

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

NOMINATIONS IN "LADY BRADY" VOTING CONTEST

The following young ladies have been nominated as candidates to the convention at San Angelo May 21, 22 and 23rd, the one receiving the most votes will get to make the trip and represent Brady as "Lady Brady." All new members coming into the Chamber of Commerce are entitled to one vote for each cent they pay into the Chamber of Commerce. The minimum dues accepted will be \$1.50 for three months; a person may pay for his dues as far in advance as he likes.

The present members of the Chamber of Commerce are entitled to vote in the election on the same basis as a new member for the amount of money paid in for the last quarter, March, April and May.

Nominations:

Misses	No. Votes
Marjorie McCall	500
Katharine Ballou	500
Frances Samuel	500
Lucille Benham	500
Odyne Beaver	500
Edythe Reed	500
Gertrude Trigg	500
Mary Campbell	500
Grace Sheppard	500
Cora Snider	500
Hattie Wilensky	500
Florence Bates	500
Myra Weaver	500

Nominations are still open and anyone who is or becomes a member of the Chamber of Commerce may nominate someone as a candidate for the trip.
Brady Chamber of Commerce.

BRADY BOYS LEAVE FOR CALIFORNIA OIL FIELDS TAMPICO ULTIMATE GOAL

A party of four Brady boys, including Messrs. Lit Walker, Vernon Jordan, Percy Paschal and George Shore, left last Thursday enroute for Los Angeles, Calif., where they expect to obtain work in the oil fields, and which, because of recent discoveries, is now said to be causing a rush reminding one of the gold rush in the days of '49. The party left in the cars of Paschal and Walker, fully equipped for camping out enroute, and expect to have a great trip. While they expect to stop in California, the boys gave it out that their ultimate destination was Tampico, Old Mexico, providing everything looked favorable in tamale-land following their arrival in the Golden West.

MARSHALL DUKE CLOSES OUT GROCERY STOCK TO LUTHER LEDDY WHO OCCUPIES STAND

Marshall Duke last week closed out his stock of groceries to M. L. Leddy, who took immediate charge, occupying the building with his shoe shop. Mr. Leddy has for several years past been located in the rear of the J. F. Schaeg saddle shop, where he has built up a lucrative business. In moving to the new quarters, he secures a permanent home, and his first aim will be to close out the groceries, so as to give over the entire room to his shoe repair work.

Mr. Duke has not yet decided upon his future endeavors. Marshall is a home boy, and is popular with everyone. All his many friends trust that he and his estimable wife may remain here and that he will soon get re-established in business.

SCHOOL CARNIVAL At Montgomery School, Voca, Saturday, April 14th. Big parade, balloon ascension, ball game, novelty and cold drink stands of every description. Black face minstrel show at night. A big time for everybody. Benefit of school.

JAPANESE AMBER CANE SEED.

We have just received a shipment of this seed—produces a short-jointed stalk with heavy top; sells at the same price as Red Top Cane seed and is two weeks earlier. Especially fine for stock. MACY & CO. Phone

COPELAND BROTHERS SHOW OPENS WEEK'S ENGAGEMENT MONDAY WITH PACKED HOUSE

Copeland Brothers show opened a week's engagement in Brady last night with an attendance that packed the big tent. The Copeland Brothers came to Brady highly recommended; in fact, their appearance two years ago served to add to their popularity with the show-going public.

In the opening play last night, "Across the Great Divide," Clare Copeland as "Bill Jones" easily carried away the honors, his droll acting and wit keeping the audience in good humor throughout. The other members of the cast also acquitted themselves in creditable manner, and Ed Copeland, as "Toby," proved as popular as of yore, even though his part in last night's play did not give him full swing to his talents. The specialties between acts were high class and the orchestra was also an appreciated feature.

A splendid bill of plays is scheduled for the balance of the week, and everyone is assured of wholesome entertainment at this show. Incidentally the members of Elijah F. Allin post of the American Legion are boosting the show, inasmuch as the Legion receives a percentage of all gate receipts. The splendid start made last night has encouraged the boys to added enthusiasm and continued good attendance is anticipated all the balance of the week.

For tonight (Tuesday) the play will be "Swamp Angel," made famous by Dustin Farnum, and containing much comedy and a clever plot that is sure to win favor with all who see it.

East Texas Syrup. Buy it at JORDAN & WOODS.

BRADY HIGH SCHOOL TEAM MAKES GOOD SHOWING WITH BROWNWOOD HIGH BALL TEAM

The Brady high school team opened the base ball season here last Friday afternoon in the first of a series of two games with Brownwood high school team. The local boys made a good showing against the visitors although the result Friday afternoon was 5 to 0 in Brownwood's favor. In the second game, played Saturday afternoon, the locals showed the stuff that was in them by outplaying their opponent throughout the game and up to the last inning. Not only did Pitcher Adkins have a decided advantage over the visiting better stick work. In fact, the score mound artist, but the locals did much was tied 5 to 5 up to the 9th inning, when the locals lost their grip and a series of costly errors allowed Brownwood to win the game by a score of 12 to 5.

Brady's line-up for the first game was as follows:

- Miller, p.
 - Snider, c.
 - Polk, 1b.
 - Bodenhamer, 2b.
 - Adkins, 3b.
 - Woodsley, ss.
 - Tommy Brown, rf.
 - Rob Wright, cf.
 - Fahrenthold, lf.
- In Saturday's game, the Brady line-up was:
- Adkins, p.
 - Snider, c.
 - Polk, 1b.
 - Bodenhamer, 2b.
 - Fahrenthold, 3b.
 - Woodsley, ss.
 - Tommy Brown, rf.
 - Rob Wright, cf.
 - Miller, lf.

Golden West Flour, absolutely guaranteed and one can Calumet baking powder given free with every sack. JORDAN & WOOD.

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. 295.

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

It's the Truth. Many a bird packs his trunk because he's lost his grip.—The Vivifier.

Sees Rural America a Great Community Farm



Mrs. W. C. Martin, of Boque County, Texas, known as "The Community Builder of the South," has visions of rural America as a great community farm and along the same general lines as those employed in community development throughout the South. Cave Springs, Tex., is the best example of community development. In two years it changed from a deserted post office on a mud road to a prosperous village in the center of the rich Salina Bottoms. Pictures show Mrs. Martin who worked out the ideas at Cave Springs, the Community house built there and the type of bungalows in which all residents now live.

CHAS. WEISE, FRISCO AGENT AT MENARD, RE-VISITS BRADY—MARVELS AT IMPROVEMENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Weise, accompanied by their son and daughter, were Brady visitors Sunday afternoon, having driven over from Menard, as Mr. Weise expressed it, just because they had heard so much about Brady's improvements that they wanted to come over and see just what all was really doing. Mr. and Mrs. Weise both marveled at the many public improvements, including the new school building, the new hotel building, the numbers of new and improved business buildings and also took note of the new residences built in recent months. However, what appeared to attract their greatest attention and admiration was the court yard improvements, which they declared nothing short of wonderful and deserving of the greatest praise.

Mr. Weise and family are really Brady citizens—at least all their many friends here still claim them as such. Mr. Weise was the pre-war local agent for the Frisco, and incidentally served for a time as secretary of the Brady Commercial club, in both of which positions he proved himself an invaluable citizen and one of the liveliest wires and boosters in Brady. The consolidation of the Frisco and Santa Fe local offices, as an economic measure during the World War, caused Mr. Weise to be transferred to Menard.

Brady citizens have a warm spot in their heart for Mr. Weise and his estimable family, are always glad to greet them and trust their visits here may be more frequent in future.

Teachers' Examinations.

A new ruling has been made with reference to registration of applicants for teachers' certificates. All applicants must register with the county superintendent not later than the twentieth day of the preceding calendar month. Applicants who have not registered for the April examination may be permitted to take them this month, as sufficient publicity has not been given concerning this ruling.

I have just received a ruling from the State Department of Education that there will be no county examinations held in May. Applicants who desire to take the June examination, but who have failed to register with the county superintendent before May twentieth, will secure permission from the state superintendent to enter the examination.

Signed, W. M. DEANS, County Superintendent.

Natural or Artificial. "Is she very pretty?" "Pretty! Say when she gets on a street car the advertising is a total loss."—Exchange.

Explained. Old Party—"I am 80, young man, and I don't recollect ever having told a lie." Young Man—"Well you can't expect your memory to be reliable at that age."—Boston Transcript.

TEST CASES AGAINST EWING BROTHERS ON ROAD WORKING DISMISSED BY CO. ATTORNEY

The series of test cases on road working against the Ewing Brothers, "Bud," Will and Roy, have been dismissed by County Attorney A. R. Pool for the reason that insufficiency of the summons precluded all possibility of securing conviction in county court, to which the case of "Bud" Ewing has been appealed.

Two of the three cases were tried before Justice of the Peace N. G. Lyle, Sr., last week, the jury in the case against "Bud" Ewing returning a verdict of guilty and assessing punishment at \$1 and costs. An appeal from the decision was taken to county court. In the case against Will Ewing, the plea of insufficiency of summons was raised by the defendant's attorney, Sam McCollum, who contended that a legal summons for road working must be made in person and not by telephone, as had been the case in summoning the Ewing brothers. Upon this point, the jury found for the defendant.

Inasmuch as all three cases were practically identical, this point naturally could be raised in each of the three cases, and accordingly they were dismissed.

BIG CARNIVAL PLANNED BY MONTGOMERY SCHOOL AT VOCA SATURDAY, APRIL 14TH

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Johnston, popular members of the faculty at Montgomery school at Voca, were in Brady last Saturday arranging for the advertising of the big carnival planned for the close of school next Saturday. They report preparations complete for the most elaborate frolic ever attempted at that school, and state a good time is assured every visitor. The day's festivities will begin shortly after dinner with a big parade, in which all the school children and citizens as well, will take part. Then there will follow one continuous round of fun during the afternoon including a balloon ascension, ball game, novelty and cold drink stands of every description. The close of the day's fun will be marked by a black-face minstrel performance at the school building at night, and which is said to be a scream from start to finish.

Mrs. Johnston, who has preparations for the big celebration in charge, has worked very faithfully to assure the success of the big event, and despite the fact that the school closes a couple weeks earlier than was at first anticipated, she has rounded up everything in good shape. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston have both been very popular with the Voca folks because of their efficiency in school work, and are deserving of much praise for the success of their school. Proceeds from Saturday's carnival will be for the benefit of the school.

Red Top Cane Seed. JORDAN & WOOD. Postal Scales. Brady Standard.

SCHOOL TRUSTEE ELECTION SATURDAY RESULTS IN REGULAR TICKET BEING ELECTED

The election of trustees for Brady Independent School district, developed into a rather interesting contest Saturday by reason of a concerted move to write the names of four candidates on the ticket in place of the four candidates whose names had regularly been printed on the ticket. The immediate result of the move was the casting of a much larger vote than had originally been anticipated, the total vote registered being 357. In spite of the opposition, all four candidates on the printed ballot were elected. Of the number, three, Messrs. A. J. Ricks and J. M. Pate and Dr. J. G. McCall are present members of the board, while the fourth, B. A. Hallum, is a new member, and will succeed to the place of Edd Broad, who declined to offer for re-election.

The result of the election was declared as follows:

- A. J. Ricks252
- J. M. Pate250
- Dr. J. G. McCall255
- B. A. Hallum252
- W. F. Roberts126
- J. H. White129
- F. R. Wulff128
- W. H. Ballou128

- A. B. Carrithers 1
- W. M. Bryson 1
- Wm. C. Jones 1
- Buzz Ogden 1
- J. E. White 1
- Henry Miller 1

Our Errors.

The Standard editor was guilty of two oversights in last Friday's election, both of which, naturally, are regretted. The first was the giving of the totals in the special election held for city alderman, to fill the unexpired term of W. F. Roberts, Sr., resigned. The vote cast was as follows:

- C. A. Trigg231
- W. M. Bryson210

The second omission was that of the name of A. B. Reagan as one of the directors of the Pasche Oil Corporation, recently formed. Mr. Reagan has been actively interested in the corporation from the start, and his name gives added prestige to the personnel of the same.

Uvalde Honey—the world's purest and best. JORDAN & WOOD.

BE WISE and Have Your Painting done by the—
OWL PAINT CO.
 Old E. B. Ramsay Building
 S.-W. Corner Square

DELINQUENT TAX LIST BASIS SUIT FOR COLLECTION

The commissioners court has ordered County Tax Collector H. K. Adkins to proceed at once with the compilation of a list of all taxes delinquent at the present time, with instructions to County Attorney A. R. Pool to file suit for collection as soon as possible. This action was taken by the commissioners court because of the great need of funds by several of the rural schools, which are handicapped by reason of failure to pay taxes by some of the largest tax payers in their respective communities. Quite a number of schools of the county are facing the necessity of cutting their school terms short because of lack of funds. County Attorney Pool, when interviewed upon the subject, stated that no time would be lost in getting suits filed immediately upon compilation of the delinquent tax list.

Among other matters of interest in commissioners court, aside from routine business, was the passing of an order to reprint the Melvin road bonds, this being made necessary by request of the attorney for the purchasers of the bonds, who wanted the bank designated where payment of the bonds was to be made. It is practically assured that the bonds, when reprinted, will be approved by both the attorney for the purchasers and the attorney general. A \$500 forfeit check, posted by the purchasers, adds weight to the opinion that the sale of the bonds will go through.

The court has allowed Mrs. R. Hutschenreuter \$10 per month for the care of the flower beds around the court yard.

The court also entered into a contract with the Circle Automobile Men's association of America, with state headquarters at Dallas, to erect standard sign posts at every intersection of first and second-class roads, such signs to designate the towns or cities to which such road leads. The association also agrees to maintain the signs in good condition for a period of five years. The county bears no part of the expense of making, erecting or maintaining the signs, the association erecting the same receiving their returns from advertising painted on the signs.

PARENT-TEACHERS TO HOLD FINAL MEETING OF TERM AT CENTRAL SCHOOL WEDNESDAY

The Parent-Teachers association will hold their regular meeting Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 at the Central school building. A program by the primary pupils will feature the meeting.

Everyone is urged to be present as this is the last program meeting of this school term, and a large attendance is desired.

NOTICE.
I wish to tell the world that I am going to play the Jew—anything you may need in Leather Goods get my prices; money talks. J. F. SCHAEG.

For Nervousness

When you feel as if you were on needles — your whole nervous system shattered—the treatment is—

They give relief and form no habit. Put up in— 12s for 25c; 24s for 40c; 100s, special sale, price only 69c

TRIGG DRUG CO.
The Rexall Store

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 employe, unless upon the written order of the editor.

ADVERTISING RATES
Local Readers, 7½¢ per line, per issue
Classified Ads, 1½¢ 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, April 10, 1923

HONEST INJUN.

Some are silenced but not convinced; others are convinced but not silenced.—H. M. Stansifer, in Star-Telegram.

"LADY BRADY."

The "Lady Brady" contest is now on in full swing, and every citizen of Brady and McCulloch county should get into the contest and boost for his favorite young lady as the representative for Brady at the big pageant which will mark the close of the convention of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce at San Angelo next month. Quite a number of Brady's charming young ladies are already entered in the contest, which is open to young ladies from all over the county.

In the contest, the young lady receiving the largest number of votes, will be designated "Lady Brady," and will not only be entitled to a free trip to the San Angelo convention, with all expenses paid during her stay at the convention, but will be the recipient of many social courtesies and honors during her stay there as the official representative of the liveliest city in the "Heart of Texas." For every one dollar contributed towards the Brady Chamber of Commerce, 100 votes will be given the young lady who is the choice of the contributor. This, then, will serve the double purpose of not only helping to determine the popular choice of Brady citizens as to their representative, but will also provide a fund which will enable the Brady Chamber of Commerce to carry out a program of boosting and advertising McCulloch county, such as will result in great benefit to the citizens and the county in general.

MIGRATORY BROWNWOOD.

Old Lady Brownwood, over on Pecan Bayou, is getting mighty active in her old days, and after several injections of "Tech" enthusiasm, appears to have forgotten all about her rheumatics and other ailments, and is hopping about as chipper as a kildeer.

She began her antics by declaring herself located nearer the geographical center of Texas than any town of importance, the while admitting that the geographical center of Texas was 20 miles northeast of Brady. Accordingly, Brownwood must needs be located something less than forty miles from Brady, and at this rate

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Brady, Texas

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- SIX MONTHS 75c
- THREE MONTHS 40c
- Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 15c per month.
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- THREE MONTHS ... 65c

Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy, straight.

Effective January 1, 1923.

of progress should be located in Brady's stockyards district within the next five years.

Rather than disavow her previous claim and to refute any intimation that she was not permanently located on Pecan Bayou, Old Lady Brownwood's chosen mouth-piece, the Brownwood Bulletin, now reiterates the claim, the while slightly amending the statement so as to make it appear more reasonable and feasible. The Bulletin states: "Brownwood is at this moment 100 miles west of the center of population, and is nearer the center of Texas—the absolute geographical center of this state, according to federal authority, than any other town of like importance in this state.

One more amendment, and the statement will be absolutely correct: "Brownwood is nearer the geographical center of Texas than any other town of like self-importance in Texas."

A PERFECT MAN.

Press reports give an account of the observance of the 65th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. John Surlis, at Brady. Mr. Surlis is 88 years old and Mrs. Surlis is 85, and they were married 65 years ago, according to the report. They only have four children, but have 24 grandchildren and 35 great-grandchildren. In relating some of the incidents in his life's history, and through the Civil War when he received a wound which has made him a cripple for life, the aged veteran says: "I never swore an oath in my life. I never swore drunk in my life, never played a game of cards or dominoes, never danced, and if I ever told a person a lie I don't remember it. I have been a strict church member for 60 years. I never had a case in court. I owe no man a cent, and if I have an enemy in the world I do not know it."

The foregoing is reprinted from the Ballinger Banner-Ledger, and proves that one must go away from home to learn the news of home. The Standard was not aware that there was anyone in McCulloch county whose truthfulness was carried to such extremes—if we might use such expression to convey our meaning. Further than that, this McCulloch county celebrity, it appears, can give cards and spades to George Washington's shade, and then beat him to the goal post on general qualifications. The Standard editor would like to meet Mr. John Surlis and his estimable wife, and to shake them by the hand—just for luck.

HOME TOWN SERVICE.

The best citizen is the man or woman who can give his or her home town the best service. He who can give his town better streets and better sidewalks, better schools and more colleges, more happiness and more civilization, more of God and better society, he will be looked upon as the best citizen anywhere.

The man who works for self, who has no time to help in community propositions, blocks the game when it does not go his way, opposes the church and fights the things which make for better society, is not the man who gives the best service to his home town.

You do not have to be the king bee to be a good booster for your home town. If you can't be the bell cow, you can fall in behind. It makes no difference whether your place is in the delivery wagon, in the parlor, or over the cook stove, your services as a citizen are measured by your loyalty to your home town.—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

It is true that no man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself, but it is just as true that the man who depends upon the other fellow to get him through this world gets left.

The man who stands around with his hands in his pockets with a grouch on his countenance, and claims that the world owes him a living, is existing under false delusion.

Brother, the world may owe you a living, but it is up to you to do your own collecting. Only the unfortunates, disabled and irresponsibles can depend on others to carry them over the journey of life.

Your success depends upon you. You have to shape your own future. You must do your own thinking. You must live with your own conscience. You must make your own decisions. You must abide by your own acts. You alone can utilize your own faculties.

You must stand on your own feet. You must take your own steps. You must see through your own eyes. You must solve your own problems. Your thoughts are of your own handiwork. You can be injured by no man's hand but your own. You can be elevated and sustained only by yourself. Remember that every tub must stand on its own bottom.—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

A GOOD ANSWER.

A citizen who was carrying an express package from a city mail-order house, was accosted by a local merchant: "Why didn't you buy that bill of goods from me?" he asked. "I could have saved you the express, and besides you would have been patronizing a home store, which helps pay the taxes and build up this local-

ity." With characteristic frankness, the citizen replied: "Why don't you patronize your home paper and advertise? I read it and did not know you had the goods I have here, nor do I ever see your name in the paper inviting me to come to your store."—Lake Worth (Fla.) Leader.

SNAP SHOTS.

A West Dallas widow says the reason she broke her last engagement was because when he brought her a box of candy he stayed until he ate it up.—Dallas News.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Jane Hope says it is always the man's privilege to make the first advances, but sometimes, he has to hurry like everything to get his rights.—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

"Elephant's breath" is a shade of gray which has been revived along with the recrudescence of "Tut." Just so they don't try "skunk's" sigh or "hyena's ha ha!"—Lafayette Journal and Courier.

The Prince of Wales does not seem to have much regular work to do, but perhaps taking himself seriously is all that ought to be expected of him.—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

"Anna Pavlova to dance in Egypt," reads a dispatch. That's nice of her. King Tut is said to be absolutely daft on dancing girls.—Columbus State.

What we want to know is: If the censors clean up the Paris stage how do they expect the Americans to pay the French war debt.—Dayton News.

Herbert Hoover's sugar forecast boosted sugar on the public. And now the public is raising Cain for Herbert.—Chicago Daily News.

H. G. Wells has chosen a list of the 10 most important books. We haven't seen the list, but we disagree.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a woman goes in and asks for powder these days the clerk says, "Face, baking or gun?"—Nashville Tennessean.

One good way to save money is to keep so busy earning it that you haven't time to spend it.—Baltimore

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Easy-Fi-Ad rate is 1½¢ 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.

FOR RENT
FOR RENT—Three furnished rooms, with bath. Phone 100.

LOST—
LOST—Monday, between Brady and Hext, hat box containing 3 ladies' Hats. Finder please notify BENHAM'S STORE, Brady.

LOST—Out of my pasture, one fine sheep (buck) marked (Swallow-Fork and Underbit the Right.) Will pay liberal reward for information leading to his recovery. A. BEHRENS.

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

FOR SALE—Two nice young mules, unbroke, 14½ hands high; a bargain. Can be seen at Bodenhamer wagon yard.

FOR SALE—Triumph Mebane Cotton Planting Seed, one year from breeders. Machine culler; any size lots. \$1.25 a bushel. J. D. POWELL, Rochelle.

FOR SALE—350 Chickens from 1 day to 3 months old; also 6 Bronze Turkeys; 2 incubators; 2 coal oil Brooders. See LEE MORGAN, Phone 48.

FOR SALE—75 nanny goats and 29 muttons practically all young, at \$3.00 around; 53 kids thrown in; average shearing 4 pounds a head per year. O. J. SCOGGIN, Rochelle.

FOR SALE—Eggs for hatching from prize-winning Barred Plymouth Rocks. \$1.50 for setting of 15 eggs; \$4.00 for 50 eggs. Address White Dairy and Poultry Farm, Chr. Mathisen, Prop. R. R. No. 1, Fredericksburg, Texas.

GET THE BEST STOCK.
Trap nested breeding pens—200-300 egg strain. A certified flock. A paying flock. We pay transportation and guarantee delivery. Chix \$15 a hundred. Eggs \$7.50 a hundred. BREEZELAND WHITE LEGHORN FARM, San Angelo, Texas.

BITS OF WISDOM.
(Stolen from the Ballinger Banner-Ledger)

Making good in life does not necessarily mean that you must make money.

One feature of helping the man who does not deserve it is that he comes back for more.

Woman wants the latest style hat, but she will not buy a hat like the one her neighbor wears.

The trouble with blind love is that it's like a young kitten—opens its eyes in about nine days after marriage.

A mother begins the task of making a man out of her baby boy, but it generally takes some other woman to finish the job.

Some people are in favor of a square deal only when the square deal gives them advantage over the other fellow.

The best way to get rid of a bore is to walk off and leave him, and under certain circumstances it should not be discourteous.

The minds of some men are so badly clogged and befuddled with prejudice that they often bite off their nose to spite their face.

Better'n Better.
Sober Man (to traveling salesman): "If you see my brother on your trips tell him that I am down and out, and that I need money."

Same man—(two drinks later): "If you see my brother on your trips, tell him I'm making a good living and getting along first rate."

Same man—(ten drinks later): "If you see my brother on your trips, tell him if he needs anything just call on me."—Carnegie Puppet.

A few more cases of White Laundry Soap, 10 bars for 25¢ at JORDAN & WOODS.

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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DENTIST
Upstairs in New Gibbons Bldg.
Office Phone No. 399; Res. No. 395

DR. WM. C. JONES
DENTIST
Office: Front Suite Rooms Over New Brady National Bank Building
PHONES: Office 79 Residence 202

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LAWYER
General Practice, Civil and Criminal. Special attention to land titles. Office Over Broad Merc. Co. South Side Square, Brady, Texas

S. W. HUGHES
LAWYER
BRADY, TEXAS
Special attention to land titles. General practice in all the courts. Office over Brady Nat'l Bank, Brady, Texas

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LAWYER
Office in Broad Building South Side Square

EVANS J. ADKINS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Practice in District Court of McCulloch County, Texas
Office in Court House

T. E. DAVIS
PIANO TUNING and REPAIRING
At Davis & Gartman's Music Store.

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Meetings Held Second and Fourth Friday Nights Each Month.
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General Insurance
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J. C. BENSON
Draying and Heavy Hauling of All Kinds
Will appreciate your draying and hauling business. Your freight and packages handled by careful and painstaking employees.

J. C. BENSON
Ink Pads of various sizes and colors at The Brady Standard office.

"Built Like a Skyscraper"

Shaw-Walker

"Built Like a Skyscraper"

Steel Filing Devices

Made to Endure
Made for Service
Made for Efficiency

The Business Man's "Man Friday"

Sample Cabinets in Stock
Test Them in Your Business
Note Increased Efficiency

Steel Offers Protection

Against Fire
Against Theft
Against Rats

We Demonstrate at Our Expense

—The—
Brady Standard
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DESERT GOLD

by **ZANE GREY**
Author of *Riders of the Purple Sage*,
Wildfire, Etc.



Illustrations by **Irwin Myers**

SYNOPSIS

PROLOGUE—Seeking gold in the desert, Cameron, a solitary prospector, forms a partnership with an unknown man whom he later learns is Jonas Warren, father of a girl whom Cameron wronged, but later married, back in Illinois. Cameron's explanations appease Warren, and the two proceed together. Taking refuge from a sandstorm in a cave, Cameron discovers gold, but too late; both men are dying. Cameron leaves evidence, in the cave, of their discovery of gold, and personal documents.

CHAPTER I—Richard Gale, adventurer, in Casita, Mexican border town, meets George Thorne, lieutenant in the Ninth cavalry, old college friend. Thorne tells Gale he is there to save Mercedes Castaneda, Spanish girl, his affianced wife, from Rojas, Mexican bandit. "It can happen, and don't you forget it. You don't seem to realize the power these guerrilla leaders, these rebel captains, and particularly these bandits, exercise over the mass of Mexicans. I've seen Rojas. He's a handsome, bold, sneering devil, valuer than any peacock. He decks himself in gold lace and silver trappings. In all the finery he can steal. He spends gold like he spills blood. But he is chiefly famous for abducting women. The peon girls consider it an honor to be ridden off with. Rojas has shown a penchant for girls of the better class."

Thorne wiped the perspiration from his pale face and bent a dark gaze out of the window before he resumed his talk.

"Consider what the position of Mercedes really is. Rojas can turn all the hidden underground influences to his ends. Unless I thwart him he'll get Mercedes as easily as he can light a cigarette. But I'll kill him or some of his gang or her before I let him get her. . . . This is the situation, old friend. I've little time to spare. I face arrest for desertion. Rojas is in town. I think I was followed to this hotel. The priest has betrayed me or has been stopped. Mercedes is here alone, waiting, absolutely dependent upon me to save her from— from . . . She's the sweetest, loveliest girl! . . . In a few moments—sooner or later there'll be hell here! Dick, are you with me?"

Dick Gale drew a long, deep breath. A coldness, a lethargy, and indifference that had weighed upon him for months had passed out of his being. On the instant he could not speak, but his hand closed powerfully upon his friend's. Thorne's face changed wonderfully, the distress, the fear, the appeal all vanishing in a smile of passionate gratefulness.

Then Dick's gaze attracted by some slight sound, shot over his friend's shoulder to see a face at the window—a handsome, bold, sneering face, with glittering dark eyes that flashed in sinister intentness.

Dick stiffened in his seat. Thorne, with sudden clenching of hands, wheeled toward the window. "Rojas!" he whispered.

CHAPTER II

Mercedes Castaneda.

The dark face vanished. Dick Gale heard footsteps and the tinkle of spurs. He strode to the window, and was in time to see a Mexican swagger into the front door of the saloon. There were men passing in the street, also several Mexicans lounging against the hitching rail at the curb.

"Did you see him? Where did he go?" whispered Thorne, as he joined Gale. "Those Greasers out there with the cartridge belts crossed over their breasts—they are rebels. I'm afraid Rojas has the house spied."

"If we could only be sure."
"I'm sure, Dick. Let's cross the hall; I want to see how it looks from the other side of the house."

Gale followed Thorne out of the restaurant into the high-ceiled corridor which evidently divided the hotel, opening into the street and running back to a patio. A few dim, yellow lamps flickered. Thorne entered a huge chamber which was even more poorly lighted than the hall. It contained a table littered with papers, a few high-backed chairs, a couple of couches, and was evidently a parlor.

"Mercedes has been meeting me here," said Thorne. "At this hour she comes every moment or so to the head of the stairs there, and if I am here she comes down. Mostly there are people in this room a little later. We go out into the plaza. It faces the dark side of the house, and that's the place I must slip out with her if there's any chance at all to get away."

They peered out of the open window. In a moment, however, Gale made out a slow-pacing dark form on the path. Farther down there was another. No particular keenness was required to see in these forms a sentinel-like stealthiness.

Gripping Gale's arm, Thorne pulled back from the window.

"You saw them," he whispered. "It's just as I feared. Rojas has the place

surrounded. I should have taken Mercedes away. But I had no time—no chance! I'm bound! . . . There's Mercedes now! My G—d! . . . Dick, think, think—think if there's a way to get her out of this trap!"

Gale turned as his friend went down the stairs. In the dim light at the head of the stairs stood the slim, muffled figure of a woman. When she saw Thorne she flew noiselessly down the stairway to him. He caught her in his arms. Then she spoke softly, brokenly, in a low, swift voice. It was a mingling of incoherent Spanish and English; but to Gale it was mellow, deep, unutterably tender, a voice full of joy, fear, passion, hope and love. Upon Gale it had an unaccountable effect. He found himself thrilling, wondering.

Thorne led the girl to the center of the room, under the light where Gale stood.

"Mercedes—Dick Gale, an old friend—the best friend I ever had."

She wrested the mantilla back over her head, disclosing a lovely face, strange and striking to Gale in its pride and fire, its intensity.

"Senior Gale—ah! I cannot speak my happiness. His friend!"

"Yes, Mercedes; my friend and yours," said Thorne, speaking rapidly. "We'll have need of him. Dear, there's bad news and no time to break it gently. The priest did not come. He must have been detained. And listen—be brave, dear Mercedes—Rojas is here!"

She uttered an inarticulate cry, the poignant terror of which shook Gale's nerve, and swayed as if she would faint. Thorne caught her and in husky voice implored her to bear up.

"My darling! For God's sake don't faint—don't go to pieces! We've lost! We've got a chance. We'll think of something. Be strong! Fight!"

It was plain to Gale that Thorne was distracted. He scarcely knew what he was saying. Pale and shaking, he clasped Mercedes to him.

She cried out in Spanish, beseeching him; and as he shook his head, she changed to English:

"Senior, my lover, I will be strong—I will fight—I will obey. But swear

to me by my Virgin, if need be to save me from Rojas—you will kill me!"

"Mercedes! Yes, I'll swear," he replied, hoarsely. "I know—I'd rather have you dead than— But don't give up. Rojas can't be sure of you, or he wouldn't wait. He's in there. He's got his men there—all around us. But he hesitates. A beast like Rojas doesn't stand idle for nothing. I tell you we've a chance. Dick, here, will think of something. We'll slip away. Then he'll take you somewhere. Only—speak to him—show him you won't weaken. Mercedes, this is more than love and happiness for us. It's life or death."

She became quiet, and slowly recovered control of herself. She wheeled to face Gale with proud dark eyes, tragic sweetness of appeal, an exquisite grace.

"Senior, you are an American. You cannot know the Spanish blood—the peon bandit's hate and cruelty. I wish to die before Rojas' hand touches me. If he takes me alive, then the hour, the little day that my life lasts afterward will be torture—torture of hell. If I live two days his brutal men will have me. If I live three, the dogs of his camp . . . Senior, have you

a sister whom you love? Help Senior Thorne to save me. He is a soldier. He is bound. He must not betray his honor, his duty, for me. . . . Now, let me waste no more precious time. I am ready. I will be brave."

She came close to Gale, holding out her white hands, a woman all fire and soul and passion. To Gale she was wonderful. His heart leaped. As he bent over her hands and kissed them he seemed to feel himself renewed, remade.

"Seniorita," he said. "I am happy to be your servant. I can conceive of no greater pleasure than giving the service you require."

"And what is that?" inquired Thorne hurriedly.

"That of incapacitating Senior Rojas for tonight, and perhaps several nights to come," replied Gale. "I'll make a row in that saloon. I'll start something. I'll rush Rojas and his crowd. I'll—"

"Lord, no; you mustn't, Dick—you'll be knifed!" cried Thorne.

"I'll take a chance. Maybe I can surprise that slow Greaser bunch and get away before they know what's happened. . . . You be ready watching at the window. When the row starts those fellows out there in the plaza will run into the saloon. Then you slip out, go straight through the plaza down the street. It's a dark street, I remember. I'll catch up with you before you get far."

Thorne gasped, but did not say a word. Mercedes leaned against him, her white hands now at her breast, her great eyes watching Gale as he went out.

In the corridor Gale stopped long enough to pull on a pair of heavy gloves, to muss his hair, and disarrange his collar. Then he stepped into the restaurant, went through, and halted in the door leading into the saloon. No one appeared to notice him. Gale's roving glance soon fixed upon the man he took to be Rojas. The Mexican's face was tanned ashen.

He was in earnest, excited colloquy with a dozen or more comrades, most of whom were sitting round a table. They were listening, talking, drinking. The fact that they wore cartridge belts crossed over their breasts satisfied Gale that these were the rebels. He became conscious of an inward fire that threatened to overrun his coolness. Other emotions barred his self-control. It seemed as if sight of the man liberated or created a devil in Gale. And at the bottom of his feelings there seemed to be a wonder at

close, red flash the knife wavered; the man welding it stumbled backward. Then pandemonium broke loose. The din became a roar. Gale heard shots that sounded like dull spats in the distance. The big lamp behind the bar seemingly split, then sputtered and went out, leaving the room in darkness.

Gale leaped toward the restaurant door, which was outlined faintly by the yellow light within. Right and left he pushed the groping men who jostled with him. He vaulted a pool table, sent tables and chairs flying, and gained the door, to be the first of a wedding mob to squeeze through. One sweep of his arm knocked the restaurant lamp from its stand; and he ran out, leaving darkness behind him. A few bounds took him into the parlor. It was deserted. Thorne had gotten away with Mercedes!

It was then Gale slowed up. For the space of perhaps sixty seconds he had been moving with startling velocity. He peered cautiously out into the plaza. Under a street lamp at the far end of the path he thought he saw two dark figures. He ran faster, and soon reached the street. The uproar back in the hotel began to diminish, or else he was getting out of hearing. The few people he saw close at hand were all coming his way, and only the foremost showed any excitement. Gale walked swiftly, peering ahead for two figures. Presently he saw them—one tall, wearing a cape; the other slight; mantled. Gale drew a sharp breath of relief. Thorne and Mercedes were not far ahead.

He began to overhaul them; and soon, when the last lamp had been passed and the street was dark, he ventured a whistle. Thorne heard it, for he turned, whistled a low reply, and went on. Not for some distance beyond, where the street ended in open country, did they halt to wait. Then he came up with the fugitives.

"Dick! Are you—all right?" panted Thorne, grasping Gale.

"I'm—out of breath—but—O. K.," replied Gale.

"Good! Good!" choked Thorne. "I was scared—helpless. . . . Dick, it worked splendidly. We had no trouble. What on earth did you do?"

"I made the row, all right," said Dick. "While I was rushing Rojas a couple of cowboys shot out the lamplights. A Mexican who pulled a knife on me got hurt, I guess. Then I think there was some shooting from the rebels after the room was dark."

Mercedes pressed close to him, touched his hands, looked up into his face with wonderful eyes. He thought he would not soon forget their beauty—the shadow of pain that had been, the hope dawning so fugitively.

"Dear lady," said Gale, with voice not wholly steady, "Rojas himself will bound you no more tonight, nor for many nights."

She seemed to shake, to thrill, to rise with the intelligence. She pressed his hand close over her heaving breast. Gale felt the quick throb of her heart.

"Senior! Senior Dick!" she cried. Then her voice faltered. But her hands flew up; quick as a flash she raised her face—kissed him. Then she turned and with a sob fell into Thorne's arms.

There ensued a silence broken only by Mercedes' sobbing. Gale walked some paces away. If he were not stunned, he certainly was agitated. The strange, sweet fire of that girl's lips remained with him. On the spur of the moment he imagined he had a jealousy of Thorne. But presently this passed. What remained with him was the splendid glow of gladness that he had been of service to Thorne.

"Dick, Dick, come here!" called Thorne softly. "Let's pull ourselves together now. We've got a problem yet. What to do? Where to go? How to get any place? We're on good old U. S. ground this minute, but we're not out of danger."

As he paused, evidently hoping for a suggestion from Gale, the silence was broken by the clear, ringing peal of a bugle. Thorne gave a violent start.

"It's a call, Dick! It's a call!" he cried.

Gale had no answer to make. Mercedes stood as if stricken. The bugle call ended. From a distance another faintly pealed. There were other sounds too remote to recognize. Then scattering shots rattled out.

"Dick, the rebels are fighting somebody," burst out Thorne excitedly. "The little federal garrison still holds its stand. Perhaps it is attacked again. Anyway, there's something doing over the line. Maybe the crazy Greasers are firing on our camp. We've feared it—in the dark. . . . And here I am, away without leave—practically a deserter!"

"Go back! Go back, before you're too late!" cried Mercedes.

"Better make tracks, Thorne," added Gale. "It can't help our predicament for you to be arrested. I'll take care of Mercedes."

"No, no, no," replied Thorne. "I can get away—avoid arrest."

Mercedes embraced her lover, begged him to go. Thorne wavered.

"Dick, I'm up against it," he said. "You're right. If only I can run back in time. But, oh, I hate to leave her! Old fellow, you've saved her! I already owe you everlasting gratitude. Keep out of Casita, Dick. The U. S. side might be safe, but I'm afraid to trust it at night. Go out in the desert, up in the mountains in some safe place. Then come to me in camp. We'll plan. I'll have to confide in Colonel Weede. Maybe he'll help us. Hide her from the rebels—that's all."

He wrung Dick's hand, clasped Mercedes tightly in his arms, kissed her, and murmured low over her, then released her to rush off into the darkness. He disappeared in the gloom.

The sound of his dull footfalls gradually died away.

Gale realized that he was between the edge of an unknown desert and the edge of a hostile town. He had to choose the desert, because, though he had no doubt that in Casita there were many Americans who might befriend him, he could not chance the risks of seeking them at night.

He felt a slight touch on his arm, felt it move down, felt Mercedes slip a trembling cold little hand into his. Dick looked at her. If the loneliness, the silence, the desert, the unknown dangers of the night affected him, what must they be to this hunted, driven girl? Gale's heart swelled. He was alone with her. He had no weapons, no money, no food, no drink, no covering, nothing except his two hands. He did not know where to find the railroad, or any road or trail, or whether or not there were towns near or far. It was a critical, desperate situation. He thought first of the girl, and groaned in spirit, prayed that it would be given him to save her. When he remembered himself it was with the stunning consciousness that he could conceive of no situation which he would have exchanged for this one—where fortune had set him a perilous task of loyalty to a friend, to a helpless girl.

"Senior, senior!" suddenly whispered Mercedes, clinging to him. "Listen! I hear horses coming!"

CHAPTER III

A Flight Into the Desert.

Uneasy and startled, Gale turned his ear to the soft wind. Presently he heard, or imagined he heard, low beats. In a moment he was certain the sounds were the padlike steps of hoofs in yielding sand. The regular tramp was not that of castrating horses. In the instant, made cautious and stealthily by alarm, Gale drew Mercedes deeper into the gloom of the

shrubbery. The sounds of hoofbeats grew louder. Gale made out a dark moving mass against a background of dull gray. There was a line of horses. He could not discern whether or not all the horses carried riders. The murmur of a voice struck his ear—then a low laugh. It made him tingle, for it sounded American. Eagerly he listened.

"It shone was, Laddy, it shone was," came a voice out of the darkness. "Rough house! Laddy, since wire fences drove us out of Texas we ain't seen the like of that. An' we never had such a call."

"Call? It was a burnin' roast," replied another voice. "I felt low down. He vamoosed some sudden, an' I hope he an' his friends shook the dust of Casita. That's a rotten town, Jim."

Gale jumped up in joy. What luck! The speakers were none other than the two cowboys whom he had accosted in the Mexican hotel.

"Hold on, fellows," he called, and strode into the road.

The horses snorted and stamped. Then followed swift rustling sounds—a clinking of spurs, then silence. The figures loomed clearer in the gloom. Gale saw five or six horses, two with riders, and one other, at least, carrying a pack. When Gale got within fifteen feet of the group the foremost horseman said:

"I reckon that's close enough, stranger."

Something in the cowboy's hand glinted darkly bright in the starlight.

"You'd recognize me, if it wasn't so dark," replied Gale, halting. "I spoke to you a little while ago—in the saloon back there."

"Come over an' let's see you," said the cowboy, curtly.

Gale advanced till he was close to the horse. The cowboy leaned over the saddle and peered into Gale's face. Then, without a word, he sheathed the gun and held out his hand. Gale met a grip of steel that warmed his blood. The other cowboy got off his nervous, spirited horse and threw the bridle. He, too, peered closely into Gale's face.

"My name's Ladd," he said. "Teckon I'm some glad to meet you again."

Gale felt another grip as hard and strong as the other had been. He realized he had found friends who belonged to a class of men whom he had despised of ever knowing.

"Gale—Dick Gale is my name," he began, swiftly. "I dropped into Casita tonight hardly knowing where I was. A boy took me to that hotel. There I met an old friend whom I had not seen for years. He belongs to the cavalry stationed here. He had befriended a Spanish girl—fallen in love with her. Rojas had killed this girl's father—tried to abduct her. . . . You know what took place at the hotel. Gentlemen, if it's ever possible, I'll show you how I appreciate what you did for me there. I got away, found my friend with the girl. We hurried out here beyond the edge of town. Then Thorne had to make a break for camp. We heard bugle calls, shots, and he was away without leave. That left the girl with me. I don't know what to do. Thorne swears Casita is no place for Mercedes at night."

"The girl ain't no peon, no common Greaser?" interrupted Ladd.

"No. Her name is Castaneda. She belongs to an old Spanish family, once rich and influential."

(Continued Next Week)

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The Black-Skinned Bandit's Face Turned a Dirty White.



But Swear by My Virgin, If Need Be to Save Me From Rojas—you Will Kill Me!

Charter No. 8573 Reserve District No. 11

Condensed Report of the Condition of THE LOHN STATE BANK

of Lohn, Texas At the close of business, April 3, 1923.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$106,400.88
Overdrafts	579.37
Bonds and Stocks	3,150.00
U. S. Treasury Notes	25,000.00
Real Estate	500.00
Furniture and Fixtures	4,750.00
Cash	23,458.10
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund	1,128.69
Assessments in Depositors Guaranty Fund	2,949.49
TOTAL	\$167,916.33
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	30,000.00
Surplus and Unpaid Profits	5,937.17
Individual Deposits	129,779.16
Bonds Deposited	2,200.00
Bills Payable	None
TOTAL	\$167,916.33

I, Wm. F. Roberts, Jr., Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Wm. F. ROBERTS, JR., Cashier.

Charter No. 7827 Reserve District No. 11

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE BRADY NATIONAL BANK

At Brady, in the State of Texas, at the close of business on April 3rd, 1923.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts, including rediscounts, acceptances of other banks, and foreign bills of exchange or drafts sold with indorsement of this bank (except those shown in b and c)	\$201,081.79
Overdrafts, unsecured	309.11
U. S. Government securities owned:	
Deposited to secure circulation (U. S. bonds par value)	50,000.00
All other United States Government securities (including premiums, if any)	100,650.63
Other bonds, stocks, securities, etc.	4,725.00
Banking House, \$25,153.64; Fur. and Fix., \$3,565.32	28,718.96
Real estate owned other than banking house	280.00
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	28,735.83
Cash in vault and amount due from national banks	103,229.21
Amount due from State banks, bankers, and trust companies in the United States (other than included in items 8, 9 and 10)	2,814.47
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 12)	904.59
Total of items 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13	106,948.27
Checks and drafts on banks (including Federal Reserve Bank) located outside of city or town of reporting bank	681.57
Miscellaneous cash items	633.96
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	2,500.00
TOTAL	\$525,265.12
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits	34,917.25
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid	7,065.66
49,300.00	
Circulating notes outstanding	1,138.63
Amount due to national banks	
Amount due to State banks, bankers, and trust companies in the United States and foreign countries (other than included in items 21 or 22)	8,581.56
Total of items 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25	9,670.19
Individual deposits subject to check	318,443.34
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve, items 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31	318,443.34
TOTAL	\$525,265.12

STATE OF TEXAS, County of McCulloch, ss:

I, E. L. OGDEN, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

E. L. OGDEN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of April, 1923.

A. B. CARRITHERS, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: J. E. Bell, J. B. Lockhart, J. C. Hall, Directors.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Clara Wilhelm was a Brady visitor Monday from the Wilhelm ranch near Callan.

Mrs. O. S. Macy, accompanied by Joe T. Ogdren, drove to Brownwood yesterday, for treatment by an eye specialist.

Mrs. L. M. Smith of Marlin arrived Friday for several weeks' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Wood, and other relatives.

Guy Walker returned Saturday from Kerrville, where he visited for several weeks. He expects to return there shortly to take charge of the operation of the passenger line between Kerrville and San Antonio.

M. C. Golden has accepted a position with the O. H. Turney garage. "Slim" is popular with all the Ford owners, and says it feels like home to get back to work in a Ford garage.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ake of Stephenville have been spending a few days here on a visit to his mother, Mrs. Bob Ake. They arrived here last Friday evening and were accompanied by Louie Kilcrease of Stephenville.

Miss Myra Weaver, chief operator, will appreciate your vote for "Lady Brady" at San Angelo.

Mr. and Mrs. Buddie Greer arrived Friday from Dallas for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Elliott. Mr. Greer returned Sunday while Mrs. Greer will remain this week.

Mrs. W. R. Hooper arrived Monday from Uvalde for a visit with her son, A. R. Hooper, and wife. She accompanied Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Baxter of Brownwood, who were returning to their home after having spent the winter at Corpus Christi.

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Keeping the Record Straight.

"Why are you lugging home that expensive box of candy?"

"Just playing safe. My wife kissed me this morning, so I think it must be her birthday or wedding anniversary."

LOCAL BRIEFS.

F. W. Otte was here from Camp San Saba today. He reported farming operations in progress down his way, but says some of the farmers who planted corn in the sand, had it cut to pieces by sand during recent high winds, and had to plant over.

T. B. Cobb, Doole's popular and genial ginner, was in Brady Monday rejoicing over the rains, the splendid prospects and the joy of living in Old McCulloch in general. Mr. Cobb is an optimist of the first water and always looks on the bright side of life; consequently life at present looks brighter than ever to him.

Ed S. Clark returned Monday morning from San Angelo where he had gone to visit his family and also his mother, who is quite seriously ill, at the advanced age of 75 years. He reports his mother as still quite bad off, her ailment being complicated by reason of her advanced years.

L. B. Reeves, local manager of the Mayhew Produce company, has been selected by the school board as secretary to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of H. O. Timmins, who recently went to Blooming Grove. Mr. Reeves took the oath of office at a meeting of the board Tuesday night. —Richland Springs Eye-Witness.

The school board of Brady Independent district has secured an office on the second floor of the Broad building, where they will meet in future sessions. Incidentally the room will also serve as an office for Mrs. Ellen Strickland, tax assessor and collector for Brady Independent school district.

Gus Mays returned Friday from the Brady sanitarium, where he has been since the fire, receiving treatment for his burns. He has quite a few injuries left but they are healing satisfactorily and it is believed he will suffer no permanent physical disability as a result of his serious experience with the fire. Mrs. Mays returned with him. —Richland Springs Eye-Witness.

J. W. Hill was here from Waldrip Monday seeking information from The Standard editor as to the advisability of planting cotton. We assured him that Monday was certainly a fine day for the undertaking, whereat he countered with a request as to the date of the next frost. We reminded him that according to Editor Billie Smith of San Saba frost was due in April as a result of thunders in February, and Billie says that makes the last frost due about April 28th. The farmers out his way are getting mighty busy, says Mr. Hill. As a matter of fact, many farmers over the county have already begun planting, while others are hesitating, because of the uncertain weather and also because of the ground still being too cold.

Austin B. Conley, representing the American Hotel Supply Co. of Chicago, is in Brady this week arranging for the providing of an elaborate and highly ornamental register for the new Brady Hotel. The register will be one of the most up-to-date in Texas, and will be installed at a cost of approximately \$1,000. Resting on a marble base, will be the register proper, surrounded by the ink well, call bell, toothpick holder and various other accessories, and surmounted by ornamental lighting fixtures. The advertisements of various leading merchants of Brady will appear in hand-colored slides on the register, and also on the pedestal supporting the electric lights. Mr. Conley is well pleased over the success he has met with in assuring the register for the new hotel, and says Brady will have every reason to feel proud of its installation.

Birthday Party.

Miss Rhea Pate entertained a number of her little friends last Friday afternoon at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pate, in celebration of her eighth birthday. Many different games were played during the afternoon. At the close of her little party they were ushered into the dining room; there her birthday cake sat in the center of the table with its eight candles surrounding it.

Ice cream and cake were served as refreshments to the following: Misses Christine Jones, Barber Baker, Charlotte Stowe, Phoebe Graham, Elizabeth Sparks, Mary Eugenia Woods, Darby Ogdren, Lylene Walker, Hazel Draper, Myrtis Evers, Cleo Bryson, Florene Murphy, Ila Mae Johnson, and the hostess; Masters Bill Moffatt, Nollie Brown Embry, Jim Pate and Bob Silvers.

Ring Price Books—various sizes colors, at The Brady Standard office.

Richard Lloyd Jones Says THE STRENGTH OF THE SMALL

Even prehistoric man with his awkward weapons and crude stratagem was able to master the mastodon. Man can fight a bear better than he can fight a worm or beetle.

The hippopotamus is too huge and clumsy to hide from the hunter; even the crouching panther cannot outwit the long-reaching weapons of man.

It is the deadly insects and not the lion or the leopard that worry the jungle traveler.

We can protect our sheep from the wolf better than we can fight the scale and the maggot that reduce the fruits of the field.

The tornado terrifies the Kansas farmer less than an oncoming cloud of locusts.

The mouse puts the elephant in a panic. The dog spends most of his life fighting fleas.

The services of science are directed against the microbe and bacillus.

A vicious germ will do more to devastate an enemy than a line of "Big Berthas." We legislate against the polluted water, we pour oil and disinfectants upon the deadly swam of stagnant pools to kill mosquitoes because we are afraid of the little things that fight us.

So with our deeds. The loftiest plans of the greatest minds may be upset by the thoughtless act of an underling; the most carefully planned campaign brought to ruin by the failure to allow for appearance of the commonest element.

A fanatic's pistol fired in one of the littlest nations threw Europe's greatest powers into war.

A rain on the eve of the battle of Waterloo determined the fate of a continent.

Admiral Mayo's sea-dog stiffness at Tampico forced President Wilson's hand and nearly involved us in a silly and needless war with Mexico. Germany plotted to have us stub our toe and fall into that mistake.

Little things both help and harm.

The patience of a spider repeatedly repairing its broken web filled the soul of Robert Bruce with renewed courage and led to a period of freedom for Scotland.

The fall of an apple led Sir Isaac Newton to discover the law of gravitation.

A shock from the angry heavens, conveyed along a wet kite string, led to Franklin's discovery of the lightning rod and greatly advanced man's grapple with the mystery of electricity.

It never pays to despise the little things. The merest trifle may be the pivot upon which will turn consequence enormous.

HONEY PHILOSOPHY for 1923

Isn't it strange how the old copy book maxims work out. Here we have a New York State legislator who suggests a law to compel the courts to declare a man or a woman sane or insane whenever an examination is demanded. Funny kind of a law, isn't it—and yet a court decision that a man is sane at a given date pinned to the will he makes would stop the clogging of our courts with pernickulous lawsuits, and enable a man to do as he wishes with his own. So childish maxims loom before us—an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Good to recall the copybook once in a while.

poem by UNCLE JOHN

We sow in faith when spring unfolds her gracious mantle o'er the earth,—While Nature's every promise holds a harvest fair, of golden worth. . . . We sing, as o'er the fields we spread the innate life in precious seed, while faith foretells the harvest-bread, to stay our lives in time of need.

FAITH . . . In faith we spend the night of rest, when fertile seed-time's day is done,—and faith endows with keener zest, the hour we greet the rising sun. . . . We build in faith for future years, and lend our all in faith's bright lure, with not a thought of pain or tears—we brave the ills that faith can cure. Though life abounds in bit-falls deep—though death is somewhere out ahead, God help the faith that fails to reap, in greater faith, its daily bread!

IN RELIGIOUS CIRCLES

Catholic Church.

Services will be held at St. Patrick's church each third Sunday in the month by the Rev. J. B. Lavoie. Masses at 8:00 and 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Played by Request.

"I note the paragraph on your menu wherein you state that the orchestra will play anything on request. Can you prove the assertion?"

"Yes," replied the manager. "Their repertoire is very extensive." What do you wish them to play?"

"Tell 'em to play pinocle until I have finished my meal, and I will be very grateful.—Everybody's Magazine.

Dwarf Maize Seed and Kasch Cotton Seed

We have plenty of Dwarf Maize Seed at \$3.50 per 100-lbs., as good as the best. Kasch Cotton Seed at \$1.50 per bu.—first year from breeder. Other Seed and Feed priced right. See us before you buy.

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Old Brady Sentinel Bldg.

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Under Auspices American Legion

WEDNESDAY NIGHT
"The Cowboy and the Lady"
Country Store

THURSDAY NIGHT
"Way Down East"

FRIDAY NIGHT
"When Toby Comes to Town"

SATURDAY MATINEE
"No Mother to Guide Her"

SATURDAY NIGHT
"The Flaming Arrow"

Prices: 15c and 35c
Tent is Absolutely Water Proof

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Announcing **DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE** After April 1st.

Car Leaves Brady for San Antonio - - - 9:00 A. M.
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Car Leaves San Angelo for San Antonio - - - 6:00 A. M.
Car Leaves San Antonio for Brady and Angelo 7:00 A. M.
Car Leaves San Antonio for Brady - - - - 12:00 M.

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April 16-21

Very low round trtp fares

Tickets on sale April 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19.
Limited for return April 25th, 1923.

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