

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

BIG GAS STRIKE ON STAPLETON FARM REPORTED

W. Z. Stapleton, well-known citizen of this county, was in Brady Monday and reported a big gas strike on his farm 14 miles north of Brady. The announcement created great interest here, especially since the possibilities of supplying natural gas for Brady through a pipe line loomed up strong, and a number of Brady citizens visited the scene to inspect the find.

According to Mr. Stapleton, the strike was made at a depth of 369 feet by Jim Brock, who was drilling a water well for Mr. Stapleton. In an attempt to ascertain the strength of the flow, a match was touched to the gas flow, with the result that the sheet of flame threatened destruction of the well rig before it could be snuffed out. After drilling on down towards the 500-ft. level, the flow became decidedly stronger, and the pressure increased to such extent as to suggest the possibility of piping the gas into Brady for commercial purposes.

Oscar Willison, expert oil well operator, who inspected the find, assured Mr. Stapleton that he has a sufficient supply of gas to justify the installation of a gas plant on his farm. Unless, however, the strike can be put to commercial use, Mr. Stapleton does not feel financially able to himself profit by the remarkable discovery.

The well is located 14 miles north of Brady about 4 or 5 miles east of the Thad O. Day field, and 6 or 7 miles south of the Mercury oil field. Gas has been struck to the south of the well in the Rochelle neighborhood.

Should it be possible for Brady to obtain natural gas, it would prove a boon to this town second only in importance to the big supply of artesian water secured a year or so ago.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL REUNION TEXAS DIVISION, U. C. V. AT HILLSBORO OCTOBER 5-6TH

L. Ballou, adjutant of Ben McCulloch Camp No. 265, U. C. V., is in receipt of advice from J. M. Cochran of Waco, Major General Commanding of Texas Division, U. C. V., that the Thirtieth Annual Reunion of the division will be held in the city of Hillsboro, Texas, on the 5th and 6th of October. All veterans are requested to attend if possible, as the citizens of Hillsboro have made extensive preparations for their coming.

Our orders of coal are now being delivered. Let us know your needs at once. Phone 295. MACY & CO.

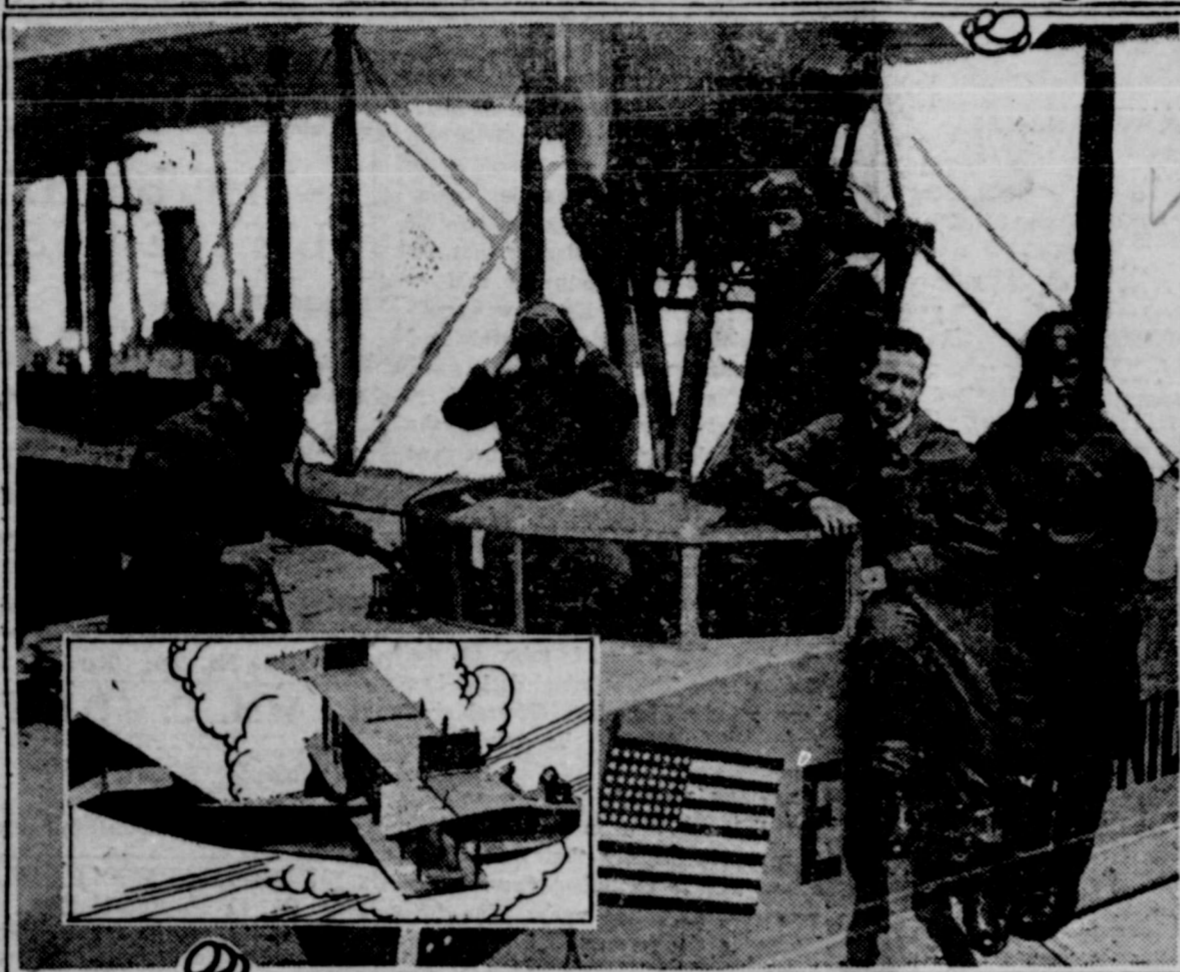
We are still rendering the best of service in our repair department; also carry a line of the best in jewelry. A. F. GRANT, Jeweler, West Side Square.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

AH BIN HAD A JOB IN A REST'RUNT BUT AHS QUIT -- DEYS TOO MUCH O' DAT TOTIN' HAM EN AIGGS OUT FRONT EN EATIN' SIDE-MEAT BACK IN DE KITCHEN.



Uncle Sam's Neptune Ace On Longest Flight



When Lieut. Walter Hinton, U. S. Navy, flew the first seaplane across the Atlantic in 1919, he wrote his name in history. He is now on another assignment, in a Navy plane flight from New York to Rio de Janeiro, which if completed will be a record trip of 8,400 miles. All down the Atlantic coast Hinton's craft, the Sampaio Correia, encountered heavy head winds and was often turned back. This is one of the biggest seaplanes yet built by Uncle Sam. The pictures show Hinton (indicated by arrow), and crew. Insert shows seaplane at start of the flight, just before raising from the water.

L. J. SHUGART AND GREEN CRISP LOSE LIVES MONDAY IN SHALLOW DUG WELL

POISONOUS FUMES FROM EXPLOSIVE CHARGE, USED IN BLASTING, ASPHYXIATES SHUGART AND OVERCOMES CRISP WHEN LATTER ATTEMPTS RESCUE.

Grim tragedy in the form of sudden death Monday afternoon lurked at the bottom of a 25-foot well being dug on the Tom Jones' farm, one mile west of Brady, and claimed as its victims L. J. Shugart and Greenville Crisp, both well-known Brady men. Poisonous fumes from a charge of mixed dynamite and powder, used in blasting the rock at the bottom of the well, speedily overcame Shugart when he descended into the hole to ascertain the effectiveness of the charge, and also snuffed out the life of Crisp when, heedless of his own safety, he allowed himself to be lowered to the rescue. When the bodies were recovered about an hour later by Tom Brown, who with the aid of a gas mask safely made the descent into the death hole, life was extinct, and efforts at resuscitation proved unavailing.

The appalling accident, one of the most terrible that has ever been visited upon this community, cast a shadow over the entire citizenship. Many Brady citizens drove to the scene and witnessed the recovery of the bodies, stark in death, from the still-fuming death trap.

Mr. Shugart and Riley Fish had been engaged for several days in digging the well on the Tom Jones farm, located on the Coleman road, and just about a mile west of town. According to the statement of Mr. Fish following the tragic occurrence, very slow progress was being made through the solid rock encountered in the digging, and Shugart became impatient. Following the setting off of a heavy blast of three shots of powder and one of dynamite, Shugart waited about fifteen minutes and then decided to go to the bottom of the well to ascertain the effectiveness of the shot. Fish, observing that a heavy cloud of smoke and fumes still hung in the well and that the bottom of the hole could not be seen, cautioned his partner to wait a time yet, but Shugart refused to be restrained. Scarcely thirty seconds after he had disappeared into the cloud of smoke, Shugart called to be pulled out. Fish pulled him up about ten feet, so that he had just emerged from the smoke cloud, when the asphyxiating gas fumes overcame the unfortunate man, and caused him to loosen his hold upon the rope, his body dropping back into the well.

Fish ran to the adjoining place, where Frank Champion had a crew of men loading and hauling gravel from the creek, and called for help. Crisp and Dick Marsden, who chanced to be in the lead of the string of gravel wagons, responded immediately, and without thought of himself or the terrible risk he was taking, Crisp asked to be lowered into the well believing he could tie a rope around the unconscious man, and so effect his rescue. However, even before he reached the bottom of the hole, he realized the gas fumes were about to overcome him, and called to be pulled out. Like Shugart, however, he loosed his hold on the rope before he could be pulled out, and plunged unconscious to the bottom of the hole.

The alarm was quickly given and help summoned from town. Dr. J. B. Granville being among the first to respond, and Dr. J. S. Anderson following shortly after. In the meantime, others from Champion's crew had also arrived on the scene, and Tom Brown volunteered to allow himself to be lowered to the rescue, believing he could see Crisp still gasping for breath. Cooler heads restrained him, however, and a gas mask was phoned for. While Hubert Adkins made a rush trip home for his gas mask, Brown came to town and secured a stout rope, the two arriving at the well about the same time.

In the meantime, efforts had been made to hook the bodies and pull them out. At one time a good hold was gotten on Crisp, with two lines, but his overalls ripped out, and plunged the body to the bottom once more, the face and head of the man being badly cut and lacerated in the fall.

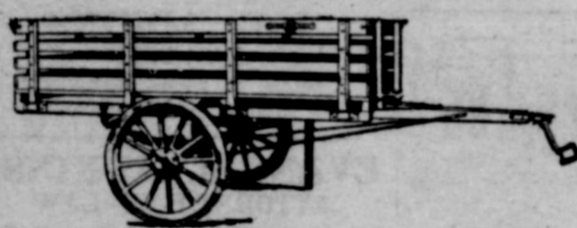
Hastily adjusting the gas mask, Brown went to the rescue. He found Crisp lying face down on the bottom and soon had a line on him, and the body was hoisted out of the death trap. Shugart's body was found in a sitting position leaning up against the west wall of the hole, where it had evidently dropped when he fell into the well.

Despite desperate efforts to revive the two unfortunate men, there was no response from either, and reluctantly the rescuers abandoned hope. Crisp had been in the death hole something like 45 minutes, while Shugart had been there something over an hour.

Mr. Shugart was aged 40 years and 29 days. He was a son-in-law of W. J. Hampton, had lived in McCulloch county for a number of years, and at one time was employed with the Bowman Lumber Co. The past year he had been located at Eldorado, where his two daughters, aged 17 and 19, were attending school. He returned with his wife and little 6-year old boy to Brady about two months ago, and had engaged in well digging, a profession in which he had had quite a bit of experience. He was a man of splendid character, was highly thought of by everyone, and his untimely death brings sorrow to all. Funeral services were held at the family home at 4:00 o'clock this afternoon, services being conducted by the Rev. E. L. Springer, Mr. Shugart having been a member of the Baptist church for many years. His two daughters came from Eldorado to attend the funeral.

Greenville Crisp was aged 26 years and 6 months. He was a nephew of D. Crisp, well-known McCulloch county citizen, and had been a resident of Brady for about a year, coming here from Menard. He was a veteran of the World War, in which he served with distinction. He is highly spoken of by Mr. Champion as a faithful, conscientious and reliable worker, and as a man of highest character—one who will be missed by all who knew him. Funeral services were held at Brady cemetery this afternoon at 5:30 o'clock, L. D. Ferguson of Pear Valley, elder of the Church of Christ conducting, assisted by the firing squad of the American Legion. A wife and a four-year old son mourn the loss of a kind and loving father and protector.

Matco Trailer



One Bale Seed Cotton Each Trip. How many Trips Each Day?

They Stand Up

2,000 lbs. capacity \$150.00
Special Sale Price \$100.00

F. R. Wulff Motor Co.

Phone 30

Brady, Texas

TEXAS COMPANY TO DRILL CONCHO CO. DEEP OIL TEST

The Texas Company has signed up with several of our people here for a deep test well. The manager for the company, R. E. Huston, of the Iowa Park field, is here and is now superintending the initial steps for the opening of the well. He is digging a "cellar" and a slush pit. The site is about one mile south of town on a draw leading into Hog Creek. The hole will be an eighteen-inch for the beginning of the well. The rigging and machinery for the well is expected in every day and the actual drilling will begin in from twelve to fifteen days. The company has 5,000 acres in a block, and 7,500 other acreage in the contract to drill. Besides, they have secured in the section by lease sufficient to make their lease holdings 20,000 acres.

The Sun Company also has a lease of 14,500 acres, the Sloan Simpson ranch, on which they are under contract to drill. It has not yet been announced when this company ex-

pects to begin their test. This contract is said to call for a deep test. This acreage also lies close to the town of Paint Rock.

The Texas-Meers Co., a company of which Jeff Meers of San Angelo is president, is said to be expecting to begin drilling in one of its wells that has been undeveloped and no work done in some months. It is stated by some members of the company that the well on Mrs. Hartgrove's land will be drilled deeper till a deep test is made of it. They expect to develop in the next few months an assured oil field. All of them have worked so quietly that they have blocked their acreage without it costing too much to induce them to come in. Watch Paint Rock for oil activities in the coming months.—Paint Rock Herald.

Macy & Co. handles the famous Polka Dot Dairy Feed. Guaranteed to give better results than any other feed on the market. Phone 295.

I am glad to announce to the public that I am going to make some real Cowboy Boots right here in Brady. Let me show you. J. F. SCHAEG.

SPLENDID RAIN VISITS BRADY SECTION TODAY

The Brady section was visited by a splendid rain, which began falling about 11:00 o'clock this morning, and continued falling heavily for about an hour and a half, followed by a continued light rain. The rain gauge at the Commercial National bank registered an even inch of rain. The precipitation appears to have covered an extensive scope of country, a splendid rain being reported at Rochelle, and extending through to Hext. Melvin and points in the north and central parts of the county also reported good rains. Rain was reported falling at Menard this afternoon. It was also raining at Dallas. Little or no rain was reported at Voca, and no rain had fallen at San Saba up to noon. An all-day rain fell at Camp San Saba, although there was a narrow dry streak about Otte's.

While the precipitation will damage cotton to some extent, the good effects will more than overcome the damage, since the downpour was suf-

A MESSAGE TO MOTHERS FROM DADDY PURE TEST

Daddy Pure Test says: When changing the baby's diaper, always use Puretest Zinc Sterate! Then you will not have a "cry baby." It's the smart of the wet diaper that makes "night howls." This new dusting powder is a blessing to them and the mother. A generous size can, 25c. TRIGG DRUG CO. The Rexall Store.

GOOD VALUES IN REBUILT CARS

We invite you to come in and see our very good Rebuilt Dodge Brothers Motor Cars.

With all the business integrity which assures Dodge Brothers value, we are able to substantiate our assertion that these Rebuilt Cars are exceptional values.

SEVERAL BARGAINS IN STOCK

F. R. Wulff Motor Co.

Phone 30

Brady, Texas

THE BRYAN ROTARIANS.

By Phebe K. Warner.

"Instead of returning thanks today, let everybody join in singing the doxology." And everybody did. "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow" rang through that hall from the very first note like a great revival. Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, business men of every line, professional men of every kind, visitors and home folks, men and women all joined in that song of praise. Why shouldn't they? Everyone was about to receive the same bountiful blessing, a magnificent menu served by the Bryan Rotarians to their members and State guests. And there were guests present from Texline to Brownsville.

The chairman of the program seemed to have a heart full of love for everybody and when he opened his mouth to sing, his mouth seemed as big as his heart. And the pep as well as praise he put into that doxology fired the soul of everyone gathered round those long, loaded tables. And when that crowd sat down to eat together everybody felt good and was in for a good time as well as a good dinner.

Suppose the leader of the day had said, "Brother Jones of Brownsville, will you please return thanks?" And Brother Jones of Brownsville had said, "Excuse me, please, call on Brother Smith of Texline." But he didn't. The leader happened to be a 100 per cent Presbyterian minister and he knew how to touch the best chord in every life there; and he touched it when he gave everyone an equal chance to express his gratitude for the courtesy and kindness they were to enjoy.

It was a beautiful spirit that hovered round those tables that day. No one thought of their politics. No one thought of their difference in religious creeds. No one thought of their differences in position or power. No one thought of which part of the State they were most interested in and they were there from all over the State and from other States. No one thought of the geographical differences in their birthplace or the blood that was coursing through their veins. But all seemed most interested in the good they could do for their State and their town and the people in them.

And we have been wondering ever since that day if it were yet to be the mission of some civic or social organization to civilize and Christianize and Americanize our Nation? Honest to goodness, folks, we never were in a revival meeting anywhere in all our life where all factional feeling seemed to be forgotten, and all religious prejudice seemed to be laid aside, and all political strife wiped out, and all social interest melted into one great purpose for service to all the people as was demonstrated there that day when the Rotarians of Bryan, Texas, invited the different farm demonstrators and the various other people who were interested in the development of all the people to their midweek luncheon.

It was another time when we were reminded of the teachings of Dr. Taylor of the Texas Woman's College of Fort Worth. He says if the time ever comes when we can get all the people in any community to laugh together, play together, and SING together, then they will WORK together for whatever their community needs. And we might add EAT TOGETHER. There seems to be a mysterious bond that springs up between folks who eat together. Over the teacups and the coffee cups is a great place to discuss our common interests, and fight out the outlaws of life. And how much closer men seem to get to one another even though they may be on opposite sides of the question discussed.

But how are we all ever to get together on anything so long as we all go to different churches on Sunday, belong to different political par-

ties on Monday, go to different clubs all the rest of the week that work first of all for their own particular interests, and fight each other all the time to promote their own selfish ideas and interests instead of working together for the good of all the people?

Do you suppose if the Bryan meeting had been held in the Methodist church that the Catholics and Jews would have been there? Do you suppose if it had been held in the Catholic church that the Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians would have been there? Why wouldn't they? Is it not true that most of us are still worshipping our sect and our creeds instead of our God, from whom all blessings flow? Isn't it too bad that most of us want OUR particular church or party or club to live and grow no matter what happens to all others? And yet there are people in every church and every party and every good organization that want to see the best prevail for all the people.

If the Spirit of Rotary will bring the men of every creed and class and profession together for the best and common good for all the people, then we should not only sing "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow" but the whole Nation should arise and

SAVED LIFE OF Mrs. HARDING



Brig. Gen. C. E. Sawyer, personal physician to President and Mrs. Harding, and Dr. Charles Mayo, prominent Surgeon of Minnesota, photographed as they left the White House after ministering to Mrs. Harding during her serious illness.

PERSONAL MENTION

J. E. Brown, of Brownwood is visiting in Brady this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Willison arrived the past week from Eldorado, Kansas, for a visit of several months with their daughter, Mrs. J. W. Ragsdale.

S. L. Kincaid was in Brady from the Rochelle community today and reported that about the only news down his way was the crying need of cotton pickers.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Argo, accompanied by Miss Dorothy Simpson, drove out from Dallas Saturday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Schwenker and family.

Mrs. Holmes Doole and baby, Frances, are here from Douglas, Ariz., for a visit with relatives at Fife and also at Eden. Mrs. Doole was formerly Miss Murray of Eden. Mr. Doole is in charge of the shoe department of one of the leading mercantile establishments in Douglas.

Miss Eloise Macon arrived yesterday from Quitman, Texas. Miss Macon will teach music at Voca this year, and plans to have her classes organized and ready for work by the time of the opening of Montgomery school on October 2nd. Miss Macon is a product of Kidd-Key at Sherman, is a most accomplished young lady, and the Voca folks are fortunate in securing her services.

If you want more milk from your cows, feed Polka Dot Dairy feed. MACY & CO. Phone 295.

Index Tabs. The Brady Standard.

sing "All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; bring forth the royal diadem, and crown THEM Lord of all."—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

2999 100 100

Last Saturday — the opening day of our Mammoth Fall Opening Sale—brought us the biggest day's business we have enjoyed at any season of the year since 1920. "THERE'S A REASON." See our Big Circular and note our offers—then you'll know why.

C. H. Vincent
DRY GOODS
SOUTH SIDE

LOCAL BRIEFS

Gravel is being hauled to various intersections of the public square and which will be used both for the building of street crossings on the northeast corner of the square and for turning posts in the center of the six street intersections, and which will form the base for the ornamental light posts to be installed by the city. The turning posts will serve the double purpose of traffic cop and as a safeguard to the light posts from

the assaults of reckless drivers.

A message received Sunday by June Coopender from his daughter, Mrs. Bill Petree, reported the injury of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. McKee, on the Dallas-Fort Worth Pike, when their car turned over. The accident happened this side of Dallas near Arcadia park, and according to a report in the Dallas Evening Journal, neither Mr. nor Mrs. McKee were seriously hurt. The message to Mr. Coopender however, stated that Mrs. Mc-

Kee was still in the hospital. Mrs. Coopender left Sunday night for Dallas to attend the couple.

Phone 295 for Polka Dot Dairy Feed, the properly balanced ration that increases the milk production and makes your cows healthy. MACY & CO.

Now's the time to get rid of that old straw and get into a New Stetson. New shipment at KIRK'S just arrived! Get yours while I have your size. Nuf-Sed.

*With this particular morning date
Surely there'll be no yawning late!*

NO! NO SLEEPY HEADS
this morning
IT'S A BIG DATE
a date to keep on time
"WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT?"
most important thing
IN THE WHOLE, WIDE WORLD
and yet it happens
EVERY MORNING
as sure as sunrise
"WHAT IS IT?"
Post Toasties
AND MILK
for breakfast
OH JOY!
no yawning late
FOR THIS MORNING DATE!
no delays in serving
FILL THE BOWL
right from the package
POUR ON THE MILK
laugh and eat
AND EAT AND EAT
those crisp, golden flakes
OF TOASTED CORN
full of flavor
AND ENERGY
and nourishment
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!
not only at breakfast
BUT AGAIN FOR LUNCH
these summer days
AND SUPPER, TOO!
but make this joy certain
INSIST, YES INSIST
on the yellow and red package
BY SAYING
Post Toasties
TO YOUR GROCER
he'll know you
WANT THE BEST—
the improved corn flakes



Post Toasties

—improved corn flakes

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan



The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by
H. Bedford Jones

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

Copyright by Doubleday, Page and Company

"No," said Gramont. "Can't fight a sure thing, can you? I'm sorry for him, though."

Chacherre shrugged his shoulders and got into the car.

Gramont was much relieved to find that there was no danger of lynching, which had been his one fear. It was with much persuasion that he got past the guard and into the courthouse, where he was received by a number of deputies in charge of the situation.

After conferring with them at some length, he was grudgingly taken to the cell occupied by Hammond. The latter received him with a wide grin, and gave no signs of the grueling ordeal through which he had passed.

"Listen, old man," said Gramont, earnestly. "Will you play out the game hard to the end? I'll have to leave you here for two days. At the end of that time you'll be free."

The listening deputies sniffed, but Hammond merely grinned again and put a hand through the bars.

"Whatever you say, cap'n," he rejoined. "It sure looks bad—"

"Don't you think it," said Gramont, cheerfully. "A lot of things have happened since I saw you last! I've got the real murderer right where I want him—but I can't have him arrested yet."

"It's a gang," said Hammond. "You watch out, cap'n, I heard 'em say



"Will You Play Out the Game Hard to the End?"

somebody about Memphis Izzy—remember the guy I told you about one day? Well, this is no piker's game! We're up against somebodys' solid—"

"I know it," and Gramont nodded. He turned to the deputies. "Gentlemen, you have my address if you wish to communicate with me. I shall be back here day after tomorrow—at least, before midnight of that day. I warn you, that if anything happens to this man in the meantime, you shall be held personally responsible. He is innocent."

"Looks like we'd better hold you, too," said one of the men. "You seem to know a lot!"

Gramont looked at him a moment. "I know enough to tell you where to head in if you try any funny work here," he said, evenly. "Gentlemen, thank you for permitting the interview! I'll see you later."

The coroner's jury had already adjudged Hammond guilty of the murder. Returning to the car, Gramont had Ben Chacherre drive to a restaurant, where they got a bite to eat. Twenty minutes later they were on their way to New Orleans—and Gramont learned for the first time of Joseph Maillard's murder by the Midnight Masquer, and of the arrest of Bob Maillard for the crime.

CHAPTER XII

The Ultimatum.

Upon the following morning Gramont called both Jachin Fell and Lucie Ledanois over the telephone. He acquainted them briefly with the result of his oil investigation, and arranged a meeting for ten o'clock, at Fell's office.

It was slightly before ten when Gramont called with the car for Lucie. Under the spell of her smiling eagerness, the harshness vanished from his face; it returned again a moment later, for he saw that she, too, was changed. There was above them both a cloud. That of Gramont was secret and brooding. As for Lucie, she was in mourning. The murder of Joseph Maillard, the arrest and undoubted guilt of Bob Maillard, dwarfed all else in her mind. Even the news of the oil

seepage, and the fact that she was probably now on the road to wealth, appeared to make little impression upon her.

"Thank heaven," she said, earnestly, as they drove toward Canal street, "that so far as you are concerned, Henry, the Midnight Masquer affair was all cleared up before this tragedy took place! It was fearfully imprudent of you—"

"Yes," answered Gramont, soberly, reading her thought. "I can realize my own folly now. If this affair were to be laid at my door, some kind of a case might be made up against me, and it would seem plausible. But, fortunately, I was out of it in time. Were we merely characters in a standardized detective story, I suppose I'd be arrested and deluged with suspense and clues and so forth."

"Your escape was too narrow to joke over, Henry," she reproved him, gravely.

"I'm not joking, my dear Lucie. I learned nothing about the tragedy until late last night. From what I can find in the papers, it seems agreed that Bob was not the real Masquer, but had assumed that guise for a joke. A tragic joke! Since he was undoubtedly drunk at the time, his story can't be relied upon as very convincing. And yet, it's frightfully hard to believe that, even by accident, a son should have shot down his own father—"

"Don't!" Lucie winced a little. "In spite of all the evidence against him, in spite of the way he was found with that aviation uniform, it's still awful to believe. I can't realize that it has actually happened."

"According to the papers, poor Mrs. Maillard has gone to pieces. No wonder."

"Yes, I was there with her all day yesterday, and shall go again today. They say Bob is terribly broken up. He sent for his mother, and she refused to see him. I don't know how it is all going to end! Do you think his story might be true—that somebody else might have acted as the Masquer that night?"

Gramont shook his head. "It's possible," he said, reluctantly, "yet it hardly seems very probable. And now, Lucie, I'm very sorry indeed to say it—but you must prepare yourself against another shock in the near future."

"What do you mean? About the oil—"

"No. It's too long a story to tell you now; here we are at the Maison Blanche. Just remember my words, please. It's something that I can't go into now."

"Very well, Henry! Do you think that it's possible your chauffeur, Hammond, could have learned about the drinking party, and could have—"

Gramont started. "Hammond? No. I'll answer for him beyond any question, Lucie. By the way, does Fell know anything about Hammond having been the first Masquer?"

"Not from me," said the girl, watching him.

"Very well, Hammond got into a bit of trouble at Houma, and I had to leave him there. It was none of his fault, and he'll get out of it all right. Well, come along up to our oil meeting! Forget your troubles, and don't let my croakings about a new shock cause you any worry just yet."

He was thinking of Jachin Fell, and the girl's closeness to Fell. Had he not known that Fell was responsible for Hammond's being in jail, he might have felt differently. As it was, he was now forewarned and forearmed, although he could not see what animus Fell could possibly have against Hammond.

It was lucky, he reflected grimly, that he had never breathed to a soul except Lucie the fact that Hammond had been the first Masquer! Had Fell known this fact, his desire to lay Hammond by the heels might have been easily fulfilled—and Hammond would probably have found himself charged with Maillard's murder.

They found Jachin Fell dictating to a stenographer. He greeted them warmly, ushering them at once into his private office.

Gramont found it difficult to convince himself that his experiences of the previous afternoon had been real. It was almost impossible to believe that this shy, apologetic little man in gray was in reality the "man higher up!" Yet he knew it to be the case—knew it beyond any escape.

"By the way," and Fell turned to Gramont. "If you'll dictate a brief statement concerning that oil seepage, I'd be obliged! Merely give the facts. I may have need of such a statement from you."

(Continued Next Week)

Read it in The Standard

WHEN HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED THEIR SLEEP.

In Memory of Little Forrest Winfield Adkins.

You came to them in your glory,
At your advent, their lives were made glad;
The air on your breath, it was sweetened,

By its absence, we are lonely and sad.
Fond hopes were cherished about you,
Ethereal sun, it did shine,
As to them you were clasped in your brightness

And could say in their hearts, you are mine.
You were a nice looking wee one,
A germ-bud, here transfused for a while,
Transplanted to bloom up in heaven,
And wafted there with your smile.

In your innocence, the Angels all claimed you,
Your corolla, Earth must not abuse,
The blossoming, was not fettered,
Your kind, is all God can use.

In your suffering, I know you were thirsty,
All your needs, to them were not clear,
But the one who is e'er watching o'er us,
Said "Lo, be not afraid," I am here.

In His reverence, kindly he took you
By his side ever more will he keep,
Jesus' plan of redemption always,
When He giveth his beloved their sleep.

Their arms, I'm certain, feel empty,
And the strangeness of it is known
That fondest hopes cherished here ever
Must all be laid down at the Throne.

The best that we have, He wants it,
And when the chilly waters over us creep,
He'll own us, claim us and crown us
When He giveth His beloved their sleep.

Your prattle is stilled, and our sighing
Grows heavy at times, but then
In our dreams, oft times we see you,
And the vision lends courage, when
We know through this veil of darkness

If we but vigil will keep,
At that last day we shall greet you
When He giveth His beloved their sleep.

Your little life gave us much pleasure,
We are yearning for you once more.
Heaven called our dear blessed treasure
Over past that beautiful shore.
Up there, they want you and need you,
Up there where the zephyr wind blows,
As the young plant needed the dew-drop,
So God, I know, needs the rose.

We will never tire of your memory,
Are inspired by the thought even now
We may awaken out of this vision
And you'll come back to us, somehow.
It's hard to get used to your going,
Are you contented, baby, up there,
While we are down here praying,
Dropping tears on your vacant chair?

Forgive us, dear Lord, in our weakness,
We would not beseech you in vain.
Deprived though of some of our sunshine
Many days seem clouded with rain,
We will try and remember your goodness,
(In our frailness, 'tho we may weep)
God does take care of His children,
When He giveth His beloved their sleep.

Memories are retained of your staying,
Reminders of you will we keep
In anguish, no more are we pining,
But there, "you are rocked on the deep."
Sleep on, baby,
Dream on,
Smile on,
We will meet you at the crossing of the tide.

See Macy & Co. for your Winter Coal. Phone orders to 295.
Parties knowing themselves indebted to me on past-due notes or accounts will kindly come across. J. F. SCHAEG.
Be sure of plenty of fuel for Winter. Place your order now with MACY & CO.
My credit is gone, none to let—strictly cash only, from this minute on. J. F. SCHAEG.

BOOTLEGGERS TURN BURGGLARS AND BURGLE COIL FROM SHERIFF'S OFFICE

McCulloch county bootleggers have added another crime to the category with which they already stand charged—that of burglary. Some time during Sunday night, the office of Sheriff J. C. Wall was entered and the coil encased in a 30-gallon iron drum, which formed the main part of the big still captured some weeks ago in the Voca community, was abstracted, the burglars making a clean getaway, and leaving nothing but footprints and the imprint of the drum upon the ground as clues.

From footprints upon the ground, and also upon the window casing, it is evident that the burglars first attempted to jimmy the window on the north side of the office. Then they met with success on the east window. The imprint of the iron barrel was plainly to be seen, where it had been slid out of the window and dropped upon the ground below. The big copper boiler, apparently, was not disturbed, the burglars either being

frightened away or else having other equipment available. That the recapture of the coil was made Sunday night is certain, since both Mr. Wall and June Coepender, County Treasurer, were in the office Sunday morning about 11:00 o'clock at which time it still reposed safely there.

Sheriff Wall is offering a reward

of \$25 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties involved in the burglary.

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. Files, and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price 60c.

Read it in The Standard.

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Brady, Texas

HOLIDAY CLOSING

The following stores will be closed all day

SATURDAY, SEPT. 23RD

ACCOUNT OF JEWISH HOLIDAY

The Hub
W. I. Myers
The Fair
Myers Bros.
R. Wilensky