

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

INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET HERE MARCH 23-24TH

At a meeting of the executive committee held last week in the office of County Superintendent W. M. Deans, and which had been called by J. B. Smith, director-general of the McCulloch County Interscholastic league, it was decided to hold the McCulloch county meet on Friday and Saturday, March 23rd and 24th. The date set is one week earlier than usual, it having been the custom heretofore to hold the event the last week in March. However, because of possible bad weather, it was decided at the meeting that it would be advisable to name an earlier date, so as to allow time for postponement, should the weather prove too bad to enable the holding of the county meet. The district meet is to be held in Comanche at some time in April—probably the middle of the month.

Aside from the general routine, committees were named at the meeting last week, and directors of each of the various events were decided upon as follows:

- Director of Debate, J. O. Trussell, superintendent Rochelle school.
- Director of Declamation, J. M. Young, superintendent Fife school.
- Director of Essay Writing, Mrs. W. B. Anderson, Brady.
- Director of Athletics, J. D. Conner, principal Rochelle school.
- Director of Spelling, Frank W. Lohn, superintendent Calf Creek school.
- Director of Music Memory, Miss Nella Mae Beakley, Brady.
- Director of Girls Athletics, Miss K'Nola King, Fife.

It is the plan of the executive committee to meet within the next day or two and arrange the program of events for the meet, announcement of the program to be made by the latter part of the week.

CITIZENS DESIRING APPOINTMENT AS NOTARIES PUBLIC IN COUNTY SEND FINLAY NAMES

The Standard is in receipt of a communication from Representative James Finlay in which he requests all who desire appointment as notaries public to send in their names to him before the close of the session, so he can place the names with the Senator for appointment.

Representative Finlay has already gained the reputation of being constantly on the job and looking closely after the interests of his constituents, and his thoughtful reminder of the notary public appointments will be appreciated. He writes further: "I think the people want us to quit down here and I am in favor of adjourning at the end of the 60-day period and of coming back later for the special session."

Enclose. The Brady Standard.

LEGION-BAND TO POSTPONE "DAYS OF '49" JUBILEE

They're off boys. 'Tis sad but 'tis true! The whiskers and the "Days of '49" celebration of the band and legion boys are both off. But only temporarily, for there is another good day coming—San Jacinto day, April 21st, when the whiskers and the golden days of '49 are to return as if by magic. Blame it onto the rain—it helped the whiskers' growth, but the "Forty-Niners" couldn't "come back" through mud knee deep.

Of course, everybody is disappointed, and most of all the legion and band boys, for they will have their preparations all to make over again. The sacrifice of the whiskers, just when they were beginning to wax long and silky, and to require daily combing to keep out the cockle-burrs and other varminters, is a terrible loss, but the "Forty-niners" are a sturdy bunch, and—oh well—better luck next time.

Friday was to have been a full-day holiday in Brady, both because it is Texas Independence day, and to join with the legion and band boys in their great "Days of '49" celebration. Friday will be observed as a holiday, regardless of the postponement of the celebration, as March 2nd is one of the days agreed upon by the Retail Merchants association as deserving of observance as a holiday. The merchants have decided that San Jacinto day will be observed as a half-holiday, since the legion-band celebration is to be held then.

J. R. GAULT OF PLACID IS BADLY INJURED WHEN HIT BY AUTO IN BROWNWOOD

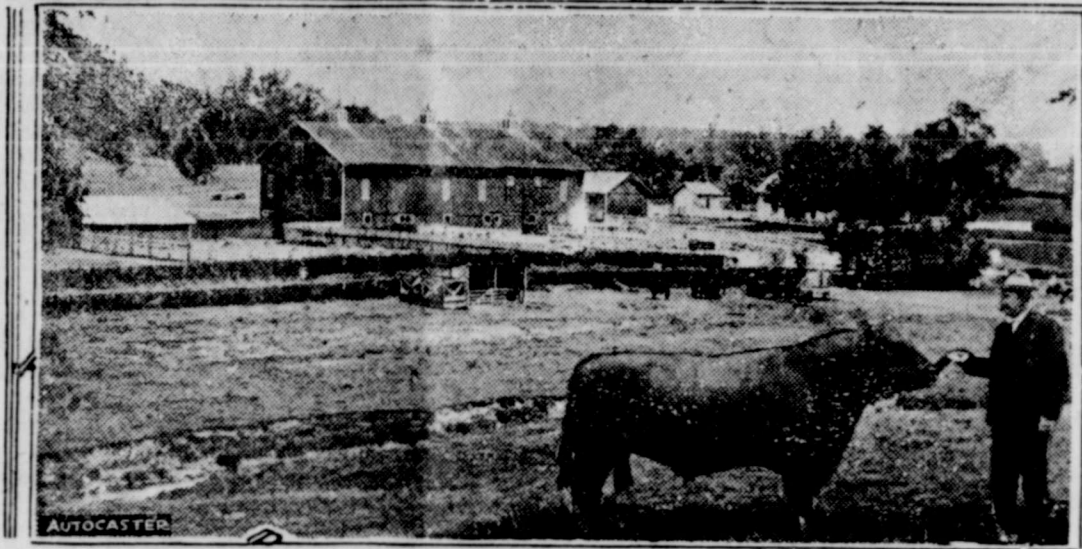
J. R. Gault, well-known citizen of Placid, suffered painful, if not serious injuries in Brownwood last Monday night when struck by an automobile. The following account of the accident is reprinted from the Brownwood News of last week:

"J. R. Gault of Placid, Texas, a small town between Brownwood and Brady on the Frisco, was knocked down and run over by an auto in Brownwood Monday night about 8:00 o'clock on Fisk Avenue. Mr. Gault has been in Brownwood for the past two weeks with his son, who is in one of the local sanitariums, and he was about to return to his home when the accident occurred. His injuries consist of a broken hip and a badly lacerated knee. He was taken to a hospital. The name of the lady who drove the car that struck Mr. Gault was not learned."

Later reports are that the hip was dislocated. The injured man was reported as resting very well Wednesday.

Papers of all kinds. The Standard.

Farm Bureau President At Home



President O. E. Bradfute, of the American Farm Bureau Federation, is a real dirt farmer. This is a picture of his farm in Green County, Ohio, from which he was called to lead the biggest farmers' organization in the world. Mr. Bradfute specializes in Black Angus purebreds—as he is shown in the foreground holding one of his prize winners.

NEWS FROM THE STATE CAPITOL

Constitutional Convention Call Passes House.

We have had a busy time the past week at Austin. We have passed several bills on to the Senate and have killed two bills, the Baker Educational Bill and the Fulger Bill placing Auto Bus lines and other motor transport companies under the Highway Commission.

The Constitutional Convention Call to be submitted to the people at the General election in 1924 passed Friday by a vote of 77 to 43. It is doubtful that it will pass the Senate. Most of the members of the House are against the writing of a new Constitution at this time, but many voted for the call of an election that the people might again pass on the proposition. At the election in 1919 on this proposition it only received 23,000 votes.

The best news of the week is the signing by the Governor of the \$3,000,000 appropriation for schools. Of course there is no money to pay the bill yet but the trustees may borrow against this amount in order to pay vouchers. It will amount to about \$2.50 per scholastic.

The Senate killed the Bad Check law this week, they taking the stand that it was unconstitutional to place a person in prison for debt. This automatically kills the House bill on the same subject as we can consider a question only once during a session. A total of five different check laws were introduced in the House, the action of the Senate kills all of them.

The Satterwhite Tax Board Bill designed to raise \$5,000,000 additional under the present tax laws, is now before us. As it now stands it creates a State Tax Board which would attempt to equalize valuation between counties. It gives the board too much power and if none of the tax measures now before us finally pass, the Board would probably raise land valuations in order to meet the increased expenditures. I hope we can defeat it but I am not certain about it. I think land is now paying more than its proportion of taxes and favor letting it alone.

The Auto Tax law passed to engrossment yesterday. The steam roller hit us again and the vote was 85 to 39. This bill raised the tax

STORES CLOSED!
Friday, March 2, will be observed by all members of the Retail Merchants Association; stores will be closed all day. Arrange to do your shopping on Thursday. McCULLOCH CO. R. M. A.

OWL PAINT CO.

We are opening a First-Class Paint Shop in the former E. B. Ramsay building—just four doors west from the square. We have the tools and materials to do any kind of painting. No use to go out of town for any of your paint work. See us, and get our prices.

WELCH & JONES

\$3 PER CAPITA BY STATE BOARD GIVEN SCHOLASTICS

Austin, Texas, Feb. 19.—Funds available under the emergency school appropriation passed last week by the legislature and signed by Governor Neff were apportioned today by the state board of education. The apportionment amounted to three dollars per capita, a balance in the available school fund being utilized to make the apportionment that amount. This brings the apportionment for the year to thirteen dollars, according to members.

Superintendent Marrs said certificates of apportionment will be issued immediately.

County Superintendent W. M. Deans states that he has not been advised as to the amount of state aid apportioned to the various schools of the county. The state inspector of schools was here recently, but on account of bad weather was unable to make the inspection tour of the county. McCulloch county schools will this year receive a total of \$6,000 state aid, which amount will be apportioned among twenty-two schools, which have qualified for the aid.

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Aged Citizen Dies.

The death of Hans Williams, aged and highly-respected citizen, occurred Monday afternoon at 1:05 o'clock, death resulting from kidney trouble. Mr. Williams was aged 71 years, and had made his home in Brady for some time. Only two blood relatives survive, a son and a sister, neither of whom were here and deceased had for some time past been taken care of by the county. Funeral services will be held this afternoon, and interment will be made in Brady cemetery.

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.

JAMES FINLAY.

Open Thursday

MARCH 1st, 1923

I am pleased to announce the opening of a new grocery store in the Aug. F. Behrens building on South Blackburn street, with complete stock of staple, as well as fancy groceries. All goods are fresh and new, and personal assurance is given of highest quality and most popular brands at moderate prices.

I will be pleased to have my friends and acquaintances, and the general public, call and inspect my stock, assuring you a cordial welcome and every courtesy.

Special Demonstration Friday

A special invitation is extended everyone to visit my store next Friday and attend the demonstration of White Swan products and other high-class goods. White Swan coffee and canned fruits, will be served with delicious cakes. You are cordially welcomed.

Phone 414 for Prompt Deliveries

As part of our service to patrons, we will make prompt deliveries of all orders. Phone 414 your wants—it will be our pleasure to serve you.

Courtesy---Accommodation---Service

You'll Find Them Here

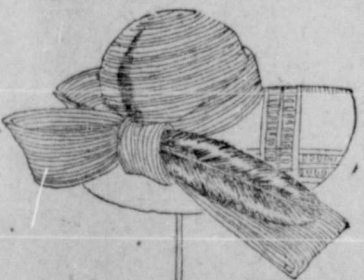
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We keep closely in touch with all that is new and correct. Stunning models in the latest style of the season.

To our own well chosen showings we are constantly adding the most recent creations.

We are making a specialty of a beautiful line of hats priced at

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Be sure to see these extraordinary values.

Mrs. W. M. Bauhof
Upstairs at R. Wilensky's East Side

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 1/2c per line, per issue
Classified Ads, 1 1/2c 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. 27, 1923

HONEST INJUN.

That "Million Dollar Rain" just simply overflowed!

DON'T BLAME US.

Some of The Standard editor's friends are beginning to look askant at us and to inquire quite dourly if these are still "Million Dollar" rains. Don't blame us, boys. The medicine may be bad, but the doctor says take it, and after all the pill is sugar-coated. McCulloch county is getting the season of her life, and we can be assured of crops if we have as a foundation a first-class season. Just recall the time when San Angelo offered the "rain-makers" several thousands of dollars to cause a rain, such as the least of one of these. You remember that long, hot, dry summer, eh, what? You said then you never again would say a word about too much rain. You said also that West Texas couldn't possibly get too much rain! Remember? If you do remember, then why forget and start grumbling? The year is yet young, and there is going to be plenty of time yet for sunshine and dry weather, and when it does turn dry, perhaps for months in a stretch, we may look back and be duly thankful that it did rain when it did, and as much as it did!

THE CHICKEN ORDINANCE, ETC.

A lady subscriber last week phoned The Standard editor to inquire if Brady had such a thing as a chicken ordinance, receiving an affirmative reply. Then she inquired if Brady had an anti-spitting ordinance, and again the reply was affirmative. Then came Question No. 3: as to the why these ordinances were not enforced. We pass it on to you, dear Reader, "Why are these ordinances not enforced?"

Public sentiment has a lot to do with the enforcing of law and ordinance—and, we are sorry to say—public sentiment is too often cowardly. If any citizen were to enter complaint against his neighbors chickens for depreddating on premises or in flower beds, we feel sure the officers of the city would act upon the complaint. But, just how many are willing to take such steps? Very, very few.

Now, the lady who phoned these queries to The Standard disclaimed any personal interest in the chicken

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Give January 1, 1923.

subject, neither having chickens nor having neighbors whose chickens bothered her. But she spoke for others whose complaints about being unable to have flowers and flower beds, because of unneighborly chickens, had aroused her, since she was interested in the "Brady Beautiful" movement.

If the chicken ordinance is good, it should be enforced; if not, let's get it off the statute books as being a dead-letter. The anti-spitting ordinance is unquestionably good. Let's both enforce and obey it. Public sentiment can accomplish both objects.

CONGRATULATIONS—BEST WISHES.

The Rockdale Reporter and Messenger last week celebrated the completion of a half century of activities—a long period of service, and one marked with both ups and downs. For the past twelve years the Reporter has been under the ownership and management of John E. Cooke, founder and earstwhile proprietor of The Brady Standard. Cooke, in commenting on the half-century milestone of the Reporter, announces that he will very likely continue the reporting in the Reporter until he shuffles off this mortal coil. In which hope, we feel sure, the citizens of Rockdale most fervently join—and trust the day may long be postponed. The Reporter, through the conscientious and untiring work of Editor Cooke, has been a real factor in the up-building, up-lifting, up-standing of Rockdale, and the designations of Regal Rockdale and Matchless Milam have become famous from one end of Texas to the other through the persistent boosting of Cooke, by whom the phrases were originated.

Just the other week, The Standard editor met a former Milam county citizen, who was free to give credit to Cooke and the Reporter for the wonderful advertising and boosting given that town and county. Cooke has a town and county that should be loyal to him, for his loyalty to Rockdale and Milam county has never for a moment been questioned.

YOUR HUMBLE PARDON.

"In making mention of the recent district basketball meet The Brady Standard goes on to say that the contest was conducted in Comanche. In order to keep the record straight we wish to remind Editor Schwenker that Stephenville was host to the basketbaters and did the job in such good fashion that the schools are now clamoring for a change making this city permanent headquarters for the affair. Incidentally, it might be mentioned that the receipts this year were approximately \$400, whereas last year they were only \$33. This one fact alone is evidence aplenty that Stephenville is the logical place for these yearly contests. Give us our just dues, Brady."—Stephenville Tribune.

The Standard humbly and sincerely begs the pardon of the Stephenville citizenship, for the unexplainable mental lapse. We knew all the while that Stephenville was slated to do the honors for the basket ball meet, and we knew, too, that Stephenville would do up the job in characteristically thorough and commendatory fashion. But somehow, Comanche and the district Interscholastic meet, crept in upon our thoughts, and we permitted the word Comanche to be written where Stephenville rightfully belongs. Our error; your pardon, please.

And, by the way, congratulations, Stephenville, on your hospitality, your civic unity and your splendid school spirit which made for such a splendid meet, and such financial success. We're strong for you, Stephenville.

BILL RECEIVABLE.

Brady Chamber of Commerce, in Brady Standard: Poultry will be the Moses that will lead McCulloch county out of the wilderness, and the sooner we take advantage of climate and other conditions here, and get into the poultry business right, the better we will be. Petaluma, Sonoma county, California, has an investment in poultry that amounts to \$21,000,000, their income from poultry being \$15,000,000 annually, against our \$2,000,000 from cotton. They get seven and a half times as much from their poultry as we do from cotton, and their county is not near as large as McCulloch county.

This is a gratifying reminder of a debt due to State Press. A year or two ago an item went the rounds of the Texas press asserting that in a single California county \$50,000,000 worth of poultry products were produced in one year. Without statistics, without authority delegated from any quarter, without anything but his own stubborn practicability to guide him, S. P. denied the verity of the report. He said it was an impossibility that any such financial return could be found in the chicken business in any county anywhere, in or out of California. Then came Judge V. W. Grubbs, long a Texan, of recent years a Californian, and said that the poultry report was right and S. P. wrong. At the Judge exhibited

no statistics, and in order to bring truth out of chaos S. P. wagered Judge Grubbs the full amount of the money involved—\$50,000,000, that the disputed story was a gross exaggeration. Then statistics began to come in, the first one from Mr. W. C. Barkman of Dallas. These showed that the figures had been multiplied about four times. Judge Grubbs subsequently confessed his error, but did not remit the \$50,000,000. He still owes it, and if he means to make no start about paying it S. P. may have to invade his Ruhr, seize his coal mines and factories and perhaps deport him into the desert. As a lifelong prohibitionist, Judge Grubbs ought not to make much of a fuss over being marooned in a desert. A desert is at least dry.—State Press, in Dallas News.

ABOLISH BOTH OF THEM.

Senator Doyle introduced a bill in the Legislature Thursday, providing for abolishing the Department of Agriculture, and transferring its functions to the Warehouse and Markets Department. The purpose in view is to reduce the expenses of the state without materially depreciating the service rendered by the machinery of the government. Senator Doyle's suggestion is a worthy one, so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. Before the Markets and Warehouse Department was established the farmers of the state apparently prospered about as much as they do now, with its services performed by the Department of Agriculture is duplicated by the A. & M. college, which is also state-supported. Why have two state-supported agencies performing duplicated service, and another department which is performing a service that would scarcely be missed if it were suddenly discontinued? Why not abolish both the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Markets and Warehouses, and give to the agricultural work at A. & M. college sufficient additional support to enable it to take care of all the agricultural extension work of the state? It would mean the saving of a good many thousands of dollars to Texas tax-payers without impairing the service rendered by the state to its producers. It would greatly reduce the number of political plums available for distribution among the faithful every two years, but the farmers and other tax-payers would probably be able to sustain that loss with equanimity.—Brownwood Bulletin.

THE COST OF CRIME.

Three men were convicted in the county court Thursday for theft. They were fined one dollar and costs—\$30, or thereabouts. The three men are broke—flat broke. They are still in jail here where they must remain for sixty days, unless they fall heir to funds with which to pay out.

The prisoners receive credit at the rate of fifty cents per day for lying in jail. The county gets nothing—the credit is only imaginary, but the county pays board for the three men at the rate of seventy-five cents per day.

The three men have been in jail since November 26th—seventy days, at a cost to the county for board of seventy-five cents per day for each man, or a total of about \$157.

If the men remain in jail for sixty days longer the board bill will be increased to a total of about \$300. This does not include other costs. The men must have clothing.

The law governing the case provides that the men can be put to work on public works at a rate of fifty cents per day, or if they take a pauper's oath, credit will apply at the rate of three dollars per day.

In the deal it can be seen that the county or state is playing a losing game, but this is only a part of the cost of crime.—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

Instead of greeting your friend with "How are you feeling?" "old fellow, you are looking better today." In other words practice a little Cosmism on your neighbor.—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

SNAP SHOTS.

A West Dallas widow says the reason she broke her last engagement was because her fiance was a veterinarian and every time he took hold of her hand he said "Whoa!"—Dallas News.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

If you do not understand the meaning of "passive resistance" just try to crank an old flivver on a cold day.—New Orleans Times Picayune.

Peoria (Ill.) woman is suing her maid for stealing her husband. Those girls will take anything you have around the house.—Ann Arbor Times News.

"Smoke only after a meal," is doubtless good advice, but it's a lot of trouble to go out and eat a meal every time you want to smoke.—Kansas City Star.

Radio is to broadcast the roar of Niagara Falls. They will yet succeed in making alarm clocks heard these winter mornings.—Saginaw News Courier.

If the precedent in favor of murder continues in this country, men's styles may have to revert to those knights-of-the-round-table days.—St. Paul Dispatch.

BRADY MAN'S INVENTION GIVEN TRY-OUT IN N. Y.

A patent hose-coupler, the invention of a Brady man, Gunsmith Williams, is to be given a try-out in New York City today. This information was contained in a letter received by Brady friends from Leo Campbell, who went to New York City two weeks ago to present the model at an inventor's convention being held there. Leo was expected to return here last week, but his letter explained his delay by stating that the invention was to be considered at a meeting of the New York Fire board last night, and would be given a try-out by the department today.

The invention is designed primarily for the rapid coupling of fire hose and also to attach the fire hose to the fire plug, by means of springs. It can also be used as a coupler for pulling lost tools from oil wells, and for numerous other purposes. Mr. Williams has secured a patent on the same, and Mr. Campbell is jointly interested with him in getting the basic idea of the patent recognized as being practical and meritorious. A brass working model has been manufactured, and will be used in the demonstration.

Numerous offers for the organization of stock companies to put the invention on the market have been made Mr. Williams, but all have been declined and it is the intention of both he and Mr. Campbell to sell the right of manufacture and marketing upon a royalty basis.

FOR YOUR PIANO: Benches, Scarfs, Covers, Music Cabinets, Ivory Glue, Rollers, Etc., (write) O. B. PATTY CO., Brownwood, Texas. New Pianos—\$325.00. Piano Tuning.

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

Just Like a Woman. She said if I kissed her, she'd scream for her mother, And I got all confused and red; But just the same I kissed her as I wouldn't a brother, And she shouted "Sweet Daddy," instead.

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTER

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

Another Patriotic Holiday
FRIDAY, MARCH 2nd
Texas Independence Day
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.
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PHONE 163 BRADY, TEXAS

MISS LULU BETT

by
Zona Gale

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers



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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 dumbfounded 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-theatre 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 Nir an, 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

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 Mill-ton to meet him.

Lulu entered. She had no idea what to say. When Di looked up, started up, frowned. Lulu felt as if she herself were the culprit. She said the first thing that occurred to her:

"I don't believe mamma'll like you taking her nice satchel."

"Well!" said Di, exactly as if she had been at home. And superadded: "My goodness!" And then cried rudely: "What are you here for?"

"For you," said Lulu. "You—you—you'd ought not to be here, Di."

"What's that to you?" Di cried.

"Why, Di, you're just a little girl—"

Lulu saw that this was all wrong, and stopped miserably. How was she to go on? "Di," she said, "if you and Bobby want to get married, why not let us get you up a nice wedding at home?" And she saw that this sounded as if she were talking about a tea-party.

"Who said we wanted to be married?"

"Well, he's here."

"Who said he's here?"

"Isn't he?"

Di sprang up. "Aunt Lulu," she said, "you're a funny person to be telling me what to do."

Lulu said, flushing: "I love you just the same as if I was married happy, in a home."

"Well, you aren't!" cried Di cruelly, "and I'm going to do just as I think best."

Lulu thought this over, her look grave and sad. She tried to find something to say. "What do people say to people," she wondered, "when it's like this?"

"Getting married is for your whole life," was all that came to her.

"Yours wasn't," Di flashed at her.

Lulu's color deepened, but there seemed to be no resentment in her. She must deal with this right—that was what her manner seemed to say. And how should she deal?

"Di," she cried, "come back with me—and wait till mamma and papa get home."

"That's likely. They say I'm not to be married till I'm twenty-one."

"Well, but how young that is!"

"It is to you."

"Di! This is wrong—it is wrong."

"There's nothing wrong about getting married—if you stay married."

"Well, then it can't be wrong to let them know."

"It isn't. But they'd treat me wrong. They'd make me stay at home. And I won't stay at home—I won't stay there. They act as if I was ten years old."

Abruptly in Lulu's face there came a light of understanding.

"Why, Di," she said, "do you feel that way, too?"

Di missed this. She went on: "I'm grown up. I feel just as grown up as they do. And I'm not allowed to do a thing I feel. I want to be away—I will be away!"

"I know about that part," Lulu said.

She now looked at Di with attention. Was it possible that Di was suffering in the air of that home as she herself suffered? She had not thought of that. There Di had seemed so young, so dependent, so—acquaint. Here, by herself, waiting for Bobby, in the Hess house at Milton, she was curiously adult. Would she be adult if she were let alone?

"You don't know what it's like," Di cried, "to be hushed up and laughed at and paid no attention to everything you say."

"Don't!" said Lulu. "Don't!"

She was breathing quickly and looking at Di. If this was why Di was leaving home.

"But, Di," she cried, "do you love Bobby Larkin?"

By this Di was embarrassed. "I've got to marry somebody," she said, "and it might as well be him."

"But is it him?"

"Yes, it is," said Di. "But," she added, "I know I could love almost anybody real nice that was nice to me." And this she said, not in her own right, but either she had picked it up somewhere and adopted it, or else the terrible modernity and honesty of her day somehow spoke through her, for its own. But to Lulu it was as if something familiar turned its face to be recognized.

"Di!" she cried.

"It's true. You ought to know that." She waited for a moment.

"You did it," she added. "Mamma said so."

At this onslaught Lulu was stupefied. For she began to perceive its truth.

"I know what I want to do, I guess," Di muttered, as if to try to cover what she had said.

Up to that moment, Lulu had been feeling intensely that she understood

Di, but that Di did not know this. Now Lulu felt that she and Di actually shared some unsuspected sisterhood. It was not only that they were both badgered by Dwight. It was more than that. They were two women. And she must make Di know that she understood her.

"Di," Lulu said, breathing hard, "what you just said is true, I guess. Don't you think I don't know. And now I'm going to tell you—"

She might have poured it all out, claimed her kinship with Di by virtue of that which had happened in Savannah, Georgia. But Di said:

"Here come some ladies. And goodness, look at the way you look!"

Lulu glanced down. "I know," she said, "but I guess you'll have to put up with me."

The two women entered, looked about with the complaisance of those who examine a hotel property, find criticism incumbent, and have no errand. These two women had out-dressed their occasion. In their presence Di kept silence, turned away her head, gave them to know that she had nothing to do with this blue cotton person beside her. When they had gone on, "What do you mean by my having to put up with you?" Di asked sharply.

"I mean I'm going to stay with you."

Di laughed scornfully—she was again the rebellious child. "I guess Bobby'll have something to say about that," she said insolently.

"They left you in my charge."

"But I'm not a baby—the idea, Aunt Lulu!"

"I'm going to stay right with you," said Lulu. She wondered what she should do if Di suddenly marched away from her, through that bright lobby and into the street. She thought miserably that she must follow. And then her whole concern for the ethics of Di's course was lost in her agonized memory of her terrible, broken shoes.

Di did not march away. She turned her back squarely upon Lulu, and

looked out of the window. For her life Lulu could think of nothing more to say. She was now feeling miserably on the defensive.

They were sitting in silence when Bobby Larkin came into the room.

Di flew to meet him. She assumed all the pretty agitations of her role, ignored Lulu.

"Bobby! Is it all right?"

"Bobby looked over her head.

"Miss Lulu," he said fatuously. "If it ain't Miss Lulu."

He looked from her to Di, and did not take in Di's resigned shrug.

"Bobby," said Di, "she's come to stop us getting married, but she can't. I've told her so."

"She don't have to stop us," quoth Bobby gloomily, "we're stopped."

"What do you mean?" Di laid one hand flatly along her cheek, instinctive in her melodrama.

Bobby drew down his brows, set his hand on his leg, elbows out.

"We're minors," said he.

"Well, gracious, you didn't have to tell them that."

"No, they knew I was."

"But, silly! Why didn't you tell them you're not?"

"But I am."

"She knew it, too," he said. "It—it put me out of business, I can tell you. She gave me my start—she took all the care of me—taught me to read—she's the only mother I ever knew—"

He stopped, and opened his eyes wide on account of their dimness.

But eventually they were back again before that new black bag. And Di would say nothing. She laughed, squirmed, grew irritable, laughed again.

"Put an end to this, Lulu," he commanded. "Where were you two—since you make such a mystery?"

Di's look at Lulu was piteous, terrified. Di's fear of her father was now clear to Lulu. And Lulu feared him, too. Abruptly she heard herself temporizing, for the moment making common cause with Di.

"Oh," she said, "we have a little secret. Can't we have a secret if we want one?"

"Upon my word," Dwight commented, "she has a beautiful secret. I don't know about your secrets, Lulu."

Every time that he did this that

a rotten go."

Di said, oh, very well, if he didn't want to marry her. He replied stonily that of course he wanted to marry her. Di stuck out her little hand. She was at a disadvantage. She could use no arts, with Lulu sitting there, looking on. "Well, then, come on, to Bainbridge," Di cried, and rose.

Lulu was thinking: "What shall I say? I don't know what to say. I don't know what I can say." Now she also rose, and laughed awkwardly.

"I've told Di," she said to Bobby, "that wherever you two go, I'm going too. Di's folks left her in my care, you know. So you'll have to take me along, I guess." She spoke in a manner of distinct apology.

At this Bobby had no idea what to reply. He looked down miserably at the carpet. His whole manner was a mute testimony to his participation in the eternal query: How did I get into it?

"Bobby," said Di, "are you going to let her lead you home?"

This of course nettled him, but not in the manner on which Di had counted. He said loudly:

"I'm not going to Bainbridge or Holt or any town and lie, to get you or any other girl."

"Come on, Aunt Lulu," said Di grandly.

Bobby led the way through the lobby. Di followed, and Lulu brought up the rear. She walked awkwardly, eyes down, her hands stiffly held. Heads turned to look at her. They passed into the street.

"You two go ahead," said Lulu, "so they won't think—"

They did so, and she followed, and did not know where to look, and thought of her broken shoes.

At the station, Bobby put them on the train and stepped back. He had, he said, something to see to there in Milton. Di did not look at him. And Lulu's good-bye spoke her genuine regret for all.

"Aunt Lulu," said Di, "you needn't think I'm going to sit with you. You look as if you were crazy. I'll sit back here."

"All right, Di," said Lulu humbly.

It was nearly six o'clock when they arrived at the Deacons'. Mrs. Bett stood on the porch, her hands rolled in her apron.

"Surprise for you!" she called brightly.

Before they had reached the door, Ina bounded from the hall.

"Darling!"

She seized upon Di, kissed her loudly, drew back from her, saw the traveling bag.

"My new bag!" she cried. "Di! What have you got that for?"

In an embarrassed Di's instinctive defense was hearty laughter. She now laughed heartily, kissed her mother again, and ran up the stairs.

Lulu slipped by her sister, and into the kitchen.

Dwight had come home. Lulu could hear Ina pouring out to him the mysterious circumstance of the bag, could hear the exaggerated air of the casual with which he always received the excitement of another, and especially of his Ina. Then she heard Ina's feet padding up the stairs, and after that Di's shrill, nervous laughter. Lulu felt a pang of pity for Di, as if she herself were about to face them.

There was not time both to prepare supper and to change the blue cotton dress. In that Dwight was pouring water when Dwight entered the dining room.

"Ah!" said he. "Our festive bell gone."

She gave him her hand, with her peculiar sweetness of expression—almost as if she were sorry for him or were bidding him good-by.

"That shows you my dress for?" he cried. "You dress for me. Ina, aren't you jealous? Lulu dresses for me!"

Ina had come in with Di, and both were excited, and Ina's head was moving stiffly, as in all her indignations. Mrs. Bett had thought better of it and had given her presence. Already Monona was singing.

But no one noticed Monona, and Ina did not defer even to Dwight. She, who measured delicate, troy occasions by avoidance, said brightly:

"No, Di. You must tell us all about it. Where had you and Aunt Lulu been with mamma's new bag?"

"Ina," said Lulu, "first can't we hear something about your visit? How is—"

Her eyes consulted Dwight. His features dropped, the lines of his face dropped, his muscles seemed to sag. A look of suffering was in his eyes.

"She'll never be any better," he said. "I know we've said good-by to her for the last time."

"Oh, Dwight!" said Lulu.

"She knew it, too," he said. "It—it put me out of business, I can tell you. She gave me my start—she took all the care of me—taught me to read—she's the only mother I ever knew—"

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Every time that he did this that

fleet, lifted look of Lulu's seemed to bleed.

"I'm glad for my dinner," remarked Monona at last. "Please excuse me." On that they all rose. Lulu stayed in the kitchen and did her best to make her tasks indefinitely last. She had nearly finished when Di burst in.

"Aunt Lulu, Aunt Lulu!" she cried. "Come in there—come. I can't stand it. What am I going to do?"

"Di, dear," said Lulu. "Tell your mother—you must tell her."

"She'll cry," Di sobbed. "Then she'll tell 'papa—and he'll never stop talking about it. I know him—every day he'll keep it going. After he scolds me it'll be a joke for months. I'll die—I'll die, Aunt Lulu."

Ina's voice sounded in the kitchen. "What are you two whispering about? I declare, mamma's hurt, Di, at the way you're acting . . ."

"Let's go out on the porch," said Lulu, and when Di would have escaped, Ina drew her with them.

It was a warm dusk, moonless, windless. The sounds of the village

street came in—laughter, a touch at a piano, a chiming clock. Lights starred and quickened in the blurred houses. Footsteps echoed on the board walks. The gate opened. The gloom yielded up Cornish.

Lulu was inordinately glad to see him. To have the strain of the time broken by him was like hearing, on a lonely winter wakening, the clock strike reassuring dawn.

Cornish, in his gentle way, asked about the journey, about the sick woman—and Dwight talked of her again, and this time his voice broke. Di was curiously silent. When Cornish addressed her, she replied simply and directly—the rarest of Di's manners—in fact, not Di's manner at all. Lulu spoke not at all—it was enough to have this respite.

After a little the gate opened again. It was Bobby. In the besetting fear that he was leaving Di to face something alone, Bobby had arrived.

And now Di's spirits rose. To her his presence meant repentance, recapitulation. Her laugh rang out, her replies came archly. But Bobby was plainly not playing up. Bobby was, in fact, hardly less than glum. It was Dwight, the irrepressible fellow, who kept the talk going.

"Mamma!" Monona shouted from her room. "Come and hear me say my prayers!"

Monona entered this request with precision on Ina's nastiest moments, but she always rose, unabashed, and went, motherly and dutiful, to hear devotions, as if that function and the process of living ran their two divided channels.

She had dispatched this errand and was returning when Mrs. Bett crossed the lawn from Grandma Gates', where the old lady had taken comfort in Mrs. Bett's ministrations for an hour.

"Don't you help me," Mrs. Bett warned them away sharply. "I guess I can help myself yet awhile."

She calmed her chair. And still in her momentary rule of attention, she said clearly:

"I got a joke. Grandma Gates says it's all over town Di and Bobby Larkin eloped off together today. He!" The last was a single note of laughter, high and brief.

The silence fell.

"What nonsense!" Dwight Herbert said angrily.

But Ina said tensely: "Is it nonsense? Haven't I been trying and trying to find out where the black satchel went? Di!"

Di's laughter rose, but it sounded thin and false.

"Listen to that, Bobby," she said. "Listen!"

"That won't do, Di," said Ina. "You can't deceive mamma and don't you try!" Her voice trembled, she was frantic with loving and authentic anxiety, but she was without power, she overshadowed the real gravity of the moment by her indignation.

"Mrs. Deacon—" began Bobby, and stood up, very straight and manly before them all.

But Dwight intervened, Dwight, the father, the master of the house. Here was something requiring him to act. So the father set his face like a mask and brought down his hand on the rail of the porch. It was as if the sound shattered a thousand filaments—

"Diana!" his voice was terrible

demanded a response, ravened among them.

"Yes, papa," said Di, very small.

"Answer your mother. Answer me. Is there anything to this absurd tale?"

"No, papa," said Di, trembling.

"Nothing whatever?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Can you imagine how such a ridiculous report started?"

"No, papa."

"Very well. Now we know where we are. If anyone hears this report repeated, send them to me."

"Well, but that satchel—" said Ina, to whom an idea manifested less as a function than as a leech.

"One moment," said Dwight. "Lulu will of course verify what the child has said."

"If you cannot settle this with Di," said Lulu, "you cannot settle it with me."

"A shifty answer," said Dwight. "You have a genius at misrepresenting facts, you know, Lulu."

"Bobby wanted to say something," said Ina, still troubled.

"No, Mrs. Deacon," said Bobby, low. "I have nothing—more to say."

In a little while, when Bobby went away, Di walked with him to the gate. It was as if, the worst having happened to her, she dared everything now.

"Bobby," she said, "you hate a lie. But what else could I do?"

He could not see her, could see only the little moon of her face, blurring.

"And anyhow," said Di, "it wasn't a lie. I have nothing—more to say."

"What do you think I came for tonight?" asked Bobby.

The day had aged very high; he spoke like a man. His very voice came gruffly. But she saw nothing, softened to him, yielded, was ready to take his regret that they had not gone on.

"Well, I came for one thing," said Bobby, "to tell you that I couldn't stand for your wanting me to lie today. Why, Di—I hate a lie. And now tonight—" He spoke his code almost beautifully. "I'd rather," he said, "they had never let us see each other than to lose you the way I've lost you now."

"Bobby

SOMETHING NEW IN WEST TEXAS— RAINY SEASON

There is something new in West Texas—the rainy season has set in. Dripping, drooping, dampish rains! Slippery, sloppy, sloshing rains! Believe me, the little old ground hog knew his business when he peeked out of his home on February 2nd, saw his shadow and turned tail for another six weeks snooze during the bad weather to follow. Now some wise guys had thought this ground hog business was all to the bunk—but they know better now and the g. h. is King Bee of prognosticators in this neck of the woods.

But, as we started out to opine, the rainy season is now upon us, and when it isn't raining it is misting for fear we will miss the misty moisture.

During the past week it seems like it has rained practically every night, slow, soaking rains, varying from drizzles to sharp showers, although no heavy rains. The mornings have either been rainy or heavy with fog that hangs close to earth like a cloud of smoke. Yesterday (Monday) a clear sky betokened the return of pretty weather and Old Sol speedily dispelled the fog, and shone brightly and warmly throughout the day, drying out the high spots, and making everything look lovely—except for the clouds that hung on the horizon to the west. It continued clear until after midnight—but this morning the same old story—another sloshing rain that continued throughout the morning, almost without let-up.

February is establishing itself as one of the "wet" months, all past records to the contrary notwithstanding. Here are the official figures on precipitations had during the month:

February 3 20 in.
February 10 33 in.
February 16 1.10 in.
February 2355 in.
February 2445 in.
February 2615 in.
February 2750 in.
Total 3.25 in.

See H. Meers for Farm and Ranch properties. Fine rains; wonderful prospects. Now is the time to buy. Have few trading propositions.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. See MRS. J. C. HARBOR.

FOR TRADE

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

STRAYED

STRAYED—From Edd Bryson pasture, 18 head DeLaine ewes, branded 9 (figure nine) on hip; also have H on left side. Will pay liberal reward for information leading to recovery. ED CAMPBELL, Brady.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—One good, used Dodge car. See DUKE MANN.

Buff Orpington Eggs, 15 for \$1.50. See A. R. POOL at the Court House.

White Bermuda Onion plants, very strong and hardy. 15c per hundred, postage prepaid. R. B. McCARTY, Mercury, Tex.

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

FOR SALE—5-room frame of Central school. H. TURNEY.

are Mebane Cotton, one year fine culled, desired. Powell, Box 57.

MAN ACCUSED OF MARRYING TWO IN NINE DAYS' TIME IS KNOWN IN BRADY

Robert E. Biddy, traveling salesman for road machinery and tractors, and known in Brady, having visited here only recently in the course of his duties as salesman, is a much-married man, if news reports be true. Biddy is under arrest at Midland charged with marrying two Texas girls within a period of nine days, the while he was already legally bound to a wife in Indiana.

The following is a news report on Biddy's billing and cooing:

Sweetwater, Feb. 24.—Married at Abilene on Jan. 20, at Midland on Jan. 29 and engaged to other girls in different cities, the matrimonial adventures of Robert E. Biddy have come to an end and he is now awaiting the action of the Midland County Grand Jury after a chase that led through Coleman, Brady, Abilene and other towns, finally ending with his arrest at Stamford.

A traveling salesman for road machinery and tractors, Biddy made his headquarters at Sweetwater. He is charged with marrying Miss Grace Anne Pettit of Abilene on Jan. 20 and Miss Alice Haley, member of a prominent Midland family, on Jan. 29. He was issued a license at Eastland to marry a third, and was engaged to a Sweetwater girl during this period as well, it is charged.

At the request of Midland County authorities, Sheriff Yarbrough of Nolan County traced Biddy to Coleman and Brady and missed him by two minutes at Abilene and finally located him at Stamford. Yarbrough brought him to Sweetwater Friday night and turned him over to Midland authorities, who took him to that city to await the action of the grand jury there, which is now in session. Biddy is also said to have a wife in Indiana.

LOCAL BRIEFS

It's easy to say or write—and it helps. Here is the kind word sent by Friend G. D. McMorris of Doole, along with his renewal subscription: "I welcome The Brady Standard into my home really more than any other paper." We thank you!

H. M. Brannum has been spending several days here with his family, while recuperating from a slight illness. He will be stationed at Brownwood the balance of the week as representative of the Internal Revenue department, and will assist the citizens there in making out their income tax reports.

Brady citizens are glad to extend welcome to Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Harrison, recently of Temple, who arrived here last Thursday to make their home in Brady. Mr. Harrison has accepted a position with the Trigg Drug Co., with which firm he will hold the position of pharmacist. Mr. Harrison is a most affable and pleasant gentleman, and is making friends of all with whom he meets. Mrs. Harrison is also a most estimable lady and will be a welcome in local social and civic circles. She is a sister of Mrs. J. D. Branscum and Mrs. P. B. Melton. For the present, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Melton.

R. W. Haddow, who has been located out at Lorenzo, in Crosby county, and near Lubbock, for the greater part of the past year, is back at Rochelle once more, and expects to remain in this section for several months following his profession of windmill work. Mr. Haddow says they have not had the rains out there that we have had in McCulloch county, and the winters have proven not entirely to his liking, although the summers are ideal. Mr. Haddow says McCulloch has one of the finest seasons he ever saw, and that with such an abundance of moisture a good corn crop is almost assured. There is danger, however, of a rank growth of corn, followed by hot winds when it begins to tassel that may burn it up. He recalls that good cotton has been made in this country without a drop of rain, but solely upon a splendid winter season.

JURY LIST FOR DISTRICT COURT OPENING MAR. 19

District court will be convened here on Monday, March 19th, by Judge J. O. Woodward, for a two weeks' session. Very few cases of importance are upon the docket, some 34 cases being filed at present, twelve of which are suits for divorce.

The following are the lists drawn:

- Grand Jury.**
- J. S. Butler
 - E. T. Jordan
 - J. H. Snodgrass
 - O. E. Rice
 - J. F. Brock
 - H. D. Bradley
 - S. A. Lawson
 - T. L. Bodenhamer
 - M. D. Slaughter
 - N. T. Cook
 - E. H. Elliott
 - J. S. Gary
 - L. C. Bratton
 - Jas. T. Mann
- Petit Jury, First Week, March 19**
- A. Clevenger
 - T. J. Short
 - J. L. Vaughn
 - J. W. Sansom
 - W. W. Jordan
 - L. G. Locklear
 - Oscar Helge
 - Dave Harkrider
 - E. G. Smith
 - C. C. Bissett
 - W. F. Cawyer
 - J. A. Holton
 - C. G. Johanson
 - H. S. Snearley
 - M. L. Tedder
 - C. E. Trott
 - J. D. Branscum
 - J. M. Casson
 - E. T. House
 - H. D. Winters
 - R. S. Sellers
 - J. J. Brown
 - J. M. Parker
 - T. A. Dial
 - A. T. Anderson
 - H. W. Zweig
 - J. R. Gault
 - S. W. Espy
 - G. R. Beakley
 - A. L. Holloway
 - C. McDavid
 - C. O. Johnson
 - Lewis Burk
 - Ira Hester
 - Walter J. Young
- Petit Jury, Second Week, March 26**
- J. H. Ogden
 - A. R. Carlson
 - T. L. Chatham
 - B. A. Hallum
 - G. B. Awalt
 - C. W. Freeman
 - W. A. Finlay
 - E. L. Guyton
 - Dan Zimmerman
 - Lee Garner
 - E. E. Ohlhausen
 - J. W. McBride
 - W. S. Pence
 - J. H. Simmons
 - S. W. Simpson
 - R. R. Evans
 - Herbert Harkrider
 - J. C. Brown
 - J. A. Maxwell
 - B. J. Priddy
 - John Spivey
 - E. L. Williams
 - M. A. Gainer
 - W. D. Parker
 - T. T. Gattis
 - J. O. Lawson
 - B. A. Cornils, Jr.
 - L. J. Bratton
 - J. G. Stacy
 - L. L. Deen
 - J. H. Burk
 - C. E. Priest
 - M. L. Fullager
 - Marion Fowler
 - F. W. Otte.

P. A. CAMPBELL WILL OPEN NEW GROCERY ON SO. BLACKBURN ST. THURSDAY A. M.

P. A. Campbell, well-known and popular citizen of Brady will soon enter the class of full-fledged business men. On Thursday, March 1st, "Pete" will open his new grocery store to the public, and his many friends, who have been dropping in on him during his preparatory work, are pleased to note that Mr. Campbell is stocking one of the most complete and attractive lines of groceries in Brady. His stand in the August F. Behrens building on South Blackburn street, has been renovated, and presents a most attractive and inviting appearance.

Mr. Campbell says along with quality of goods and moderate prices, he is going to feature service, and that applies to goods sold over the counter, and as well to orders taken over the phone. His popularity and splendid business qualifications assure complete success of Mr. Campbell's business venture.

—ANOTHER

Patriotic Holiday Friday, March 2nd

THE COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK

OF BRADY, TEXAS

WILL BE CLOSED

Friday, March 2nd

—IN OBSERVANCE OF—

Texas Independence Day

Please Arrange To Do Your Banking Thursday, March 1st

Fordson

You Will Want Your Fordson Tractor Early

Everything points to the greatest shortage of Ford products this year that has ever existed.

Never before has the demand been so great.

You will want a Fordson tractor early—here is one product you cannot wait for—when the weather opens up you will need it.

You will want it for plowing, seeding, cultivating—and all other work. Already it has proved the greatest help to profitable farming that has ever been offered to you. And at \$395 f. o. b. Detroit, the price is so low that you lose money every day you are without a Fordson. To get delivery you must order early.

There are no Reserve Stocks Among Our Dealers—

Our production capacity, great as it is, will not enable us to build up a reserve.

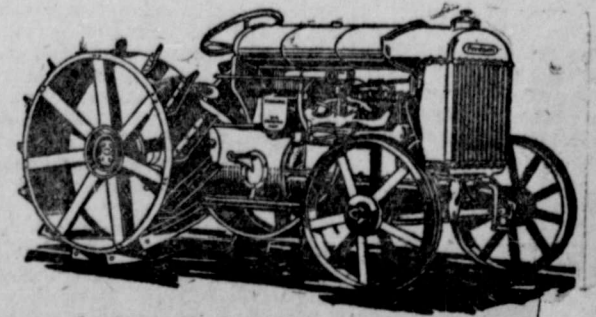
It must be a case of "first come, first served" and the only way in which you can protect yourself is to list your order with a Ford Dealer immediately.

By taking advantage of our dealer's first opportunity to make delivery, you will be assured of having your Fordson when you need it.

Ford Motor Company
DETROIT, MICH.

\$395

f. o. b.
DETROIT



Curtis Norman Co.
Authorized Ford Dealer

Tan-No-More
The Skin Beautifier
35¢ 60¢ & 1.00 The Jar
AT TOILET COUNTERS
SAMPLE MAILED ON REQUEST
BAKER LABORATORIES
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE