

GUS NOYES TO BE BURIED AT MELVIN JUNE 17TH

The remains of Gus Noyes, a pioneer of West Texas and prominent capitalist, will be laid to rest by the side of his only son at Melvin, McCulloch county, at two o'clock on the afternoon of June 17th.

The announcement of the funeral was made here Saturday afternoon through R. G. Erwin, cashier of the First National Bank, who received a message from the family of the deceased.

According to the funeral arrangements the remains will be shipped from Fort Worth via the Frisco to Brady, and from Brady they will be carried by a hearse to Melvin for the simple funeral ceremony.

Mr. Noyes was not affiliated with any church, and it was generally known that he made no pretensions towards a religious life. Yet those who were closest to him say that he did have hopes of a future life, and his brother, H. L. Noyes, of Kansas City, has prepared an oration, giving a biography of the life of Mr. Noyes and setting forth some of the principles which he stood for and practiced during his life. This oration will be read at the grave by J. McGregor, of this city, and one of Mr. Noyes' close friends and long acquaintances.

Attending the funeral will be Mrs. Noyes, widow of the deceased; and daughter, Miss Aileen; brother, Judge E. L. Noyes, and Miss Chennery, niece, of Kansas City. It is expected that quite a number from Ballinger will go to Melvin to attend the funeral.

Mr. Noyes died at his winter home in Orlando, Florida, on January 30th, 1923, following a brief illness with pneumonia. A few days after his death the body was shipped to Fort Worth and placed in a receiving vault where it has been held pending the recovery of Mrs. Noyes who was ill at the time of Mr. Noyes' death.—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

Death of Mrs. Sabine Bauer.

The death of Mrs. Sabine Bauer occurred last Friday afternoon, June 1st, at 2:15 o'clock, resulting from injuries sustained in a fall some weeks previous. Her death brought sorrow not only to her family, but to all who had learned to love and admire her for her many splendid womanly qualities. At the time of death she was aged 59 years, 4 months and 26 days.

Three weeks ago last Sunday Mrs. Bauer sustained a bad fall when a board on the porch gave way. Her hip bone was fractured at the joint, the splintered bone causing inflammation to set up and which resulted in her death. She had made her home in Brady the past three years, during which time she conducted the boarding house on South Church street. Prior to that she had made her home in London for a period of seven years. She was born in Llano county and had lived at Castell the greater part of her life.

Mrs. Bauer was a faithful member of the Church of Christ, and was a noble Christian woman whose good deeds will live long after her and be cherished by those who knew and appreciated her splendid character.

Surviving are her mother, Mrs. Gatt, and also ten children: Mrs. Otto Armstrong of Brady, Mrs. Oll Howell of Luna, N. M., Mrs. Arthur Adams of London Mrs. Harvey Lee and Mrs. Bryant Bradshaw of Calf Creek; and five sons, Emil of Melvin, Wesley of Brady, and Harry, Vernon and Oren who lived with their mother in Brady. Also four brothers and one sister were left to mourn her passing, three of the brothers being present at the funeral.

The body was carried to London Friday night and funeral services held at that place Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Brother Durst of Junction being in charge of the ceremonies.

Save your young turkeys. Use Star Parasite remover for red bugs. MAYHEW PRODUCE COMPANY.

Macy & Company still have plenty of the Jap Amber Cane Seed. Phone your order to 295.

CORNER STONE OF NEW HIGH SCHOOL TO BE LAID WED.

Impressive services will mark the laying of the cornerstone of Brady's modern and attractive new high school building on tomorrow (Wednesday) morning at 10:30 o'clock, by the Masonic order. Dr. Wm. C. Jones, Acting Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Texas, A. F. & A. M., will be in charge of the ceremonies, and following the laying of the cornerstone, an address suitable to the occasion will be made by County Judge Evans J. Adkins.

The laying of the cornerstone of the new Brady High school will be a rather unusual occurrence in that it marks the virtual completion, rather than the beginning of construction, of the new school building. Various matters have arisen to delay the ceremonies, two stones having been broken in the cutting, and this being the third stone quarried and cut for the purpose. Then several weeks were required to secure special dispensation from the Masonic Grand Lodge of Texas, for the laying of the stone by the Masonic order.

The cornerstone is most attractive, being of red granite, cut and polished at the famous quarries at Fredericksburg, and bearing a suitable inscription.

In laying the cornerstone, it is planned to place therein copies of each of the local papers, roll of members and officers of the local Masonic lodge, together with the date, a copy of the Bible, coins and medals and such other articles as the citizens may desire to have placed in the container.

SCHLEICHER COUNTY VOTES COURTHOUSE BONDS—THIRD ELECTION IN EIGHT YEARS

ELDORADO, May 26.—Schleicher county Saturday voted its officers "out of jail" in authorizing the issuance of \$60,000 in bonds for the erection of a modern courthouse here. Since the fire destroyed the old frame court house eight years ago, the county offices had been housed in the stone jail building.

Five of six precincts returned 166 votes for the bonds to 59 against. Balloting in the box unheard from cannot affect the results, as it has only five votes. The county's voting strength is around 700.

Today's issue is the third Schleicher county has voted for a new court house. The frame court house burned the night after the first issue was authorized in 1915. Those bonds found no market owing to their low rate of interest and the fact that the war started soon afterward. The second issue was declared illegal on a technicality, notice of the election not having been published a sufficient number of times. During the eight years, court has been held in the Woodmen hall.

The serial bonds voted today will pay 5 1-2 per cent and their life will be fixed by the county commissioners. Maturity, however, will likely be in thirty years.

FRISCO PASSENGER TRAIN WRECKED NEAR DUBLIN TUESDAY OF LAST WEEK

The south bound Frisco passenger train No. 3, Fort Worth to Brownwood, which is due to arrive here at about three o'clock in the afternoon, was derailed about seven miles east of Dublin, Tuesday of this week. The entire train left the rails, and several cars were turned over on their sides. The wreck occurred in a deep cut, and the walls of the cut caught the cars as they fell over, and allowed them to slide down easily. As a result, not a person in the large number of passengers and crew, was seriously injured.

The train was going at a very slow rate of speed at the time, and this, coupled with the fact that the walls of the cut broke the fall of the cars, is perhaps the only thing that kept it from being a serious wreck, with the probable serious injuries or even loss of life.—Brownwood News.

New Albums for Snap Shots or Kodaks; also White Pencils and Art Corners for Mounting. The Brady Standard.

Champion Canning Club Teams Sail for France



Their prize a two month trip to France, the two canning club girls teams which won in national competition at Chicago recently, set sail last Wednesday from N. Y. on the S. S. La France, after four days in Chicago and Washington and in meeting the President. The first prize team is from Eddyville Ia. The second team from Burlington Colo. Reading left to right, front row: Bertha Rodgers, Unelah Rodgers and Katherine Bollbaugh. Back row: Maude E. Sheridan, Elaine Hendricks, Pres. Bradfute, American Farm Bureau, Ester Bollbaugh and Sec'y. John Coverdale of the Farm Bureau.

H. S. KENNEDY HAS \$1500 BOND CONTINUED SAT'DAY

Examining trial of Houston Kennedy, charged with assault to murder, was held last Saturday afternoon before Justice of the Peace N. G. Lyle, the charge growing out of the shooting of Henry Baldrige at Fife on April 29th. The state was represented by District Attorney Walter U. Early, assisted by County Attorney A. R. Pool and Judge Joe A. Adkins, while the defense was represented by Newman & McCollum. No witnesses or testimony were introduced by the defense, which contented itself with the cross-examining of state witnesses.

By agreement, the original bond of \$1500 was continued, and the defendant was bound over to await action of the grand jury.

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

BROWN CO. RANCHMAN TELLS OF WAR ON GRASSHOPPERS IN MILLERSVIEW SECTION

Mr. Dick Alexander, of Brown county, who has a ranch in Concho county, returned this week from a visit to that county.

He reports that the grasshoppers are in the Millersview country by the millions and the farmers and ranchmen of that country are making a concerted fight against them. Two weeks ago the farmers of Melvin community met and formulated plans for fighting grasshoppers. The next day they built ten miles of fence, using tin several inches high along the ground beneath the fence.

The grasshoppers crawl up to this tin fence and pile up by the thousands and then the men take their pear burners and going along the fence, burn them up. In other places some of the people are building a sort of trap-guard by placing a two-by-four piece of timber on the ground along the fence, and then nailing another two-by-four slantwise atop the first one, projecting in the direction the grasshoppers are coming from.

PRACTICAL ADVICE.

A farmer wrote the editor of an agricultural paper asking for a method of ridding his field of the grass-hopper plague. In the same mail the editor received a request for advice from an anxious mother about her baby twins who were having a hard time teething.

The editor's stenographer mixed the replies with the result that the farmer received the following: "Wrap flannel cloths around their throats. Rub their gums with castor oil and massage their stomachs twice a day."

The anxious mother received this startling advice: "Cover with dry straw. Soak thoroughly with coal oil and apply match; the little pests will soon stop bothering you."

Doug Fairbanks Jr. Into Movies at 13



Doug Jr., not yet 13 years old, is going into the movies at \$1,000 a week. His mother, now Mrs. James Evans, shown with him here, signed the contract for him. Doug Sr., thinks it would be better for the boy to give all his time to school work, but says his former wife has the right to decide.

SPLENDID RAIN FALLS SATURDAY MORNING EARLY

A splendid rain, covering practically all of McCulloch county fell early Saturday morning, beginning about 3:00 o'clock and continuing up until daylight. In Brady the precipitation totaled 1.6 inches. The rain is reported to have started about twelve miles this side of Brownwood, and a splendid rain fell along the Brownwood road into Brady. The rain was heaviest in the southwestern portion of the county. The moisture proved very beneficial, especially to late cotton and cotton that had been replanted following the hail storms and also where the grasshoppers had eaten the crop. Harvesting of oats and wheat was delayed for a few days, but no loss of consequence has resulted from the delay in the harvest.

FIFE ASSURED OF NEW GIN FOR FALL SEASON—STOCK IS SUBSCRIBED BY CITIZENS

A. M. Long was here from Fife last Saturday smiling most happily over the fact that Fife is now assured of a new gin in time for the fall season. Mr. Long, who has been busy the past several weeks getting subscriptions for stock in the new enterprise, reported \$4,925 stock sold. In his endeavor, he received the cooperation of the citizenship of Fife in general. Articles of incorporation were filed today with the State department.

The plans are to erect a modern and complete gin at a total cost of approximately \$10,000. With the subscribing of the stock, no time will be lost in placing order for the machinery and equipment and in getting building operations under way. J. L. Edwards of Brady, one of the best known gin men in this section, will be in charge of the new plant.

Fife has been without a gin for the past two years, and as a result the Fife farmers were forced to haul their cotton to other points in this and Coleman counties in order to have it ginned. Quite naturally they are proud of their achievement, and are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts.

Steadman in the pitcher's box, and proved himself a masterful pitcher, working out of a number of tight holes with apparent ease.

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BRADY WINS TWO OFF WINTERS IN LOCAL SERIES

Five scores in thirty-two innings of playing was the remarkable record of the series of three games played on the local grounds the end of last week between Brady and Winters. The first game ran eleven innings and resulted 1 to 0 in favor of Brady; the second game was 2 to 1 in Brady's favor, and the third game, was a twelve-inning affair and ended 1 to 0 in Winters' favor.

At no time were two teams playing on the local grounds better matched. Each day it was nip and tuck between the opposing sides, and a single run was almost sure to win the game. Both teams used the same line-up in all three of the series, with the exception of pitchers.

The first day's game was reported in last Friday's paper. In the second game, Kahn was in the box for the visitors and proved highly effective, not that he could qualify as a good pitcher, but simply because he pitched a slow, easy ball that, try as they might the locals could not knock away. In the first seven innings of playing, but two hits were recorded off Kahn. Hale was quite effective, allowing but four scattered hits, and getting 7 strike-outs.

Score by innings—
 Brady020 000 000—2
 Winters010 000 000—1
 Summary of Game—Hits: Off Kahn, 2; off Hale 4. Strike-outs: by Hale 7; by Kahn 0; by Maddox 1. Bases on Balls. Off Hale 1. Two Base Hits: Coker. Umpires: Cramer, Briscoe. Time of Game: 1:30.
 Third Game.

Folks with weak hearts were in danger at the game Saturday afternoon. Throughout twelve long innings it was nip and tuck, and Winters finally cinched the game in the first of the twelfth when he put a lone runner across home plate. Bungar for Brady and Maddox for the visitors were well matched, and pitched a game that was virtually "horse and horse." Hampton starred in the 6th, when he plowed through a muddy field and made a sensational left-handed catch of a liner into the sun field. Brady had practically all the breaks against her, opening the game by hitting into a double play the first inning. Brady retaliated, however, by getting a double in the third.

Score by innings—
 Brady000 000 000 000—0
 Winters000 000 000 001—1
 Summary of Game—Hits: Off Maddox 7; off Bungar 4. Strike-outs: By Bungar 15; by Maddox 14. Bases on Balls: By Maddox 1. Umpires: Briscoe, Hart and Amberson. Time of Game: 2:30.

Brady 3, Coleman 4.
 Brady lost the first of the Coleman series of games yesterday by a score of 4 to 3. Brady showed up with by far the best team, but the Brady players were off of form, and piled up errors in such number as to virtually present the game to Coleman. At that, and with Coleman taking the lead in scoring throughout the game, the Brady bunch tied the score and ten innings were played before Coleman put across the winning run. Koch was matched against

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES

Local Readers, 7½¢ per line, per issue
Classified Ads, 1½¢ per word per issue
Display Rates Given upon Application

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

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



BRADY, TEXAS, June 5, 1923

HONEST INJURY.

Don't forget that Brady wants Texas "Tech" and keep faith in Brady's ability to get the greatest school in Texas.

PRAISE FOR TOURIST PARK.

Unstinted praise for Brady tourist park comes from visitors and campers there, and Brady is freely accorded the reputation of having the best and most comfortable tourist accommodations in the state. Last Saturday visitors at the camp were especially loud in their praise, having weathered the heavy rain and storm early that morning without the slightest danger or discomfort by reason of the screened in camp house. One well-known traveling man of Brownwood stated that he had been all over the state and nowhere had he found such splendid accommodations as Brady offered. That's the good word—and it will be passed along.

OFF TO CONVENTION.

The Standard editor will leave tonight for Galveston to attend the annual meeting of the Texas Press association. His departure will not only serve as a vacation for himself, but will incidentally, sort of give Standard readers a vacation. The Standard force, with the able assistance of Wm. D. Cargill, secretary of the Brady Chamber of Commerce, will be in charge of The Standard during our absence, and will, we know, give the readers such an excellent paper that most of them will be willing to have the editor's leave of absence extended indefinitely.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our heartfelt appreciation of the kindness and assistance lent us by neighbors and friends in the illness and death of our beloved daughter, sister and mother, Mrs. Sabine Bauer. Our hearts go out in gratitude to all, and especially do we appreciate the words of sympathy and consolation and the many beautiful floral tributes. May God's richest blessings reward you all.

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CHILDREN OF MRS. BAUER.

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GRASSHOPPERS DOING MUCH DAMAGE IN VARIOUS PARTS OF COUNTY STATE REPORTS

The grasshopper pest is proving a real menace to crops, according to report reaching here from various parts of the county. Loss of cotton has been particularly heavy, especially where the acreage adjoins pastures or wooded areas. The hoppers hatch in pastures and woods, and grow with amazing rapidity into the jumbo hopper, meanwhile feasting upon young cotton, corn and whatever green and succulent growths lie in their path.

As indicative of the extensive damage done, J. E. Shropshire reports a 60-acre patch of cotton having been destroyed for one of his Mexican renters. August Stromquist reports not a green sprig left on 175 acres he had planted in cotton, while one of his renters lost 75 acres and another 60 acres. Most of the hoppers are the jumbo kind, although in East Sweden community and also on the river near Waldrip the winged grasshoppers are reported. The jumbos can be fenced away from fields with tin fencing or planks nailed together in an inverted L fashion, and then the accumulated hoppers can be killed with gasoline pear burners, arsenic poisoning or with sticks. The winged kind, however, are not stopped by such obstacles.

According to press reports the hoppers are doing damage all over North and West Texas. A shortage of arsenic throughout the state has de-

played the fight against the pest and has resulted in much additional damage. Poison is now available once more.

Opinion differs as to the longevity of the hoppers. Some are of the opinion that they are migratory and will disappear within a few weeks, while others think that they will soon begin eating one another and with effective poisoning, the menace will soon be a thing of the past.

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PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Joe Baker and children are visiting relatives in Santa Anna.

Chas. Yeager arrived Saturday from Waco for a visit with friends.

Mrs. C. Crawford and sister, Mrs. Marion Rice, left Friday on a visit to Dallas.

Thos. Johnson, who has been attending Baylor university at Waco, returned home Monday.

Mrs. Wesley Bryson and son Duke, of Sonora, are visiting her sister, Mrs. H. P. Jordan, and other relatives.

Mrs. Kyle Biggs and little daughter left Saturday for Dublin, where they will be guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Biggs.

Mrs. Jimmie Stewart is expected to return tomorrow from Quincy, Ill., where she has been the past five weeks visiting home folks and friends.

Mrs. Leonard Kirk and two children and Miss Katie Woodward arrived Monday from Waco for a visit with their sister, Mrs. Curtis Benson, and other relatives.

Miss Eulalia Gavit arrived home the end of last week from C. I. A. at Denton. Willie Gavit, who has been attending State university at Austin is also expected home this week.

Mrs. Burl T. Wiley and children are visiting in Stephenville, guests of her mother, Mrs. Keyser. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Keyser drove to Stephenville with them, returning to Brady yesterday evening.

Miss Ruth Longley of Fredonia left Saturday night for Fort Worth where she will take a business course in one of the leading business colleges of that city. Miss Langley has been attending Brady high school the past year.

Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Anderson, accompanied by Misses Amy Anderson and Mildred Yantis, left for San Antonio Saturday to attend the graduating exercises of our Lady of the Lake college, their daughter, Miss Carmen, being a member of the graduating class.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Shropshire returned Friday from a camping and fishing trip on the South Llano in which they were joined by Mr. Shropshire's nephew and wife, and also by his two sisters. The party had a very enjoyable outing, although they experienced a heavy rain and hail during the camp.

Mrs. J. L. Jordan and grand-daughter, Miss LeMay Jordan, returned Sunday from Waco, where they had gone to attend the graduating exercises at the Waco high school. Mrs. Jordan's grandson, Lewis McCoy, being a member of the graduating class. Mr. McCoy returned with them, and his many friends will be glad to welcome him back to Brady.

L. W. St. Clair, who has been operating a photo studio in Brownwood, has returned to Brady, and will reopen his local studio, while Mr. Pena will be in charge of the Brownwood studio for Mr. St. Clair. Mrs. St.

Clair and children have also returned to Brady from San Antonio, where the children have been attending school, and Mr. St. Clair is smiling most happily over his reunited family.

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DESERT GOLD



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SYNOPSIS

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

CHAPTER I—Richard Gale, adventurer, in Casita, Mexican border town, meets George Thorne, lieutenant in the Ninth cavalry, old college friend. Thorne tells Gale he is there to save Mercedes Casaneda, Spanish girl, his affianced wife, from Rojas, Mexican bandit.

CHAPTER II—Gale "roughhouses" Rojas and his gang, with the help of two American cowboys, and he, Mercedes and Thorne escape. A bugle call from the fort orders Thorne to his regiment. He leaves Mercedes under Gale's protection.

CHAPTER III—The pair, aided by the cowboys who had assisted Gale in the escape, Charlie Ladd and Jim Lash, arrive in safety at a ranch known as Forto-Rio, well across the border.

CHAPTER IV—The fugitives are in Tom Belding's home. Belding is immigration inspector. Living with him are his wife and stepdaughter, Nell Burton. Gale, with Ladd and Lash, take service with Belding as rangers. Gale telling Belding the cause of his being a wanderer, a misunderstanding with his father concerning the son's business abilities.

CHAPTER V—Mercedes gets word to Thorne of her safety. Dick also writes to his parents, informing them of his whereabouts. Nell's personality, and her kindness, attract Gale.

CHAPTER VI—Hiding the range, Gale falls in with a party of three Mexican raiders encamped at a water hole. Watching his opportunity to oust them, he sees two Indians ride into the camp. One of them, Yaqui, is evidently badly wounded, and the Mexicans seek to kill him in a cruel way. Dick drives them off, conveying the wounded Yaqui to Belding's ranch.

CHAPTER VII—The Indian is taken in, cared for and remains in Belding's services, becoming Dick's ardent admirer. Gale's admiration for Nell increases, and he believes she is not adverse to his attentions. Belding's horses, thoroughbreds, the pride of his life, after his wife and stepdaughter, are run off by Mexicans.

CHAPTER VIII—Gale, with Ladd, Lash and the Yaqui, pursue the raiding party across the desert. Finally cornering them, five of the six thieves are killed and the party of whites, with the recovered horses, return to the ranch in triumph.

CHAPTER IX—Gale secures from Mrs. Belding what he feels is reliable information to allow him to seek Nell for a wife. He begins his courtship with energy, confident that he can win her.

CHAPTER X—Not getting word from Thorne, whose period of army service has expired, Mercedes loses heart. Nell, although forbidden, rides to Casita to seek information of him. She finds he is a prisoner of Rojas, and is instrumental in effecting his escape, bringing him to Mercedes at Belding's ranch. Thorne and Mercedes are married. Rojas, with a large force of raiders, appears at Belding's and demands Mercedes be surrendered to him. Fearing their ability to stand off the bandits, it is arranged that the three rangers, with the Yaqui as guide, and Thorne, convey Mercedes across the desert to Yuma, where she will be in safety. The party sets out.

CHAPTER XI—They find the way to Yuma blocked by their enemies and are forced to take to the lava beds. Rojas, with his men, overtake them, but the Yaqui, familiar with the country, is confident they can beat him off.

Thereupon he turned Diablo's head to the south and started down the slope. His manner had been decisive, even stern. Lash did not question it, nor did Ladd. Both rangers hesitated, however, and showed a strange, almost a sullen reluctance which Gale had never seen in them before. Raiders were one thing, Rojas was another; Camino del Diablo still another; but that vast and desolate and unwatered waste of cactus and lava, the Sonora desert, might appall the stoutest heart. Gale felt his own sink—felt himself flinch.

"Oh, where is he going?" cried Mercedes. Her poignant voice seemed to break a spell.

"Shore, lady, Yaqui's goin' home," replied Ladd gently. "An' considerin' our troubles, I reckon we ought to thank God he knows the way."

They mounted and rode down the slope toward the darkening south. Not until night travel was obstructed by a wall of cactus did the Indian halt to make a dry camp. Water and grass for the horses and fire to cook by were not to be had. Mercedes bore up surprisingly; but she fell asleep almost the instant her thirst had been allayed. Thorne laid her upon a blanket and covered her. The men ate and drank. Gale lay down weary of limb and eye. He heard the soft thump of hoofs, the sough of wind in the cactus—then no more.

Day dawned with the fugitives in the saddle. A picketed wall of cactus hedged them in, yet the Yaqui made a tortuous path, that, zigzag as it might, in the main always headed south.

The Yaqui, if not at fault, was yet uncertain. His falcon eyes searched and roved, and became fixed at length at the southwest, and toward this he turned his horse. The great, fitted saguaro, fifty, sixty feet high, raised columnar forms, and their branching and curving lines added a grace to it. It was the low-bushes that made the toll and pain of these thorny forms were

bed was at once the roughest, the hardest, the meanest, the cruelest, the most deceitful kind of ground to travel. The fugitives made slow progress. They picked a cautious, winding way to and fro in little steps here and there along the many twists of the trail, up and down the unavoidable depressions, round and round the holes. At noon, so winding back upon itself had been their course, they appeared to have come only a short distance upon the lava slope.

It was rough work for them; it was terrible work for the horses. Blanco Diablo refused to answer to the power of the Yaqui. He balked, he plunged, he bit and kicked. He had to be pulled and beaten over many places. Mercedes' horse almost threw her, and she was put upon Blanco Sol. The white charger snorted a protest, then, obedient to Gale's stern call, patiently lowered his noble head and pawed the lava for a footing that would hold.

The lava caused Gale toll and worry and pain, but he hated the choyas. He came almost to believe what he had heard claimed by desert travelers—that the choya was alive and leaped at man or beast. Certain it was when Gale passed one, if he did not put all attention to avoiding it, he was hooked through his chaps and held by barbed thorns. The pain was almost unendurable. It was like no other. It burned, stung, beat—almost seemed to freeze. It made useless arm or leg. It made him bite his tongue to keep from crying out. It made the sweat roll off him. It made him sick.

Moreover, bad as the choya was for man, it was infinitely worse for beast. A jagged stab from this poisoned cactus was the only thing Blanco Sol could not stand. Many times that day, before he carried Mercedes, he had wildly snorted, and then stood trembling while Gale picked broken thorns from the muscular legs. But after Mercedes had been put upon Sol Gale made sure no choya touched him.

The afternoon passed like the morning, in ceaseless winding and twisting and climbing along this abandoned trail. Gale saw many waterholes, mostly dry, some containing water, all of them catch-basins, full only after rainy season. Little ugly bunched bushes, that Gale scarcely recognized as mesquites, grew near these holes; also stunted grassweed and prickly pear. There was no grass, and the choya alone flourished in that hard soil.

Darkness overtook the party as they unpacked beside a pool of water deep under an overhanging shelf of lava. It had been a hard day. The horses drank their fill, and then stood patiently with drooping heads. Hunger and thirst were appeased, and a warm fire cheered the weary and footsore fugitives. Yaqui said, "Sleep." And so another night passed.

Upon the following morning, ten miles or more up the slow-ascending lava slope, Gale was in the rear of all the other horses, so as to take, for Mercedes' sake, the advantage of the broken trail. Yaqui was leading Diablo, winding around a break. His head was bent as he stepped slowly and unevenly upon the lava. Gale turned to look back, the first time in several days. He thought, of course, of Rojas in certain pursuit; but it seemed absurd to look for him.

Yaqui led on, and Gale often glanced up from his task to watch the Indian. Presently he saw him stop, turn, and look back. Ladd did likewise, and then Jim and Thorne. Gale found the desire irresistible. Thereafter he often rested Blanco Sol, and looked back the while. He had his field-glass, but did not choose to use it.

"Rojas will follow," said Mercedes. Gale regarded her in amaze. The tone of her voice had been indefinite. If there were fear then he failed to detect it. She was gazing back down the colored slope, and something about her, perhaps the steady, falcon gaze of her magnificent eyes, reminded him of Yaqui.

Many times during the ensuing hour the Indian faced about, and always his followers did likewise. It was high noon, with the sun beating hot and the lava radiating heat, when Yaqui halted for a rest. The horses bunched and drooped their heads. The rangers were about to slip the packs and remove saddles when Yaqui restrained them.

He fixed a chanceless, gleaming gaze on the slow descent; but did not seem to look afar.

Suddenly he uttered his strange cry—the one Gale considered involuntary, or else significant of some tribal trait or feeling. Yaqui pointed down the lava slope, pointing with finger and arm and neck and head—his whole being seemed to have been animated and then frozen.

"Shore he sees something," said Ladd. "But my eyes are no good."

"I reckon I ain't sure of mine," replied Jim. "I'm bothered by a dim movin' streak down there."

Thorne gazed eagerly down as he stood beside Mercedes, who sat motionless facing the lava. Gale looked and looked till he hurt his eyes. Then he took his glass out of its case on Sol's saddle.

There appeared to be nothing upon the lava but the innumerable dots of choya shining in the sun. Gale swept his glass slowly forward and back. Then into a nearer field of vision crept a long white-and-black line of horses and men. Without a word he handed the glass to Ladd. The ranger used it, muttering to himself.

"They're on the lava fifteen miles down in an air line," he said presently. "Jim, shore they're twice that an' more accordin' to the trail."

Jim had his look and replied: "I reckon we're a day an' a night in the lead."

"Is it Rojas?" burst out Thorne with set jaw.

"Yes, Thorne. It's Rojas and a dozen or more," replied Gale, and he looked up at Mercedes.

She was transformed. She might have been a medieval princess embodying all the Spanish power and passion of that time, breathing revenge, hate, unquenchable spirit of fire. If her beauty had been wonderful in her helpless and appealing moments, now, when she looked back white-faced and flame-eyed, it was transcendent.

Gale drew a long, deep breath. The mood which had deepened pursuit, strife, blood on this somber desert, returned to him tenfold. He saw Thorne's face corded by black veins and his teeth exposed like those of a snarling wolf. These rangers, who had coolly risked death many times, and had dealt it often, were white as no fear or pain could have made them. Then, on the moment, Yaqui raised his hand, not clenched or doubled tight, but curled rigid like an eagle's claw; and he shook it in a strange, slow gesture which was menacing and terrible.

It was the woman that called to the depths of these men. And their passion to kill and to save was surpassed only by the wild hate which was yet love, the unfathomable emotion of a peon slave. Gale marveled at it while he felt his whole being cold and tense, as he returned once more to follow in the tracks of his leaders. The fight predicted by Belding was at hand. What a fight that must be! Rojas was traveling light and fast. He was

gaining. He had bought his men with gold, with extravagant promises, perhaps with offers of the body and blood of an aristocrat hateful to their kind. Lastly, there was the wild, desolate environment, a tortured wilderness of jagged lava and poisoned choya, a lonely, fierce and repellent world, a red stage most somberly and fittingly colored for a supreme struggle between men.

Yaqui looked back no more. Mercedes looked back no more. But the other looked, and the time came when Gale saw the creeping line of pursuers with naked eyes.

A level line above marked the rim of the plateau. Sand began to show in the little lava pits. On and upward toiled the cavalcade, still very slowly advancing. At last Yaqui reached the rim. He stood with his hand on Blanco Diablo; and both were silhouetted against the sky. That was the outlook for a Yaqui. And his great



That Was the Outlook for a Yaqui.

horse, dazzlingly white in the sunlight, with head wildly and proudly erect, mane and tail flying in the wind, made a magnificent picture. The others toiled on and upward, and at last Gale led Blanco Sol over the rim. Then all looked down the red slope.

But shadows were gathering there and no moving line could be seen. Yaqui mounted and wheeled Diablo away. The others followed. The Yaqui led them into a zone of craters. The top of the earth seemed to have been blown out in holes from a few rods in width to large craters, some shallow, others deep, and all red as fire. Yaqui circled close to abysses which yawned sheer from a level surface, and he appeared always to be turning upon his course to avoid them.

The plateau had now a considerable dip to the west. Gale marked the slow leave and ripple of the ocean of lava to the south, where high, rounded peaks marked the center of this volcanic region. The uneven nature of the slope westward prevented any extended view, until suddenly the fugitives emerged from a rugged break to come upon a sublime and awe-inspiring spectacle.

They were upon a high point of the western slope of the plateau. It was strange to Gale, and perhaps to the others, to see their guide lead Diablo into a smooth and well-worn trail along the rim of the awful crater. Gale looked down into that red chasm. It resembled an inferno. The dark cliffs upon the opposite side were veiled in blue haze that seemed like smoke. Here Yaqui was at home. He moved and looked about him as a man coming at last into his own. Gale saw him stop and gaze out over that red-ribbed void to the Gulf.

Gale divined that somewhere along this crater of hell the Yaqui would make his final stand; and one look into his strange, inscrutable eyes made imagination picture a fitting doom for the pursuing Rojas.

CHAPTER XII

The Crater of Hell.

Presently Gale, upon turning a sharp corner, was utterly amazed to see that the split in the lava sloped out and widened into an arroyo. It was so green and soft and beautiful in all the angry, contorted red surrounding that Gale could scarcely credit his sight. Blanco Sol whistled his welcome to the scent of water. Then Gale saw a great hole, a pit in the shiny lava, a dark, cool, shady well. There was evidence of the fact that at flood seasons water had an outlet into the arroyo. The soil appeared to be a fine sand, in which a reddish tinge predominated; and it was abundantly covered with a long grass, still partly green. Mesquites and palo verdes dotted the arroyo and gradually closed in thickets that obstructed the view.

"Shore it all beats me," exclaimed Ladd. "What a place to hole-up in! We could have hid here for a long time. Beldin was shore right about the Indian. An' I can see Rojas' finish somewhere up along that awful hell-hole."

Camp was made on a level spot. Yaqui took the horses to water, and then turned them loose in the arroyo. It was a tired and somber group that sat down to eat. Mercedes was calm, but her great dark eyes burned in her white face. Yaqui watched her. The others looked at her with unspoken pride. Presently Thorne wrapped her in his blankets, and she seemed to fall asleep at once.

Little of Yaqui's purpose or plan could be elicited from him. The rangers and Thorne, however, talked in low tones. It was absolutely impossible for Rojas and his men to reach the waterhole before noon of the next day. And long before that time the fugitives would have decided on a plan of defense.

"What stuns me is that Rojas stuck to our trail," said Thorne, his lined and haggard face expressive of dark passion. "He has followed us into this fearful desert. He'll lose men, horses, perhaps his life. He's only a bandit, and he stands to win no gold. All for a poor little helpless woman—just a woman! I can't understand it."

"Shore—just a woman," replied Ladd, solemnly nodding his head.

Then there was a long silence, during which the men gazed into the fire. Those were cold, hard, grim faces upon which the light flickered.

"Sleep," said Yaqui.

Thorne rolled in his blanket close beside Mercedes. They one by one the rangers stretched out, feet to the fire. Gale found that he could not sleep. His eyes were weary, but they would not stay shut; his body ached for rest, yet he could not lie still. The Yaqui sat like an image carved out of lava. The others lay prone and quiet. Would another night see any of them lie that way, quiet forever? Gale sat up after a while and again watched the fire. Nell's sweet face floated like a wraith in the pale smoke—glowed and flushed and smiled in the embers. Other faces shone there—his sister's—that of his mother. Gale shook off the tender memories. This desolate wilderness with its forbidding silence and its dark promise of hell on the morrow—this was not the place to unnerve oneself with thoughts of love and home.

Toward dawn Gale managed to get some sleep. Then the morning broke with the sun hidden back of the uplift of the plateau. The horses trooped up the arroyo and snorted for water. After a hurried breakfast the packs were hidden in holes in the lava. The saddles were left where they were, and the horses allowed to graze and wander at will. Canteens were filled, a small bag of food was packed, and blankets made into a bundle. Then Yaqui faced the steep ascent of the lava slope.

The trail he followed led up on the right side of the fissure, opposite to the one he had come down. It was a steep climb, and encumbered as the men were they made but slow progress. At length the rims widened out and the red, smoky crater yawned beneath. Yaqui left the trail and began clambering down over the rough and twisted convolutions of lava which formed the rim. It was with extreme difficulty that the party followed him. The choya was there to hinder passage. Finally the Indian halted upon a narrow bench of flat, smooth lava, and his followers worked with exceeding care and effort down to his position.

At the back of this bench, between bunches of choya, was a niche, a shallow cave with floor lined apparently with mold. Yaqui spread blankets inside, left the canteen and the sack of food, and with a gesture of awe humbled, yet that of a chief, he invited Mercedes to enter. A few more gestures and fewer words disclosed his plan. In this inaccessible nook Mercedes was to be hidden. The men were to go around upon the opposite rim, and block the trail leading down to the waterhole.

Ladd chose the smallest gun in the party and gave it to Mercedes.

"Shore it's best to go the limit on beln' ready," he said, simply. "The chances are you'll never need it. But if you do—"

He left off there, and his break was significant. Mercedes answered him with a fearless and indomitable flash of eyes. Thorne was affecting and hurried. Then he and the rangers carefully stepped in the tracks of the Yaqui. He strode on up the trail toward a higher point, where presently his dark figure stood motionless against the sky. The rangers and Thorne selected a deep depression, out of which led several ruts deep enough

for cover. Here the men laid down rifles and guns, and, removing their heavy cartridge belts, settled down to wait.

Jim Lash crawled into a little strip of shade and bided the time tranquilly. Ladd was restless and impatient and watchful, every little while rising to look up the far-reaching slope, and then to the right, where Yaqui's dark figure stood out from a high point of the rim. Thorne grew silent, and seemed consumed by a slow, sullen rage. Gale was neither calm nor free of a gnawing suspense nor of a waiting wrath. But as best he could he put the pending action out of mind.

It came over him all of a sudden that he had not grasped the stupendous nature of this desert setting. There was the measureless red slope, its lower ridges finally sinking into white sand dunes toward the blue sea. The cold, sparkling light, the white sun, the deep azure of sky, the feeling of boundless expanse all around him—these meant high altitude. Southward the barren red simply merged into distance. The field of craters rose in high, dark wheels toward the dominating peaks. When Gale withdrew his gaze from the magnitude of these spaces and heights the crater beneath him seemed dwarfed. Yet while he gazed it spread and deepened and multiplied its ragged lines. No, he could not grasp the meaning of size or distance here. There was too much to stun the sight. But the mood in which nature had created this convulsed world seized hold upon him.

The hours passed. As the sun climbed the clear sky, steely lights vanished, the blue haze deepened, and slowly the glistening surfaces of lava turned redder. Ladd was concerned to discover that Yaqui was missing from his outlook upon the high point. Jim Lash came out of the study crevice, and stood up to buckle on his cartridge belt. His narrow, gray glance slowly roved from the height of Ladd down along the slope, passed in doubt, and then swept on to survey the whole vast eastern dip of the plateau.

"I reckon my eyes are pore," he said. "Mebbe it's this d—d red glare. Anyway, what's them creepin' spots up there?"

"Shore I seen them. Mountain sheep," replied Ladd.

"Guess again, Laddy. Dick, I reckon you'd better wash the glass up the slope."

Gale adjusted the field glass and began to search the lava, beginning close at hand and working away from him. Presently the glass became stationary.

"I see half a dozen small animals, brown in color. They look like sheep. But I couldn't distinguish mountain sheep from antelope."

"Shore they're bighorn," said Laddy. "I reckon if you'll pull around to the east an' search under that long wall of lava—there—you'll see what I see," added Jim.

The glass climbed and circled, wavered an instant, then fixed steady as a rock. There was a breathless silence.

"Fourteen horses—two packed—some mounted—others without riders, and lame," said Gale, slowly.

Yaqui appeared far up the trail, coming swiftly. Presently he saw the rangers and halted to wave his arms and point. Then he vanished as if the lava had opened beneath him.

"Lemme that glass," suddenly said Jim Lash. "I'm seein' red, I tell you."

Well, pore as my eyes are they had it right. Rojas an' his outfit have left the trail. Laddy, I'll be danged if the Greaser bunch hasn't vamoosed. Gone out of sight! Right there not a half mile away, the whole caboodle—gone!"

"Shore they're behind a crust or have gone down into a rut," suggested Ladd. "They'll show again in a minute. Look sharp, boys, for I'm figgerin' Rojas'll spread his men."

From time to time the rangers looked inquiringly at Gale. The field glass, however, like the naked sight, could not catch the slightest moving object out there upon the lava. A long hour of slow, mounting suspense wore on.

"Shore it's all goin' to be as queer as the Yaqui," said Ladd.

Indeed, the strange men, the silent action, the somber character of the Indian had not been without effect upon the minds of the men. Then the weird, desolate, tragic scene added to the vague sense of mystery. And now the disappearance of Rojas' band, the long wait in the silence, the hoding certainty of invisible foes crawling, circling closer and closer, lent to the situation a final touch that made it unreal.

"I'm reckonin' there's a mind behind them Greasers," replied Jim. "Or mebbe we ain't done Rojas credit."

If somethin' would only come off!"

"That Lash, the coolest, the most provokingly nonchalant of men in times of peril, should begin to show a nervous strain was all the more indicative of a subtle pervading unreality.

"Boys, look sharp!" suddenly called Lash. "Low down to the left—mebbe three hundred yards. See, along by them seams of lava—behind the choyas. First off I thought it was a sheep. But it's the Yaqui! . . . Crawlin' swift as a lizard! Can't you see him?"

It was a full moment before Jim's companions could locate the Indian. Flat as a snake, Yaqui crawled himself along with incredible swiftness. His advance was all the more remarkable for the fact that he appeared to pass directly under the dreaded choyas. Sometimes he paused to lift his head and look.

(Continued Next Week)

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Fairview Club.

The Fairview Home Demonstration club met last Thursday at Mrs. Jonah Bell's with thirteen members present and one visitor, Mrs. H. N. Davis. Decorated Stitches was the work undertaken under the direction of Miss Mae Belle Smith, County Home Demonstration agent.

A called meeting is announced for next Thursday with Mrs. H. J. Huffman, the purpose being a study of the Making of Dress Forms, and also to discuss plans for the picnic to be held June 13th.

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LOST—May 18th, Black Folder containing three \$10 traveler's checks and two \$10 bills. Checks issued to M. O. Morgan. Notify or leave at Brady Standard office.

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MEDICAL CORPS FROM BASE HOSPITAL FOR SAM HOUSTON HERE ON RECRUITING TRIP

A detachment from the base hospital at Fort Sam Houston was in Brady last Saturday on a recruiting expedition for the medical corps. The detachment was in charge of Capt. L. B. Bibb and Sergeant V. K. Gillem, and was traveling overland by truck. Two of their recruiting officers preceded the main body in a motor cycle.

While here, Dr. Bibb took occasion to accompany Joe Ogden, Commander of the local post of the American Legion, out to the rifle range, for a shoot.

The party was on a circle that included visits to San Angelo, Ballinger, Abilene, Ranger, Eastland, Cisco, Brownwood and back to Brady in the course of the next ten days.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

C. C. Calloway was in Brady from near Rochelle last Saturday and reported a light rain at the ranch, although a mile west on the Brownwood road he pulled mud all of the twelve miles into Brady.

Mrs. M. L. Chambles of San Antonio will receive The Standard as a remembrance from her son, Grover Chambles, who thinks it offers the best method of keeping his mother informed on local happenings.

George Bundren was a visitor in Brady last Saturday, coming over from Brownwood on business. George is engineer at the ice plant there, and says they have a modern raw-water plant of 75-ton capacity, and he not only is pleased with his work, but his family like their new location splendidly.

Katherine Elizabeth is the pretty name of a winsome little Miss who arrived last Thursday, May 31st, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Jordan, weighing eight pounds. Mr. Jordan smiles most happily when his friends offer congratulations, and admits that she is just about the finest little lady in the land.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Patterson and children of Plainview returned this morning to their home after a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Benson, and during which they enjoyed camping and fishing on the river. Mr. Patterson was formerly manager of the Alfalfa Lumber Co. yard in Brady and his many old-time friends were glad to renew acquaintance with him.

James Finlay, representative from this district, was home the end of last week from Austin. Mr. Finlay states that because of inability to provide revenue, all appropriations are scheduled to be cut, and the big fight now will be to have the reductions pro rated among all the various appropriations, rather than to lop the bulk of them off the rural school aid or one or two other funds.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Davidson, Jr., and daughters, Drusilla and Rose Mary, returned Sunday from a several weeks' visit with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Davidson, at Madison Ind. and where they had a most enjoyable stay. Mr. Davidson reports general prosperity and much business activity in the north. Much rain and two light snow falls the while fruit trees were in full bloom, marked their visit.

Albert Behrens was here from the Voca community yesterday, and reported grasshoppers doing great damage there. Not only have they cleaned up his entire cotton acreage, but they have attacked fruit trees, eating the green peaches and stripping the growth on the trees. Gardens have also suffered from their depredations; in fact, almost everything green, except his yam potato slips, says Mr. Behrens, has been destroyed.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Allen, accompanied by little Roylene Erickson, returned last Friday from Marlin, where they had spent the past five weeks on account of Mrs. Allen's health. Mrs. Allen suffered an attack of flu immediately after their arrival there, running high fever for about five days. However, her many friends are delighted to learn that she returns wonderfully improved by her stay and treatment at the wells, and are hoping that her improvement

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