word said about Bullerton. We sat in silence for a while, Daddy chewing a spear of grass. After a time he called attention to the envelope which I still held unopened in my hands.

"Don't ye want to know what your gran'pa says?" he asked mildly.

At this I slit the end of the envelope. Its contents were a deed in fee simple to the Cinnabar and a note to me, written in Grandfather Jasper's cramped, old-fashioned handwriting. In the note he merely said that he was leaving me a property which had cost him pretty well up to half a million and that he hoped I'd brace up and go to work and make something out of it, adding that if I hadn't been such a hopeless idler all my life he might have considered the propriety of adding an experimental fund to the gift. As it was, I must work out my own salvation—if I were anxious to possess any of that commodity.

I think it was on the fourth day after his arrival that Bullerton cornered me again and again it was in the deserted blacksmith shop.

"Well, Broughton," he began abruptly, seating himself once more upon the empty dynamite box. "I've given you plenty of time to think it over. Where do you stand now?"

"Not for anything you may say or do, or leave unsaid or undone."

"Yes, you will; and for something that I may say. And I guess this is as good a time as any to mention it. Have you forgotten that you have advertised yourself in this out-of-the-way corner of the world rather successfully as one of two things: a pretty dangerous sort of lunatic, or—a criminal? As a matter of fact, the railroad detectives have been looking high, low and level for you ever since you stole that inspection motor at the Angela platform and got it smashed."

"Probably knows about that; and so does Miss Twombly," I cut in.

"They wouldn't give you away, of course; in a certain sense you are Twombly's guest, and in another you're his employer. But you'll notice that neither of these restrictions apply to me. Now, perhaps, you can understand just why you are obliged, in ordinary prudence, to leave the girl out of it—and why I am not so obliged."

"Miss Twombly, herself, has the casting vote on that," is what I flung at him.

"She has already voted," he said coolly. Then: "You're not in the game, Broughton; you don't hold anything higher than a seven-spot, and you are bucking a straight flush. Do you take fifty thousand and vanish? That is the one live question of the moment."

"No."

"Very well; I'll give you another day to think it over; but I'm warning you here and now that the price will shrink. It is fifty thousand today, say up to sunset; tomorrow it will be forty thousand."

I slid from the anvil and half unconsciously picked up the blacksmith's hand-hammer.

"You go straight to h—l," I said; and at that he left me.

I sat down to try once more to think things out to some sort of an action focus. Should I take Bullerton's fifty thousand and quit? Common sense said Yes, spelling it with a capital and underscoring it for emphasis. What was the use in hanging on? Hadn't we proved that the mine was undrainable, save, perhaps, at the enormous cost of driving an under-running tunnel from a lower slope of the mountain?

Then there was Stannie. Then, again, there was Lisette. Fifty thousand dollars at six per cent would buy her hats—but it wouldn't buy much else. I could picture the calm and collected way in which she would say, "Yes, Stannie; you've succeeded nicely in financing the hats. But you know as well as I do that we couldn't buy hats and keep a car on three thousand a year."

I had just climbed down to this bottom round of the ladder of dejection when I heard a bit of noise and looked up to see a small, trim figure darkening the engine-room door. Then a voice that I would have recognized in a thousand voices all speaking at once, said:

"Mr. Broughton—Stannie, are you here?"

CHAPTER IX.  
To Fish or Cut Bait.  
It is nothing short of wonderful how the sonnet grouch can sometimes be banished by a single word. That word "Stannie," you know; she had never called me that before; though her father had been using the familiar handle, western-wise, right along, almost from the day I landed on the Cinnabar reservation.

Blood, had been giving her his own version of things. But I let that part of it go.

"Grandfather Jasper was laboring for the good of my soul. He knew his 'medium,' as the artists say. He wanted to make me work—something that nobody else has ever been able to do."

"Don't you like to work?"

"Why-e-e, I guess I'm like other folk in that respect. I don't mind working if I can pick my job—and my company. I've been having a bully good time hammering around this old bunch of junk with your father. Or I was having one until Satan came also."

"Meaning Mr. Bullerton?"

"Quite so; meaning Mr. Bullerton, christened 'Charles.'"

"Ought I to stay here and listen if you're going to say things about him?"

"Not if you are going to marry him, you shouldn't."

"Well, why shouldn't I marry him if I want to? Hasn't he plenty of money? And haven't I told you that I'd marry for money?"

"Humph!" said I; "when you talk that way you are saying out loud just what Lisette says to herself—only you don't mean it and she does. But tell me how did you get permission to come over here and talk with me?"

"Whose permission—Daddy's?"

"No; Bullerton's, of course."

"I don't have to ask it—yet."

"Not yet, but soon," I grinned. "All things come to him—or her—who waits. Just the same, you shouldn't have come. It's cruelty to animals. After a man has traveled thousands of miles to sit at the feet of the one girl in the universe, only to find himself elbowed by a brown-whiskered jeet—"

"Hush!" she chided. "Can't you ever be serious? You are not sitting at anybody's feet. What are you going to do about the mine?"

capturing one more little thing: no more chummy little tete-a-tetes in the starlight, old man, or I shall be obliged to put the gad to you; the railroad gad, you know."

It made me so boiling hot to have him admit, thus baldly, that he had been spying upon Jennie and me the previous evening that I could scarcely see straight.

"That will be about enough!" I barked. "I told you the other day that there were limits, and you've walked up and looked over the edge two or three times. You may think you have as many lives as a cat, but I doubt it!"

He laughed and threw back the lapel of his coat to show me a regulation six-gun slung by a shoulder strap under his left arm.

"You pulled a hammer on me yesterday," he said, letting the laugh lapse into a grin that showed his fine mouthful of teeth, "and you probably didn't know that you would have been a dead man before you could swing it. Oh, yes; I could do it, and any coroner's jury in the Red desert would acquit me; dangerous lunatic—self-defense, you know. That's a word to the wise, and it ought to be sufficient. But I have a better life-insurance policy than any that the six-gun could write me: you're in love with Jennie Twombly—in spite of that girl back East; and because you are, you are not going to make her a widow before the fact. You're not selling your mine for forty thousand—cold cash—this morning?"

"Not this morning or any other morning."

"Good. I can afford to stick around here a few days longer, I guess—at the rate of ten thousand dollars a day. So long." And he picked his way out of the clutter of the shop and went across to the cabin—and Jennie.

Later, along in this same day, while I was standing at the shaft mouth and staring down at the water that was keeping me out of my heritage, Daddy Hiram came up.

"Still a-puzzlin' over it, Stannie?" he asked, in the sympathetic tone that he always used when he spoke of the Great Disappointment.

"There's nothing to it, Daddy," I gloomed. "Bullerton has me by the neck, and he knows it."

He tiptoed to the door and peeped out.

"You've heard 'em say 'at curiosity killed a cat," he said, out of the corner of his mouth; "well, the cat's a-comin'. Skip out o' that other door, Stannie, and hit for the timber. I'll ketch up with you in a little spell."

I didn't know exactly what he was driving at until after I got clear of the mine buildings and was climbing the slope of the mountain above. Then



"If You Want to Go to Law—Sail In."

a wheel until I tell you to go ahead. So your contract, if you've got one, doesn't amount to a hill of beans."

"That point may make a nice little question for the courts to decide," he snapped. "But I don't want to go to law about this thing, and neither do you. As a matter of fact, you haven't any money to throw away in a legal scrap. You make me a deed to fifty-one per cent of the Cinnabar property, just as it stands, and then you may go back East and enjoy yourself playing marbles, or pitch and toss, or red dog—whatever your pet diversion may happen to be. Fifty-one per cent and you give me a clear field—not stick around, I mean. That goes as it lies."

"Huh!" I scoffed. "A while back you were talking about pulling the law on me. You can't make anything like that stand in the courts and you know it mightly well."

"Maybe not; but I can make it stand with you—which is much more to the purpose. You said a minute ago that I couldn't turn a wheel without your consent. You can't turn a wheel at all—without money."

His rubbing the poverty gibe into me made me madder than ever and I thought it was about time to tell him where he got off.



"Mr. Broughton—Stannie, Are You Here?"

ing the engine-room door. Then a voice that I would have recognized in a thousand voices all speaking at once, said:

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"Yes," I said, and jumped up and went to her.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing as a bear with a sore head?" she asked, in the tone of a schoolmarm asking the dull boy if he'd ever heard of the letter "A."



He Waved Me to a Seat, on a Pile of Broken Rock.

I looked back and saw Bullerton sauntering across the dump head. He was evidently bent on another little job of spying; either that, or else he didn't want Daddy and me to get together by ourselves.

(Continued Next Week)

When you have Hides, Furs, Poultry, Eggs or Produce for sale, we will appreciate a part of your business. We are also in the market for several hundred bushels of wheat; if you have any for sale, see the man with the fur collar. SPILLER & KIRKLEN, across alley from Rohde Market.

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

His Opportunity.  
A witty Irishman was once invited to a large dinner party in the hope that he would amuse and divert his host's guests. But from the beginning to the end of the dinner he preserved a solemn and serious face. The host thought this very strange.

"Why, old fellow," he remarked, "I don't believe the biggest fool in America could make you laugh tonight."

"Try," was the wit's cunning rejoinder.

# New Oxfords and Pumps

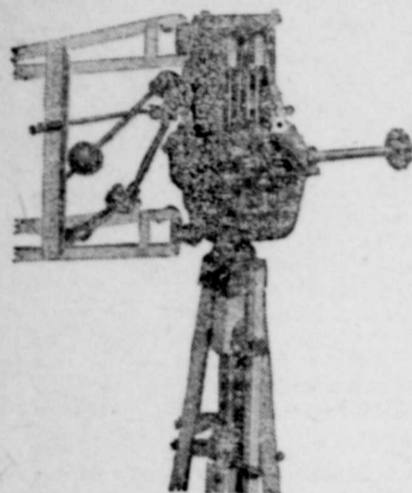
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### For County Superintendent of Public Schools.

Mrs. M. L. Stallings, believing that she is qualified to perform the duties devolving upon a county school superintendent, announces her candidacy for that office, in McCulloch county, subject to the actions of the Democratic party, at the July primary.

During the administrations of Superintendent J. K. Baze and Superintendent E. L. White, Mrs. Stallings served as a member of the Board of Examiners, for teachers in McCulloch county, and gave eminent satisfaction. She has had many years of successful experience as teacher in the public schools of this state. She now holds a first-grade, permanent state certificate, to teach in the public schools of Texas.

Texas now has many women filling the office of county superintendent, and demonstrating fully their efficiency.

Mrs. Stallings will greatly appreciate your vote and influence, and will exert her energies and ability, to the utmost, to further the interests of your schools.

### Frank W. Lohn for District Clerk.

Frank W. Lohn in this issue makes formal announcement of his candidacy for the office of District Clerk, which will be vacated by the present incumbent P. A. Campbell, at the end of his term. In doing so, Mr. Lohn feels that he is especially well qualified to fill the office by reason of the experience gained while in charge of the county clerk's office last summer during the vacation of Mr. Yantis, and during which period Mr. Lohn handled the affairs of that office in a painstaking and efficient manner. Mr. Lohn is a McCulloch county product, the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Lohn of Waldrip, and enjoys a wide acquaintance in the northern part of the county. He served two years during the war, being in the artillery service, and upon his discharge attended college. The past year he spent at home with his parents. Mr. Lohn will make a thorough canvass of the county before the July primary, and in the meantime will appreciate the careful consideration of his candidacy, hoping thereby to merit the vote and support of men and lady voters alike.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Hall's Catarrh Cure has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Poison from the Blood and healing the diseased portions. After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Cure for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Cure at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists. 75c.

### For Commissioner Precinct No. 1.

In this issue, Walter W. Jordan announces himself a candidate for County Commissioner in Precinct No. 1, and in so doing, desires to call attention of the voters to his qualifications for the office. Reared in McCulloch county, and having lived in Brady all his life, Mr. Jordan enjoys a widespread acquaintance, and he is well known to practically every citizen of this precinct. The greater part of his life has been engaged in the real estate business, by reason of which he is well acquainted with land values, which fact alone will be of great service to the county, should he be elected commissioner. Further than that, Mr. Jordan is progressive, and will put forth every endeavor to advance the interests of his constituents, and of the county as a whole, at every opportunity. He does not expect to make an active canvass but, with the assistance of friends who have been instrumental in bringing about his announcement for the office, he expects to make a successful race. He will highly appreciate the vote and support of all, the ladies as well as the men.

### Miss Maggie McKeand for District Clerk.

Miss Maggie McKeand places her name before the voters this week as a candidate for the office of District Clerk, to succeed P. A. Campbell, who retires from that office at the close of his present term. Miss McKeand feels that she is especially well qualified to fill the office, having had one year's experience as deputy county clerk in McCulloch county. She was born in Burnet county, Texas, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney McKeand, well-known and highly esteemed citizens of Fife. She was educated in the public schools at Lam-pasa; and at Baylor college at Belton. She has taught school for five years, and is now teaching in the Brady public schools. In addition, she took a business course and has had five years' experience as stenographer and typist. During her business career, she was employed at Brownsville, and possesses recommendation of the highest character from business men of that city. Miss McKeand expects to make an active campaign, and hopes to meet every voter personally. Meanwhile, she will greatly appreciate the vote and support of all, both ladies and men.

When you have Hides, Furs, Poultry, Eggs or Produce for sale, we will appreciate a part of your business. We are also in the market for several hundred bushels of wheat; if you have any for sale, see the man with the fur collar. SPILLER & KIRKLEN, across alley from Rohde Market.

### Henry D. Bradley for County Clerk.

Henry D. Bradley, well-known and highly esteemed citizen of Fife, is a candidate for the office of County Clerk, his announcement appearing in this issue. Born and reared in this county, and the son of Mrs. L. Bradley of Fife, Mr. Bradley's acquaintance extends not only throughout his home section, but over the county in general. He has the encouragement and support of a great number of close personal friends in his ambitions, and expects to earnestly and thoroughly canvass the entire county in the interests of his candidacy. Mr. Bradley appeals to men and lady voters alike for earnest consideration of his candidacy, feeling thoroughly competent to discharge the duties of the office, and promising efficient and careful attention to the work, if he is the choice of the voters, as well as every courtesy that may lie within his powers.

### For Public Weigher, Precinct No. 1.

Ed Jacoby is a candidate to succeed himself as Public Weigher in Precinct No. 1, and respectfully asks consideration of his capability by the voters. Mr. Jacoby is now completing his first term in office, during which he has given universal satisfaction. His previous training as manager of the Farmers Union Warehouse over a period of eleven years, has stood him in good stead, and in filling his present office, he has constantly endeavored to be fair and just at all times and in all particulars. In view of his experience and recognized ability, Mr. Jacoby feels that no one can give better service than he, and he hopes to have merited the approval and support of the voters, both the men and the ladies. If again favored with the office, he promises faithful attention, and careful and impartial performance of his duties.

### W. M. Deans for Re-Election.

W. M. Deans offers his name in this issue to the voters as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent of Public Instruction. Much progress has been made in the school work in the five years that Mr. Deans has superintended the affairs, and the McCulloch county schools rank with the best in the state. Always interested in promoting everything that is of benefit and advantageous to the schools, Mr. Deans has given wholeheartedly of his time and services, and he feels that he can be of still greater service in the future than in the past. In asking for re-election, Mr. Deans places his record before the voters, both ladies and men, and hopes that careful consideration of the same will show that he merits another term in office. He will appreciate the vote and support of his friends.

### Mrs. Nona Montgomery for Treasurer.

Mrs. Nona Montgomery respectfully calls attention of the voters to her announcement as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer. In offering for this office, Mrs. Montgomery feels confident of her ability to carefully and competently administer the affairs of the office, and will heartily appreciate and earnestly solicit the vote and support of both ladies and men. Mrs. Montgomery has resided in Brady the past twenty years, and while holding positions with local stores, has extended her acquaintance far and wide over the county, as well as gaining popularity with all by reason of her universal courtesy and cheerful disposition. She is a sister of Harvey Walker, one of McCulloch's most popular county judges, and has the promise of the support of many of his old-time friends and supporters. Mrs. Montgomery needs the office and hopes to win the favor and support of all in the thorough canvass of the county which she will make prior to the July primary.

### So He Kept on Walking.

Jones, always unlucky, was now on his last legs. All night long he had been tramping the streets of London, for he had no money, no home, no bed, no friends.

But stay! Suddenly he realized that the road down which he was walking was Somersault road and that in Somersault road had once resided Jenkins, his pal of former days. It was midnight, but he would throw himself upon Jenkins' mercy.

No. 37A—that was the house. He mounted the steps. There was only a dim light flickering in the hall, but he gave the bell a vigorous pull. Soon he found himself face to face with a woman of grim and terrible aspect—dressing gowned, curl papered.

"Does Mr. Jenkins live here?" he faltered.

"He does!" snapped the lady. "Bring him straight in!" And Jones resumed his tramping.—Tid-Bits.

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