

FLORSHEIM SHOES--BEST MADE--MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

ORGANIZE WOLF CLUB SATURDAY; TO OFFER BOUNTY

P. C. Dutton, president of the McCulloch County Sheep & Goat Growers association, has issued a call for a mass meeting of all land owners of the county next Saturday for the purpose of organizing a Wolf club, and authorizing a bounty to be paid upon wolf scalps. Since early in the year the depredations of wolves have been especially severe. Lambs, pigs, kids and chickens have been the prey, and all sections of the county have been preyed upon. Some stock raisers report losses running up into the hundreds of dollars. One big lobo covers a range of several sections ten miles east of town, committing all his depredations in broad daylight. He has been sighted several times and shot at, but without effect, and he is too cunning to be caught in ordinary traps.

It is planned to offer a bounty sufficient to attract expert trappers to this section, and to rid the entire county of the wolves. Mason county, south of here, already has a wolf bounty in effect.

BRADY LOSES OPENER LAST HALF OF COLEMAN SERIES ON LOCAL GROUNDS MONDAY

The first game of the second half of the Brady-Coleman championship series was grabbed off by Coleman on the local diamonds Monday afternoon by a score of 6 to 1. The visitors cinched the game in the first inning, when they landed freely on Pitcher Woods' offerings for a total of three hits and two scores. In the third frame they added two more scores by reason of a couple of costly errors on the part of the locals, and in the fourth a hit and an error followed by another timely hit gave them two more tallies. On the other hand, all the breaks appeared against Brady. A bad bounce over Gibbon Roberts head gave the visitors an earned hit. Hardin Jones was called out at first sack, although the baseman was two foot off the sack. This was in the sixth, when Brady staged a rally, had made two scores, and Buck Bailey was on second with every chance to score also. Then in the 8th, Roberts was called out at home plate, although it was plainly evident to the grandstand that Catcher Craig never got the ball on him. In the 9th, Adkins hit a fly into deep center and that looked good to hit the fence, but center fielder O. Craig managed to glue on to it by sensational effort.

Buck Bailey was the hero of the fray. In the 6th, Woosley walked, and J. Fuller landed safely on first sack by reason of an error on the part of the left fielder. Buck came to the bat just at this time and lamed out a drive over left fielder's head that landed Buck on second base.

In the last of the fourth, after Coleman had netted 5 hits off of Woods, there was a general shake-up in the Brady line-up. J. Fuller took the mound, Robertson caught him, Buck Bailey played short, and C. Fuller took the left garden. The change evidently jinxed the visitors as they were unable to do anything further than get one lone hit off of Fuller.

The line-up:

Brady—	Coleman—
J. Fuller, ss-p	Dodd, 2b
Bailey, c-ss	Green, 1b
H. Jones, 1b	Blevins, rf
Adkins, 3b	Collins, lf
Robertson, lf-c	Craig, c
B. Jones, rf	Farley, ss
Woods, p	Wright, 3b
Roberts, 2b	O. Craig, cf
Woosley, cf	Steadman, p
C. Fuller, lf	
*Swallow, 1b	

*Swallow replaced H. Jones in the last half of the 8th.

Score by innings:
Brady 000 002 010—3
Coleman 202 200 000—6

Summary of Game—Struck Out:

RECOUNT SHOWS NO ERRORS IN RETURNS ELECTION

Official recount of the ballots by the Democratic Executive committee last Saturday failed to disclose any errors in the original and unofficial election returns by which Otis C. Waddill of Rochelle, Texas, won the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of McCulloch county over J. C. Wall of Brady, incumbent, by one vote. The count stands 1115 for Waddill and 1114 for Wall. So far, Sheriff Wall declines to make any statement concerning a possible contest of the election.

Mr. Wall is one of the pioneers—in point of citizenship as well as from the standpoint of a public servant—and is now rounding out his twenty-fourth year of service as sheriff of McCulloch county. Originally locating in Brady in December 1883, he was for a time engaged in the grain business, and later established the first livery stable in Brady under the firm name of Wall & Walker Bros. In 1894 he was first elected sheriff and tax collector, serving in that capacity for twelve years. In 1910 he was elected sheriff of the county, serving uninterruptedly in this capacity since. Prior to his first election he served four years as county commissioner. He is one of the old stalwarts, and his name is indelibly linked with those of Texas' most efficient public officers in the criminal history of the state, and his fame has carried to all sections of this great commonwealth.

His successful political opponent, Mr. Waddill, is a man comparatively young in years. For thirty-six years—which represents his entire life—he has lived in the Rochelle neighborhood, where he has engaged in farming. He is single, stands over six foot in his stocking feet, and has all the attributes of a fearless and sturdy supporter of the law. He comes from one of the pioneer families of this section—a family which stands high in the esteem of everyone, and who, incidentally, for nearly a quarter of a century have been loyal supporters of the man who has just lost the Democratic nomination for sheriff to their son.

The entire campaign was gone through in a spirit of friendship and friendly rivalry that won commendation from the entire citizenship.

By Woods, 2; by Fuller, 1; by Steadman, 7. Hits: Off Woods, 5; off Fuller, 1; off Steadman, 4. Two-Base Hits: Bailey. Bases on Balls: Off Fuller, 1; off Steadman, 1. Double Plays: Farley to Dodd to Green (2); Roberts to Swallow. Time of Game: 1:30. Umpire, Steffins.

Bids Wanted.

The trustees of the Calf Creek school will receive bids on the old wooden building which is located on the school grounds at Calf Creek.

The bids must be sealed and accompanied with a check amounting to 25% of the bid. The checks of the unsuccessful bidders will be returned to them.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids that seem unsatisfactory to them.

Bids must be filed with the undersigned by 10 a. m. August 19th, 1922.

Signed, J. F. ALEXANDER, President, Calf Creek Board, Calf Creek, Texas.

Card of Appreciation.

To the Ladies and Gentlemen who so kindly supported me in the race for Sheriff, I herewith express my sincere thanks and appreciation for your loyalty in placing me in this office; and I shall ever, by efficient service, try to merit your good will and assistance in fulfilling the duties incumbent upon me as your Sheriff.

Sincerely,
O. C. WADDILL.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION HELD SATURDAY ENDORSES HARDING ADMINISTRATION—ORGANIZE

Delegates in attendance upon the Republican convention held last Saturday report a rousing meeting, with some twenty delegates in attendance. Not only was Brady well represented, but various sections of the county also had delegates present. A. F. Grant, retiring chairman, called the meeting to order. Sam Graham was elected temporary chairman and George Henderson, temporary secretary.

Chairman Graham appointed a committee on resolutions and also a committee on organization. The committee on resolutions made a report endorsing the present administration and calling upon all fair-minded people who believe in an equitable tariff on raw materials as well as on manufactured articles to give their support to the Republican party. The committee report was adopted.

The committee on organization recommended that the temporary organization be made permanent. Mr. Graham was accordingly made permanent

INTEREST AROUSED BY AUGUST 1ST ANNOUNCEMENTS BUICK IMPROVEMENT

No single season in recent years has seen so many improvements in Buick cars as the present one; and never has the Buick line been so complete.

The engine, for example, is fitted with longer pistons and connecting rods, adding to the smoothness and long wear for which the Buick engine has always been noted. A new rear spring suspension has been devised which is undoubtedly the highest development of the cantilever type yet achieved. The frame, the transmission, the rear axle, the brakes, the bodies and their equipment, each shows the hand of the skilled designer by some new and valuable features.

The insurance companies have rated all fourteen models as Class "A" fire risks, because of the safety of their electrical and gasoline systems and have materially reduced the theft insurance rates. This means a big saving in insurance premiums over cars not so rated; it also indi-

TEXACO MOVING TO NEW LOCATION ON S. F. TRACKS

In the long list of building improvements in Brady, as enumerated in The Standard last Friday, the reporter overlooked the work being done in the removal of the Texaco station from its present location near the old Frisco depot a mile east of town, to its new location northeast of town on the Santa Fe right-of-way. Some \$3,000 is being spent by the Texas Company in building a new warehouse, out-houses, fences and tanks, and the work of improvement promises to give Brady one of the nicest and most up-to-date tank stations in this section of Texas.

Loading Them.

The new settlement worker was obtaining data as to the characters and habits of the residents in the negro section of the town to which she had been assigned. Aunt Mandy had been particularly boastful as to the fine qualities of her man.

"Is your husband a patient man?" inquired the worker.

"Deed he am," replied Mandy with pride. "Ah 'specks he'd de patient's man what is. He done spend all las' Sunday fixin' a new pair of dice to roll natural."—American Legion Weekly.

STRUCK MATCHES FLIPPED BY BOYS BURN 5000 ACRES

San Angelo, July 29.—Striking matches on their thumb nails in Bill Hart style and thoughtlessly flipping them out of their car caused the arrest of Herbert Lacey and Thurman Phillips, 16-year-old Austin boys, on charges of starting 20 different fires which Wednesday destroyed 5,000 acres of Sutton county grass lands.

The youths with E. V. Hutchins, 40, and Albert Crouch, 20, also of Austin, were bound over under bonds of \$2,500 each to await the grand jury action on charges of having maliciously set fire to the range.

Relatives and friends from Austin are expected to arrive at Sonora Saturday to furnish bail. Lacey says his father is a bond clerk in the comptroller's office in Austin. Phillips also proved a good past record.

Hutchins and the boys were motoring from Sierra Blanca to Austin when arrested at Junction following the prairie fires.

State Fair Thrift Tickets : : : Meet Approval : : :



Affording a saving and a convenience, State Fair Thrift tickets meet the approval of people all over Texas, who are buying them in advance, thus aiding the Fair and assuring themselves the convenience and saving offered.

chairman and Mr. Henderson permanent secretary.

H. N. Cook and A. F. Grant were elected delegates to the State convention, and also to the District convention.

No county ticket will be put out in the general election in November.

Appreciation.

To all my friends and supporters, ladies and gentlemen alike, I wish to express my great and sincere appreciation of the splendid vote given me, and which has enabled me to win the nomination without the necessity of entering the run-off primary. To all I would say that I will endeavor to give in return, faithful and efficient service and careful attention to the duties of the office of County Treasurer.

Sincerely, your friend,
NONA MONTGOMERY.

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, West Side Square.

Phone 265 for Polka Dot Dairy Feed, the properly balanced ration that increases the milk production and makes your cows healthy. MACY & CO.

STATE TAX RATE RAISE TO LIMIT—ADVALOREM 35c

Austin, July 29.—The state advalorem tax rate will be increased some time Saturday from 22 cents to the constitutional limit of 35 cents.

This increase is based on the reduction in property valuation of \$105,000,000. Last year the valuation of property in the state was \$3,455,360,089 and the decrease of \$105,000,000 this year makes it necessary to increase the tax rate so that no loss in revenue to the state will be felt.

LANDOWNERS OF McCULLOCH COUNTY!

The Executive committee of the Sheep & Goat Growers association has authorized a called meeting to be held at the court house next Saturday evening, August 5th, for the purpose of organizing a County-Wide Wolf club. Every landowner of McCulloch is earnestly requested to attend.

P. C. DUTTON, President
Sheep & Goat Growers Ass'n.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS



Card of Appreciation.

With due regard for the opinion of those who gave their votes to my opponents, I wish to take this method of expressing my appreciation to the voters of McCulloch county for their liberal support given me in my race for district clerk. Especially do I want to extend my thanks and appreciation to all my former pupils and their parents who so loyally worked for my election. By conscientious and faithful performance of the duties of the office, I hope to merit not only the approval of my supporters, but of the entire citizenship as well.

BOYD COMMANDER.

Glad to Help.

Arthur Balfour, while at a dinner during his visit to Washington, praised the negroes. "I visited Washington a good many years ago," he said. "All the hotel waiters were negroes then, and I confess I preferred the quaint service to the present sophisticated and elaborate service of the whites."

"The day of my arrival, when my waiter, an old negro with snowy wool, brought me the menu, I put a coin in his hand and said, 'Just bring me a good dinner, uncle.'"

"He brought me an exquisite dinner, and during my fortnight's stay we followed out this program daily. By pushing aside the menu and handing him the coin, he selected a much better dinner for me than I could have chosen myself."

"The day of my departure, as I took leave of him, he said:

"Good-by, sir, and good luck, and when you or any of your friends what can't read the bill of fare comes to Washington, just ask for old Calhoun Clay."—Outlook.

A journalist in France, 191 years old, contributes an article every week to a French provincial newspaper.

Ice cream was first made in Japan and reported by travelers to that country as early as the thirteenth century.

Radio compass stations on the Great Lakes will rob the "Graveyard of Ships" of its terrors. Stations are being opened at White Fish Point, Detour and Grand Marais and when they are in operation the passing ships will receive their locations from two of the stations, and plotting those two lines on the chart, the skipper will know his ship is at the point where the lines meet on the chart.

Not only is the Passion Play being presented at Oberammergau and Los Angeles, but a version of the life of Christ is to be played at Erl in the Tyrol. Like Oberammergau, the plays at Erl were originally performed in aid of the plague-stricken districts and date back to 1613, since when they have taken place every 10 years, all profits going to the church or charity.

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.

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, Aug. 1, 1922

HONEST INJUN.
Truth (and the Mason road improvements) will not down.

Editor Cowan's feet have not hit the ground since the election returns began coming in that fateful Saturday night, if his paper, The San Saba Star, is representative of his true feelings. In last week's Star Cowan had a screaming headline, "JIM FERGUSON," followed by a picture of Ferguson and a crowing rooster, with the following wording: "Makes a spectacular 'come-back.' The paramount issue in the run-off will be Jim Ferguson for Constitutional Government and Constructive Legislation, vs. KKK Earle Mayfield KKK Invisible Government covered by Bed-Sheets and armed with Feather Pillow, Tar Buckets and Black-Snake Whips." Evidently Cowan isn't catering to an o-kay by the KK's.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A LAW-AND-ORDER SHERIFF IN TEXAS

There is scarcely an American reader of editorials and frontpage news who does not know John W. Says of Young county, Texas, as a law-enforcing sheriff of the highest type—utterly fearless, honest, cool-headed, patriotic. As such, he is known in Maine and Michigan and Oregon.

Sheriff Saye, less than a year ago, became a Texas figure when he posted a proclamation to the Young County Ku Klux Klan, warning all concerned that in his county there was not only law, but a law-enforcement system provided by law; and that the visible law would be enforced and the visible government administered therabouts only by the quite visible officers legally constituted and empowered for that very purpose. Furthermore, he invited the "invisible government"—that was protesting its zeal for law-enforcement—to cooperate with him unto that noble, patriotic end. So far as known, that invitation never has been accepted.

Less than six months ago, this same Sheriff became famous nationally when, before the Graham jail, he issued another invitation to a mob that deemed itself above the visible law and immune from the law. He invited a gathering of would-be lynchers to step forward, storm the jail and seize his prisoner—if they desired to stop the contents of his shotgun. The mob moved away from the jail—and the prisoner remained in the jail.

Last Saturday, John W. Saye, at the polls, was denied a second term of the sheriff's office—by a four-to-one majority—"the first time in the county's history that a Sheriff was defeated for second term."

Young county needs and should have no masked-gang rule at any time, and certainly did not need it, and did not have it, while Saye was Sheriff.

Texas still heads the 1922 lynching record; but Sheriff Saye did more for Texas' law, order and good name in that five minutes outside the Graham jail than all the gassing politicians ever have done for it, or could do for it in a life-time.

It is not at all likely that what happened to Texas' most conspicuous anti-lynching officer last Saturday will be overlooked in the United States Senate, where the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill is pending.—San Antonio Express.

SNAP SHOTS.

Tillie Clinger says the reason she is leaving her present boarding house is because they want her to room with a girl who is so tall her pajamas look like a bathing suit.—Dallas News.

Not Yet.

An author, who has now arrived, says: "The short story writer has a hard time of it at first. This makes him bitter and hopeless."

"Once in the old, had days I said to the woman who cleaned my attic room:

"There was a lot of paper on my desk. What has become of it?"

"I threw it out," said the woman. "I thought it was waste paper."

"No," said I, "it wasn't waste paper, I hadn't written anything on it yet."—London Opinion.

DOWN WITH THE ICONOCLAST

Writer Refuses to Give Up Youth's Illusions at the Bidding of Scientific "Sharps."

Must all our illusions be dispelled? Reading Les Annales we learn from a formidable scientific man who writes in a cocksure manner that nowhere near the French coast, nor near the Channel Islands, is there a devil-fish, a plevure, to be found capable of grappling with and destroying a man by the exercise of his blood-pumping suckers. And so we must no longer be excited over the adventure of Victor Hugo's "Gilliat." No longer should that sinister line, "Something seized him by the heel," which ends the chapter describing Steur Clubin's dive into the ocean, cause us a thrill of curiosity.

And now another ingenious scientific gentleman assures us that Noah's ark was really one of the great pyramids of Egypt; that the animals entering the ark—marshaled two by two—the elephant and the kangaroo—were really the signs of the zodiac—the ram, the scorpion and the rest of them—symbolical figures, as shown in the old-fashioned medical almanacs.

We still prefer the Noah's ark of our childhood, with the little wooden Shem, Ham and Japheth, with the little wooden animals that were so easily broken. Philip Hale writes in the Boston Herald. Are these arks still for sale in toy shops? We shall continue to find pleasure in the old illustrated family Bible, where the ark is shown securely resting on Ararat. Did not Dom Calmet give a minute description of the ark, making this profoundly original remark: "We find, Gen. 6:16, that the ark was to have a door in the side thereof; this is indispensably necessary, for the purpose of ingress and egress." Did he not prove that it was no other than a large house "whose timbers instead of going into the ground, whereby they would have been held, were detached from it, so that when it was required to float, the waters might easily 'lift up the ark'?"

And in like manner we believe in the Kraken, that great bird, the roc, the sea-serpent, and above all the huge squid—"a vast pulpy mass furled in length and breadth, of a glancing cream color, innumerable long arms radiating from its center, and curling and twisting like a nest of anacondas, as if blindly to clutch at any hapless object within reach"; the squid without perceptible face or front, "an unearthly, formless, chance-like apparition of life"; the great live squid, "which, they say, few whale ships ever beheld, and returned to their ports to tell of it."

She Could See the Man.

When Grandmother Burch was beyond her three-score and ten, with uncertain eyesight, she amazed and perplexed her married daughter, with whom she lived, by declaring that she intended to marry an old man living nearby, who had been coming to see her.

"But, mother," said her daughter in protest, "you are not very well, and your eyesight is falling so fast you cannot see 50 rods away."

The old lady protested that she could see "real good," and her daughter said:

"We will put it to the test. If that old man comes around today I will have him stand near the barn and see if you can really see him. Be honest about it."

The old lady agreed to this, and the aged suitor appeared a few hours later. He was asked to stand at one corner of the barn, and the old lady came out to be put to the test. Standing in the door of the kitchen she shaded her eyes with one hand and finally said:

"Well, I can't somehow or other see the barn, but I do see the man!"—Judge.

New Use for Typewriter Cases.

A new use has been found for the carrying case of a widely known make of portable typewriter. The owner, who is very enthusiastic about her machine, recently was planning a week-end trip. When she began to pack she found that another member of the family had borrowed her traveling bag. She was at her wit's end to solve the difficulty. She must either abandon the visit or turn borrower herself and there was little time left in which to do the latter.

Then she had a brilliant idea, and the typewriter was removed from its case, set away on the piano and the necessities for the week-end visit were packed.

As the young woman started for the train, case in hand, she admonished the only member of the family who had witnessed the proceedings:

"And don't tell any of the rest that I have my clothes in this. Let them think it is the typewriter I am taking, or the next time I won't even have the case to fall back on."

Hot Dogs.

"An' dat," concluded Sam, who was arguing with Snowball about the relative merits of dogs they had once owned, "was a wonderful houn'! Why, one day he come fooling round mah daddy's blacksmith shop an' mah daddy got mad an' chucked a hammer at him, an' da dawg—yo' know what he done? Well, he done made a bolt fo' de do'."

"Hmf!" sneered Snowball. "Nuffin' tall, nuffin' tall! One time Ah throwed a hammer at mah dawg, an' he started makin' tracks fo' de Atlantic Seaboard railway. An' maybe he's making tracks yet, fo' he sho' was de wonderfulest dawg!"—American Legion Weekly.

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

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One Inch Card, one time a week, per month\$1.00

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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BRADY, TEXAS

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DENTIST

Office in Syndicate Building
Upstairs Over Moffatt Bros. & Jones
Office Phone No. 399; Res. No. 305

Dr. MINNIE HARMON PIRTLE
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Our Practice Embraces Osteopathy, Chiropractics and Swedish Massage.
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Practice in District Court of McCul-
loch County, Texas
Office in Court House

ELIJAH F. ALLIN

POST AMERICAN LEGION
MONTHLY MEETINGS HELD LAST
THURSDAY IN EACH MONTH

CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED

I want to deal for a cotton and feed crop. E. B. SCARBOROUGH, Brady, Texas.

WANTED—Three rooms for light housekeeping, close in; must be furnished. Phone Brady Standard office.

LOST

LOST—Amethyst ring, with chip diamond, at the Fife barbecue grounds. \$5.00 reward for return to MISS MABEL THOMPSON, Brady.

LOST—Sunday evening between Brady and Milburn, one 33 1/2 tire carrier, with rim and casing for Ford car. Finder please notify L. C. SMITH, Mercury, Texas, or leave at Squyres garage.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—5-gallon Bowser Gasoline pump. F. R. WULFF, MOTOR CO., Brady.

FOR SALE—At a bargain, 4-room house with bath and sleeping porch. Might take some trade in a car. See W. N. ROBERTS, Brady.

FOR SALE—4-room house, lot 100x100 ft., north side, close in. Price reasonable; easy terms; will take car on trade. Apply Brady Standard office.

Macy & Co. handles the famous Polka Dot Dairy Feed. Guaranteed to give better results than any other feed on the market.

Birth Announcements. The Brady Standard.

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in all its branches. Auto Accessories.
United States Tires and Tubes
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W. W. WILDER
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Estimates on All Classes of Building
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General Insurance

Office Over Commercial National
... Bank ...

Fifteen per cent of all cloth manufactured in Germany is made of sweepings, rags, clippings and cotton waste.

The airplane thief is the latest type of criminal. In Spokane two men appropriated a Curtiss biplane, started the engine and ran the plane a

BROADCASTING

Broadcasting has become a very popular word since the radio craze was started. It means the dissemination of news or progress or addresses over a large territory.

That is just exactly what

The Brady Standard's Classy-Fi-Ads

do—they Broadcast your wants almost as quickly as by radio, and with such good results that "come-backs" are nearly always to be expected.

AWALT & BENSON

Draying and Heavy Hauling of All Kinds

Will appreciate your draying and hauling business. Your freight and packages handled by careful and painstaking employees.

AWALT & BENSON

quarter of a mile down the field wrecking it in a collision with a board fence. The damage amounted to \$1,000, and the thieves escaped.

The United States spent \$600,000,000 for roads during 1921.

Mount Kenia, in Africa, is nearly three and one-half miles high and straddles the equator. The summit is always covered with snow and in climbing to the top one passes thru all the climates known from the tropics to the arctic.

The Prince of Monaco has been awarded the Vega medal for his oceanographic research. This medal is regarded as a great distinction and has been awarded 20 times, the last three recipients being Sir Ernest Shackleton, Captain Roald Amundsen and Knud Rasmussen.

A TONIC

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value. Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is simply Iron and Quinine suspended in syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs QUININE to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. Destroys Malarial germs and Grip germs by its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 60c.

The latest method of sinking concrete piles was recently demonstrated in Omaha, when four piles were sunk—the first, 40 feet long, in 90 seconds. One pile, weighing more than six tons, and 45 feet in length, was sunk to bedrock at a depth of 84 feet. Each pile carried a water pipe set in the reinforced concrete. Water is forced at a high pressure through this pipe, digging a hole as the pipe sinks by its own weight.

Nearly every Sunday afternoon a prominent Chicago business man takes a whistle and stands at an intersection of Sheridan road directing traffic for pleasure. At this point the pleasure traffic is so heavy that an average of 40 machines pass every minute in the afternoon hours.

The "USCO"

You Buy To-day is
a New—a Better—a Heavier
"USCO"
at the \$10.90 Price
with No Tax added



No Tax

The New & Better 30x3 1/2 "USCO"

United States Tires
United States Rubber Company

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Where You Can Buy U. S. Tires:

LEE MORGAN, Brady, Tex. s.

BROAD MERCANTILE COMP ANY, Brady, Texas

SELLMAN MERCANTILE CO., Rochelle, Texas

MENARD VISIBLE GAS CO., Menard, Texas

LAND OF HORROR

Everywhere in Russia Traveler Sees Terrible Sights.

"Kindest Thing You Can Do to a Lot of These People is to Kill Them," Said Railroadman.

We had no sooner crossed into Russia than we began to see horrible sights. And this is the truth—I was not expecting it. I thought the horrors were confined to certain areas and that I should have to go and look for them, writes Eleanor Franklin Egan in the Saturday Evening Post.

But there is no area in Russia today that is not horrible; at least there is no area in which horrors are not to be encountered. And though the soviet authorities spare no effort in trying to induce the world to believe that the famine is confined to the Volga valley and that it is due solely to natural causes and causes over which they had no control, there is not a man, woman or child in the country, aside from a favored few within the government circle or who have money enough to pay the fantastic prices that are demanded for food, who is getting enough to eat. This also is the absolute truth, which nobody who knows the situation will seek to deny.

At every railway station there were seething mobs of the most awful people I had ever seen. They crowded up under the windows of our car and wailed a pitiful wail with their hands held out.

I asked our Latvian porter, who spoke both English and Russian, what they were saying, and laughing a brutal laugh, he answered: "They are saying, 'For God's sake give us bread, give us bread!'" He was remembering the Bolshevik invasion of his own country and the ruthlessness of it. He had no sympathy for Russians.

Most of the people were trying to get on the train; they were going somewhere, anywhere, I suppose, away from where they were. There were Red soldiers stationed at each end of all the cars, and only those who had permits to travel were allowed to get aboard; but the others, in uncontrollable masses, struggled for a foothold anywhere. We had one continual fight to keep them out of our car, but we had to keep them out; our hearts might ache for them, but they had on them one thing we were afraid of—carriers of disease.

We locked our doors, but they kicked against them and beat upon the windows with their fists, making piteous appeals. They clung to the steps and the trucks and crowded together between the cars on the coupling pins. And it was cold, bitter cold. The country was just one vast interminable stretch of blinding white silence; the villages were buried up to their thick thatched eaves in snow; the beards of the men and the muffers of the women were hung with icicles; it was all a terrible picture of human suffering.

At one station I stood looking out of a window as the train began to move; it gathered speed; there was a surge forward in the crowd and a frantic shout; then I felt the car under me lift and twist itself with a sickening grind.

One of the young men I was traveling with came up to me quickly, turned me away from the window and said, "Don't look! We ran over a woman. She slipped on the icy step she was trying to hang on to and fell under the wheels!"

The porter, looking just a little bit shaken himself said, "Yes, and she's better off! Kindest thing you can do to a lot of these people is to kill them. We don't often make this run without killing two or three, but it don't seem right that they should nearly always be women."

We killed three before we got to Moscow—all women.

Chances That Dickens Dodged.

Utica is a frightful one-night stand and Syracuse looks as if it had been "knocked together," but this time, although he reads 40,000 New Yorkers, somehow he keeps his privacy. Stanley T. Williams writes in the North American Review. In the quiet of his room he has his first cocktail, a "Rocky Mountain sneezer," made of brandy, rum and snow. American crudeness on this second journey seems less horrible and funnier. In St. Louis an old man submits a paraphrase of the entire book of Job. He wants to read it aloud to Mr. Dickens and get his opinion of it. A letter comes from the south asking for an original epitaph for the tomb of an infant. Another southern lady solicits an autograph copy of the lines by Mrs. Leo Hunter to an "expiring frog." But in these state competitions New Jersey bears the bell. A lady offers to submit a record of all the funny things which have happened in her family during the past 100 years. Out of this material Dickens is to create a novel and share the profits with the aforesaid lady. What could be more delightful?

Wives.

Henpecked husbands will chuckle at the verdict of a jury, which included five women, at Hackensack, N. J. A husband sued a rival for \$50,000 for alienating his wife's affections. Jury awarded him 6 cents damages. How much is a "lost" wife worth? To one man she might be worth less than 6 cents. To another, her perfect mate, her value would be infinitely in the millions. All values are relative.

To The Fellow Who'll Take My Place.

"Here is a toast that I want to drink To a fellow I'll never know— To the fellow who's going to take my place When it's time for me to go.

I've wondered what kind of a chap he'll be, And I've wished I could take his hand Just to whisper, 'I wish you well, old man,' In a way that he'd understand.

I'd like to give him the cheering word That's I've longed at times to hear; I'd like to give him the warm hand-clasp When never a friend seemed near.

I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard work, And I wish I could pass it on To the fellow who'll come to take my place Some day when I am gone.

Will he see all the sad mistakes I've made, And note all the battles lost? Will he ever guess the tears they caused, Or the heartaches which they cost?

Will he gaze through the failures and fruitless toil To the underlying plan, And catch a glimpse of the real intent, And the heart of the vanquished man?

I dare to hope he may pause some day, As he toils as I have wrought, And gain some strength for his weary task From the battles I have fought.

But I've only the task itself to leave, leave,

With the cares for him to face, And never a cheering word to speak To the fellow who'll take my place.

Then here's to your good health, old chap, I drink as a bridegroom to his bride; I leave unfinished a task for you, But God knows how I have tried.

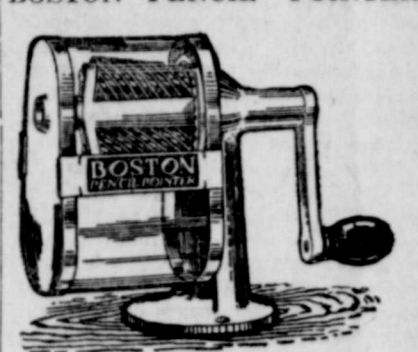
I've dreamed my dreams as all men do, But never a one came true, And my prayer today is that all my dreams May be realized in you.

And we'll meet some day in the Great Unknown— Far out in the realms of space; You'll know my clasp when I take your hand And gaze in your tired face.

Then all failures will be success In the light of the new-found dawn So today I'm drinking your health, old chap, Who'll take my place when I'm gone."

—Selected.

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The Brady Standard

LOCAL BRIEFS

Of all the curiosities handed The Standard editor, the most curious was undoubtedly the mis-shapen egg presented us last week by Jess Burk, living 1½ miles north of town. In form, the egg very much resembled a tiny gourd; in size it might have been compared to a large peanut goober white-washed. Nature performs some great freaks some times, and she evidently did her derndest in the designing of this egg.

H. W. Zweig returned last week from his marketing trip to Chicago, New York, St. Louis and other northern points. Mr. Zweig's early visit to market gave him opportunity to make first selection in all his lines, and his new goods are already beginning to arrive at The Fair store. His purchases in all departments were especially complete, and he expects to have one of the most attractive displays of Fall goods ever shown at his stores in Brady.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bauhof and daughter, Nance, left Sunday night for Dallas, where Mr. Bauhof will look after business matters in connection with the Exide battery service, while Mrs. Bauhof will spend a week or ten days inspecting the millinery markets and selecting her Fall stock of goods. Mrs. Bauhof, in anticipation of improved quarters in the new R. Wilensky store, is preparing to add materially to her line of millinery, and will have an unusually attractive stock for her Fall opening about the middle of the month.

Friend A. H. McLerran of Voca knows full well that the surest way of convincing an editor is to produce the goods. So, while he has been telling us of the splendid tomatoes he is raising by means of irrigating with the artesian well he had dug early in the year, he also brings us samples of the fruit to prove that it is just as good as he claims for it. This week he presented us with a bunch of five tomatoes, the largest of which weighed a full pound, while each of the other tipped the beam at well over half a pound. In addition to size, the tomatoes incidentally were of finest quality, being of the famous McGee variety.

James Finlay, candidate for Representative of the 93rd District, and who will be in the run-off election for nomination to this office, was in Brady this afternoon. Mr. Finlay expects to go to San Saba and Lampasas county, spending the balance of the week among the voters of these two counties, and strengthening his support with the expectation of being winner in the run-off. McCulloch and Lampasas counties both gave Mr. Finlay a majority over A. B. Wilson of San Saba county, and in addition gave a very liberal vote to T. J. Beasley of Mercury, who was also a candidate for the office. Mr. Finlay hopes to capture the big end of the Beasley vote, and thereby cinch the nomination.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Dudley, old-time residents of McCulloch county, were here the past week guests of Mrs. Dudley's sister, Mrs. Tom Mitchell, of Fife. Accompanying them was their son, J. C. Dudley, and wife. For twenty years the Dudleys lived in the Fife community, and their acquaintance extends all over this section of Texas. Thirteen years ago this fall they removed from the county, and are now located at Nolan, N. M., in the northern part of that state, where they are prospering and where they are well pleased with their habitat. Mr. Dudley says he greatly enjoyed coming back here and meeting all his old friends, and while he thinks New Mexico suits him better than Texas, yet he will always have a warm spot in his heart for his old home and his old-time friends.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Benham and daughter, Miss Lucille, returned last Wednesday from a trip out into New Mexico and down to the Mexican border, which furnished an outing trip and thrills a-plenty. In the course of the trip they stopped at Lovington, N. M., where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Thompson. From there, they drove to Cloudcroft, N. M., and enroute, while winding around a narrow road alongside a mountain on the one hand, and a deep precipice on the other, they experienced their first great thrill. A rain had rendered the clay road slippery as an eel, and as they made a sudden turn, the rear wheels skidded, throwing the front of the car into

the mountainside, and burying the car springs deep into the clay bank of the mountain. When they reached Cloudcroft, however, and began the ascent of the mountain, with its almost perpendicular road, and winding in and around and above canons and precipices that made one dizzy to look down into, they realized that their experiences were still all before them. Despite the thrill, and the wear and tear on nerves, they made the climb in safety, and early the next morning the descent confronted them. While it looked worse than the ascent, it really proved somewhat less strenuous, and was safely negotiated. Reaching El Paso, their first thought was to go over to Juarez to witness a much-touted bull-fight. To their infinite disgust, however, the bull-fight was resolved into a most cruel, inhuman and revolting spectacle. The bulls were tortured, teased, tormented, stabbed and butchered until one's blood fairly ran cold. "Never again a bull-fight," say the Benhams. The trip proved very pleasant, upon the whole, only two punctures having resulted throughout the long drive, and both of these showing up in the morning before a start on a day's trip was made.

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The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by H. Bedford Jones

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER I—During the height of the New Orleans carnival season, Jachin Fell, wealthy though somewhat mysterious citizen, and Dr. Ansley, are discussing a series of robberies by an individual known as the Midnight Masquer, who, invariably attired as an aviator, has long defied the police. Joseph Maillard, wealthy banker, is giving a ball that night, at which the Masquer has threatened to appear and rob the guests. Fell and Ansley, on their way to the affair, meet a girl dressed as Columbine, seemingly known to Fell, but masked, who accompanies them to the ball.

CHAPTER II—Lucie Ledanois, recently the ward of her uncle, Joseph Maillard, is the Columbine.

CHAPTER III—In his library Joseph Maillard and a group of friends are held up and robbed by the Midnight Masquer.

CHAPTER IV—Lucie Ledanois, now of an old family, is in straitened circumstances. Joseph Maillard's handling of her funds has been unfortunate. Fell is an old friend of her parents and deeply interested in the girl. Henry Gramont, really the prince de Gramont, son of a French father and an American mother, but who spurns the title of prince, is enamored of Lucie and believes himself a not unfavored suitor.

He smiled, reading her thought. "I try not to be a snob, eh? Well, what I'm driving at is this: I want to know this country of mine, to see it with clear, unprejudiced eyes. We hide our real shames and exalt our false ones. Why should we be ashamed of chasing the dollar? So long as that is a means to the end of happiness, it's all right. But there are some men who see it as an end alone, who can set no finis to their work except the dollar dropping into their pouch. Such a man is your relative, Joseph Maillard. I do not wish to offend you, and I shall therefore refrain from saying all that is in my mind. But you have not hesitated to intimate very frankly that you are not wealthy. Some time ago, if you recall, you wrote me how you had just missed wealth through having sold some land. I have taken the liberty of looking up that deal to some extent, and I have suspected that your uncle had some interest in putting the sale through—"

The gray eyes of the girl flashed suddenly.

"Henry Gramont! Are my family affairs to be an open book to the world? Do you realize that you are intruding most unwarrantably into my private matters?"

"Unwarrantably?" Gramont's eyes held her gaze steadily. "Do you really mean to use that word?"

"I do, most certainly!" answered Lucie with spirit. "I don't think you realize just what the whole thing tends toward—"

"Oh, yes I do! Quite clearly," Gramont's cool, level tone conquered her indignation. "I see that you are orphaned, and that your uncle was your guardian, and executed questionable deals which lost money for you. Come, that's brutally frank—but it's true! I came here to New Orleans and became involved in some dealings with your cousin, Bob Maillard. I believed, and I believe now, that in your heart you have some suspicion of your uncle in regard to those transactions in land. Therefore, I took the trouble to look into the thing to a slight extent. Shall I tell you what I have discovered?"

Lucie Ledanois gazed at him, her lips compressed. She liked this new manner of his, this firm and resolute gravity, this harshness. It brought out his underlying character very well.

"If you please, Henry," she murmured very meekly.

"Well, then, I have discovered that your uncle appears to be honestly at fault in the matter—"

"Thanks for this approval of my family," she murmured.

"And," continued Gramont, imperceptibly, "that your suspicions of him were groundless. But, on the other hand, something new has turned up about which I wish to speak—but about which I must speak delicately. Has Bob Maillard offered to buy your remaining land on the Bayou Terrebonne?"

She started slightly. So it was to this that he had been leading up all the while!

"He broached the subject last night," she answered. "I dismissed it for the time."

"Good!" he exclaimed with boyish vigor. "Good! I warned you in time, then! If you will permit me, I must advise you not to part with that land—not even for a good offer. This week, immediately Mardi Gras is over, I am going to inspect that land for the company; it is Bob Maillard's company, you know. Is my unwarrantable intrusion forgiven?"

"I'm afraid brightly." "You are put per, I hadn't sir. You're in Bob's yet."—London

It frowned. "I in- o hastily—but no re the car outside, the pleasure of

"Because his gang runs back to politicians and rich guys all over the country. If you ever heard of Memphis Izzy Gumberts! Well, cap'n, I seen that very identical guy on the street the other day—I never could forget his ugly mug! Ah, where he is, no outside crooks can get in, you believe me!"

"Hm! Memphis Izzy Gumberts, eh? What kind of a crook is he, sergeant?"

"The big kind. You remember them Chicago letteries? But you don't, o' course. Well, that's his game—lotteries and such like."

Gramont's lips clenched for a minute, then he spoke with slow distinctness:

"Sergeant, I'd have given five hundred dollars for that information a week ago!"

"Why?" Gramont shook his head.

"Never mind. Forget it! Now, this stunt of yours was clever. You showed brains when you got yourself up as an aviator and pulled that stuff, sergeant. But you handled it brutally—terribly brutally."

"It was a little raw, I guess," conceded Hammond. "I was up against it, that's all. When you took over the costume and began to get across with the Raffles stuff—why, it was a pipe for you, cap'n! Look what we've done in a month. Six jobs, every one running off smooth as glass! Your notion of going to parties ready dressed with some kind of loose robe over the fly'n' duels was a scream! And then me running that motor with the cut-out on—all them birds that never heard an airplane think you come and go by air, for certain! Nobody will ever find us out."

Gramont nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes? But, sergeant, how about the quiet little man who came along last night at the Maillard house and asked about the car? Perhaps he had discovered you had been running the engine?"

"Hm?" Hammond sniffed in scorn. "He wasn't no dick."

"Well, I was followed today; at least, I think I was. And let me tell you something about that same quiet little man! His name is Jachin Fell."

"Heiwa name," commented Hammond, and wrinkled up his brow. "Jachin, huh? Seems like I've heard the name before. Out of the Bible, ain't it? Something about Jachin and Boaz?"

"I imagine so," Gramont smiled as he replied. "This chap Fell is sharp, confoundedly sharp!" he went on, while the chauffeur listened with frowning intentness. I think that he is on to me, and is trying to get the goods on me."

"Oh!" said Hammond. "And some one was trailing you?"

Gramont shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. He almost caught me last night. We'll have to get rid of that aviator's suit at once, and of the loot also. I suppose you've reconciled yourself to returning the stuff?"

Hammond stirred uneasily, and laid down his pipe.

"Look here, cap'n," he said, earnestly. "I wasn't runnin' a holdup game because I liked it, and I wasn't doing it for the fun of the thing, like you are. I was dead broke, I hadn't any hope left, and I didn't care a d—n whether I lived or died—that's on the dead! Right there, you come along and picked me up."

"You give me a job. What's more, you've treated me white, cap'n. You've given me something decent to live for—to make good because you got some faith in me! Why, when you went out on that first job of ours, d'you know it like to broke me up? It did. Only, when we got home that night and you said it was all a joke, and you'd send back the loot later on, then I began to feel better about it."

Gramont nodded in comprehension of the other's feeling.

"It's not been altogether a joke, sergeant," he said, gravely. "To tell the truth, I did start it as a joke, but soon afterward I learned something that led me to keep it up. I kept it up until I could hit the Maillard house. It was my intention to turn up at the Comus ball, on Tuesday night, and there make public restitution of the stuff—but that's impossible now. I dare not risk it! That man Fell is too smart."

"You're not goin' to pull the trick again, then?" queried Hammond, eagerly.

"No, I'm through. I've got what I wanted. Still, I don't wish to return the stuff before Wednesday—Ash Wednesday, the end of the carnival season. Suppose you get out the loot and find me some boxes. And be sure they have no name on them or any store labels."

Hammond leaped up and vanished in the room adjoining. Presently he returned, bearing several cardboard boxes, which he dumped on the center table. "I'm blamed glad you're done, believe me!" he uttered, fervently, glancing up at Gramont. "Far's I'm concerned I don't care much, but I'd sure hate to see the bulls turn in a guy like you, cap'n. Here we are, want me to keep each bunch separate, don't you?"

"Sure, I'll be writing some notes to go inside."

Gramont went to a built writing desk in the corner of the room, and sat down. He took out his notebook, tore off several sheets, and from his pocket produced a pencil having an extremely hard lead. He wrote a number of notes, which, except for the addresses, were identical in content:

"Dear Sir:

"I enclose herewith certain jewelry and articles, also currency, recently obtained by me under your kind auspices."

"I trust that you will assume the responsibility of returning these things to the various guests who lost them while under your roof. I regret any discomfort occasioned by my taking them as a loan, which I now return. Please convey to the several owners my profound esteem and my assurance that I shall not in future appear to trouble anyone, the carnival season having come to an end, and with it my little jest."

"THE MIDNIGHT MASQUER."

Gathering up these notes in his hand, Gramont went to the fireplace. He tossed the pencil into the fire, following it with the notebook.

"Can't take chances with that man Fell," he explained. "All ready, sergeant. Let's go down the list one by one."

From the trunk Hammond produced ticketed packages, which he placed on the table. Gramont selected one, opened it, carefully packed the contents in one of the boxes, placed the proper address note on top, and handed it to the chauffeur.

"Wrap it up and address it. Give the return address of John Smith, Bayou Teche."

One by one they went through the packages of loot in the same manner. Before them on the table, as they worked, glittered little heaps of rings, brooches, watches, currency; jewels that flashed garishly with colored fires, historic and famous jewels plucked from the aristocratic heart of the southland, heirlooms of a past generation side by side with platinum tridities of the present fashion.

There had been heartburnings in the loss of these things, Gramont knew. He could picture to himself something of what had followed his robberies; family quarrels, new purchases in the gem marts, bitter reproaches, fresh mortgages on old heritages, vexations of wealthy dowagers, shrugs of unconcern by the nouveau riches; perchance lives altered—divorces—

"There's a lot of human life behind these baubles, sergeant," he reflected aloud, a cold smile upon his lips as he worked. "When they come back to their owners, I'd like to be hovering around in an invisible mantle to watch results! Could we only know it, we're probably affecting the lives of a great many people—for good and ill. These things stand for money; and there's nothing like money, or the lack of it, to guide the destinies of people."

"You said it," and Hammond grinned. "I'm here to prove it, ain't it? I ain't pulling no more gunplay, now I got me a steady job."

"And a steady friend, old man," added Gramont. "Did it occur to you that maybe I was as much in need of a friend as you were?"

He had come to the last box, now, but which must go to Joseph Maillard. On top of the money and scarf-

pins which he placed in the box he laid a thin packet of papers. He tapped them with his finger.

"Those papers, sergeant! To get them, I've been playing the whole game. To get them and not to let their owner suspect that I was after them! Now they're going back to their owner."

"Who's he?" demanded Hammond.

"Young Maillard—son of the banker. He roped me into an oil company; caught me, like a sucker, almost the first week I was here. I put pretty near my whole wad into that company of his."

"You mean he stung you?"

"Not yet," Gramont smiled coldly, harshly. "I fell right enough—but I'll come out on top of the heap."

The other frowned. "I don't get you, cap'n. Some kind o' stock deal?"

"Yes, and no," Gramont paused, and seemed to choose his words with care. "Miss Ledanois, the lady who was driving with us this afternoon, is an old friend of mine. I've known for some time that somebody was fleecing her. I suspected that it was Maillard the elder, for he has had the handling of her affairs for some time past. Now, however, those papers have given me the truth. He was straight enough with her; his son was the man."

"He worked on his father, made his father sell land owned by Miss Ledanois, and he himself reaped the profits. There are notes and stock issues among those papers that give his whole game away, to my eyes. By the way, get that tin box out of my trunk, will you? I want to take my stock certificates with me in the morning, and must not forget them."

Hammond disappeared into the adjoining room.

Gramont sat gazing at the boxes before him. He shook his head gloomily, and his eyes clouded.

"All wasted—the whole effort!" he murmured. "I thought it might lead to something, but all it has given me is the reward of saving myself and possibly retrieving Lucie. As for the larger game, the bigger quarry—it's all wasted. I haven't unraveled a single thread; the first real clue came to me tonight, purely by accident. Memphis Izzy Gumberts! That's the lead to follow! I'll get rid of this Midnight Masquer foolishness and go after the real game."

Gramont was to discover that it is not nearly so easy to be rid of folly as it is to don the Jester's cap and bells; a fact which one Sump'sissimus had discovered to his sorrow three hundred years earlier. But, as Gramont was not versed in the line of literature, he yet had the discovery ahead of him.

Hammond re-entered the room with the tin box, from which Gramont took his stock certificates issued by Bob Maillard's oil company. He pocketed the shares.

"I'll go to Maillard the banker—Joseph Maillard—first thing in the morning, and offer him my stock. He'll be mighty glad to get it at a discount, knowing that it is in his son's company. You see, the son doesn't confide in the old man particularly. I'll let the father win a little money on the deal with me, and by doing this I'll manage to save the greater part of my investment—"

"Holy mackerel!" Hammond exploded in a burst of laughter as he caught the idea. "Say, if this ain't the richest thing ever pulled! When the crash comes, the fancy kid will be stinging his dad good and hard, eh?"

"Exactly; and I think his dad can afford to be stung much better than I can," agreed Gramont, cheerfully. "Now let's take those packages and stow them away in the luggage compartment of the car. I'm getting nervous at the thought of having them around here, and they'll be perfectly safe there overnight—safer there than here, in fact. Tomorrow you can take the car out of town and send the packages by parcels post from some small town."

"In that way they ought to be delivered here on Wednesday. You'd better wear one of my suits, leaving your chauffeur's outfit here, and don't halt the car in front of the post office where you mail the packages—"

"I get you," assented Hammond, sagely. "But what about them aviator's clothes?"

"Take them with you—better get them wrapped up here and now. You can toss them into a ditch anywhere," Hammond obeyed.

Ten minutes afterward the two men left the room, carrying the packages of loot and the bundle containing the aviator's uniform. They descended to the courtyard in the rear of the house. Here was a small garden, with a fountain in its center. Behind this were the stables, which had long been disused as such, and which were now occupied only by the car of Gramont.

It was with undisguised relief that Gramont now saw the stuff actually out of the house. Within the last few hours he had become intensely afraid of Jachin Fell. Concentrating himself upon the man, picking up information guardedly, he had what day assimilated many small pieces of news which increased his sense of awe, but quite significant scraps. Gramont realized clearly that if the police ever searched his rooms and found this loot, he would be lost. There could be no excuse that would hold water for a minute against such evidence.

In the garage Hammond switched on the lights of the car. By the glow they disposed their burdens in the luggage compartment of the tonneau, which held them neatly. The compartment closed and locked, they returned into the house and dismissed the affair as settled.

Upon the following morning Gramont, who usually breakfasted on pension with his hostess, had barely seated himself at the table when he perceived the figure of Hammond at the rear entrance of the dining room. The chauffeur beckoned him hastily.

"Come out here, cap'n!" Hammond was breathing heavily, and seemed to be in some agitation. "Want to show you something!"

Gramont rose and followed Hammond out to the garage, much to his amazement. The chauffeur halted beside the car and extended him a key, pointing to the luggage compartment.

"Here's the key—you open her!"

"What's the matter, man?"

"The stuff's gone!"

Gramont seized the key and opened the compartment. It proved empty indeed. He stared up into the face of Hammond, who was watching in dogged silence.

"I knew you'd suspect me," broke out the chauffeur, but Gramont interrupted him curiously.

"Don't be a fool; nothing of the sort. Was the garage locked?"

"Yes, and the compartment, too! I came out to look over that cut tire, and thought I'd make sure the stuff was safe—"

"We're up against it, that's all. Someone must have been watching us last night, eh?"

"The guy that trailed you yesterday, most like," agreed Hammond, dolefully. "You think they got us, cap'n? What can we do?"

"Do?" Gramont shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Nothing except to wait and see what happens next! Don't touch that compartment door. I want to examine it later."

Hammond gazed admiringly after him as he crossed the garden. "If you ain't a cool hand, I'm a Dutchman!" he murmured, and followed his master.

CHAPTER VI.

Chacherre.

At ten o'clock that Monday morning Gramont's car approached Canal street, and halted a block distant. Gramont left the car, and turned to speak with Hammond.

"I've made out at least two fingerprints on the luggage compartment," he said, quietly. "Drive around to police headquarters and enter a complaint in my name to a robbery of the compartment; say that the thief got away with some valuable packages I had been about to mail. They have a process of transferring fingerprints such as these; get it done. Perhaps they can identify the thief, for it must have been some clever picklock to get into the compartment without leaving a scratch. It was someone sent by that devil Jachin Fell, and I'll land him if I can!"

"Then Fell will land us if he's got the stuff!"

"Let him! How can he prove anything, unless he had brought the police to open up that compartment? Get along with you!"

Hammond grinned, saluted, and drove away.

Slowly Gramont edged his way through the eddying crowds to Canal street, and presently gained the imposing portals of the Exeter National bank. Entering the building, he sent his card to the private office of the president; a moment later he was ushered in, and was closeted with Joseph Maillard.

The interior of the Exeter National reflected the stern personality that ruled it. The bank was dark, old-fashioned, conservative, guarded with much effrontery of iron grills and bars against the evil doer.

The window men greeted their customers with infrequent smiles, with caution and reserve so great that it was positively chilly. Suspicion seemed in the air. The bank's reputation for guarding the sanctity of wealth seemed to rest heavily upon each pair of bowed shoulders.

The business customers of this bank found their affairs handled coldly, efficiently, with an inhuman precision that was admirable. It was good for business, and they liked it. There were no mistakes.

People who were accustomed to dealing with bankers of cordial smile and courteous word, people who liked to walk into a bank and to be met with a personal greeting, did not come here, nor were they wanted here. Chance customers who entered the sacred portals were duly cowed and put in their proper place. Most of them were, that is. Occasionally some intrepid soul appeared who seemed impervious to the gloomy chill, who seemed even to resent it.

One of these persons was now standing in the lobby and staring around with a cool impudence which drew unfavorable glances from the clerks.

He was a decently dressed fellow, obviously no customer of this sacrosanct place, obviously a stranger to its interior. Beneath a rakishly cocked soft hat beamed a countenance that bore a look of self-assured impertinent deviltry. After one look at that countenance the assistant cashier crooked a hasty finger at the floor guard, who nodded and walked to the intruder with a polite query.

"Can I help you, sir?"

The intruder turned, favored the guard with a cool stare, then broke into a laugh and a flood of Creole dialect.

"Why, if it isn't old Lacroix from Carenero! And look at the brass buttons—diable! You must own this place, hein?—the cat's tail grows in time, I see! You remember me?"

"Ben Chacherre!" exclaimed the guard, losing his dignity for an instant. "Why—you varrien, you!"

"So you turn up your sanctified nose at Ben Chacherre, do you?" exclaimed that person jauntily. "A varrien, am I? Old peacock! Lead me to the man who cashes checks, lackey, brass buttons that you are! Come, obey me, or I'll have you thrown into the street!"

(Continued Next Week)

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs Bertha Neal and little son left Saturday night for Killeen, where they will visit with relatives and friends for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Branscum drove to Christoval this morning where they will attend the annual reunion of the Mountain Remnants 5th Brigade.

Miss Bessie Rice returned Monday morning from a two weeks' vacation trip and visit, during which she visited relatives and friends in Dallas, Terrell, and other North Texas points.

The reputed discoverer of the Klondike gold fields died in Vancouver, British Columbia, recently. He kept 22 nuggets from the first two pans of gold he washed on Bonanza Creek and had them made into a golden telegraph key which was presented to President Taft in 1909 and used by him in opening the Alaskan-Yukon Exposition in Seattle.

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