

## BUY YOUR NEW SPRING HAT AT MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

### THREE FIRES IN COURSE 24 HOURS SAT-SUN. RECORD

Three fires in the course of a 24-hour period was the record hung up from Saturday afternoon to Sunday afternoon. Tom Jones, living a mile north of Brady on the Coleman road, lost his garage and smoke house Saturday afternoon at about 3:00 o'clock; Albert Behrens of Voca lost a barn and contents about 3:00 o'clock Sunday morning, and Sunday afternoon, W. X. Y. Smith came in for his share of hard luck in the complete destruction of his house, located about a mile and a half north of Brady and on Live Oak creek.

The firing of the Jones' garage most likely resulted from the explosion of a kerosene stove used with an incubator. Mr. Jones had cleaned up the stove that morning and it seemed to be working perfectly, but in no other way can the fire be accounted for. In addition to the loss of the garage and 120-egg incubator, the fire destroyed a quantity of feed and several dressed hogs, with a resultant loss of between \$300 and \$400. No insurance. The heavy clouds of black smoke attracted a large crowd of Saturday afternoon shoppers in Brady, to the scene. The fire boys responded to the alarm, but could do nothing other than to keep the fire from burning adjoining fencing.

Mr. Behrens Monday morning was in Brady and reported the destruction of one of his large barns about 3:00 o'clock Sunday morning from unknown causes. Mr. Behrens had two large barns and a granary, but, fortunately they were separated sufficiently to prevent a spread of the flames to the others. Mr. Behrens states \$1,000 would not replace the barn, and that he carried only \$500.00 worth of insurance. Some three or four tons of loose cane were destroyed with the building.

The destruction of the house occupied by Mr. Smith Sunday afternoon resulted from sparks blown onto the building from an open fire outside, over which Mr. Smith was cooking his dinner. Mr. Smith managed to save a quantity of wearing apparel, but the destruction of the one-room house was complete. Something over a year ago, Mr. Smith lost the greater part of his house by fire, and this second loss is a heavy blow to him. No insurance.

After the fire: Friends may sympathize, but we pay cash. Anderson & Carrithers, Insurance.

### MAYHEW PRODUCE COMPANY OPENED NEW BRANCH HOUSE AT RICHLAND SPRINGS SAT.

Mayhew Produce Company last Saturday opened a new branch house at Richland Springs with L. B. Reeves in charge, following the purchase of the produce business operated there by G. W. Templeton. The new branch is most advantageously located, since the San Saba territory annually markets immense quantities of produce, and the San Saba and Richland Springs houses can be used in filling out cars started at Brady and thereby enable the marketing of car lots upon short notice and expediting delivery.

Mr and Mrs. Reeves Saturday completed the removal of their household effects, and are permanently located in their new home. Their many friends here will regret their departure, but commend them to the good graces of their new neighbors and treat abundant success may be theirs.

### WOOL AND MOHAIR GROWERS.

We are going to give free storage on Wool and Mohair, and any lots that are for sale, will be glad to figure with you. Spiller & Kirklen.

Don't forget Hooper's Sale lasts until the last of this week. COAL! COAL!

The best grade McAlister Deep Mine Coal. BOWMAN LUMBER CO.

### WELL DRILLERS ON WILHELM RANCH REPORT OIL INDI- CATIONS MOST FAVORABLE

Messrs. Curtis & Ellenwood, who are drilling for water on the Frank Wilhelm ranch, just over the line of McCulloch in Menard county, report oil indications of a most favorable nature evident in their operations. To begin with, the well is located only about a half mile from the well-defined anticline, which extends from the Mercury section, up through the Day and Douglas fields, and which has given McCulloch county most of her producing wells so far. Not only that, but the log of the well, so far drilled to a depth of 428 ft., shows most favorable, and so far no water has been found in this hole.

Curtis & Ellenwood recently completed a water well on the Clara Wilhelm ranch, in the southwest part of McCulloch, which, at a depth of 149 feet, proved up a very strong sulphur well, which is considered one of the best indications of a possible oil strata.

Many drillers have expressed their firm belief that there is an immense oil pool underlying McCulloch county, and believe that drilling should be encouraged throughout the county until the pool is finally uncovered.

### MCCULLOCH COUNTY TEACHERS ATTEND MID-TEXAS IN- STITUTE AT BROWNWOOD

Quite a number of McCulloch county teachers attended the Mid-Texas Teachers institute held at Brownwood last Friday and Saturday, and report a most enjoyable and profitable meeting, with many interesting and instructive matters brought before them. Notable on the program was the address of Dr. W. H. Bruce.

So splendidly did the citizens of Brownwood entertain the teachers, that the delegates from the various counties voted to hold their next institute again at Brownwood.

Schools in McCulloch county represented at the institute, were as follows:

- Rochelle—Erie D. Robertson, J. D. Conner, Mrs. O. E. Rice, Miss Smith, Miss Lockie Anderson.
- Davis—Miss Linda Smallwood.
- Fairview—Miss Ruth Sellman.
- Lohn—Robert E. Lee.
- Brady—J. B. Smith, S. M. Melton, Miss Elzora Cunningham.
- County Superintendent W. M. Deans was also in attendance.

### HUNG JURY IN GILLESPIE CO. BROTHER 78, CHARGED WITH KILLING HIS BROTHER, 76

Fredericksburg, Texas, March 8.—Trial of Rudolph Eckert for murder in the district court of Gillespie county ended in a hung jury.

Eckert is charged with having murdered his brother, Ernst, on March 10, 1921.

Testimony brought out the fact that on Monday the two brothers had a difficulty in which Ernst, 76, called his brother, Rudolph, 78, a "son-of-a-gun." On Thursday of the same week at about 10 o'clock in the morning, Rudolph armed with a shotgun went to a field where his brother Ernst was working. He demanded of him to retract what he had said, telling the younger brother that he would count to three and then fire if he would not retract. Rudolph fired and shot his brother. Upon this Rudolph walked to a nearby place where carpenters were erecting a house, not to call for aid, but to advise the men that he had killed "some meat," and for them to help themselves. The men hearing this strange story and being attracted by groans of the dying man, investigated and summoned a doctor. The wounded man died during the night.

Defendant testified that he had not meant to kill his brother, but that he wanted to impress upon him a lesson. The defense entered a plea of insanity.

The two brothers lived on adjoining farms for many years.

If you are feeling all worn out, if you can't eat, sleep or work with any satisfaction, you need Tom's Rigg Drug Co.

### ALLEGED BAND MOTOR CAR THIEVES BROKEN UP WITH ARREST OF THREE

#### BRADY MAN SAID TO BE IMPLICATED, AND HIS PURPORTED CONFESSION UNCOVERS LARGEST ORGANIZED GANG AUTO THIEVES IN TEXAS, SAY OFFICERS.

With the arrest of Rex Lewis, R. S. Wilson and Jack Gordon, officers believe they have uncovered what is alleged to be the largest organized gang of automobile thieves in Texas. Gordon was arrested at Ballinger the middle of last week, and Lewis was arrested at the same time in Belton. Lewis is alleged to have made a confession at Belton, implicating numbers of others as members of the gang, and to have said they maintained a garage in Waco, where the numbers on stolen cars were so skillfully altered as to defy detection. A Waco dispatch states that Wilson and Lewis had rented a small garage at a private residence, but they did not have a regular service garage. Wilson and Lewis were indicted by the Waco grand jury Thursday, charged with theft over fifty dollars. Three indictments were returned against each of

All three men under arrest are quite well known in Brady. Lewis having made his headquarters here since last summer, coming here from San Angelo. His family has been making their home in Brady for some months past. Lewis was representative for the Paige automobile, and Gordon and Wilson both were here with him upon numbers of occasions to assist him in the sale of cars.

More recently, Lewis opened up an automobile exchange in the Keller transfer barn, and was doing a good business in the sale of used cars. About a week or ten days ago, he left here, presumably on a business trip, and shortly afterwards word was received by the local officers to watch for him and Gordon and hold them for the Waco authorities. Last Friday L. F. Davis, Hudson and Essex dealer, and B. F. Baker, Chevrolet dealer, accompanied by a deputy sheriff, came here from Temple, and took charge of a Paige car and an Overland car, both used, and which had been left in a local garage by Lewis. The cars had been turned over to the men by Lewis to replace cars sold by him to them, and which proved up as stolen. Enroute here, the men picked up a Ford truck at Lometa, which had been stolen from them, and which had been left in Lometa by a party who stated he wanted to deliver it to Lewis.

The following news dispatches from Ballinger and Belton give a complete account of the alleged operations of the gang: Bellinger, March 9.—Jack Gordon is in jail here, a man by the name of Lewis, alleged to be his associate, is in jail at Belton, and other arrests are expected to follow as a result of discovery of what officers say is the largest organized gang of auto thieves ever known in Texas. Lewis is said to have made a confession when arrested at Belton yesterday, detailing, it is alleged, to the officers, how he and others operated a garage in Fort Worth where stolen cars were taken, their engine number changed and then driven to different sections of the State and sold. In his asserted confession Lewis said that West Texas was assigned to Gordon, and that fourteen cars had been sold in this county within the last three weeks. Armed with the alleged confession, a Temple officer arrived here last night, accompanied by Roy Deery of Cleburne, and L. R. Malone of Brownwood, when six of the stolen cars were recovered. Today Malone and Deery identified their cars. Gordon is charged with selling two stolen new sedans in the county yesterday for \$530 each. He had in his possession a check alleged to have been given in payment for one of the cars. He claims that he purchased the cars from a stranger. Parties at different points in the state who have recently lost cars have been asked to come here and help identify the fourteen cars alleged to have been stolen in this county within the last three weeks.

Belton, March 10.—What is believed to have been one of the biggest automobile thieving combinations ever to operate in Texas has been broken up with the arrest of five suspects, the recovery of thirteen cars and the location of twelve others by County Traffic Officer J. F. Vannoy and other

officials of the state who have been working for the past week on clues obtained here last Saturday with the arrest of a suspect.

Nine of the cars recovered have been returned to the legal owners and the other 4 are being held awaiting identification. The other 12 will be returned to their rightful owners just as soon as they are taken in possession by the officers and proper identification is made. Working with Mr. Vannoy were Sheriff Albert Bonds, City Marshal Wiley Fisher, Deputy Marshal Sam Smith of Temple, Deputy Sheriff Albert Mace of Lampasas, Sheriff Flint of Ballinger, detectives out of Dallas and Fort Worth, and Waco officials.

The events leading up to the first arrest of a suspect last Saturday date back to October, 1921, when a man registered two automobiles with Tax Collector Sanderford and stated that he lived in Brady. Being suspicious of the man, the tax collector told Traffic Officer Vannoy of the actions of the man he suspected and on investigation by Mr. Vannoy it was found that no such man lived at Brady. Last Saturday a man came to the tax collector's office here to register a car, and again being suspicious Mr. Sanderford put him off. A short time later, the tax collector had a call from Lampasas from a man who stated that he lived at Brady and wanted to know if his car had been registered in Belton that day. Mr. Sanderford got in touch with Mr. Bonds who phoned to Lampasas and in a short time Albert Mace had taken the suspect in custody.

The suspect was at once brought to Belton by Mr. Mace and he, Mr. Bonds and Mr. Vannoy immediately began to unravel clues which led to the arrest of five persons and the recovery and location of twenty-five cars.

The car that was in possession of the man arrested at Lampasas was identified as belonging to Billy Morris, a traveling salesman of Waco. Monday morning Mr. Vannoy and Deputy Marshal Sam Smith of Temple went to Waco and located another stolen car and caused the arrest of another suspect, who the officers believe was the leader of the gang. This suspect now has three cases of auto theft filed against him in McLennan county as a result of the investigations.

One of the cars stolen in Waco was located in Temple and returned to its owner. Two Ford coupes were located in Temple. One of these belonged to a man in Cleburne and was returned to him. The other was traced from Temple to Rowena, west of Ballinger, and was later turned over to its rightful owner at Brownwood.

The Booker car which was stolen out of Temple on Friday night, March 4, was located in Winters by Mr. Vannoy and brought back to this city last night. While in Rannels county, the Bell county traffic officer was assisted by Sheriff Flint of that county, who also assisted in recovering five cars and locating twelve more. In speaking of the operation of the alleged band, Mr. Vannoy stated that usually only new cars are stolen. They do away with the highway numbers and seals and also change the engine numbers with dies, being so perfect in the game that the new numbers can not be detected from the original factory numbers. The operator then goes to a tax collector and registers

### LEGION AND BAND WILL PRESENT MINSTREL AT ME- NARD FRIDAY NEXT WEEK

The Legion-Band Minstrel show and Concert, presented here some three weeks ago with such gratifying success, is to be presented at Menard on Friday night of next week, according to decision reached by members of the band and the Legion. Messrs. Maurice Cohen and Jack Gartman last week made a scouting visit to Menard, and found interest in the Minstrel easily aroused, and as a result the show will be staged at the school auditorium under the auspices of the Parent-Teachers association of Menard.

Everyone who saw the show in Brady gives it unqualified endorsement, and Menard citizens may feel assured that they will not only get more than their money's worth, but that they will have more fun than at a circus, and more laughs than would be provided by a whole flock of comical. The minstrel performance is a scream, and no question about that, and in addition, the many other acts and the music furnished by the band and orchestra provides a program that cannot but meet with the approval of all.

The car as a new one, giving a fictitious name and a fictitious dealer's name.

The car thief is also familiar with all the engine numbers of the latest cars, Mr. Vannoy said, and if the owners of cars have not some private mark of distinction it is very hard to identify a car. He advises all car owners to have some other private distinguishing marks about their cars in order that they may identify them readily in the case they are stolen. The Booker car was the first automobile stolen out of Bell county within the past fourteen months and it was recovered within less than a week.

The names of those implicated in connection with the theft of the automobiles recovered and located are being withheld by the officials here because they are still working on clues which will probably lead to other arrests. Local officers would not give out details of the alleged confession of Rex Lewis here, announced by officers at Ballinger.

Ballinger, Texas, March 10.—Officers here are receiving telegrams from different Texas cities and towns today seeking recovery of or information about stolen automobiles as the result of an alleged confession by Rex Lewis at Belton yesterday, which local authorities say, has uncovered an organized band of motor car thieves. Lewis implicated about twenty men, officers say, including Jack Gordon of Ballinger, who, with Lewis, is held here, charged with disposing of stolen property.

In the purported confession Lewis stated the gang maintained a garage at Waco where stolen cars were taken from all over Texas, the numbers changed, the cars driven out and sold, officers said. Of fourteen stolen automobiles sold in this county within the past three weeks, six have been recovered and three have been returned to their owners at Cleburne, Brownwood and Temple, according to officers.

Authorities here said complaints would be filed against parties said to have been named by Lewis at Corsicana, Cleburne, Waco, Temple, Brownwood, Brady, San Saba, Fort Worth and other places.

### CHARGE OF AGGRAVATED ASSAULT FILED AGAINST CALF CREEK YOUNG MAN

A charge of aggravated assault was filed late Sunday night against Roy Ewing, well known young man of the Calf Creek community, the complaining witness being a young lady with whom Ewing has been keeping company, and who accuses Ewing of threatening her with bodily harm. Ewing was released under \$1,000 bond Monday.

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.

### BUSINESS MEN OF MELVIN BUY CHEMICAL CART

The progressive business men of Melvin have given that little city needed fire protection in the purchase of a chemical engine and hose cart from the Brady Fire department last week. Messrs. J. A. Maxwell, E. A. Baze and E. T. Jordan, representing the business interests of Melvin, made the purchase last week, and the apparatus was carried out last Friday on Robert Armistead's truck. Messrs. Henry King, Frank Hurd and Bill Hill, representing the Brady Fire department, went out to Melvin that afternoon and demonstrated the effectiveness of the chemical on a bon fire of pine boxes on the creek bank, to the entire satisfaction of the purchasers.

The chemical engine and hand hose cart is virtually the same cart which served as Brady's sole fire protection for many years and up to the time the auto fire truck was purchased. The apparatus includes a 10-gallon chemical tank, 100 ft. of chemical hose, an extra charge of acid and soda, axe—in fact, regular hand cart equipment. The outfit was sold to Melvin for \$300, a saving of about 50% to Melvin citizens over new equipment.

The money received from the sale will help swell the local fire company's proposed \$1,000 accident insurance fund.

### BRADY HIGH BALL TEAM WINS OPENING GAME OF SEASON FROM MENARD HI

The Brady high school team Saturday afternoon won the opening base ball game of the season from the Menard high team, taking the visitors into camp by a score of 7 to 5. Both teams showed lack of practice, although the game was interesting throughout. The locals have been putting in most of their efforts at track work, in anticipation of capturing a number of events in the Interscholastic meet, to the neglect of the national sport. From now on, however, the team expects to get in some strenuous practice work, and they hope to hang up a season's record. Two scheduled games a week are planned throughout the season, and efforts are now being made to match a game on the home grounds for next Friday afternoon.

The following was the line-up of the Brady team in Saturday's game: James Snider, catcher; Royston Taylor, pitcher; Allison Polk, 1st base; Walter Adkins, 2nd base; Chas. Samuel, 3rd base; John Simpson, short stop; Jack Deaton, right field; Willoughby Craddock, center field; Gerald Adkins, left field.

### BALLINGER GETS OVERALL FACTORY IN CONNECTION WITH MATTRESS FACTORY

Ballinger, Texas, March 11.—Announcement has been made through the Young Men's Business League of the organization of an overall factory here by T. S. Lankford, owner and manager of the Larkford Mattress Factory.

The new factory will occupy 9,000 square feet floor space on the second floor of a building in the business district. The owner of the new factory now is in Dallas purchasing machinery and supplies for the new enterprise.

The housewife was trying to open her maid the need of IT IS BE her work.

Carefully explaining her own S. W. H's her work, she asked: "Now sition to g what do I mean by system? vice, and understand what system need abst will be w," giggled Olga: "seestoom my opoin' theengs the hardest way."

Can Keep Busy Somehow.

"When a man got nothin' else t' do," said Charcoal Eph, in a mood, "he kin allus fin' some way t' git into trouble about a woman."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

Absorbed the Brady Enterprise and the McCulloch County Star May 2nd, 1910

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

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

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

Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling the attention of the management to the article in question.

Notices of church entertainments where a charge of admission is made, obituaries, cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, and all matters not news, will be charged for at the regular rates.

BRADY, TEXAS, Mar. 14, 1922.

HONEST INJUN.

Peach trees are in bloom. Ain't Texas grand!

Geo. H. Boynton, who has been editor of the Comanche Chief the past year or two, has severed his connection with that paper, according to announcement in the last week's issue.

WILL IT BE AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE?

The following editorial comment in the Ballinger Banner-Ledger is timely and has local application:

Figures collected by the United States Census Bureau show that it cost 152 municipalities that own electric light plants an average of 3.15 cents per kilowatt hour to produce their current, while in 5659 privately owned plants the cost was 1.98 cents per kilowatt hour, although the privately owned plants had to pay taxes and carry expense items which the municipal plants did not have to pay.

SILK SOCKS AND SODA WATER.

Somebody is always taking the joy out of life. Just as we get all worked up over the colossal burden of taxes the government makes us carry, to buy armaments, along comes some Washington chap with statistics to prove that last year's bill for the army was mere pocket money compared to what we spend for chewing gum, silk socks and soda water.

With armament reduction well in hand at the Washington conference, we had been congratulating ourselves on the blessings in sight. Then along come the figures that do not lie, or liars that figure, to load us up with another burden of moral worries.

According to internal revenue returns, the American people in 1920 paid the following bills: For the army, 418 millions; for tobacco, 1,151 millions; for chewing gum and candy, 750 millions; for soda water and confections, 854 millions; for amusements, such as baseball, cabaret and

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FIFE SCHOOL JOURNAL

VOLUME 1.

Fife, Texas, March 14, 1922.

NUMBER 8.

Nellie Doyle Editor-in-Chief
Myrtle Coonrod Society Editor
Bertie Lee Coonrod Local Editor
Mayron Guyton Local Editor
Cyril Farmer Joke Editor

"PATRIOTISM."

On March the second, a good many years ago, a few Texans made this great State of Texas possible. When they first started they were besieged by drawbacks, hindered by the lack of co-operation, and nearly smothered by the Mexicans, but patriotism and grit won the day.

One of the greatest forces in the world at the present time is patriotism. Patriotism has been the root of more inventions, discoveries, sacrifices and other great things than practically any other force in the world.

SOCIETY.

Our society met Thursday, February 24th and rendered a splendid program. Let's try and make each program better.

"It Isn't the School—It's You."

If you want to belong to the kind of school
Like the kind of school you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.

It isn't the school—it's you!

Real schools are made of pupils afraid
Least somebody else get ahead.

Real schools are made of pupils afraid

Least somebody else get ahead.

When everyone works and nobody shirks,

You can raise a school from the dead.

But if things don't go as you'd have them go,

And your neighbors can help you through,

Let him lend a hand, and then "show your sand;"

Show them the courage that's YOU.

Then your school will be what you want it to be.

For it isn't the school! It's you!

movies, 897 millions; and for silk stockings, perfumes and other matters of milady's wardrobe, 959 millions.

Of course, one can moralize over these figures in almost any fashion. In the last analysis it all comes down to the question: When is a luxury a luxury?

When we Americans get to spending on Lady Nicotine nearly as much as is required for a first class navy, it might seem that a good thing is being overdone. When we spend 834 million dollars at soda fountains it would seem that community drives all over the country should have no trouble in raising their budgets. Yet they do. With the cry heard everywhere that there is a shortage of money to meet vital needs, still figures show that much money is spent for non-essentials. And so the story goes.

Yes, somebody is always taking the joy out of life.—Fort Worth Record.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Britain's Pacific possessions are about the only ones she has that stay that way.—Oakland Tribune.

And so Europe can't understand our senate. Well, that appears to make it unanimous.—Bridgeport Star.

Voliva says the sky is a dome of solid material. It is evident that the domes of solid material are not confined to the sky, Wilbur.—Marion Star.

A Dartmouth professor has discovered a blue caterpillar. We thought the Volstead act stopped this sort of thing.—Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.

There is one thing to be said for the movie people: you never hear them complaining that they are forced to exist on a starvation wage.—Marion Star.

ATHLETICS.

The boys have begun to play base ball instead of basket ball and with a little practice will make a swift team. They have not played any match games yet, but expect to soon.

At last it has come. The Fife basket ball girls won over Lohn with a score of 17 to 10. It stands high in our minds that we will win county championship. We think that we can out-class Lohn from beginning to end in playing basket ball.

In our game with Lohn the centers had the hardest play they have had this season. The battle between the two jumping centers was interesting to watch. Lohn did not spat it over our jumping center, Imogene Tedder, but twice, while Eddie Ranne, our running center broke into most of Lohn's plays.

There ain't no use to talk about the rest; Because Fife school always does the best.

LOCALS.

Miss K'Nola King, primary teacher and coach of girls basket ball team, has been walking on crutches the past week, on account of a sprained ankle.

We are glad to welcome Lucy Cooper back in our midst, after two weeks' absence.

Ada Horne was absent three days last week on account of bad weather.

A topic in History outlined: "Heldholding in France." We suppose Eula Baldrige meant "land holding."

Myrtle Coonrod has been absent the last few days.

The Ninth Grade: Essays are bad; Character Sketches are worse.

Be among those present at all our school activities.

Say, our 1922 Annual is going to be "keen!" Full of "snap" and "pep." When you are old and feeble, you will appreciate this record of your school activities.

Miss Geyse has a smile for you, No matter where you are; And she will try to help you, And no pleasure will she mar.

Mr. Young is another— Who brings you right along; He entertains his classes, And makes them very long.

Miss King is a wonder— She's pretty and she's good; And she will make them study As all young children should.

JOKES.

The Ninth grade is brassy; The Seventh grade is sassy; The Eighth grade is classy!

We wonder— Why some folks don't realize that they weren't born to be funny;

When some folks are going to learn how to behave in school;

Who kidded the Eighth grade into believing they were rough?

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Classy-Fi-Ad rate is 1 1/2c per word for each insertion. Where advertiser has no monthly account with us, cash must accompany order. Count the words in your ad, and remit accordingly.

WANTED

WANTED—Box for Upright Piano. J. F. SCHAEG, Brady.

WANTED—Oat Sacks. See SPILLER & KIRKLEN.

WANTED—Best prices on wood in large quantities. City Steam Laundry. Phone 67. Brady.

WANTED—Dry Bones delivered to Union Warehouse. Brady. Pay \$8.00 per ton. A. SUGGS.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Classy-Fi-Ad space in The Brady Standard.

FOR SALE—Full-blood, dark carnish game chickens eggs, \$1 for 15; pen bred. V. Armstrong, Brady.

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

FOR SALE—Mountain Cedar Posts—all sizes. You can save money by buying them from AYLOR CEDAR CO., San Sabá, Texas.

Sunday is the strongest day, and all the rest are week (weak) days.

Other Dennis (to his father): "Say, Dad?"

Mr. Dennis: "Well, my son?"

Other: "Can you write with your eyes shut?"

Mr. Dennis: "Well, yes—why?"

Other: "Well, then, shut your eyes and sign my report card."

Joe was going home from school the other day when he met Mrs. James Finlay.

Mrs. Finlay: "Good evening, Joe, is that your report card?"

Joe: "Yessum."

Mrs. Finlay: "May I see it?"

Joe: "Aw, I guess so; the darned old thing!"

Mrs. Finlay: "Reading, 43; Spelling, 65; Grammar, 30. My, my, this looks bad!"

Joe: "Ain't it awful? It sure shows my teacher up."

Claude Roberts, Joe Baldrige and Woodrow Wilson might have been good preachers, if they had obtained proper training when they were young.

You can always tell Perry Deathridge—he is so sedately dressed;

You can always tell Tom Mitchell by the way he swells his chest;

You can always tell Nova Doyle by her timid looks, and such;

You can always tell Bertie Lee Coonrod; but you cannot tell him much!

Mr. Young (to Finnes Dennis):—"Name three articles containing starch."

Finnes—"Two cuffs and a collar."

"Roy," said mother, severely, "there were two pieces of pie on the shelf this morning, and now there is only one! How does this happen to be?"

"I don't know," said Roy, regretfully, "it must have been so dark that I didn't see the other piece."

Mr. Young, quit talking the other day, when he noticed his watch had stopped.

"Goodness me," he said, "I wonder how long I have been talking?"

Maion—"There's a calendar on the wall."

Arther—"Papa, wouldn't we be happy if we lived in the center of the earth?"

Mr. Coonrod:—"Why?"

Arther—"In my geography it says that everything there loses its gravity."

Mr. Young (to Barton):—"Young man, do you come to this class to sleep?"

Barton—"Yessir, I sit up all night studying for it."

A chilly reception doesn't cool one off on a hot day.

FOR SALE—Maxwell touring car, or will trade for Fordson or team. See J. LEE WOFFORD, at Lee Morgan's shop.

FOR SALE—First year Kasch Cotton Seed, absolutely pure, \$1.50 per bushel. J. T. H. MILLER, Brady.

FOR LEASE

FOR LEASE. 640 acres to lease for one year for grazing purposes. This land is on public road near Pear Valley and is fenced separately. Formerly leased by W. D. Priest. For full particulars, write M. A. TYLER, Russell Building, San Antonio, Texas.

SAN ANTONIO-BRADY BUS LINE

Via Fredericksburg and Mason. Cars leave San Antonio at 6 a. m. from Union Bus Station; arrive in Brady at 4 p. m. Fare—\$9.00.

Round Trip—\$16.00. Leave Brady, from Queen Hotel at 9 a. m.; arrive at San Antonio Union Bus Station at 6 p. m.

The Object.

Mr. Peck—"I want to take up boxing. My wife—"

Instructor—"But you can't fight your wife."

Mr. Peck—"I know it. I'm not even going to try. What I want is to be able to stand punishment."

We sell the celebrated "PLUTO" copying pencils made in Jugo-Slavia—none better. The Brady Standard.

New Spring Goods

We take pleasure in announcing a complete showing of new Spring Goods in every department of our store.

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# Storm Country

## Polly

by Grace Miller White

Illustrated by R. H. Livingstone.

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CHAPTER I.

Four miles from Ithaca, N. Y., Oscar Bennett's farm spread its acres along the face of West Hill between the Lehigh Valley tracks and the highway leading to Truansburg. Oscar Bennett was what the country people and even the Ithaca folks called a fine farmer. His farmhouse faced a lane that led to the west shore of Lake Cayuga, and from the front porch he could see, much to his dislike, the few straggling squatter shacks that brought to an end northward the Silent City. Like all other substantial citizens, Oscar detested the squatters. In his estimation they were a set of thieving loafers and sneaks, and many times he had wished that he owned the ground they squatted on instead of Marcus MacKenzie.

Of course it was no secret that MacKenzie never let an opportunity slip to pop a fisherman into jail, but in Bennett's opinion that treatment was not severe enough, and besides, it did not accomplish anything. MacKenzie's idea was to jail the men whenever the chance came and for a period as long as the law would allow. But what good did that do? Fierce hatred flamed in the haggard faces of the women, and they held to their squatter rights with the tenacity of leeches until their husbands were given back to them. Bennett would have done away with the wives and mothers if the job of breaking up the Silent City had been his. No man would hang to a hut long without a woman in it.

One morning in the early spring Oscar was finishing his breakfast when the door opened slowly. A girl with a small tin pail in her hand stepped into the room. She smiled at him almost humbly.

"Shut the door!" he shouted at her. "Where's your manners, Polly Hopkins? Can't you see the rain's coming in after you?"

The smile faded from the girl's face. Mechanically she turned, closed the door and, uninvited, seated herself in a chair and placed the pail at her side.

"So you've come begging, Pollyop," went on the farmer, wiping his lips on the sleeve of his gingham shirt. "Well, you might as well turn tail and run home again, for you're not going to get anything more from me. I don't want a poacher's brat around here."

The girl's bare wet feet drew tensely backward under the chair; but she remained discreetly silent. Oscar always abused her and called her names, but that was because she was a squatter. After a while, he'd change his mind, and then she would take home what she came for. She noted with a quick breath that Oscar's eyes softened during the time he was silent. That boded well for her errand; but Bennett's mind was not on milk or any of those suffering for the want of it.

He had just discovered that Polly Hopkins was beautiful even if she were barefooted and ragged. Her straight young shoulders were covered with wet curls that seemed to have given to the wide eyes their shade of ripe chestnuts.

Polly expected every moment that Oscar would reach out for the pail, and, though with bad grace, he'd give her the milk just the same. She fidgeted in her chair and drew a long sigh—he was staring at her in such a peculiar manner from under his heavy brows.

Why had he not noticed before that Polly Hopkins was so pretty, Oscar wondered, and a slow smile parted his lips. Polly's eyes lowered, and the long dark lashes only added to Bennett's sudden admiration. A quick-drawn breath slipped audibly past the man's teeth. Pollyop sensed in his attitude toward her a new quality that she recognized intuitively as dangerous. To bring his attention back to the purpose of her visit, she ventured to say:

"I thought it wouldn't hurt you none, Oscar, to gimme a little milk for Granny Hope an' Jerry. I'm always runnin' errands for you an' your woman."

Bennett's heavy farm boots made a scraping sound under the table. "What good does that do me?" he returned. "Upon my soul, I might as well be without a wife as to have one who won't live with me or let anyone know I'm her husband. I'm gettin' sick, good and plenty sick, I can tell you, Miss Polly Hopkins."

This speech did not disturb Polly over much, for he'd made it a dozen times before. It was only the expression in his gaze, she did not quite like. Her mind went to Evelyn Robertson, the girl that Oscar had married. As if it were but yesterday, she remembered how two years ago she had come with them under protest to

a minister far back in the hills. Evelyn had explained that for some time to come no one but the three must know of the marriage.

Pollyop had learned a great many things in two years! What girl does not after she's passed her fifteenth birthday? One of the things she had found out was that Oscar was a dreadful person, more dreadful than most of the squatter men. Of course the men folks of her people did beat their women, now and then. That was their right without any question. The blood colored even her ears as she remembered how Oscar hectorated his wife for the money. It was so hard for Evelyn to get another thing she had come to understand was that, if Oscar had not been afraid of the powerful Robertson family, he would have forced Evelyn into his home long before this. It had been a hard two years' task to keep him quiet.

"Mebbe you are gettin' sick, Oscar," she interposed. "I don't know—mebbe; but you know what that old Miss Robertson would do to you an' her girl if you told. You'd get Eve, mebbe, but you sure wouldn't get any more money."

The man's face darkened. "That's just the rub," he conceded, "but at that Eve ain't playing square with me. The Robertsons have money to burn, and she denials it out to me in small little dollars. I tell you I'm sick of the whole thing."

Polly noted the glitter in Bennett's angry eyes and felt again the quiver of fear.

"She gives you all she gets her fingers on," she came back at him in defense of the absent Evelyn. "Lots of times she's got along on about nothin' to send you cash, an' didn't I come runnin' up here with it as soon as she give it to me? Now her ma's gettin' on that Eve ain't spendin' her money on herself, an' she watches 'er like a hawk does a chicken. She told me that only yesterday."

The squatter girl rose to her feet, anxious to be gone.

"Oscar, you might be lettin' me have just a wee bit of milk. You ain't losin' nothin' through me."

She picked up the pail, and with a growl the man snatched it out of her hand.

"Women're a d-d nuisance," he grumbled. "Well, wait here."

He went out of the room, and Polly Hopkins drew a long breath. It was getting harder every day to get the milk she needed.

When Bennett returned, she was standing with her hand on the door knob, ready to go. In silence she took the pail he offered her.

"Looka here, Pollyop," he began abruptly, as Polly opened the door.

Uncouth and ignorant were Jeremiah and his kind, and visitors who came to the little city of Ithaca agreed with the town's inhabitants that it was a shame the law allowed such a blot as the Silent City upon the natural beauty of Cayuga and its majestic surroundings.

Pollyop stood shivering, her troubled gaze searching the lake for a boat. Daddy Hopkins had gone away early with Wee Jerry, and she always worried a little when they were out. Yet she knew that the only way to get the bread, beans and bacon for the family was for Daddy Hopkins to defy the law and drag his nets whenever the game wardens were not about. Without the lake and its hidden food, it would be a desolate world indeed.

Wee Jerry was Polly's five-year-old brother, and long before he could walk, he had chosen his father's big shoulders upon which to beat his way through an unfriendly and often hungry world. But this same world which had wizened Jerry had given to Polly a wild beauty, a body strong and as pliant as a marsh reed.

With a sigh Pollyop turned to the house. The door was shut against the storm, and a thin curl of smoke twisted upward from the tottering chimney, losing itself in the baby leaves of the willows. The little lines that had traced the troubled brow vanished at the sight of a slab of wood over the door. On it was painted in crude letters: "If your heart is loving and kind come right in. If it ain't, scoot off." Pollyop and Granny Hope had worked a long time to make this sign, and even longer to nail it up.

"It'll help the Silent City folks, Granny," she had said. "Specially, if I smile a lot at 'em."

She flung open the door and went in, closing it behind her. In one corner of the kitchen, an old woman, so old that no squatter could remember her other than aged, sat near the stove. About her shoulders was a shawl, and its edges were held together with clawlike fingers. Munching on a bit of hay at the wood-box was a lean goat, an old

friend of Polly Hopkins. Long ago she had found him, lost in the wilderness of the Storm country, and had brought him to the Silent City. The shanty consisted of three rooms. Back of the kitchen Daddy Hopkins slept, and in the miserable coop-hole where Polly had once stored rubbish Granny Hope stretched out her weary bones at night. Polly's bed ranged the kitchen wall, and the room had but a bench, two old chairs and a three-legged table to offer in rude hospitality.

"I wheedled a little milk from Oscar, Granny," said the girl. "Goddy, but he's gettin' stingy!" She put down the pail, went to the stove and thrust a piece of wood into it.

"Wood's as wet as hell," she complained, almost as if she had spoken to herself. The old woman stirred and lifted her withered lids. "Hell ain't wet," she muttered. "It's dry an' warm—hot, I mean, and she shivered, drawing nearer the fire. "Tain't like this lakesteed."

Granny Hope had been in the Hopkins' shack since the first winter snow. Her own hut stood on a little point about a quarter of a mile away. In it she had lived alone ever since her husband had gone down in the Big Blow, a storm that was a tradition in the settlement, and which only the oldest inhabitants of the Silent City could remember.

One day Polly had found her sick in bed, and, as she had led the forlorn billy goat home, so did she bring Granny Hope, never realizing that in the tottering old figure she was entertaining an angel unawares. All she knew was that Granny's toothless smile, her cheerful words of love and kindness, made the sun shine brighter and the meager food more filling.

During the winter, Mrs. Hope had encouraged the girl to read. At first that had been difficult, for the shanty contained nothing but the tattered Bible the old woman had brought with her. Over and over Polly had read the miseries of Job the patient, the long lamentations of Jeremiah, who always put her in mind of Daddy Hopkins; and she also knew by heart the story of the crucifixion of Jesus, who, so the Bible said, was the best man that had ever walked the globe.

So had those winter days of close companionship with the woman who had lived long and suffered much, and who now was almost ready to on to larger experiences, brought out in Polly Hopkins a greater capacity for loving. The squatters called her "Pollyop, the love-less," and sometimes, "Polly of the sun." Granny Hope explained this by saying: "They all love you, Polly, an' it's out of your own heart they get the feelin' of joy when they see ye."

From behind the wood-box near where the goat stood, Pollyop took up an ax. Tenderly she bent and placed a kiss upon the goat's horny head. Then she touched Granny Hope.

The woman lifted her lids and smiled at the girl.

"What's the matter, love-lass?" she murmured.

"I'm goin' out, Granny," replied Polly. "If Daddy comes, tell 'im I'll be back in a while."

Into the rain she went, her bare feet carrying her swiftly over the ragged rocks, her curls gathered under her chin like a warm glistening hood. When later she appeared in front of the shanty, her gingham skirt was filled with rusty pans and old pieces of tin. She placed them on the doorstep, and looking hesitatingly at the willow tree, went back into the house.

From a peg Pollyop took a pair of her father's trousers and clambered into them, tucking her skirts out of sight and rolling up the trouser legs, for Daddy Hopkins was much taller than his daughter. Into one of the big pockets Polly thrust a handful of nails. It was a grotesque looking girl

her task of hammering the pieces of tin over the holes through which the water dripped. Once in a while she stopped working, and, flat on her stomach, sought for smaller cracks.

Just as she had mended the last hole, she heard the sound of horses' hoofs and men's voices. With the fear of the persecuted, she crouched close to the roof, and like some frightened animal, crawled to the edge of it. Squatters did not speak like that, neither did they ride horseback.

There in the lane, astride two magnificent animals, were two men. One she recognized instantly. Polly had every reason to know the tall man whose dark, handsome face had cast deep shadows over the Silent City. Marcus MacKenzie had been for years the Nemesis that hung over the Cayuga lake squatters. Even during his absence on war work abroad, his long arm had often reached back to the Silent City to pick away some husband and close the prison gates behind him.

Pollyop had a passionate desire to throw the ax at him. She knew there was not a heart in all the Silent City that did not beat with dread at the very mention of his name.

Then she caught a glimpse of the other man's face and forgot her terror of Marcus MacKenzie. In Ithaca and about it she had seen many soldiers but never anyone like MacKenzie's companion. He was dressed in an officer's uniform, and, as his horse whirled him into better view, the frown faded from Pollyop's brow as she gazed wonderingly upon him. She marked his flashing glances that swept the Silent City. She noted with a strange little thrill the beauty of the clear-cut features, the full, kindly mouth and the smooth, tanned skin.

Marcus MacKenzie was speaking rapidly, and though Polly could not hear what he said, she knew he was talking of the squatters. Then words that made her tingle with joy came distinctly to her ears.

"But you can't turn a lot of folks out of their homes, Marc," rang forth a deep, rich voice. "Where under the heaven would they go if you did?"

"Anywhere they d-n please," snarled MacKenzie, contemptuously. "If they were all dead, they'd be better off, and Ithaca too."

Polly's hand tightened on the ax-handle. To let it fly straight into the face of the haughty Ithacan would have been satisfaction indeed!

"Have you tried to buy them out?" asked the other.

"No, and I don't intend to," was the sharp retort. "They'll go because I'll make them go, that's all. I've been too busy for the last two years to make much of a dent among them, but now I'm home for good, I mean to clear them off." An outward gesture of the officer's hand told Polly he was not in sympathy with MacKenzie's threat. "You can't judge of the situation, Bob," Marcus went on, "because you've been gone for years. Evelyn can tell you what they are, though."

The speaker wheeled his horse and pointed his riding whip straight at the Hopkins' shanty; and Polly's curly head drew quickly back.

"One of the worst of them lives there!" she heard plainly. "He's son of a mayor of the settlement, Jeremiah Hopkins! And such a tribe as that hut holds can't be found anywhere else in this county. A worthless, tangle-haired girl and a boy half in the grave, and I heard only this morning they're harboring a lag by the name of Hope. They live like pigs, too."

"The poor things haven't much of a chance to live otherwise, have they, Marc?" The question evidently required no answer. "Well, what do you think of that?" he went on. Then he read aloud: "If your heart is loving and kind, come right in. If it ain't, scoot off." Why, that's beautiful!"

The warm, velvety brown the rich man's threats had made a hard glare was brought back to Polly's eyes by these words. She could have hugged the speaker as hard as she sometimes did Daddy Hopkins!

"Rubbish!" sneered MacKenzie. "Perfect rot! Your aunt was saying this morning that the Hopkins girl is as odd as she is filthy. The very idea of having a thing like that hung up!"

Polly saw the younger man reach out and touch the speaker with a gloved hand.

"Love isn't rubbish, wherever you find it, old chap!" he exclaimed. "It gives even a squatter shack a glimpse of heaven. You ought to help these people, Marc. Give them a chance; make something of them, and they won't bother you."

Burning tears filled Polly's eyes. To hear him speak in sympathy with her fishermen friends touched her deeply. And he had spoken of love in the same way Granny Hope did, too. Pollyop had never imagined Old Marc's kind ever thought of the meek—the lowly—and the hungry. Far above the world, up in the skies beyond the clouds where the Nue was, right alongside the crucified Savior, Polly Hopkins placed this new friend of the Silent City. Her thoughts were interrupted by MacKenzie speaking.

"They're pigs, Bob, I tell you," he repeated roughly, "and what I brought you down here today for—"

Polly lost the rest of his sentence. Back and yet further back she slipped over the roof. She had never heard anything so dreadful as this. In fact, she had always quite liked pigs, but she had never thought of comparing the shanty or Granny Hope and Daddy Hopkins to a barnyard and its occupants.

She heard the men ride away; and once more she sat up. By raising her body a little, she could see them walking their horses along the road that

led its crooked way through the settlement.

MacKenzie's straight, thick-set figure made her shudder, but the slim, boyish one beside him brought a queer little thrill to her heart.

"He's a beautiful angel himself," she murmured, and taking up the ax, she slipped down the tree and dropped to the wet ground. Granny Hope straightened up as Polly entered the kitchen. Swiftly the girl crawled out of her father's trousers and tossed back her curls.

"What's the matter, pretty brat?" queried the woman drowsily.

"I got to find Daddy," replied Polly, her voice shaking. "Old Marc's back an' he's after us squatters a-flyin', an', Granny—"

She paused, her face softened, and she smiled.

"Yep, honey?" prompted Mrs. Hope. "Old Marc had a beautiful angel with him," went on the girl, "an' he likes us squatters. He stood right up to that rotten MacKenzie. I heard him, I did." She crossed to the old woman's side. "Love's able to send a angel slapping down to this old earth to help us, huh, Granny Hope?"

"Yep, sure—sure, honey-girl," murmured Granny, and once more her head bobbed forward, and she slept.

Polly Hopkins crept out of the hut and sped away along the shore toward Bad Man's ravine.

(Continued Next Week)

Only Wanted It One Way.

The report in the middle west of the United States of a "driverless automobile" station along the lines of the old livery stable, where one might hire a "rig" and drive it oneself, affords occasion for recalling a story about the earlier institution which may serve as a warning to any who would resort to sharp practice. According to the tale referred to, a traveling man once said to the proprietor of a livery stable:

"What is the price for a rig to go over to Blankville?"

"Ten dollars," he replied.

After the journey had been taken, the owner of the horse and carriage said: "Twenty dollars."

Asked to explain, he added: "Ten dollars over and ten dollars back."

The next time the traveling man came, he again inquired, "What is the price for a rig to go over to Blankville?"

"Ten dollars," again answered the liveryman.

Several days later the traveling man re-appeared without the rig and handed the stableman \$10.

"But where is my rig?" demanded its owner.

"Over at Blankville," said the patron. "All I wanted to do was to go over."—London Weekly Telegraph.

A Popular Poem.

John  
Yeans  
Jane  
Turns,  
Eyes  
Meet.  
Love  
Sweet.  
Jane  
Stops,  
John  
Pops.  
They  
Wed,  
Nuff  
Said.  
John  
Mad,  
Jane  
Sad,  
Both  
Fight,  
Sad  
Sight,  
Whole  
Week  
Won't  
Speak;  
Re-  
Course  
Di-  
Vorce.

We have anything you need in Toilet Articles, at saving prices. A. R. HOOPER.

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

She Knew.

A capable housewife was trying to impress upon her maid the need of system in her work.

After carefully explaining her own methods in her work, she asked: "Now Olga, just what do I mean by system? Do you understand what system means?"

"Ja, ja," giggled Olga: "seestem mean doin' theegs the hardest way."

—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Can Keep Busy Somehow.

"When a man got nothin' else t' do," said Charcoal Eph, in a mood, "he kin alius fin' some way t' git into trouble about a woman."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.



"I Didn't Ask You for Money."



It Was a Grotesque Looking Girl Who a Few Minutes Later Was Flattening Out the Pans and the Old Bits of Tin Upon the Stone.

who a few minutes later was flattening out the pans and the old bits of tin upon the stone.

## ARKANSAS SEEKING TO ANNEX 56 TEXAS COUNTIES

Austin, March 12.—That portion of Texas territory which the State of Arkansas seeks title to in its attempt to obtain permission from the Supreme Court of the United States to intervene in the Texas-Oklahoma boundary suit, not only includes all of the bed of the Red River, but includes 56 Texas counties, constituting that portion of Texas between the Louisiana boundary and the one-hundredth meridian and north of the thirty-second parallel.

In this territory lies virtually all of the oil territory recently developed, known as the North Texas oil fields.

Dallas, Fort Worth, Cleburne, Texarkana, Hillsboro, Ennis, Breckenridge and virtually all of the important financial and industrial centers of North Texas are included in the slice of Texas territory which Arkansas modestly desires to annex.

The Texas counties on the thirty-second parallel forming the southern tier of counties which Arkansas desires to swallow by legal procedure, are: Taylor, Callahan, Eastland, Erath, Hood, northern portion of Bosque, Johnson, the northern half of Hill county, Ellis, the northern half of Navarro, Henderson, the extreme north portion of Anderson and Cherokee, Smith, Rusk and Palona.

Beginning at the Louisiana line the counties included in the slice which Arkansas desires to separate from Texas, in addition to those named as the southern tier of counties bordering on the thirty-second parallel are: Harrison, Marion, Cass, Bowie, Red River, Titus, Morris, Camp, Upshur, Gregg, Wood, Franklin, Lamar, Delta, Hopkins, Rains, Van Zandt, Kaufman, Rockwall, Hunt, Fannin, Grayson, Collin, Dallas, Ellis, Johnson, Tarrant, Parker, Wise, Montague, Clay, Jack, Palo Pinto, Stephens, Young, Archer, Wichita, Wilbarger, Baylor, Throckmorton, Shackelford, Jones, Haskell, Knox, Foard and Hardeman.

### STROUD MOTOR CO. DIRECTORS ELECTED—J. W. WHITE OF MASON, PRES.

At a meeting of the Stroud Motor Company yesterday, new directors were elected as follows: J. W. White, president of the Mason National Bank at Mason; L. V. Stockard, Santa Anna banker; Henry F. Wosnig, San Antonio grocer; Harvey Harrell, Austin clothing merchant; Edward H. Lange, San Antonio attorney.

Retiring officers are Sam W. Stroud, D. L. Spero, W. H. Lockwood, Ben Hoerster and F. W. Lemberg.

At a meeting of the board of directors held later, policies for the future were outlined. A petition has also been drawn to end the receivership of the company. It is expected a decision on this petition will be made next Wednesday. L. J. Wardlaw of Fort Worth is the receiver. The company was organized in 1918 and incorporated under the laws of Texas March 14, 1921, with a capital of \$2,000,000, of which \$1,300,000 is paid up.—Fredericksburg Standard.

### COTTON BUREAU HAS SOLD 65,000 BALES, IS REPORT OF SECRETARY

Dallas, March 8.—The Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association has sold 65,000 bales of cotton to the present time and \$466,374.55 has been distributed to members, according to report of Secretary D. G. Hill, Jr., made yesterday before officers and directors of the association. The association has received a total of 101,000 bales. The average price received on middling basis was 17.54 cents, it was said.

#### Magnetic.

Twinkle, twinkle, little sock, With your perforated clock, There below the skirt so high, You're a magnet for the eye.  
—The White Wing.

#### What Kind of Bait.

Young Lady (on first visit to Western Ranch)—"For what purpose do you use that coil of line on your saddle?"  
Cowpuncher—"That line, as you call it, lady, we use to catch cattle and horses."  
Young Lady—"Oh, indeed! Now, may I ask, what do you use for bait?"  
—Business Envelope.

#### Sad Example.

Crookedness never pays in the long run. Look at the corkscrew.—Burkington News.

## LOCAL BRIEFS.

Mrs. C. M. Owens and Miss Billie Lindeman have secured quarters at the R. Wilensky store on the West Side, where they will do plain and fancy sewing of all kinds.

Some miscreant with a hunch of future cold spells, "lifted" an army overcoat out of a car left parked on the east side of the square last night, according to complaint made by N. R. Kirk of Stacy. Mr. Kirk's initials are marked in indelible ink on the inside coat collar, and may prove a clue as to the coat's whereabouts.

Hollis Smith arrived in the city Sunday and is spending a few days with relatives and friends. Hollis is just about to recover from effects of the serious illness he experienced while at Tyler for a business course. He was enabled to finish his studies there. For the present he has been employed with the Coleman National bank.

Announcement is made by D. K. Woodward, Jr., of Austin, referee in bankruptcy, that the stock and fixtures of the J. C. Harber racket store in Brady will be sold at private sale for cash on Friday, March 24th, at the former place of business, and competitive sealed bids being asked. Report of sale will be made at the referee's office in Austin on Monday, March 27th.

George Cele and Milton Gainer were in Brady yesterday bringing up a truck load of chickens—twenty-two crates in all—for delivery to the Mayhew Produce Co. from J. A. Smith & Co. at Rochelle. George says he has been hitting the road into Brady pretty regularly for a long time now, and never makes less than two trips a week here with his truck loaded to the guards. However, both he and Gainer were agreed that this big bunch of chickens pretty nearly wound up the chicken business for the present in Rochelle.

Vernon Thompson, a young man who has been making his home here for the past year or so, was arrested Monday and lodged in jail on complaint from the sheriff at Boerne charging swindling in Kendall county. The charge grew out of the borrowing of a car from the Smith brothers, Ira of Brady and Eli of Junction, by Thompson, who broke the car and left it at Boerne for repairs. Since then, it is alleged that Thompson refuses to pay for the repairing and returning of the car to its owners. Thompson is being held awaiting arrival of an officer from Kendall county to carry him back there to face the charge made against him.

August F. Behrens says that if our thermometer registered 10 degrees above zero during the cold spell which ushered in the month of March, it was because we were a late riser. Also he scouts the idea that the 6 degrees above zero reported by W. E. Benson, is anything to brag about. Mr. Behrens says he found the mercury to register 2 degrees below zero at 4:00 o'clock the morning of March 1st, which was the second day of the blizzard. He is positive his reading is right, and says it was some cold out on top the hill where his house is located. Mr. Behrens was up all night keeping his heating plant going at full blast to prevent the freezing of the flowers and plants in his green houses. The Standard editor was not up at 4:00 o'clock, and has no intention of unnecessarily getting up at that hour of a blizzard morning, so we accept Mr. Behrens' record on the cold weather without question. Next!

#### Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles. Instantly relieves itching piles, and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price 50c.

#### Woman's Rule.

A historian says that women ruled the world 2500 years before the birth of Christ. They also have ruled it 1921 years since.—Charleston Gazette.

#### The Gude Samaritan.

Old Scot—Dinna cry, ma wee ladie! If ye dinna find yer penny afore dark, here's a match!—Wayside Tales.

#### Bite Him, Someone.

Night Owl—"Set the alarm for two, will you?"  
Room-mate—"You and who else?"  
—Business Envelope.

#### It Feels That Way.

The finding of a headless body has caused the arrest of an American dentist. Our experience with dentists is that the head doesn't really come off; it just feels that way.—Manila Bulletin.

## PECANS ARE SAID TO HAVE HIGHER FOOD VALUE THAN MEAT

Austin, March 11.—When round steaks become scarce and costly, will Texas, which has furnished much of the nation's meat supply, furnish a substitute in pecans? Such a question can be answered only by future generations, but it is not improbable, according to J. H. Burkett, pecan specialist of the state department of agriculture and secretary of the Texas Pecan Growers Exchange.

"Pecans have been found to contain the proteins and vitamins that exist in meat," Mr. Burkett said. "One pound of nuts has the food value of one and one-half pounds of round steak and one-half pound of butter. Pecans, therefore, are a valuable substitute for these foods."

Pecan growing will outstrip the other agricultural products of Texas when properly developed, Mr. Burkett predicted. Probably not more than 25 per cent of the people of the United States are acquainted with the pecan in the shell, he said. Texas produces 75 per cent to 80 per cent of the entire commercial crop of the world.

Mexico is Texas' greatest competitor. The Mexican pecan crop appears on the northern market two or three weeks ahead of the Texas crop, according to Mr. Burkett, and although the product is not of very good quality, it commands a price of about 13 cents a pound. The market price of Texas pecans, in carlots, ranges from 13 cents to 17 cents a pound, depending upon the grade of the product, although 25 cents and 30 cents a pound are frequently paid for fancy and choice pecans.

While pecan growing has been regarded heretofore as a "pickup" or "side" industry, Mr. Burkett said, it has been worth from one to three million dollars to Texas. Rapid strides in the growth of the industry, placing it on a basis of other crops, are contemplated by the state department of agriculture.

The department of agriculture has assisted in budding, grafting and propagating pecans and has fostered development of the industry through teaching the growers how to care for the trees, both native and planted. There are approximately 5,000,000 pecan trees of bearing age in Texas, Mr. Burkett estimated, and most of these are native, although some planted trees are just beginning to bear. The growers in Texas have planted about 200,000 pecan trees, in nursery groves, according to Mr. Burkett's figures.

Development of the pecan industry, Mr. Burkett said, has been handicapped by a lack of knowledge of the crop's requirements. Growers know that the trees are moisture loving, he said, but they have not been able to determine a balanced ration for the trees. It is along this line that information is being sought.

Meanwhile, much is being done for the industry in the way of budding and grafting. Mr. Burkett and his assistant, O. L. Wallace, go among the growers each year and explain the process. In the winter they show the growers how to set out the trees. E. E. Riesen of San Saba, Texas, is "father" of the budding process. Mr. Burkett said, Mr. Riesen, an English horticulturist, has been active in experimenting with pecan growing.

There are a number of large pecan groves in Texas, according to Mr. Burkett. One of these is the grove of E. C. Butterfield, near Winona, Smith county, who has 1,000 acres, containing 32,000 pecan trees. Mr. Butterfield said Mr. Burkett, grew peaches profitably while his pecan trees were starting.

#### No Others.

North—"Has Alice any of the old-fashioned virtues?"  
West—"I suppose so—most of them are."—Kansas City Star.

#### Speaking of Furniture.

Bride—"I want to buy an easy chair for my husband."  
Salesman—"Morris?"  
Bride—"No, Clarence."—Business Envelopes.

#### Degrees.

Said a friend to the proud father of a college graduate who had just been awarded an A. M. degree:  
"I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph. D. next?"  
"No. He will be looking for a J. O. B."—Life.

#### Went Much Farther.

"Please, doctor, come at once to father. Mother's taken 'is temperature an' it's gone down."  
"That's all right, my dear—that's splendid."  
"Tain't all right; it's gone right down. 'E've swallered it."—London Punch.

## THE SEASON'S PICK OF Beautiful Millinery

*is now on display in our millinery and ready-to-wear department, and Mrs. Demp Branscum is at your service.*

We cordially invite you to see the many new hats just received this week, including Pattern Hats, Sailors and Sport Hats; also an attractive showing of popular designs in Children's Hats.

We have Hats to match your costumes, and costumes that match the hats. Also Veilings, Flowers, Fruits and the many other accessories.

*You will find our store most attractive, and all departments radiant with newest offerings of the Spring season.*

South Side

Brady, Texas

## PRIZE AWARD FOR HEROISM MADE TO S. F. TRAINMEN

Washington, March 11.—Awards of cash prizes to individuals throughout the United States for exceptional bravery and in saving and rendering first aid to injured during the year 1921, were announced today at American Red Cross headquarters here. The third prize of the prizes from the William Howard Taft fund, which are limited to persons working on railroads, was divided equally between Engineer Tom Ormon, Brakeman W. H. Davidson and Fireman Fred Thompson, employed by the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe railway, who saved the life of an infant at San Saba. All of these men reside at Temple, Texas.

The act of heroism, mentioned in the foregoing dispatch, occurred July 3, 1921, a few miles east of San Saba. The train was on a run to Lometa and Engineer Ormon noticed a little child playing on the track a few hundred feet ahead. He blew the whistle and threw on the emergency brakes, but the infant did not move.

Fireman Fred Thompson, seeing the danger and almost certain death threatening the babe, climbed through his cab window, sealed the side of the engine and made his way to the pilot—and just in time to snatch the child into his arms. It was the 2-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Burdette.

#### Keep A-Goin'!

When you strike a thorn or rose, Keep a-go-in'!  
When it hails or when it snows, Keep a-go-in'!  
"Taint no use to sit and whine When the fish ain't on your line; Bait your hook and keep on tryin'— Keep a-go-in'!

When the weather kills your crop, Keep a-go-in'!  
When you tumble from the top, Keep a-go-in'!  
S'pose you're out of every dime; Gettin' broke ain't any crime! Tell the world you're feelin' fine— Keep a-go-in'!

When it looks like all is up, Keep a-go-in'!  
Drain the sweetness from the cup; Keep a-go-in'!  
See the wild birds on the wing! Hear the bells that sweetly ring! When you feel like singing—sing— Keep a-go-in'!  
—Iron Trade Review.

#### Water, Water Everywhere.

Professor (in engineering class)—"What's a dry-dock?"  
Stude—"A physician who won't give out prescriptions."—Business Envelopes.

#### Game to the Last.

An editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast, and said, "Poor man! Circulation almost gone!" the dying editor shouted, "You're a liar! I have the largest circulation in the county!"  
—Exchange.

#### Rubbing It In.

Miss Elderly—"The insulting wretch! He asked me if I remembered the dreadfully cold winter of 1873—think of it!"  
Miss Keen—"Oh, I'm sure he didn't mean to offend you, dear. He probably didn't know what a bad memory you have."—Boston Transcript.

## PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Draper of Lohn were Brady visitors Monday.  
Mrs. Julie Carter of Mason visited Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Yoas several days last week.

E. P. Lea returned this morning from a visit with his daughters at Grand Saline, Texas.

Chas. Broad came here Saturday and was kept busy greeting his many friends, while on a business visit.

Mrs. Ed Jacoby returned Sunday from Brownwood, where she had been visiting home folks for several days.

Mrs. B. J. Crowley left Sunday night for Parkersburg, West Virginia, where she will join her husband, who is drilling in the oil fields there.

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Macy left Saturday night for Fort Worth, where they are enjoying the sights at the Fat Stock show, incident to a visit with relatives and friends.

Tom Williams of Dallas, representing the Hercules Buggy Co., was in Brady Sunday and Monday calling on the trade, and while here was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Schwenker.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Westbrook, Mrs. Finis Westbrook and baby and Mrs. Ira Mayhew and son, Ira Quentin, returned Monday from a visit at Sterling City with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Atkinson.

Oscar Westbrook is visiting home folks and friends for a few days this week, while recuperating from a threatened attack of the flu. Oscar was taken ill shortly after going to Brownwood, and upon advice of his physicians has been staying off of work. He expects to return to Brownwood Wednesday to resume his duties as dispatcher at the postoffice there.

If you want plenty of pep, strength and energy, take Tanlac. Trigg Drug Co.

## COLEMAN HORSE WINS SAN ANGELO RACE—RED BIRD WINS FROM BARNEY

San Angelo, March 9.—In the first horse race in San Angelo of interest since the 1920 fair, "Red Bird," owned by Fred Taylor of Coleman, defeated "Barney," belonging to P. L. Fuller, Snyder banker. The quarter-mile dash for a stake of \$500 a side was run at the fair grounds in 26 1/2 seconds.

"Boss" McNally of Santa Anna rode the winner, while Bruce Norton mounted "Barney," whose owner had accepted Taylor's challenge for a go. Both men may send their ponies back for the fair, Oct. 17 to 21, inclusive.

Tanlac is the ideal strengthener and body builder for old folks, because it creates a healthy appetite for wholesome food and strengthens and invigorates the digestive organs. Trigg Drug Co.

## After the fire: Friends may sympathize, but we pay cash. Anderson & Carrithers, Insur.

His Ability.  
"Mr. Grumpson doesn't think much of the movies."  
"No. Have you heard his definition of a movie producer?"  
"What is it?"  
"A movie producer, says Mr. Grumpson, is a person who is capable of introducing motor cars into a Shakespearean play."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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

## ARTIFICIAL BAIT CANNOT BE USED MAR. AND APRIL

In answer to an inquiry directed to him by R. D. Dyer of Brady, W. F. Wilson of Stephenville, U. S. game warden, has advised that the use of artificial bait for fishing is prohibited during the months of March and April in all streams or bodies of water, except artificial lakes on private property. The statement will be of interest to all local sportsmen, since it clears up a disputed point in the game law.

The following is Mr. Wilson's reply to the inquiry:

"Yours 9th inst. to hand, and in reply will say that there is no water excepted from the game fish law except artificial lakes on private property.

"Any running stream is protected and no artificial bait of any kind whatever can be used during the months of March and April, but this does not prevent fishing for any kind of fish during these months with live bait, except you are not allowed to take out bass under eleven inches and crappie under seven inches in length."

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head Because of its tonic and laxative effect. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE, Inc.

Same goods for less money; better goods for same money. HOOPER'S.

#### Death of J. R. Hill.

The death of J. R. Hill, which occurred at his home at Lohn last Friday at 12:25 o'clock, was learned with deep regret by his many friends over this section. At the time of death, he was aged 60 years, 1 month and 10 days.

Mr. Hill's fatal illness followed an accident sustained the Monday previous, when he fell from a wagon and hurt his left side. He suffered severe internal injuries, and several days later pneumonia developed, which caused his demise.

Mr. Hill was one of the old and substantial citizens of the Lohn community, where he had lived and farmed for the past 22 years. Originally he came here from Round Rock, Williamson county. A native of Dandridge, Jefferson county, Tenn., he came to Texas about 39 years ago. About five years later, he met and married Miss Katherine Milburn of Round Rock, and this union was blessed with eleven children, all of whom are living, and all of whom were privileged to be at the bedside of their father before his death.

In addition to being held high in the esteem of his fellow citizens and neighbors, Mr. Hill ranked high in the councils of the Odd Fellows, having been a member of the Lohn I. O. O. F. for a number of years, and having held the office of Grand Master of that lodge.

Burial took place at 10:00 o'clock Saturday morning at Lohn cemetery, the Rev. Frank R. Anderson of Fort Worth, Pentecostal minister conducting, and the funeral services being in charge of the Brady I. O. O. F. lodge.

Besides the widow, the following children are left to mourn his passing: Messrs. Pearl, Joe and Hal Hill of Lamesa, Dewey, Ted, U. B. and J. R. Hill Jr., of Lohn; Mrs. G. A. Draper of Eastland, Mrs. R. G. Hall of Lamesa, Misses Velma and Vera Hill of Lohn.