

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

BRADY REALTY IS STILL POPULAR AS INVESTMENT

Brady realty continues in high favor, and more especially with those best qualified to act as judges of its values, viz; the citizens of Brady themselves. A deal was closed last week whereby the syndicate which recently purchased the E. B. Ramsay block, lying just west of the public square and on Commerce street, sold to Messrs. B. A. Hallum and W. D. Crothers, a frontage of 50 ft with 90 ft. depth, and which corners on the southwest corner of the square for a consideration of \$6,750. Consideration paid Mr. Ramsay for the entire half block last December was \$12,500, which leaves to the syndicate the west 150 ft. of the half block at a cost of \$5,750. Mr. Hallum was a member of the original syndicate.

On their part, Messrs. Hallum and Crothers are more than pleased with their purchase, which they made strictly as an investment. They figure it will pay itself out within the next ten years. In addition they have acquired one of the most desirable business corners in Brady, and one which is sure to enhance in value with each succeeding year. As Mr. Hallum jocularly put it, they expect to realize 100% from their investment every year.

The property includes the building occupied by W. M. Murphy's filling station, the I. S. Gingrich plumbing plant and the Hubert Jackson grocery.

The purchase of this property gives the Messrs. Hallum and Crothers ownership of three of the best business corners in Brady—the Brady Auto Co. stand, the site of the Geo. Davis auto top shop and the new purchase. In addition, Mr. Hallum owns a large interest in the recently-purchased Henderson building, which includes the corner occupied by the Simpson & Co. garage.

THREE FEATURES IN THE NEXT MAGAZINE SECTION OF THE BRADY STANDARD

It is with pride and pleasure that we announce three interesting Texas features for our Magazine Section for March 9th. The three features are stories on our two state institutions at Austin, the School for the Blind and the School for the Deaf, and a story about General Robert E. Lee's visit to Texas while on a tour of inspection of army posts. General Lee was a colonel in the U. S. army at the time of the visit, and a few months thereafter was placed in entire command of the Confederate armies. The story of Lee will surprise many of our readers for few of them know that General Lee came to Texas shortly before the breaking out of the Civil war.

The stories of the blind and deaf institutes at Austin are inspirational stories of the great good that we can do in a busy world—good that will live on after us—and make us better men and women.

BRICK LAYERS COMPLETE WORK ON NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING—STEAM FURNACE

H. H. Richards, contractor of the new Brady High School building, reports that his brick layers completed their work yesterday. He had hoped to have the foundations of the new R. Wilensky building laid by now, in order that his brick layers might begin work on the walls of this building today, but this work has been delayed awaiting clearing of the site for the Wilensky building. By next week, construction should be well under way.

A change in plans of the school board has further served to retard the work at the new school building, the board having decided to install steam heating apparatus throughout the building, instead of the placing of special school stoves in each room. As a consequence, the laying of the cement floors will be delayed until the plumbers and steam fitters have completed their task.

The roofing contractors are expected to begin their work of covering the new building by next week, and the completion of this work will get the building in shape for the final touches by the building contractor, and in readiness for the interior decoration and finishing by J. W. Claxton, who has this contract.

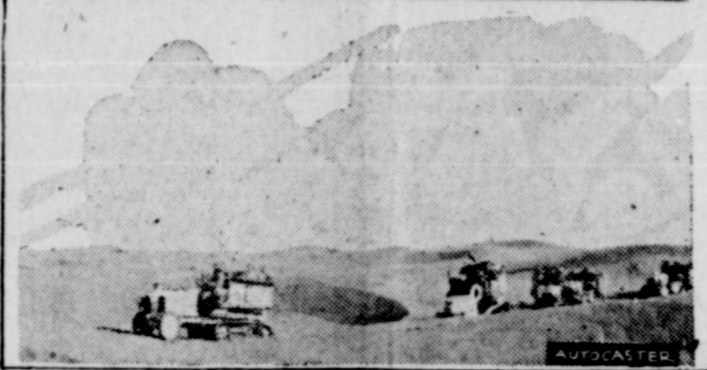
BRADY FOLK TREATED BROWNWOOD VISITORS IN GENUINELY WELCOME WAY

Concerning the visit last Thursday of the Brownwood Lions to Brady, the Brownwood Bulletin has the following to say:

"The delegation of Brownwood Lions who went to Brady Thursday returned late Thursday evening, and reported having the time of their lives, at the capital of McCulloch county. The Brady folks left nothing undone to make the occasion one long to be remembered and the lionesses of Brownwood say in all their experience they were never treated in more royal manner.

"The welcome address was made by C. A. Trigg, a druggist, and one of the leading business men of Brady. Hon. Sam Hughes presided at the luncheon, which was served by the ladies of the First Christian church, in abundance and just right. There was no music but instead songs were sung, beginning with "America" and including several Lions songs, or community service songs. P. A. Glanville of Brownwood responded to the address of welcome and other addresses were delivered by Dr. W. R. Hornburg, R. D. McClellan, and D. J. Johnson, the last named speaker placing the Bradyites on notice that they must never think of coming to Brownwood and going away on Lions day without coming to the Lion luncheon, because they would always find a hearty welcome. The trip to Brady was heartily enjoyed, and the general expression today is that the time may come again some day when the visit may be repeated. The Brady people are a live wire aggregation and are doing things down there really worth while, according to report brought brought by Brownwood Lions.

First Motor Caravan Across Sahara



History was made as this first motor caravan chugged its way across the burning sands of the Sahara desert. This picture was taken in the very heart of the desert, between In-salah and Hoggar. It was a French expedition.

OFFICERS HOLD NEGRO YOUTH ON BURGLARY COUNT

When Chief of Police Earl Felty started in pursuit of a negro youth named Baxter, he little reckoned that the outcome would be a bag of five—but stranger things happen in real life than in fiction. Baxter, whose age is about 16, yesterday sold to J. M. Page a knife and a pair of hair clippers subsequently identified by Sam T. Woods as having been stolen from his hardware store the same night that the Wegner meat market and the Jordan & Woods grocery store were entered and robbed. Officer Felty took the negro in tow, but permitted him to deliver some mail to a negro woman living in the flats north of the Queen hotel. Entering the house suddenly, the officer stumbled full on to a full-fledged poker game. While trying to round up the dusky players, the negro lad gave the officer the dodge. Turning his poker-playing prisoners loose, Felty gave chase down along the banks of Brady creek, across the railroad tracks, on to the cemetery and back again to town. When he again reached the flat, the boy had disappeared, and after searching the house, Felty discovered him crammed into an almost air-tight space underneath the building.

After his arrest, Baxter told of selling a .25 automatic pistol to a Mexican. The pistol, on being recovered, was identified by Walter Jordan as the one taken from his store the night it was robbed. The negro denied knowledge of the robberies, claiming he had bought the articles from an unknown negro.

Meanwhile the alleged poker players were also rounded up and lodged in jail. They gave the names of Jim Henderson, Willie Whitfield, Chas. Johnson and Sam Jackson. All five of the negroes will be given examining trial within the next day or so.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Oscar Thompson came down from Eden Monday for a visit with his mother Mrs. J. E. Thompson.

Mrs. Mike Jennings and little daughter, Ruth, of Fredonia, are guests of Mrs. T. P. Wood this week.

Mrs. J. A. Snider left Thursday for Galveston where she will visit her daughter Mrs. Clyde Wilhelm, and family.

Miss Cora Snider spent the weekend in Brownwood, a guest of Miss Estelle Jones who is attending Howard Payne college.

Mrs. Kinney Eckert, accompanied by her sister, Miss Zella Wood, and Miss Ruby Jordan, were visitors in Brady from Mason Tuesday.

Messrs. Ira Mayhew and Wilson D. Jordan left Sunday for Waco where they are in attendance upon the annual State convention of the Produce Dealers association of Texas.

Messrs. Howard and Edwin Broad returned last Thursday night from San Antonio, where they had been attending the meeting of the Winchester dealers association. They report a most pleasant and profitable meeting.

Every day in every way they are growing longer and longer.

DIRT BROKEN FOR NEW BRADY HOTEL MONDAY MORNING

The breaking of dirt yesterday morning for the foundations of the new Brady hotel marked an event of greatest local interest and importance inasmuch as it was the real start towards the realization of Brady's long-cherished dream—a modern, fire-proof hotel building in keeping with the city's growing needs, and which should serve both as an ornament and an attraction to our city.

It is true, the first spadeful of dirt was turned several months back by W. D. Crothers, immediately after the formal organization of the Brady Hotel company and his election to the office of president of the company. Also during the past week or so, preliminary work, including the building of Contractor H. H. Richards' office, and sheds for the storage of tools and material, was accomplished but none of these events aroused such universal interest and enthusiasm as did the actual breaking of dirt yesterday.

With a large crew of workmen, daily progress will be apparent. Already the excavations for the foundation work are assuming size and proportion. The huge lime pit, dug to the west of the hotel site, is being rapidly filled with lime which is being mixed by another crew, and which will be allowed to slack in the pit for the next several weeks in order to give it the right consistency for the making of mortar and lime.

Contractor Richards has progressed with the work on the new high school building to a point where he can give the construction work on the new hotel his undivided attention, and he will concentrate his large force of workmen upon this project in order to get actual construction under way at the earliest possible moment.

BRIEFLY TOLD.

Perfumes, which still retained their scent after more than 3,000 years, were found in four alabaster vases in the tomb of King Tutankhamen in Egypt.

Modern Turkish girls no longer live scheduled lives. They are working in offices, some as bank clerks, some as bookkeepers. Many are studying medicine and electrical engineering and others are going in for agriculture. All are preparing for careers of usefulness. The chashaf or veil has been modified to a mere scarf, extremely charming and attractive in its simplicity.

More than \$30,000,000,000 are invested in tax-exempt Federal, state and municipal bonds in the United States, according to a prominent political economist. It is estimated the United States Treasury is losing some \$300,000,000 a year of income-tax revenue because these bonds are exempt from taxation. This slack must be taken up by those who do not own tax-exempt securities.

Three of every 10 persons living between Fiftieth and Twenty-eighth streets in New York City are drug addicts, according to a prominent physician formerly attached to the state narcotics division.

H. N. COOK ADVISED THAT HE HAS BEEN CERTIFIED AS POSTMASTER BRADY OFFICE

H. N. Cook this morning received a wire from M. B. Howard, postmaster of Sweetwater, and long-time personal friend of Mr. Cook's, and who is now in Washington, D. C., on a special mission, that he (Mr. Cook) had been certified as postmaster of Brady, and requesting Mr. Cook to have S. S. Graham, McCulloch county chairman of the Republican Executive committee, to wire R. B. Creager, state chairman, endorsement for regular appointment to the office.

Mr. Cook's many friends here look upon this as the final step towards his permanent appointment to the position of postmaster of the Brady office. Mr. Cook has made a splendid record since being placed in charge here and has the affairs of the office running smoothly and with complete satisfaction to the general public, and his permanent appointment to the office would meet with universal approval.

J. D. HOLMES PURCHASES RESIDENCE OF J. M. PAGE MILE WEST, COLEMAN ROAD

A trade was closed last week whereby J. D. Holmes, long-time resident of the Brady section, purchased the residence and block of land owned and occupied by J. M. Page, and which lies about one mile west of Brady on the Coleman road. The purchase price was given as \$1,500. Possession is to be given by Mr. Page and family on March 1st.

The property consists of a 5-room residence and approximately a city block of land, and was acquired by Mr. Page just about six years ago. Its location in proximity to Brady makes it a most desirable tract, and will make an ideal suburban home for Mr. Holmes and family. Since selling his farm about a year ago, Mr. Holmes went to Mexico, but found nothing to suit him there, and since his return to Brady last fall has been trying to relocate here. Mr. Page will continue to make his home in Brady, and expects to close a trade for another place within the next week or so.

If you own a car, a home, a business—you need fire protection! A Fyr Fyter will give you this protection at a minimum cost. Eight dollars will install a Junior in your home—fifteen dollars will install two. Get the habit. See Parker and Burton today. Queen Hotel.

Ohio Cook Spoiled to Make Great Singer



When Cyrena Van Gordon, prima donna of the Chicago Opera Company was a little girl at Camden, O., and the great Campanini told her she would be the greatest contralto in the world, a fine cook was spoiled. Later she got her musical education at Cincinnati. Even yet, however, her idea of a gala occasion is to invade the kitchen to cook "weal an' ammer"—a dish taught her by her grandmother. This is the recipe: "Take one pound of veal and one pound of ham, cutting into small cubes. Simmer until tender. No seasoning is necessary. Thicken the gravy, place in a baking dish and add two thinly sliced boiled potatoes. Cover with this rich biscuit dough and bake 30 minutes."

\$30,000 ROAD BOND ISSUE SOLD BY ROAD PRE. 2

By practically unanimous vote, the enterprising citizens of Melvin and Doole communities, last week decided to sell the \$30,000 road bonds voted by these communities in Road Precinct No. 2 in 1917. For some time the citizens of this district had been considering the disposing of these bonds, voted nearly six years ago, to enable them to go ahead with their plans of road improvement. In the past two years the project was twice held up, while these two communities joined, first a year ago last December in the county-wide road bond election and again last December in the Road District No. 1 election, both of which failed to carry.

Unwilling longer to delay the improvement of their highways, the citizens of Melvin and Doole asked the commissioners court to meet with them last Wednesday at Melvin at which time the entire proposition was taken up at a mass meeting. In calling for an opinion upon the matter, a vote of 15 for and but one opposed was cast in favor of selling the bonds and proceeding with the work of road improvement, several present at the mass meeting remaining neutral and not voting.

Friday the bonds were sold to F. B. King of Austin at 90c. Sale of the bonds below par resulted from the ten year optional clause in the bonds, and since six of the ten years has already lapsed, Road Precinct No. 2 will be enabled to redeem the bonds any time after the next four years. This short-term naturally made the bonds less desirable as an investment.

Road Precinct No. 2 starts at the pocket twelve miles out from Brady, and the road designed to be improved runs through the Melvin and Doole communities. It traverses a rich agricultural section and its improvement will result in drawing trade to Melvin from a wide and richly productive area.

COLEMAN MAN DRAWS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS FOR KILLING CLAIBORN MAY

The following is from the Santa Anna News:

"Bob Collins, tried in the district court at Coleman last week, charged with the murder of Claiborn May, received a sentence of 35 years in the penitentiary. The jury was out only a few moments after the case was given to them late Friday evening. Following is a list of jurymen who heard the evidence and passed sentence: B. F. Raymer, Joe Roper, J. D. Carter, S. P. Phillips, Roy Blevins, S. H. Duggins, J. E. Blanton, J. L. Hardin, W. A. Arnold, R. O. Shoemaker, Horace Campbell.

"Judge E. M. Critz was appointed trial judge for the Collins trial in the absence of Judge Woodward, who was ill and not able to preside."

Let Macy & Co. fill your coal bins. Phone 295.

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.

E. R. Cantwell
MATTRESS MAKER
And UPHOLSTERER
Brady : Texas

Leave Your
KODAK FI
With
DAVIS & GART
TO BE FINISH

COLUMBIA RECORDS

12 FOR \$3.30



Now you look here! Save money! Listen to good music at less than half the regular price. More than 1500 Columbia Records at sacrifice prices. A thousand 10-inch Columbia Double Face Records at the ridiculous price of \$3.30 for 12.

Our loss is your gain. Come in before all choice records are sold out.

Trigg Drug Co.
The Rexall Store The Store of Service

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES
Local Readers, 7 1/2¢ per line, per issue
Classified Ads, 1 1/2¢ per word per issue
Display Rates Given upon Application

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.

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.



BRADY, TEXAS, Feb. 20, 1923

HONEST INJUN.

Every day in every way they are growing longer and longer—the days and the whiskers!

CONGRATULATIONS, MELVIN AND DOOLE.

The sincere congratulations of The Brady Standard are extended to the live-wire, progressive citizens of the Melvin and Doole community, who have just voted to carry out their road-building program originally formulated six years ago. We feel sure that this road improvement project will immensely benefit these two communities, as well as enhancing the value of the surrounding farms and lands, and, together with the comforts and conveniences it will bring to the citizenship will prove of inestimable value. We trust it will bring to the entire citizenship the fullest measure of happiness and prosperity, and which they so justly deserve.

COMPLIMENTARY TO OUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Hon. Jim Finlay, of Fife, upon whose broad shoulders rests the responsibility of protecting the interests of San Saba, McCulloch and Lampasas counties during the legislative inquisition at Austin, spent the weekend at home and registered at the Reporter office Friday morning. Daily records would indicate that our representative is learning to finger the keyboard on the new-fangled voting machine with remarkable facility, for a beginner. Leastwise, he is punching the right color most of the time and that is saying quite a lot.—Lometa Reporter.

EDITOR MAKES MISTAKES—SO DO OTHERS.

We made a mistake in last week's issue, admits an exchange. A good subscriber told us about it. The same day there was a letter in our postoffice box that didn't belong to us. We called for 98 over the phone and got 198. We asked for a spool of No. 50 thread and when we got home we found it was No. 60. The train was reported 30 minutes late. We arrived at the depot 20 minutes after the train had gone. We got our milk bill, there was a mistake of 10 cents in our favor. We felt sick and the doctor said we were eating too much meat. We hadn't tasted meat for two months. The garage man said the jitney was missing because it needed a new timer. We cleaned a spark plug and its run fine ever since. Yes, we made a mistake in yesterday's issue of the paper.—San Angelo Standard.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

THE BRADY STANDARD
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Tuesday - Friday
Brady, Texas

- To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$1.50 per year
- SIX MONTHS 75c
- THREE MONTHS 40c
- Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 15c per month.
- To postoffice more than 50 miles from Brady \$2.00 per year
- MONTHS \$1.00
- SIX MONTHS ... 65c
- THREE MONTHS ... 40c

Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months, copy, straight.

January 1, 1923.

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Classified-Ad rate is 1 1/2¢ per word for each insertion, with a minimum charge of 25¢. Count the words in your ad and remit accordingly. Terms cash, unless you have a ledger account with us.

WANTED
WANTED—Sacks. O. D. MANN & SONS.

FOR TRADE
WANTED—To Trade small pair mules for larger ones and pay difference. Will buy large pair mules outright. Jas. M. Drock, Brady.

TO TRADE—Radio outfit complete for Ford car in good condition. See WILL KENNERLY, at the Radio and Electric Shop.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—Rebuilt Overland 4; guaranteed to be in good shape. MANN-RICKS AUTO CO.

FOR SALE—Ford roadster, first-class condition. Phone 3302—2 rings, or apply at Rohde Bros. Bakery.

FOR SALE—Pure Mebane Cotton Planting Seed, one year from breeders; machine culled, in bulk, and any amount desired. \$1.25 per bushel. J. D. Powell, Rochelle, Texas, Rt. 1, Box 57.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.
In 1912 the Santa Fe railroad's tax bill was \$414 per mile for every mile of railroad operated, or a total of \$4,438,000,000. In 1921 the tax amounted to \$1,270 per mile, or a total of \$14,836,000,000. The 1922 figures are not yet available, but they will greatly exceed the amount paid in 1921. What is true of the Santa Fe railroad is true of every other line of business and with the individual tax payer. And we should remember that Jones pays the freight.—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

CHANGE—NATURE'S ETERNAL LAW.
Nature is God because it is infinite, and it is infinite because it never repeats itself.

The more intricate this change the higher the order in creation. Change is produced through one or both of two processes: integration or disintegration.

And everything is either under the one or the other of these two laws; there is no middle or neutral ground, not even a line.

The moment an apple ceases to integrate it begins to disintegrate. Integration is the law of life; disintegration is the law of death.

As the apple is integrating it is approaching its beauty in color and flavor, and when this is perfected, and the integration ceases, disintegration at once sets in and it is finally reduced to its original elements.

So with individuals. While the apple is helpless to hasten integration or retard disintegration by shifting its position, man is able by shifting his position to materially hasten or retard the processes of these laws.

It has been found that man, like the apple, after spending a certain length of time, commensurable in his own possibilities, in one place, he reaches the limit of his integration and disintegration will immediately set in unless he changes his location.

The apple under the tree, in the sand and exposed to the varying currents of heat and cold, disintegrates very rapidly; while aided by a change to a cellar, the disintegration is very slow and it may be prolonged almost indefinitely.

When an individual finds that he has ceased to make progress intellectually, morally, or financially, and seems to be just holding his own, he will find that a change in his location will serve to give new life to his powers and he will find that he moves on and upward.

"Men, like cotton and corn," said Hawthorne, "don't do well planted too long in the same soil." This eternal pioneer-spirit in the breast of the American people, which keeps them continually chasing after the Eldorado, is the most beneficial fact in our natural life; for it keeps families from intermarrying and keeps the blood of her people new and changeful, with their own powers ever quickened.—Texas Commercial News.

Selfishness is the greatest drawback to every community and the greatest curse of every people. As a rule what is good for a community is good for all the people who make up that community, and while our benefits sometimes come in an indirect way, we are not willing to put our shoulders to the wheel and push the other fellow. It's a bad spirit. Drop it.—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

DISTRICT BASKET BALL MEET BROUGHT TWELVE COUNTIES TO CONTEST

The Stephenville Tribune in its last issue gives a very comprehensive account of the District Basket Ball meet held in Stephenville Friday and Saturday, February 9th and 10th. The Standard herewith reproduces its comment upon the meet and also its mention of the two games in which Rochelle contested. As will be noted, Rochelle came in for quite flattering praise for its team work, as well as the good work of individual members.

The following are excerpts from the Tribune's article:
"The District Basketball meet held in Stephenville last Friday and Saturday, under the auspices of the State Interscholastic League was one of the most successful meets the district has ever held, according to the verdict of all the teams contesting. The games were all cleanly played, the officials excellent and the personnel of each team apparently in the best of spirits.

"One thing that especially appealed to all the teams was the manner in which they were taken care of in the homes where they were placed. Each man and all the coaches were given rooms and their meals at private homes in the city. This was handled mainly through the efforts of the high school under the direction of Messrs. Bramlette and Dykes.

"Not only were the boys all taken care of until they had played their respective games but each team was assured that they may remain for the entire series of games. As an example it might be said that the Talpa team representing Coleman county was eliminated in the first game played and it would have been perfectly all right according to the preliminary arrangements for the hosts of the Talpa team to have turned them away, but this was not the case and the Coleman county boys remained over for the Saturday attractions. In fact the entire matter of detail arrangements was well accounted for and this fact was indeed appreciated. No confusion of any kind was noticed.

"The Tribune made an effort to get a correct account of each game as they were played and when some player's ability stood particular mention was noted. So many of the contesting teams did such good work, however, that it would be almost impossible to make mention of all the good plays that were made. Suffice to say that for the most part all the games were intensely interesting, the players putting forth every effort to get away with the winning score.

Rochelle vs. Gustine.
"After having seen both these teams in action and knowing that both would put forth every effort to win, the half-filled gymnasium was assured from the start of a mighty hard game. Rochelle had the fight from the first whistle and never let up. Gustine took the lead by shooting a flock of long field goals, but Rochelle fought all the harder and when the half ended the score was 14 to 13, in favor of Gustine. Mark Mitchell, Rochelle forward, again stepped into the limelight and kept up a constant dribbling only to be stopt by the Comanche county guard.

At that he was in almost every play and could easily hold his own on any of the stronger teams. Gustine finally won out with their good passing and excellent team work. They had evidently been well coached and had won a warm spot in the hearts of the crowd, although it must be said that Rochelle had a strong following in the stands. Final score: Gustine 98, Rochelle 22. Coaches: D. E. Renfro, Gustine; J. D. Connor, Rochelle.

Rochelle vs. Pottsville.
"The big crowd wondered and speculated on the outcome of the Rochelle-Pottsville game. It seemed that nothing had been heard with reference to the merits of either, only that Rochelle had defeated London by a top-heavy score and the first defeat given London in four years. Action was the password in the game from start to finish, with Pottsville taking the lead. Not to be outdone Rochelle came right back and with the good work of Mark Mitchell, plucky forward, took the big end of the scoring during the first half. Pottsville seemed at a loss to know what to do with the ball and their passing was not up to the pace set by the McCulloch county boys. Leron Cutler, the big Rochelle guard, was in almost every play, working hard and bringing applause from the crowd by his evident earnestness in seeing that Rochelle 'carried home the bacon.' The score ended 39 to 10 in favor of Rochelle. Pottsville has the making of a mighty strong team and if kept together will surely be in the running

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Thursday, February 22nd

Patriotism is the Keynote

Party Goods and Decorations

The patriotic motif is the keynote of the line of Party Goods offered for this festive occasion. Blended with the national emblem are the cherry, the hatchet and other significant ideas—all combining in colorful fashion to make for bright effects.

- APPROPRIATE PARTY INVITATIONS add to the party's pleasure.
- PLACE CARDS, NUT AND SALAD CUPS for dressing up the table.
- SEALS for transforming every-day china into Patriotic designs.
- CUT-OUT NOVELTIES indispensable in brightening up the home.
- JAPANESE LANTERNS for novel effects.
- TALLY CARDS of clever design for the evening's pastime.
- BON BON BOXES, CAPS AND SNAPPERS for Party Favours.
- DECORATIVE CREPE PAPER PLATES, Etc., to complete the service.
- TABLE COVERS AND NAPKINS in Patriotic Design with Paper Plates, attractively bordered.

READ ALL ABOUT ENTERTAINING IN THE 1923 GALA BOOK

—We have it—price 10c.

THE BRADY STANDARD

PHONE 163 BRADY, TEXAS

next season. Coaches: Rochelle, Connor; Pottsville, O. K. Williams." Forty "huskies" or wolf dogs passed through Edmonton recently on their way to Banff, Alberta, where they will be used by an American motion picture producing company in the filming of a number of northern pictures.

Every day in every way they are growing longer and longer.

Editorial

THE BULWARK OF AMERICAN LIBERTIES IS THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

Play Whiskey Faro With Uncle Sam

Seemingly love does not laugh more heartily at locksmiths than bootleggers laugh at Uncle Sam. The sweethearts steal a kiss or two through latticed windows risking discovery at any moment, while the bootleggers race illicit fast motor boats inside the three mile limit on the same principle—an accepted understanding that they are working on a percentage that cannot fail.

The game has come to be known as Whiskey Faro. It is played consistently and persistently. The ships gather one by one outside the three mile limit each loaded to the Plimsoll line and weighted below the line with the stuff that cheers. When the big vessels are all at anchor, the auxiliary rum runners are gathered in sufficient number to create a favorable impression and then the word is given, and a dash is made for the shore line.

As a rule Uncle Sam has two or three revenue cutters always on the alert for the bootlegging racers. But forty boats make the dash, and according to all experience it is quite impossible for the government to catch more than three in any one raid. Consequently, the boats take their chances, and if three be seized, the percentage of loss runs to approximately seven per cent, which is a very profitable margin.

Evidently sectional prohibition does not work much better than did state enactments. If the drys are to succeed then they must blot up the whole world, or arrange fences and gateways on the ocean.

The Farmer Is Seeing The Light

Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, Chairman of the farm bloc, says: "The legislation which must be enacted in the near future to help cure the agricultural situation is in no sense class legislation. Agriculture is the only foundation upon which the state and nation can securely rest."

Capper also insists that Congress must put through the complete rural credit plan and it must pass a constitutional amendment prohibiting tax-exempt securities.

The programme is ambitious, but in the main sound and constructive. Evidently the farmer, however, has come to see the evil effect of inequitable and unscientific taxation.

In our hunger for money we created the tax-exempt security and urged the rich to absorb it. When we discovered that the wealth from which business and farmers must draw their loans was withdrawn from its productive function and thrown en masse into tax-exempt securities we realized the fault.

The tax-exempt security is an expedient makeshift appeal that this country does not and never has needed. Had Secretary McAdoo advertised the several Liberty Bond issues in a business-like way instead of depending on a spurious patriotic press agent free advertising exploitation of United States securities, our finances would be in a different condition today.

Abolishing tax-exempt securities is a wise thought, but getting down to equitable taxation is a just thought and justice must prevail.



Punchettes

SLOT MACHINE CHARITY

Faith, Hope, and Charity are the only permanent virtues. All the other virtues and all the other graces are temporary.

Charity dominated and controlled by love is personal. The greatest dynamic that has ever moved any one is the dynamic of love.

Whenever you reduce love to a mechanical basis or you reduce charity to a slot machine method of administering, you have blotted out the light of love and you have chilled the personal touch, and have robbed virtue of its heart.

Whenever you administer charity by proxy or by an organization, which is more interested in investigation, registration, tabulation, and confiscation of the domestic skeleton than it is of administering charity, you have turned the sweetest sentiment on earth into mockery, a curse, and an object of contempt.

Let each family in each church be responsible—personally responsible—for some unfortunate family. Let them administer to that family personally, visit it, clean its house, clothe its children, feed its hungry, nurse its sick, educate its ignorant, and sing the songs of cheer and happiness and thus dispel its dullness and gloom.

Then, and only then will you eradicate suffering and put real charity back on its throne.

Cursed—thrice cursed be the slot machine charity.

MISS LULU BETT

by
Zona Gale
Illustrations by
Irwin Myers



SYNOPSIS

I—APRIL.—General factotum in the house of her sister, Ina, wife of Herbert Deacon, in the small town of Warbleton Lulu Bett leads a dull, cramped existence, with which she is constantly at enmity, though apparently satisfied with her lot. She has natural thoughts and aspirations which neither her sister nor her brother-in-law seemingly can comprehend. To Mr. Deacon comes Bobby Larkin, recently graduated high school youth, secretly enamored of Deacon's elder daughter, Diana, an applicant for a "job" around the Deacon house. He is engaged, his occupation to be to keep the lawn in trim. The family is excited over Deacon's brother Ninian, whom he had not seen for many years. Deacon jokes with Lulu, with subtle meaning, concerning the coming meeting.

II—MAY.—Chiefly because of the ripple in her placid, colorless existence which the arrival of Ninian will bring, Lulu is interested and speculative, meanwhile watching with something like envy the boy-and-girl love-making of Bobby and Diana. Unexpectedly, Ninian arrives, in the absence of Herbert, at his business, and of Ina, resting. Thus he becomes acquainted with Lulu first and in a measure understands her position in the house. To Lulu, Ninian is a much-traveled man of the world and even the slight interest which he takes in her is appreciated, because it is something new in her life.

III—JUNE.—At an outing which the family takes, Ninian and Lulu become in a measure confidential. He expresses his disapproval of her treatment as a sort of dependent in the Deacon home. Lulu has vaguely had the same thoughts, but her loyalty to her sister and her own diffidence made Ninian's comments embarrassing. He declares his intention of giving the family a "good time" in the city before he leaves. Diana and Bobby, in the course of "soft nothings," discuss the possibility of eloping and "surprising the whole school." Lulu, despite herself, has awakened to pleasant possibilities concerning Ninian's intentions toward herself, the more so because hitherto she has been a practical nonentity in the household, having little to do with its simple social functions. The fact that Ninian had walked home with her causes all sorts of speculations to disturb her slumbers that night.

IV—JULY.—Ninian redeems his promise of a "good time," and dinner in the adjacent city, with the attentions shown her by her brother-in-law, is a delight to Lulu. At supper, after the theater, the conversation languishes, and Herbert banteringly suggests reading the funeral service as a rebuke for the dullness. Ninian apparently jokingly urges the substitution of the wedding service, himself and Lulu participating. As part of the joke Lulu repeats the words of the civil ceremony, with Ninian. The laughter subsiding, Herbert remembers that a civil wedding is binding in the state, and inasmuch as he is a magistrate, Ninian and Lulu are legally wedded. The rest of the party is shocked, but Ninian declares he is perfectly satisfied. Lulu is dumfounded but secretly happy. She and Ninian depart at once for their honeymoon, without returning to Warbleton. The Deacons lose no time spreading the news in the home town, though the services of Lulu are sadly missed in the household.

V—AUG.—Lulu's marriage, now an event of a month ago, still is a subject of conversation in the Deacon family, Ina feeling that there is something vaguely disquieting in her sister's letters. Abruptly, Lulu returns to her former home, without Ninian, and with the appalling news that he had a wife living (though he declares he believed her dead), when he and Lulu went through the wedding ceremony at that after-theater supper. With little feeling for Lulu's unhappy position, the Deacon's think only of the disgrace to the family. Reluctantly Herbert agrees to write to Ninian, insisting on the whole truth, and Lulu takes up her old position. Herbert is inclined to blame Lulu for her part in the proceedings, and Ina defends her feebly. Billing and cooing between Bobby Larkin and Diana goes merrily on, though neither Diana's father nor her stepmother appear to notice anything out of the ordinary.

VI—SEPTEMBER.—A new arrival in the little town, one Neil Cornish, is an event of interest. Herbert invites him to the house and he becomes a friend of the family. A message announcing the alarming illness of Herbert's foster mother calls him and Ina to the East. In his absence Lulu tells him of her unfortunate affair with Ninian and for the first time receives sympathy. Ninian's answer to Herbert's demand for full information arrives. It gives proof of his first marriage, and that the woman

is living and not divorced. Lulu receives the news with something like satisfaction, now that she understands her position. Diana, with youthful impulsiveness, decides she will marry Bobby Larkin, and goes alone, to the adjoining town of Milton to meet him.

Lulu looked. "I'll tell you something," she said; "there's some of these I can play with one hand—by ear. Maybe—"

"Why, sure?" said Cornish. Lulu sat at the piano. She had on the wool cholly, long sacred to the nights when she must combine her servant's estate with the quality of being Ina's sister. She wore her coral beads and her cameo cross. In her absence she had caught the trick of dressing her hair so that it looked even more abundant—but she had not dared to try it so until tonight, when Dwight was gone. Her long wrist was curved high, her thin hand pressed and fingered awkwardly, and at her mistakes her head dipped and strove to make all right. Her foot continuously touched the loud pedal—the blurred sound seemed to accomplish more. So she played "How Can I Leave Thee," and they managed to sing it. So she played "Long, Long Ago," and "Little Nell of Narragansett Bay." Beyond open doors, Mrs



"Oh, No," Lulu Disclaimed It. She Looked Up, Flushed, Smiling.

Bett listened, sang, it may be, with them; for when the singers ceased, her voice might be heard still humming a loud closing bar.

"Well!" Cornish cried to Lulu; and then, in the formal village phrase: "You're quite a musician."

"Oh, no!" Lulu disclaimed it. She looked up, flushed, smiling. "I've never done this in front of anybody," she owned. "I don't know what Dwight and Ina'd say. . . ." She drooped. They rested and, miraculously, the air of the place had stirred and quickened, as if the crippled, halting melody had some power of its own, and poured this forth, even thus trampled. "I guess you could do 'most anything you set your hand to," said Cornish.

"Oh, no," Lulu said again. "Sing and play and cook—"

"But I can't earn anything. I'd like to earn something." But this she had not meant to say. She stopped, rather frightened.

"You would! Why, you have it fine here, I thought."

"Oh, fine, yes. Dwight gives me what I have. And I do their work."

"I see," said Cornish. "I never thought of that," he added. She caught his speculative look—he had heard a tale or two concerning her return, as who in Warbleton had not heard?

"You're wondering why I didn't stay with him?" Lulu said recklessly. This was no less than wrong from her, but its utterance occasioned in her an unspeakable relief.

"Oh, no," Cornish disclaimed, and colored and rocked.

"Yes, you are," she swept on. "The whole town's wondering. Well, I'd like 'em to know, but Dwight won't let me tell."

Cornish frowned, trying to understand.

left me." It was curious to hear her bring out that word—tentatively, deprecatingly, like some one daring a foreign phrase without warrant.

Cornish said feebly: "Oh, well. . . ." Before she willed it, she was telling him:

"He didn't. He didn't leave me," she cried with passion. "He had another wife." Incredibly it was as if she were defending both him and herself.

"Lord sakes!" said Cornish. She poured it out, in her passion to tell some one, to share her news of her state where there would be neither hardness nor censure.

"We were in Savannah, Georgia," she said. "We were going to leave for Oregon—going to go through California. We were in the hotel, and he was going out to get the tickets. He started to go. Then he came back. I was sitting the same as here. He opened the door again—the same as here. I saw he looked different—and he said quick: 'There's something you'd ought to know before we go.' And, of course, I said, 'What?' And he said it right out—how he was married eighteen years ago and in two years she ran away and she must be dead, but he wasn't sure. He hadn't the proofs. So, of course, I came home. But it wasn't him left me."

"No, no. Of course he didn't," Cornish said earnestly. "But, Lord's sakes—" he said again. He rose to walk about, found it impracticable and sat down.

"That's what Dwight don't want me to tell—he thinks it isn't true. He thinks—he didn't have any other wife. He thinks he wanted—" Lulu looked up at him. "You see," she said, "Dwight thinks he didn't want me."

"But why don't you make your husband—I mean, why doesn't he write to Mr. Deacon here, and tell him the truth—" Cornish burst out.

Under this implied belief, she relaxed and into her face came its rare sweetness.

"He has written," she said. "The letter's there."

He followed her look, scowled at the two letters.

"What'd he say?" "Dwight don't like me to touch his mail. I'll have to wait till he comes back."

"Lord sakes!" said Cornish. This time he did rise and walk about. He wanted to say something, wanted it with passion. He paused beside Lulu and stammered:

"You—you're too nice a girl to get a deal like this. Darned if you aren't."

To her own complete surprise Lulu's eyes filled with tears, and she could not speak. She was by no means above self-sympathy.

"And there ain't," said Cornish sorrowfully, "there ain't a thing I can do."

And yet he was doing much. He was gentle, he was listening, and on his face a frown of concern. His face continually surprised her, it was so fine and alive and near, by comparison with Ninian's loose-lipped, ruddy, impersonal look and Dwight's thin, high-boned hardness. All the time Cornish gave her something, instead of drawing upon her. Above all, he was there, and she could talk to him.

"It's—it's funny," Lulu said. "I'd be awful glad if I just could know for sure that the other woman was alive—I couldn't know she's dead."

This surprising admission Cornish seemed to understand.

"Sure you would," he said briefly. "Cora Waters," Lulu said. "Cora Waters, of San Diego, California. And she never heard of me."

"No," Cornish admitted. They stared at each other as across some abyss.

In the doorway Mrs. Bett appeared. "I scraped up everything," she remarked, "and left the dishes set."

"That's right, mamma," Lulu said. "Come and sit down."

Mrs. Bett entered with a leisurely air of doing the thing next expected of her.

"I don't hear any more playin' and singin'," she remarked. "It sounded real nice."

"We—we sung all I knew how to play, I guess, mamma."

"I use to play on the melodeon," Mrs. Bett volunteered, and spread and examined her right hand.

"Well!" said Cornish. She now told them about her log-house in a New England clearing, when she was a bride. All her store of drama and life, came from her. She rehearsed it with far eyes. She laughed at old delights, drooped at old fears. She told about her little daughter who had died at sixteen—a tragedy such as once would have been renewed in a vital ballad. At the end she yawned frankly as if, in some terrible sophistication, she had been telling the story of some one else.

"Give us one more piece," she said. "Can we?" Cornish asked. "I can play 'I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old,'" Lulu said. "That's the ticket!" said Cornish. They sang it, to Lulu's right hand. "That's the one you picked out when you was a little girl, Lulu," cried Mrs. Bett.

no intrusion. "Oh, thank you," she said. "You don't know how good it is to feel—"

"Of course it is," said Cornish heartily.

They stood for a moment on the porch. The night was one of low



"Of Course," Said Lulu, "Of Course You Won't—You Wouldn't."

clamer from the grass, tiny voices, insisting.

"Of course," said Lulu, "of course you won't—you wouldn't—"

"Say anything?" he divined. "Not for dollars. Not," he repeated, "for dollars."

"But I knew you wouldn't," she told him.

He took her hand. "Good-night," he said. "I've had an awful nice time singing and listening to you talk—well, of course—I mean," he cried, "the supper was just fine. And so was the music."

"Oh, no," she said. Mrs. Bett came into the hall. "Lulu," she said. "I guess you didn't notice—this one's from Ninian."

"Mother—" "I opened it—why, of course I did. It's from Ninian."

Mrs. Bett held out the opened envelope, the unfolded letter, and a yellowed newspaper clipping.

"See," said the old woman, "says, 'Cora Waters, music hall singer—married last night to Ninian Deacon.' Say, Lulu, that must be her."

Lulu threw out her hands. "There!" she cried triumphantly. "He was married to her, just like he said!"

The Plows were at breakfast next morning when Lulu came in casually at the side door. Yes, she said, she had had breakfast. She merely wanted to see them about something. Then she said nothing, but sat looking with a troubled frown at Jenny. Jenny's hair was about her neck, like the hair of a little girl, a south window poured light upon her, the fruit and honey upon the table seemed her only possible food.

"You look troubled, Lulu," Mrs. Plow said. "Is it about getting work?"

"No," said Lulu, "no. I've been places. I guess the bakery is going to let me make cake."

"I knew it would come to you," Mrs. Plow said, and Lulu thought that this was a strange way to speak, when she herself had gone after the cakes. But she kept on looking about the room. It was so bright and quiet. As she came in, Mr. Plow had been reading from a book, Dwight never read from a book at table.

"I wish—" said Lulu, as she looked at them. But she did not know what she wished. Certainly it was for no moral excellence, for she perceived none.

"What is it, Lulu?" Mr. Plow asked, and he was bright and quiet too. Lulu thought.

"Well," said Lulu, "it's not much, but I wanted Jenny to tell me about last night."

"Last night?" "Yes. Would you—? Hesitation was her only way of apology. "Where did you go?" She turned to Jenny.

Jenny looked up in her clear and ardent fashion: "We went across the river and carried supper and then we came home."

"What time did you get home?" "Oh, it was still light. Long before eight, it was."

Lulu hesitated and flushed, asked how long Di and Bobby had stayed there at Jenny's; whereupon she heard that Di had to be home early on account of Mr. Cornish, so that she and Bobby had not stayed at all. To which Lulu said an "of course," but first she stared at Jenny and so impaired the strength of her assent. Almost at once she rose to go.

"Nothing else?" said Mrs. Plow, catching that look of hers.

Lulu wanted to say: "My husband was married before, just as he said he was." But she said nothing more, and went home. There she put it to Di and, with her terrible bluntness, reviewed to Di the testimony.

"You were not with Jenny after eight o'clock. Where were you?" Lulu spoke formally and her rehearsals were evident.

Di said: "When mamma comes home, I'll tell her."

With this Lulu had no idea how to deal, and merely looked at her helplessly. Mrs. Bett, who was tucking her shoes, now said calmly:

"No need to wait till then. Her and Bobby were out in the side yard sitting in the hammock till all hours."

Di had no answer save her furious flush, and Mrs. Bett went on: "Didn't I tell you? I knew it before the company left, but I didn't say a word. Thinks I, 'She wiggles and chitters.' So I left her stay where she was."

"But, mother!" Lulu cried. "You didn't even tell me after he'd gone."

"I forgot it," Mrs. Bett said, "finding Ninian's letter and all—" She talked of Ninian's letter.

Di was bright and alert and firm of flesh and erect before Lulu's softness and laxness.

"I don't know what your mother'll say," said Lulu, "and I don't know what people'll think."

"They won't think Bobby and I are tired of each other, anyway," said Di, and left the room.

Through the day Lulu tried to think what she must do. About Di she was anxious and felt without power. She thought of the indignation of Dwight and Ina that Di had not been more scrupulously guarded. She thought of Di's girlish folly, her irritating independence—"and there," Lulu thought, "just the other day I was teaching her to sew." Her mind dwelt, too, on Dwight's furious anger at the opening of Ninian's letter. But when all this had spent itself, what was she herself to do? She must leave his house before he ordered her to do so, which she told him that she had confided in Cornish, as tell she must. But what was she to do? The bakery cake-making would not give her a roof.

Stepping about the kitchen in her blue cotton gown, her hair tight and flat as seemed proper when one was not dressed, she thought about these things. And it was strange: Lulu bore no physical appearance of one in distress or any anxiety. Her head was erect, her movements were strong and swift, her eyes were interested. She was no drooping Lulu with dragging step. She was more intent, she was somehow more operative than she had ever been.

Mrs. Bett was working contentedly beside her, and now and then humming an air of that music of the night before. The sun surged through the kitchen door and east window, a returned oriole swung and fluted on the elm above the gable. Wagons clattered by over the rattling wooden block pavement.

"Ain't it nice with nobody home?" Mrs. Bett remarked at intervals, like the burden of a comic song.

"Hush, mother," Lulu said, troubled, her ethical refinements conflicting with her honesty.

"Speak the truth and shame the devil," Mrs. Bett contended.

When dinner was ready at noon, Di did not appear. A little earlier Lulu had heard her moving about her room, and she served her in expectation that she would join them.

"Di must be having the 'tantrim' this time," she thought, and for a time said nothing. But at length she did say: "Why doesn't Di come? I'd better put her plate in the oven."

Rising to do so, she was arrested by her mother. Mrs. Bett was eating a baked potato, holding her fork close to the tines, and presenting a profile of passionate absorption.

"Why, Di went off," she said. "Went off!"

"Down the walk. Down the side-walk."

"She must have gone to Jenny's," said Lulu. "I wish she wouldn't do that without telling me."

Monona laughed out and shook her straight hair. "She'll catch it!" she cried in sisterly enjoyment.

It was when Lulu had come back from the kitchen and was seated at the table that Mrs. Bett observed: "I didn't think Inie'd want her to take her nice new satchel."

"Her satchel?" "Yes. Inie wouldn't take it north herself, but Di had it."

"Mother," said Lulu, "when Di went away just now, was she carrying a satchel?"

"Didn't I just tell you?" Mrs. Bett demanded, aggrieved. "I said I didn't think Inie—"

"Mother, which way did she go?" Monona pointed with her spoon. "She went that way," she said. "I seen her."

Lulu looked at the clock. For Monona had pointed toward the railway station. The twelve-thirty train, which every one took to the city for shopping, would be just about leaving.

"Monona," said Lulu, "don't you go out of the yard while I'm gone. Mother, you keep her—"

Lulu ran from the house and up the street. She was in her blue cotton dress, her old shoes; she was hatless and without money. When she was still two or three blocks from the station, she heard the twelve-thirty "pulling out."

She ran badly, her ankles in their low, loose shoes continually turning, her arms held taut at her sides. So she came down the platform, and to the ticket window. The contained ticket man, wanted to lost trains and perturbed faces, yet actually ceased counting when he saw her:

"Lenny! Did Di Deacon take that train?"

"Sure she did," said Lenny. "And Bobby Larkin?" Lulu cared nothing for appearances now.

"He went in on the Local," said Lenny, and his eyes widened.

"Where?" "See." Lenny thought it through. "Milton," he said. "Yes, sure. Milton. Both of 'em."

"How long till another train?" "Well, sir," said the ticket man, "you're in luck, if you was goin' too. Seventeen was late this morning—she'll be along, jerk of a lamb's tail."

"Then," said Lulu, "you got to give me a ticket to Milton, without me paying till after—and you got to lend me two dollars."

"Sure thing," said Lenny, with a manner of laying the entire railway system at her feet.

"Seventeen" would rather not have stopped at Warbleton, but Lenny's signal was law on the time card, and the magnificent yellow express slowed down for Lulu. Hatless, and in her blue cotton gown, she climbed aboard.

Then her old inefficiency seized upon her. What was she going to do? Milton! She had been there but once, years ago—how could she ever find anybody? Why had she not stayed in Warbleton and asked the sheriff or somebody—no, not the sheriff. Cornish, perhaps. Oh, and Dwight and Ina were going to be angry now! And Di—little Di. As Lulu thought of her she began to cry. She said to herself that she had taught Di to sew.

In sight of Milton, Lulu was seized with trembling and physical nausea. She had never been alone in any unfamiliar town. She put her hands to her hair and for the first time realized her rolled-up sleeves. She was pulling down these sleeves when the conductor came through the train.

"Could you tell me," she said timidly, "the name of the principal hotel in Milton?"

Ninian had asked this as they neared Savannah, Georgia.

The conductor looked curiously at her.

"Why, the Hess house," he said. "Wasn't you expecting anybody to meet you?" he asked, kindly.

"No," said Lulu, "but I'm going to find my folks—" Her voice trailed away.

"Beats all," thought the conductor, using his utility formula for the universe.

In Milton Lulu's inquiry for the Hess house produced no consternation. Nobody paid any attention to her. She was almost taken to be a new servant there.

"You stop feeling so!" she said to herself angrily at the lobby entrance.



"Tried the Parlor?" And Directed Her Kindly and With His Thumb.

"Ain't you been to that big hotel in Savannah, Georgia?"

The Hess house, Milton, had a tradition of its own to maintain, it seemed, and they sent her to the rear basement door. She obeyed meekly, but she lost a good deal of time before she found herself at the end of the office desk. It was still longer before anyone attended her.

"Please, sir!" she burst out. "See if Di Deacon has put her name on your book?"

Her appeal was tremendous, compelling. The young clerk listened to her, showed her where to look in the register. When only strange names

and strange writing presented themselves there, he said: "Tried the parlor?"

And directed her kindly and with his thumb, and in the other hand a pen divorced from his ear for the express purpose.

In crossing the lobby in the hotel at Savannah, Georgia, Lulu's most pressing problem had been to know where to look. But now the tapers in the Hess house lobby did not exist. In time she found the door of the intensely rose-colored reception room. There, in a fat, rose-colored chair, beside a cataract of lace curtains, sat Di, alone.

(Continued Next Week)

Fastidious Visitor. "I think, Lucille, I'll take one of the children to the park with me. Which one do you think would go best with this dress?"—London Mail.

Every day in every way they are growing longer and longer.

String Tags, Shipping Tags, Linen Tags, Brass Eyelet Tags, Marking Tags—whatever your Tag wants, we can supply you. The Brady Standard.

Apologies to Coues. Day by day in every way I'm getting sicker and sicker. All I do is rave and rave, Egg, light wine and lic'eer.

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I. G. ABNEY, "The Old Reliable"

MAN WHO LICKED ADMIRAL DEWEY IS STILL ALIVE

San Pedro, Calif., Feb. 16.—Wm. H. Savage, an attorney here is credited with being the only man who won a fight with the late Admiral George Dewey. The fight was a fist engagement between the two men and took place on the quarterdeck of the old sloop-of-war Mississippi in 1862. Dewey was then a second lieutenant and Savage was a private in the Marines, and on the day of his fight with Dewey was acting as orderly to Captain Melancton.

In a letter written on the U. S. S. Olympia by Admiral Dewey on June 16, 1898, the original of which Mr. Savage treasures, the hero of Manila Bay recalls his fight with Savage. He wrote, in part: "I trust I have my tember more in hand now."

Mr. Savage, a former judge and state senator, tells of the fight as follows:

"I had been instructed to take orders from no one except Captain Melancton. I went to Lieutenant Dewey to report one bell. "One bell, sir," I said. "Strike it," he ordered.

"The captain has given me instructions to take orders from no one except himself," I replied.

"You strike that bell," he commanded.

"I won't," I retorted.

"I'll make you do it,"

"You can't do it!"

"Dewey then struck at me and knocked me to the deck. I leaped to my feet and rushed at him. He went down in a heap against a hatch as I struck him on the jaw, and I leaped upon him when he got up. We rolled around on the deck for more than 15 minutes before being separated by the sergeant of the guard. I was thrown in the brig.

Had Black Eye.

"I was brought before the mast and Lieutenant Dewey was there also. I was covered with blood, having had no opportunity to wash, but Dewey had washed and changed clothing. His face was badly battered and cut and both eyes were black.

"What the devil have you men been doing?" roared the Captain as he looked us over.

"I had no business striking him, sir," said Dewey.

"I am to blame," I retorted.

"Dewey turned to me and said: 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I should not have lost my temper and struck you while on duty.'

"The captain was astonished at this display of politeness from two men who had been so badly battered by each other's fists and told us both to go back to duty."

In his letter to Judge Savage, Admiral Dewey said: "How few of us who were on board the old Mississippi then are alive now." That was written in 1898, and today Judge Savage says he is the sole remaining member of the old Mississippi crew. Judge Savage was born in Ireland in 1836.

BRIEFLY TOLD.

Many counties in our western states are larger than entire states along the Atlantic seaboard.

A 13-year old Ogden, Utah, school-boy has trained a wild cat to follow him to school each day.

No more will London be clouded in fog if a new fuel discovered by a mining instructor does all that is claimed for it. The fogs of London are produced from the smoke of factory and grate fires. The inventor of the new fuel has brought forth a new bright, hard coke which ignites easily, produces little dust and burns with a cheerful glow. It is made by carbonization of powdered coking and non-coking coal at a temperature of 600 and 700 degrees centigrade.

Five caterpillar motor cars crossed the Sahara, traversing the 2,000 miles from Tugart, Algiers, on the north coast of Africa, to Timbuctoo, in the Sudan, French West Africa, in 21 days. It requires at least three months for camels to make the same journey. Two machines were equipped with rapid-fire guns to discourage roving bandits. The appearance of the machines was the wonderment of natives who had never seen an automobile before.

Every day in every way they are growing longer and longer.

See Macy & Co. for feed of all kinds, and field seeds. Phone 295.

A squirt in time saves the home. Fyr Fyters throw a continuous stream without continued pumping and smother's fire instantly. Install one on your car—in your home and at your business location. \$8, \$12 and \$15.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS
To the Sheriff or any Constable of McCulloch County, Greeting:

You Are Hereby Commanded to summon Geneva Graham by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the Thirty-fifth Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said Thirty-fifth Judicial District, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of McCulloch County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in Brady, Texas, on the Third Monday in March A. D. 1923, the same being the 19th day of March 1923, then and there to answer, a petition filed in said Court on the 26th day of January A. D. 1923 in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 2147, wherein W. C. Graham is Plaintiff, and Geneva Graham is Defendant, and said petition alleging that the plaintiff and defendant were legally married in Comanche County, Texas, on Nov. 2nd, A. D. 1913, and lived together as husband and wife till about July 16, 1921. That for about 1 year before July 16, 1921, the defendant prosecuted a course of misconduct towards plaintiff and his family, such as rendered their living together insupportable. That during said last year of their cohabitation, the defendant was guilty of unchastity, lewdness and adultery with other men; and during said time, the defendant contracted and communicated to plaintiff a venereal disease, thus compelling plaintiff to abandon defendant about July 16, 1921, after which time plaintiff and defendant have never cohabited as husband and wife. That the plaintiff and defendant had born unto them of said wedlock 2 children, to-wit: W. C. Graham, Jr., a boy 8 years old, and Victor Graham, a boy 5 years old. That the defendant is incompetent and unfit to care for and rear the said children and that the plaintiff is, in every way qualified to care for, rear and educate his said children. Wherefore, plaintiff prays for proper citation to the defendant, and upon final hearing on said petition for judgment of the Court granting plaintiff a full divorce from the defendant, and a judgment awarding to plaintiff the care and custody of said minor children.

Herein Fail Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given Under My Hand and the Seal of Said Court at office in Brady, Texas, this 26th day of January A. D. 1923.

BOYD COMMANDER,
Clerk District Court McCulloch County, Texas.

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All Prices are Below Regular Wholesale Value and in Addition to this 20 per Cent Free Goods

- No. 1:** 25 Bars Sunny Monday Soap
25 Bars Fairy Soap
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10 Bars Glycerine Tar Soap
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\$4.99

Four Large 31-2 Pound Packages Gold Dust FREE!

- No. 2:** 1 Box Sunny Monday Soap **\$4.25**
FREE: 8 Bars Fairy, 4 small Gold Dust, 2 Mascot
2 Glycerine Tar, 2 Pumo, 2 Clairette.

- No. 3:** 12 Large 3 1-2 Pounds Gold Dust **\$3.20**
FREE: 6 Bars Fairy, 6 Bars Sunny Monday.

- No. 4:** 3 Small Gold Dust, 2 Fairy, 1 Glycerine Tar
2 Pumo, 12 Sunny Monday, 5 Clairette
1 Mascot **98c**
FREE: One 3 1-2 pound Package Gold Dust.

- No. 5:** 1 Case 5c Gold Dust **\$3.90**

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WHEN GEN. ROBT. E. LEE
CAME TO TEXAS.—TOLD IN
MAGAZINE SECTION MAR. 9

Section, March 9th, and read the
story—it is full of romance and
pathos.

"THE GREATEST GOOD IN
GOVERNMENT."—HEART
STORY TEXAS INSTITUTIONS

Few of our readers know that Gen. Robert E. Lee visited Texas just before the breaking out of the Civil War, and was a guest at "Camp Colorado," on Jim Ned creek, in West-ern Texas. At the time of the visit General Lee was on a tour of inspection of army posts and was a colonel in the U. S. Army.

The Brady Standard's Monthly Magazine Section will tell the story of General Lee's visit to Texas. Watch for the date of the Magazine

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A heart story of two of Texas' greatest institutions of learning—the School for the Blind and the School for the Deaf at Austin, will be told in our Monthly Magazine Section for March. Are you keeping up with The Brady Standard's Magazine Section? Don't miss reading it each month from cover to cover. Brimful of things worth while—is our Magazine Section—for every member of the family. The March date is Friday, the 9th. We expect this to bring in at least 100 new subscribers.

1732—1799 GEORGE WASHINGTON Feb. 22

THE COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK

OF BRADY, TEXAS

WILL BE CLOSED

Thursday, February 22nd

—IN OBSERVANCE OF—

Washington's Birthday

Please Arrange To Do Your Banking Wednesday, Feb. 21st