

McCULLOCH SECTION DRENCHED BY HEAVY RAIN

The McCulloch county section is drenched by rains which fell over all this territory and which, in fact, covered a wide area in North, Central and West Texas. The rain in Brady began falling about 8:00 a. m. Monday and continued for the greater part of the day, the total precipitation being 1.3 inches. That the rain covered a wide area is evidenced by the reports from Stamford, Baird, Wichita Falls and the Panhandle country, indicating from one-quarter to two inches of rain. North of Brady the rain appears to have been much heavier, Brownwood getting over two inches while at Santa Anna four inches rain is reported. The San Angelo country also reports good rains, over an inch falling at San Angelo and two inches at Ozona, while a gully washer is reported around Bronte, Robert Lee and points in Coke and Nolan county.

East of Brady, the rain extended as far as Lampasas and Goldthwaite, where about an inch fell, and west through Menard and Eden, where around one and one-half inches was had. South the rain extended beyond Mason according to reports of bus drivers.

The precipitation so far this month totals 2.2 inches in Brady, 1.4 inches having fallen the 19th, one-half inch on the 20th and 1.3 inches yesterday.

The rain is generally acceptable, as the universal opinion is that it will materially benefit cotton, and in addition will be of untold benefit to the range, and will get everything in fine shape for fall planting. Farmers are already providing apparatus and poison to fight an anticipated invasion of worms, and with these widespread precautions, it is thought danger to crop from worms may be reduced to a minimum, if not entirely averted.

See Broad-Windrow Co. for Sheet Metal, Water Supplies and Plumbing.

FARMERS FROM OUTLYING SECTIONS HAVE ALL-NIGHT SESSION AWAITING POISON

Quite a number of farmers from Rockwood and other outlying sections of the McCulloch country, had an all-night session in Brady while awaiting arrival of an anticipated shipment of arsenic poison last Saturday night. The shipment which was consigned to the Taylor-Finlay Co., was routed by truck from San Antonio, and its arrival was anticipated sometime late Saturday night. In order to accommodate the waiting farmers, the drug company offered to remain open until the shipment arrived, in order to get it promptly distributed to the purchasers.

Midnight arrived, but no truck-load of poison. To while away the time, the waiting farmers and truckers thereupon secured tables and arranged to settle the domino championship, playing under the city lights.

In the meantime, the driver of the truck-load of poison had a rather strenuous trip, and after making it in to Mason at midnight, decided to lay up for the night, not knowing that he was causing an anxious wake-feast in Brady. When he finally arrived here Sunday morning, no time was lost in getting the goods distributed down to the last ounce, and the farmers were sent on their way rejoicing.

ANTICIPATED PARADE OF INVISIBLE HOSTS FAILED MATERIALIZE LAST NIGHT

The announced lecture on Ku Klux Principals and Purposes, and which was to be followed by the staging of a Ku Klux parade in Brady, failed to materialize last night, being as the preachers are wont to say, providentially hindered. When the skies opened up their deluge early yesterday morning, and the hours passed without any sign of let-up in the down-pour, it became apparent that it would be impossible to stage the demonstration, especially since large numbers who were expected to attend from neighboring points were unable to travel the muddy and rain-soaked roads.

The barbecue which was to have been prepared for supper, is reported to have been put on the pit at Dutton grove east of town, only to have the fires put out by the downpour of rain shortly afterwards.

The affair was widely advertised, announcements having appeared not only in the Brady papers, but as well in the papers at Melvin, Eden, Menard, Mason Richland Springs, San Saba and possibly other points.

ANNUAL MEETING LOCAL CAMP, U. C. V., TO BE HELD NEXT SATURDAY, SEPT. 1st.

Comrades of U. C. V. local camp are hereby requested to attend the annual meeting of the Camp to be held at the Court House Saturday, September 1st, next, at 2:00 p. m., for the annual election of officers, payment of dues, and selection of delegates to State reunion to be held in San Antonio, Texas, October 4th and 5th, next.

J. W. McCALL, Com'dr,
L. BALLOU, Adj't.

LIFE INSURANCE.

I am representing the Amicable Life Insurance Co. of Waco, and will be pleased to give information concerning policies to all who are interested.

M. A. RICE, Brady.

Unhealthy.

A negro resident of San Francisco had saved his money and moved to the outskirts, where he bought a small farm and prospered exceedingly in raising vegetables and fruits.

"Why don't you keep chickens, too?" his former employer asked him when he journeyed to town to buy groceries.

"Nossuh, Ah done decided not to," he replied. "To tel yo' de troof, Ah lives in a callud neighborhood, an' chickens don't do well there."

Crepes Paper Party Caps. The Brady Standard.

A Real Test for President Coolidge



President Calvin Coolidge's test came at the end of his first cabinet meeting when he went out on the White House lawn to face a battalion of veteran newspaper men. He proved he could smile and indulge in snappy chatter. Photo shows him with the newswriters, who stamped him "regular feller."

PREACHING OLD-FASHIONED RELIGION AT MEET

The revival meeting at the Methodist tabernacle which was begun Sunday a week ago by the Rev. J. L. Bryant and part of San Antonio, is developing into an old-fashioned revival, and one which is certain to accomplish great and lasting results. Like a steady downpour of rain, which soaks the plant to the roots, and causes it to grow and produce in abundance, so is the preaching of this evangelist going to the root of the religious body of the community and is causing the spiritual blessing to grow and develop into lasting benefit. Summing it all up, it may be said that the distinctive feature of the meeting is the old-fashioned preaching and the mourner's bench.

Large crowds are attending the services both in the morning and in the evening, all the other churches of Brady co-operating splendidly, and not only is the chorus developed by Singer B. R. Ellis, leading in the glorious singing, but the entire congregation joins in and swells the grand refrain. The Junior chorus is in itself worthy of special mention, being the largest ever had here and incidentally one of the best-trained.

Last Friday night an unusual treat was had when some seventy-five visitors from Mason attended the meeting, and added to the success of the occasion with three musical numbers rendered by the male chorus under the leadership of Rev. Bro. Witt, pastor of the M. E. church at Mason.

Next Sunday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock special services for men are announced, and at which the subject for discourse will be, "Men and Minnows."

A cordial invitation is extended everyone to attend the meetings throughout the week.

Retort Discourteous.
She—If I were you I'd have more sense!
—He—You would.—Yew York Sun and Globe.

LOCAL BRIEFS

F. Brooks was here from the Voca community Saturday and took occasion to order The Standard sent to his son, Jesse, at Abilene.

Ed Bridges of Calf Creek took dinner with J. M. Jennings and family Saturday. He reports crops in that section very sorry on account of the grasshoppers.

Ed S. Clark returned Monday night from a visit over Sunday with his family in San Angelo, being accompanied on the return by his little son, Paul, who will spend a couple weeks with him here. On the return trip, Mr. Clark says they encountered heavy roads resulting from the rain, and this side of Eden spent several hours in the bottom of a small draw, and with the water rising until it ran into the bottom of the car, before a passing automobile threw them a life line and got them out of their predicament.

Word received from Mrs. Frank Champion announces her safe arrival in Los Angeles, Calif., where she is visiting her son and also a brother. Mrs. Champion left Brady last Saturday a week ago, being accompanied by her mother Mrs. M. E. Hale, of Brownwood. She reports crossing the desert as having been quite a trying experience, on account of the heat, and the further fact that all the windows of the coaches were closed to keep out the dust. The weather in California, however is quite delightful, and the sights are quite wonderful, one of the most remarkable being a view of the bottom of the sea through the glass-bottomed boats at Catalina Island. Mrs. Champion expects to continue her visit there until October.

Miss Pinkie Jones will open her class Sept. third. She is a graduate of Prof. J. C. Robbins and Howard Payne College Will teach Piano - Harmony - Music History

PROPOSED TECH PROTEST MEET IS POSTPONED

The proposed Tech Protest mass meeting, which was scheduled to have been held in Brady yesterday afternoon, was postponed on account of the deluge of rain which fell at the hour set for the meeting, and which prevented attendance of many citizens interested in the matter. Accordingly, the assemblage was deferred until such a time as the weather cleared sufficiently to enable a representative gathering of citizens.

WHEN GOVERNOR SPARKS OF NEVADA KILLED INDIANS IN TEXAS, INTERESTING STORY

Gov. Sparks of Nevada was a lieutenant of Company 1, Texas Frontier Battalion, in 1861, and did ranger duty near Santa Anna Mountains, two peaks that rise abruptly from the plains of West Texas, in Coleman county. He was detailed to follow a band of Comanche Indians who raided a settlement and committed murder in the Jim Ned valley, close to Camp Colorado. After overtaking the Indians a fierce battle followed, several Indians were killed and wounded and the band utterly routed by the ranger force.

The old frontiersmen of Texas are dying gradually and it will not be very long before these stories, which are published from time to time in our Magazine Section, will be almost unobtainable. Therefore, while the facts are being published it is well for us to read them and remember the valiant part played by the old frontiersman in setting up Texas and preparing the way for the plow and the hoe.

The above story will appear in the Magazine Section of the Brady Standard September 7th. Subscription price \$1.50 per year. No extra charge for Magazine Section. Sent to McCulloch county subscribers only.

DOVE SEASON WILL OPEN HERE SEPT. 1 RULING SETS OUT

The dove season will open Sept. 1, according to a ruling received from the state game warden. Because of new federal laws, there has been some misunderstanding about the date for the opening of the dove season in this section but the ruling received stated that the state laws have not been changed and the season will open on Sept. 1, north and west of the I.-G.-N. railroad. East of the I.-G.-N., the season will be on Nov. 1.

Hunters can now get their guns ready for the season opens a week from Saturday. Local sportsmen are interested in helping the local game warden enforce the law and prevent hunting before Sept. 1. The doves are unusually plentiful this year but the hatching season is not ended until about Sept. 1 and it is declared to be not only the part of a good citizen to obey the law but the part of a true sportsman not to hunt out of season.

Fill Your Coal Bins Early while coal is cheapest. Now is a good time to place your orders. Phone 295. Macy & Co.

BROWNWOOD VOTES FOR AUDITORIUM BY BIG MAJORITY

In the election held last Friday at Brownwood for the purpose of voting municipal bonds in the sum of \$50,000 for the purpose of building a municipal auditorium, and which shall incidentally be an American Legion Memorial hall, the proposition was carried by an overwhelming majority, the vote being 418 for and 116 against.

Concerning the election, the Brownwood Bulletin has the following to say:

The result of the vote is an indication of the intention of Brownwood to keep step with the march of progress now vibrant in every section of Texas. The intention is to dedicate the auditorium to the Brown county boys who went to the World War—not to turn it over to them or anybody else, but to dedicate to them and call it the American Legion Memorial Hall, or World War Veteran Memorial Hall, or any other name that happens to meet the choice of the people. The auditorium will be long to the people of Brownwood and to no certain person, clique or organization. It will be used for big purposes—public speaking, conventions of a political or industrial nature, religious gatherings of a big type, revivals of big kind, religious conferences, singing conventions, school commencements, rural club meetings where large room is required, athletic events, college commencements—in fact for any function of whatever kind, where large room is required. The West Texas Chamber of Commerce convention will be held there, and the American Legion State Convention will be held there as will other big conventions and big events that will serve to place Brownwood more and more in the forward line of the march of universal progress than now in motion everywhere.

Location on Baker Street.

The auditorium will be located on East Baker Street, practically in the center of the business district of the city. No matter how big the convention or the conference or other meeting that is held there, every delegate can reach the place by walking in five minutes or a little longer from almost any part of the business section. This feature is worth a great deal.

The auditorium plot of ground is 208 feet wide and 207 feet long. The auditorium proper will be 170 feet front on east Baker Street with a depth of 200 feet. It will have a seating capacity of 6,000 people and every seat will have an unobstructed view of the arena and the stage. The arena in the center of the auditorium will be one hundred feet square and can be seated or unseated on short notice. The arena will be available for banquets and other events of like kind.

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Think Less Wheat Means More Money



Experts of the U. S. Wheat Council and U. S. Chamber of Commerce, who met in Chicago last week, aim for more money for wheat growers by curtailing production thru encouraging crops diversity. Standing, left to right, A. J. Brosseau; Pres. O. E. Bradford, American Farm Bureau; Wm. H. Dean, Agricultural Director; Grosvenor Dawe, U. S. Wheat Council; John M. Redpath, Research Director; seated, Cong. Sydney Anderson of Minnesota, Pres. of Wheat Council.

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 employe, unless upon the written order of the editor.

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

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, Aug. 28, 1923

BILLIE SMITH'S ACQUAINTANCE

Billie Crouch sends Son-of-a-Gun word from way out at Tahoka to meet him (Billie) at the Lubbock jubilee, the foresaid jubilee being a great celebration because of the location of the Tech College at Lubbock. Now, he should not have done that way. S. G. is a hard working man and it would take a lot of valuable time that ought to be put in at this moment. However and nevertheless Son-of-a-Gun would enjoy participating in that celebration. There is no sore spot on the cuticle of S. G.'s hide. The location was just as we expected. And this very thing could have been said if the location had been somewhere else. As we see it that fellow who wired congratulations to the Governor of New Mexico ought to be shot. If the committee had located this college within five miles of the state line instead of seventy-five miles the governor of New Mexico ought to be left out of the congratulatory expression. Any way our place at the table in that celebration we gracefully resign to Editor Schwenker of the Brady Standard or to the Cisco Daily News. They are both as sore as the devil—San Saba News.

By reason of his intimate acquaintance with the devil, Editor Billie Smith of the San Saba News knows just how "sore" that is, and he should elucidate to his expectant readers. Fact of the matter is, Billie Smith, who is one of the original State dividers, would like to see Texas divided up into Panhandle Texas, North Texas, South Texas, East Texas and Central Texas. To all but the latter, he would bequeath all the State institutions, reserving none whatsoever for Central Texas, which would form a sort of Utopia, with San Saba as the Arcadia, the paper shell pecan as chief diet, San Saba river water as official beverage, and one Billie Smith as Imperial Wizard. Anyone who so much as whispered a thought of locating in this Utopia, a state institution, whether it be called a college of learning or a retreat for the feeble-minded, would be forever banned—and made to send his children over 275 miles of cross ties to Texas "Tech" at Lubbock.

GOING TO EXTREMES.

If Brady is the "heart of Texas," will somebody please tell us what part of the body Lubbock is?—Balingier Banner-Ledger.

Well, how would it do to call Lubbock the ped(agogical) extremity?

RATES

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

NO BOY SCOUTS IN PRISON

Although it would take a large-sized library to house the volumes on crime that have been published during the last fifty years, there is not one of them accepted as authoritative. The criminal has been weighed, measured, examined physiologically and psychologically, and subjected to all manner of experimentation without revealing the exact proportions of the forces responsible for his tendencies.

In no given case has it been possible to say precisely how much was due to heredity training or environment. But out of the conflict of theories arise a few definite truths, and among these is that early training is of vital importance as determining good or evil behavior. This belief is materially strengthened by the statement of Warden James A. Johnston of San Quentin, California, state penitentiary that the crime problem is a boy problem and the Boy Scouts are not found in prison.

It is a striking tribute to the Boy Scout movement. And the thousands of citizens who have had opportunity to observe its workings are not hard to convince that it is fully warranted.—Star-Telegram.

TEXAS PRESS COMMENT ON "TECH" LOCATION

BUYING A SCHOOL

Says the Rockdale Reporter: Lubbock, county seat of Lubbock county, has bought a school, to be known as "The Texas Technological College," provided its name is not changed two or three times before the school is built.

In times past Texas towns bankrupted themselves buying railroads, only to find they had spent their money more or less foolishly. You never hear of a town giving a "railroad bonus" any more. The popular pastime now is buying a state school.

It is said that Lubbock has practically bankrupted herself in buying "Texas Tech." It will cost the citizens of that thriving city anywhere from a half million to a cold million dollars to comply with the requirements they have agreed to.

It may be a good investment, but we doubt it. And the principle of the thing is all wrong. If there are any financial benefits to be reaped from this investment they will come to a future generation. Those citizens of Lubbock who have bound themselves to pay the price will be dead or bankrupt before the school is placed on a basis of returning any of the bread they have cast upon the water. Speaking along this line, hear what J. M. Adams, a West Texas editor, has to say. Mr. Adams publishes the Plainview News and is near neighbors to the city of Lubbock. He says:

We are informed that Lubbock people are beginning to realize the tremendous responsibility the location of the Technological college involves upon them, and that it is going to take great sacrifices and increased burdens for them to live up to the contract they have entered into with the state in order to get the college. It is said that the people will by private subscription have to raise a fund of possibly a quarter-million dollars to pay the excess price of land upon which the college is to be located, and meet other expenses incident to the promises made, and in addition a bond issue of from \$300,000 to \$500,000 will be necessary to finance street paving, public utility extensions, etc., exacted by the locating board before it designated Lubbock.

There is no question but what Lubbock, with the spirit of the Plains people, will buckle down and fulfill every promise she made to secure the location, no matter what the cost may be.

But, what we want to say is, under the system state institutions are located, a state school is far from an unmixed blessing. It usually costs the local people very nearly what it is worth to them. As a rule state colleges are in fact auctioned off to the highest bidder, and at a tremendous sum. Fourteen years ago, the Canyon Normal cost the people of that small town a bonus of \$101,000 cash, and some of those who guaranteed the bonus are still financially strained because of it, so we have been told. Nacogdoches, Alpine, Kingsville, where normals have been built, and other towns where other state institutions have been located, bear witness to the burden it cost them to get the institution, and some people express themselves as

being doubtful if the institution was worth much to the town considering the cost and responsibility incurred.

College towns are not as a rule very progressive, nor do they grow very rapidly. An admirable class of citizenship as a rule dominates in these towns, but it is not progressive and pushing, and becomes self-satisfied and conservative, opposed to forward movements that involve bonuses and additional taxation.

Bryan, with the Texas A. & M. College, has a population of six thousand and half that number are negroes. San Marcus with two of the big colleges has a population of 4,500. Denton with two of the largest state educational institutions, has only 7,600, and Canyon with the West Texas State Normal has a population of only 1,600.

It is said that if you want to kill the opportunities of a town just make it a school town and the job of making it dead and ready for burial is accomplished.

If any business man will only take time to study this matter he will find it true, except where schools are located in cities of a hundred thousand population or larger. In cities of that size, already built before the colleges came, the industrial plants are established and the business organizations strive more for them than schools.

While it may sound more like "sour grapes" for any of the defeated contestants for the Tech college to say this, yet the fact remains that in some ways it may prove they are more fortunate than the victor.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

The extending of congratulations to Lubbock on winning the Tech was not equivalent to saying we were glad or proud that the school had been located on the windswept plains. In our humble opinion, it is the most colossal blunder ever made in Texas. We know some things we can't prove. We know it was a mistake to establish the school where it would be closer to all parts of New Mexico and Kansas, a big part of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Oklahoma and parts of Missouri, Nebraska, Utah, Wyoming, and Arizona than it is to Brownsville, Texas.

It is closer to Torreon, Mexico, Lake Charles, Louisiana, Little Rock, Arkansas, Springfield, Missouri; Lincoln, Nebraska; Cheyenne, Wyoming; Whitehouse, Utah; and Flagstaff, Arizona; than it is to Houston, Texas. It is closer to Guthrie, Oklahoma; Dodge City, Kansas; Rockyford, Colorado; Santa Fe, New Mexico; Juarez, Mexico, than it is to Austin, Texas. Lubbock is 525 miles on an airline from Brownsville and 260 miles from Austin. We know it was a mistake to locate the college within 75 miles of the New Mexico line and 525 miles from Brownsville. We know it was a mistake to establish the school in an unbroken monotonous country with no possibility for outdoor recreation and sports except that of watching the capers of the sandstorms, swimming in a bathtub, fishing in a cistern, and hunting in the shade of a wire fence in summer and a windbreak in winter. We know it is a mistake to locate the school where cotton growing—



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the principal crop in Texas—is extremely questionable, where the season is too short for corn and where but little more than half the crops grow in portions of the state are grown. In fact, it was a mistake to put the thing too near the north pole. Far be it from us to intimate that the board did not exercise their righteous judgment but we make bold to say that we have but little respect for their judgment.—Menard Messenger.

THE CENTER TEXAS

"The Tech is located, but the demand of West Texas for an educational institution to meet the needs of West Texas as a whole is yet to be answered," said a citizen of Abilene. "Mind you, I'm not kicking particularly because Lubbock got the school. Lubbock's a fine little city. But it is as inaccessible and as far away from the heart of West Texas as we are from Denton and Austin.

"Texas seems to have a mania for placing its schools around the rim of this great state. Let us see how they are lined up.

"There's the Alpine normal, 75 miles from Mexico; there's Canyon normal, 60 miles from New Mexico; there's Denton Normal and C. I. A., 40 miles from Oklahoma; there's the Huntsville and Nacogdoches normals over near Louisiana; there's San Marcus Normal, 125 miles from the Gulf; there are Texas A. & M. and University of Texas, each approximately 125 miles from the Gulf; there's the school of mines at El Paso, right on the Mexican and New Mexican borders; there's the medical school at Galveston and normal at Kingsville, both on the Gulf; and finally there's the Tech at Lubbock, 75 miles from New Mexico—and 200 miles from Abilene.

"And what has the great heart of Texas got? Nothing but the John Tarleton College at Stephenville. There is a stretch of territory approximately three hundred miles each way without a single solitary state educational institution of any sort.

"Yes, sir, I figure we haven't heard the last of West Texas educational affairs yet. The problem remains unsolved, and sooner or later the politicians will have to give us what we want."—Abilene Reporter.

Yes, and if the good people of Stephenville had not handed this splendid school to the State on a "silver platter," the "Center of Texas" could not even boast of that much recognition; but so long as the "Center of Texas" permits the politicians of East, South and West Texas to play all the games, just so long will we be left out in the cold, for its an undisputable fact that all these schools as well as other state institutions so far established, are the results of politics. Let's help play the game.—Stephenville Tribune.

TWO MUCH TAXES FOR TOO LITTLE RETURNS

Lubbock is one of the most enterprising towns in Texas, located in a good county, and is probably as near the logical location for the big state school as any other point. Of course it will cost the people of the entire state a staggering sum of money to build and maintain the

school, the necessity for which is problematical, and the wisdom of establishing same at this time is questioned by every taxpayer who is not specially interested in that section. Yes, West Texas will get her Technological College, but it will be a long time before the people will allow another enterprise of the kind there or elsewhere. Too much taxes for too little returns is what hurts.—Granbury News.

The Cisco News in commenting on the location for the new College seems to think that the locating board was trying to kill the college rather than build one, it was built too far out of the center of population to do Texas any good. And another guy from Abilene wires congratulations to the Governor of New Mexico for getting the Tech College so near him. The locating of the West Texas College at Lubbock didn't do us any good, we are fatter from it than the University, so we

have our old Schools yet to patronize.—Eldorado Success.

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THE STRANGE BOY

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

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THEY had just returned from their work in the Manual and were considering larger matters concerning their coming hike. They were Twelve, Thirteen and Fourteen, and full of the joy that washes into life with the first full tide of youth. At the Manual they had been making things with their hands in wood and iron and stone. Creation seemed good to them. And they talked, making their tomorrow a kind of exalted yesterday, which is the way of youth. An old party of forty-five, sitting near them reading a musty book that had been off the list of best sellers for six long months, closed the book over his finger to mark the place while he listened to the chatter of the boys.

There was talk of a day's walk in the country; of a raft to be made at the river under the scout-master's direction; of fishing tackle to be had at the town's store; where the best rods might be bought; what minnows were worth. Some consideration was given to the various grades of khaki for scouting suits.

They were good scouts of the first and second classes, and much of their chatter was of camp and field.

The boys were lying on a lawn beneath the stone veranda railing whereon his feet rested. From time to time the youngsters looked up as automobiles went whizzing by and in monosyllables checked off the makers and perhaps the owners of the machines; but the checking did not stay their talk of the glorious tomorrows, silvered and gilded with yesterdays.

"Canned!" sighed the old party. "Canned boys!" he repeated.

The boys looked up and, seeing the feet disappear from the railing, Thirteen rose quickly and said as he appeared:

"Yes, sir. What was it, Father? Did you speak?"

The old party shook his head, and the boys stretched out again on the blue grass. As he opened his book and fumbled for his place, over the page top he saw, coming round the house from the rear, a thin, freckled, barefooted youth, with long trousers rolled up halfway to his knees, showing the flowered calico lining. Suspending striped the shoulders of the boy's coarse-checked blue-and-white cotton shirt. Twisted into his right suspender was a Y-shaped stick, wound with rubber, whereon a diamond-shaped leather piece dangled from two strings.

"If the marshal sees that he'll arrest you!" said the man; and as the strange boy grinned the old party asked: "Where have you been so long?"

The other boys did not seem to notice the strange boy, who grumbled as he sat down beside them:

"Doing my chores. Old Sooky's calf like to never get her supper out of this bucket. And old Sooky tried to hold up on me. I think they ought to make somebody brush the flies off while I milk. I bet old Sooky hit me in the eye a dozen times with her tail. Say, they's a mangyful of kittens in the south stall."

The other boys looked up when the old party shifted his feet and groaned:

"Oh! These are not real boys—they're canned boys! All the other industries have left the home for the cannery—why not boy-making? Here, boys." The old party lifted his voice sharply.

"Yes, sir!" cried Fourteen, rising agilely and saluting.

"Which one of you knows what wood makes the best arrows? Which one of you ever seasoned a piece of hickory behind the stove over the wood box all winter for your bow? Do you know what bodark is?"

"Yes, sir," replied Thirteen. "It is a corruption of the French words bois d'arc, meaning wood of the arch, and is probably an Indian translation of the French habitant's word describing the tough, springy wood of the Osage orange, or common hedge plant."

The strange boy grinned and the old party answered:

"Oh, grand! Now then, Bud, you tell them about the bodark."

The boys sat down, and the old party took the words from the strange boy's mouth and went on:

"Bodark is a hard brown wood and makes the best bow you ever saw—better than hickory even. Few boys that I know ever had a bodark bow, though all of them knew that the Indians prized bodark highly."

"Say, boys"—the man addressed himself to the youths whose faces beamed cherubically over the rail—"suppose you could have Babe Ruth and Douglas Fairbanks, and the greatest scoutmaster in the world, and the greatest football player, all rolled into one right here in the yard—who would wait in the barn while you—"

"What barn?" cut in precise Thirteen.

"Well, the garage, then"—the man corrected himself and hurried on—"while you went into the house and stole fried cakes for him, and—"

"Stole what?" cut in Twelve.

"Why, fried cakes—doughnuts. Don't you boys eat doughnuts?"

"Oh," humbly returned the old man, drawing his breath. "I forgot you boys are highly sanitary—absolutely pure! You probably never ate sheep sorrel, nor—"

"Nor sucked a grapevine in spring—nor ate rosebuds?"

"Bud," smiled the old party, looking into the blue eyes of the strange boy with fond reminiscence which is the keenest joy of maturity, "do you remember we used to go trawling through the woods, browsing off the young fresh twigs like gods in the elder days?"

"Perhaps we were gods," replied the strange boy.

The old party gazed mutely for a moment across the green carpet of the lawn.

"Yes," he answered softly; "perhaps we were—perhaps we were!"

"Perhaps we were what?" insisted Fourteen. "What are you talking about, Father?"

"Can you make a whistle from a hickory sapling?" replied the old party, ignoring the question. "Can you make a horn from the stem of a pumpkin leaf? Did you ever belong to a band that went trawling out, single file and naked, through a cornfield, and down through the horse-weeds of the tall timber, to a swimming hole?"

"Did you have feet like goats, Father?" suggested Twelve timidly.

"Yes, hard, callous, cut, bruised, sore, brown, ugly and adventuring were our feet," answered the old party. "And those were the pipes of Pan—those pumpkin-vine horns, those hickory whistles. Bud! Bud, do you remember that!"

The strange boy's face beamed with delight, and Thirteen cut in:

"How very interesting!" and then asked: "What is a whatnot, Father?"

The old man looked his mild scorn at the question, but only the strange boy saw it, and he chuckled:

"They don't understand! They were never as we were. They are of the higher order."

"I think," mused the man, "when the barn went the half gods went, and these gods appeared. The barn was the temple of earlier gods—they were neither brutes nor gods, but half of each. The barn was our real abid-

"I know," said the strange boy. "I should not be so wise for my age; but living with you has kind of wised me beyond my years. So I'll venture to guess that most of our heavens are behind us—when we pass forty-five."

"You're a nuisance, boy!" laughed the old party. "Some day I'm going to discharge you—fire you—throw you out—get rid of you! I wouldn't keep you round but for one thing, and—"

"And that is—"

"And that is because if it wasn't for you I'd die! You are the cup-bearer who brings me the oil of gladness."

"Ah, but you're a rascal, Bud! You're a rascal; a wool-dyed villain! How slow you work before Sunday school! How long you lie behind the blackberry bushes in the back garden in the shade when your hoeing takes you past this shelter! Ah, Bud, only one old man in all the world ever knew you and loved you—just one old man!"

The strange boy turned away and pretended to be interested in what the youths were saying on the grass below.

"Bud, I've been pretty good to you—haven't I—since you came back, twenty-five years ago?"

"Was it that long ago? Why, I thought it was only—"

"Twenty-five years, Bud! I didn't miss you so much for half a dozen years; and then when you did come back I rather—"

"Yes, you've spoiled me probably, so far as that goes," the strange boy broke in. "Made a pet of me—and a fool, more or less."

"But, Bud, answer me this," said the old party quickly. "What became of you in those years—those beautiful years of youth? Where did you go and why did you go?"

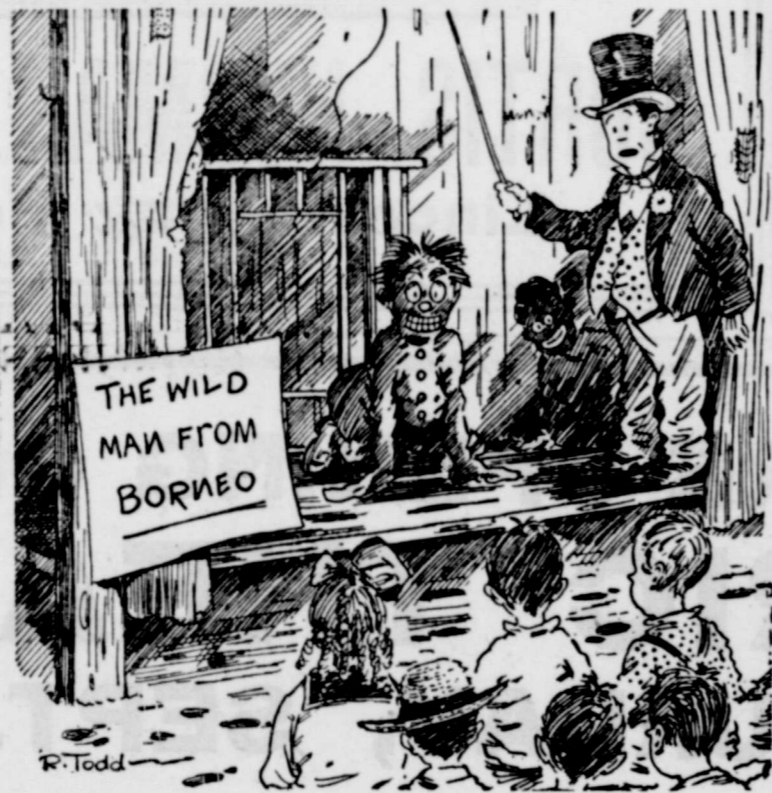
The strange boy stood still and looked at the ground.

"Do you want to know, honest—honest?" asked the strange boy, drumming his fingers on the cool stone.

"Honest to God, Bud!"

"Won't you ever tell—her?"

"Who?" He followed the strange boy's eyes toward the house, and the old party went on with his oath: "Honest to God, Bud! Hope to die!



"There We Gave Our Shows."

ing place. Why, Bud, when the old barn went and the garage came, I saw each timber go as one bids good-by to an old friend.

"The very rafters were sacred! There our trapeze swung; there the rings dangled on which we turned buzz-wheels; there was our spring-board before the hayple in the manger; there we gave our shows; there we played our first casino and seven-up, and there we learned in whispers the great mysteries of life. The barn was the boy's Eden. He entered it in the sweet innocence of childhood and played ghost there and talked with voices there, and held communion with the gods; and when he left it—when the barn no longer held him—its creaking doors banged on him, and he walked past the flaming sword into life filled with the knowledge of good and evil! What will boys do when there are no more barns?"

"Come on!" said Fourteen, taking his chin from the stone railing. "Father is tired."

The three sprawled on the close-cropped sward—on back or belly as it pleased each; and the talk droned from carburetors and a cynical criticism of the talking movies to the proper weight of tennis rackets, then into the local boy problems in wireless, and on into the mysteries of the new pulmotor over at the engine house of the fire department. But on the veranda the old party and the strange boy were holding forth on the splendors and glories of the Golden Age.

"And yet," returned the strange boy, "what they have—all this large leisure to consider the universe, all these store things, all this machine-made pleasure and formal joy—was what I hoped for, what I longed for most eagerly. They are as I would have had the angels in my heaven. They are the visions I saw of good boys made perfect."

"And you," repeated the old party gently, "you, Bud—you are the dreams I dream!"

Hope to be any name you call me—cross my heart, and hope to drop dead!"

"Well—I Aw, I'm goin' to do it!"

"Ah, yes! Come on! Why did you leave me so suddenly, and only come back in my dreams? Come on, Bud! Tell a feller something, Bud!"

The boy looked at the open door of the house. He stepped close to the old party.

"Aw—well, it's nothin' much—only she—her in there—that used to live across the alley. Well, you know just as well as I Aw, I ain't a-goin' to tell!"

The old party looked gently into the strange boy's red, shame-colored face. Tears streaked through the freckles, but he tried to smile.

"Go on, Bud; I'll remember."

"Well, you remember that night she was standing by the fence that June evening when we came home from Philken's party? Well, dog-gone it, and killed me—killed me as dead as a nit, I tell you! She did—she is in the house—she who has been in the house all these years—she killed me, I tell you!"

"How? Why, how, Bud?" exclaimed the old party under his breath, also furtively keeping his eye on the door.

"With that—that—I Oh, you know—with that first awful kiss!"

"Oh—I see!" replied the man. "And so she—"

"Yes," interrupted the strange boy. She turned me into a dream and you into a man—and we parted."

As the book fell to the floor the old party cried:

"Son! Son, how about that muste? Isn't it time for your practicing?"

"Just a minute, daddy!" called back Fourteen. "I'm inventing a new kind of airship, with an armor-plate bottom, for war!" And the young man saw visions.

The old party smile sadly and sighed as he saw the strange boy dragging himself slowly round the corner to finish his evening chores, bumping heavily as he went, and whispering:

"And the old men dream dreams!"

REAL TREAT FOR LOVERS OF HOME AND ITS BEAUTY

Woman's Department at Texas Cotton Palace, Waco, to be Veritable Beauty Spot

Waco, Texas.—The Woman's Department of the 1923 Cotton Palace Exposition will be the most exquisite affair with its many departments and exhibits, that has yet been collected for this part of the exposition in any previous year.

Toyland will be one department portraying a child's ideal playroom, with toys upon toys, and the most modern decorative effects. The Fine Art department will be filled with the best exhibits obtainable,—a real treat for the lover of art. Antiques for the antique department will be collected in greater numbers this year than ever before, many rare old relics and heirlooms never before placed on an exhibition having been brought together for this feature of the great Woman's Department for this year. Woman's skill in needlework will be amply demonstrated in the Textile department, wherein the most exquisite designs, both old and new, may be seen at the 1923 exposition. Interior decorations will be a feature of the Woman's Department for this year's Cotton Palace. In this department the most beautiful home furnishings at medium cost will be demonstrated in varied styles and manners.

School Art will be displayed by showing the talent of the little folk. The Culinary department will be made unusually attractive with the fruits of every section of the State of Texas and the great southwest given their full share of attention. Curios from every land and every clime brought together by committees appointed to secure them from globe trotters and other travelers, will be placed on an exhibition in the Woman's Department at the 1923 Cotton Palace Exposition. Silver, marble and plastic art, and landscape gardening, will get a major share of attention this year. The Ceramic department is especially attractive this year, the women working on the collections displayed in this department having made special studies of modern and historic lore relative to good china, fine glass, and crystal.

The various departments of which the Woman's Department of the 1923 Cotton Palace Exposition is composed all give mute evidence to the enormous amount of work which only could have produced such a great department of the exposition as superbly as this feature of the big 1923 Cotton Palace is to be this fall.

PHOENIX DEPARTMENT TEXAS COTTON PALACE

Show at Waco, October 20 to November 4, Will be Greatly Enlarged This Year

Waco, Texas.—A visit to the Poultry Department at the 1923 international exposition of the Cotton Palace, will be a delight to every poultry fancier, raiser, and to all who are interested in any of the domesticated fowls.

Here one can find all varieties of every breed of chicken, duck, geese, guinea, turkey, or any other fowl which might be expected to be placed on exhibition at the biggest poultry show in the southwest. Right here in Texas, central Texas especially, is the heart of the poultry country of the world, the place where every variety of bird is grown to perfection. For this reason it will pay all attending the 1923 exposition to have a look at the fine fowl: placed on exhibition there which can truly be said to be among the best of blooded poultry in the entire world.

Waco, Texas.—Low rates will be in effect on all Texas railroads for the Texas Cotton Palace Exposition at Waco, Oct. 20 to Nov. 4. Tickets can be bought from any point in the state at greatly reduced rates.



—THE—
Commercial National Bank
OF BRADY
WILL BE CLOSED
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd
On Account of
LABOR DAY
Please Arrange to Do Your
Banking Tuesday

SHEEP AND GOAT MEN!

My Sheep-Shearing machine is ready to serve you. Will be glad to take your order if I haven't already seen you. Six good shearers and expect to do good work. Please have your goats ready and we won't delay you. Write A. E. SMITH, Brady.

100 Per Cent. Physician (to patient): "You say you have four daughters, that one is in a New York hospital for the insane, another in an asylum in Chicago and a third in one in St. Louis? How about the fourth?"

Patient: "The fourth? Oh, she's a marathon dancer."—American Legion Weekly.

Identified. O'Toole: Somebody you know said some fine things about you the other day. O'Dyle: Flattery, was it? "No Hogan."—Life.

See Broad-Windrow Co. for Sheet Metal, Water Supplies and Plumbing.

We are now delivering coal on the new cheap summer prices. Order your winter coal today and save further worry. Macy & Co.

See Macy & Co. for the famous Superior Stock and Poultry Feeds. Phone orders to 295. Letter Files. The Brady Standard.



Do You Remember Those Bitter Cold Days?

BACK there last Winter when the winds pierced the marrow and thermometers told frigid tales—

When lots of people forgot the ice man entirely—

Those were the days when we were preparing for the hot season's rush demand.

That's our excuse for running this reminder—because we want you to phone today to find out how well we planned for summer's emergencies. Also, we must always plan for a hot summer. We have to do that every year—this community's health and comfort must be safeguarded.

PHONE 125

MANN BROS. ICE CO.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
163 West Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois

This Emblem



Your Protection

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

WANTED

WANTED—Girl to room and board. Phone 335.

WANTED—Two girls to work in laundry. Apply to SELVIDGE LAUNDRY.

WANTED—At once, lady to assist in general housework and milking. Reasonable wages. MARION TERRY, Richland Springs, Texas.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—My residence, furnished or unfurnished. See Mrs. E. B. Ramsay, Brady.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—House and lot two blocks of square. Information at Standard office.

FOR SALE—Farm; also some good milk cows. J. B. MILLER, Route 2, Brady. Phone Rochelle.

FOR SALE—32 Merino rams, 10 Angora billies; all in fine condition. P. C. Dutton, Brady, Texas.

FOR SALE—8 thoroughbred Merino buck lambs, 75 graded weather lambs. Phone 2802, O. E. Hurd.

144 acres improved land, 5 miles East Weatherford, near highway. Would trade for suburban property or small farm near Brady. A. S. DAVENPORT, Route 5, Weatherford, Texas.

FOR SALE—Registered Delaine Merino Rams; also 2000 bu. Ferguson 71 seed oats, free of smut and Johnson grass, yield 93 bu. per acre this year, test 36. See or phone H. C. Johanson, Brady.

That's What They All Say.

"I can't keep the visitors from coming up," said the office boy dejectedly, to the president. "When I say you're out, they simply say they must see you."

"Well," said the president, "just tell them that's what they all say."

That afternoon there called at the office a young lady. The boy assured her it was impossible to see the president.

"But, I'm his wife," said the lady. "Oh, that's what they all say," said the boy.

Coal Is Cheapest Now.

Order your winter coal supply now, while the price is lowest. We are now filling bins on summer price schedule. Macy & Co.

See Broad-Windrow Co. for Sheet Metal, Water Supplies and Plumbing.

Table Numbers in sets. The Brady Standard.

ROBS CALOMEL OF NAUSEA & DANGER

Medicinal Virtues Retained and Improved — Dangerous and Sickening Qualities Removed. Perfected Tablet Called "Calotabs."

The latest triumph of modern science is a "de-nauseated" calomel tablet known to the drug trade as "Calotabs." Calomel, the most generally useful of all medicines thus enters upon a wider field of popularity,—purified and refined from those objectionable qualities which have heretofore limited its use.

In biliousness, constipation, headaches and indigestion, and in a great variety of liver, stomach and kidney troubles calomel was the most successful remedy, but its use was often neglected on account of its sickening qualities. Now it is the easiest and most pleasant of medicines to take. One Calotab at bedtime with a swallow of water,—that's all. No taste, no griping, no nausea, no salts. A good night's sleep and the next morning you are feeling fine, with a clean liver, a purified system and a big appetite. Eat what you please. No danger.

Calotabs are sold only in original, sealed packages, price thirty-five cents for the large, family package; ten cents for the small, trial size. Your druggist is authorized to refund the price as a guarantee that you will be thoroughly delighted with Calotabs.—(Adv.)

ARE STRONG ON ETIQUETTE

Observance of Ceremonious Forms in China is Considered of the Highest Importance.

When a salesman, or person seeking business interviews, presents his card at the entrance to a Chinese merchant's place of business, the possibility of an audience depends altogether upon how he deports himself while awaiting the return of the card-bearer. Should he be so indiscreet as to put one foot over the 12-inch railing that intervenes between the step and the doorway, no manner of persuasion can prevail upon the merchant to grant him an interview. In case he waits patiently in the space allotted to unknown callers, this fact is noted, and he is usually ushered in.

Once in, there is still a more delicate matter to be disposed of, and in case the newcomer is ignorant of the customs, he fares ill with his errand. Immediately upon the caller's entering and taking a seat, a servant brings a serving of tea, which includes a small cup for each person present. The point of etiquette demands that this tea shall not be touched until the guest is ready to depart, in case the interview has been a pleasant one, in which event the caller is supposed to take up and drink his tea at parting, and at this signal all the others do likewise. However, should it so happen that the Chinese is not pleased with his caller, and is in any way annoyed by him, he takes up the tea and begins to drink at once, which act is a direct and decided hint that the interview is ended, and has not been to the pleasure of the merchant. The caller is then expected to take his immediate departure.

When a caller has become well acquainted, some of the formality is broken by the Chinese, and on a cold day a cup of tea is served immediately to the guest in a social way. But the "formal" tea is still to be observed and partaken of at parting, irrespective of the cup given to warm and greet the caller on his arrival. This, however, is done only after many visits, when the business dealings have been of such a nature as to warrant friendship and this hospitality.

His Position.

"If we listen we can hear the murmurings of disgust that will presently burst into a storm of protest against the centralization of bureaucratic power," recently declared Maj. Ira K. Widenfeller, chief speedometer inspector. "In talking with hundreds of the plain people I have learned that they are steadily growing more angry at the hordes of superfluous supervisors of this, that and the other, who are continually thrusting their snouts into the affairs of busy people—bedsheet inspectors, house paint testers, barber inspectors, throat examiners, hymn-book checkers, tenor inspectors, dog pelters, and all the rest of the useless officials who are continually cluttering around." "But,—ah-h'm!—Major," said a hearer. "Doesn't that include yourself?" "Oh, no!" was the reply. "The inspection of speedometers is absolutely essential."—Kansas City Star.

To Utilize Seaweed.

Great masses of seaweed, washed up around the coast of the Orkney's may shortly promote an important commercial asset. Plans have been made to establish on the west coast an industry for extracting from it a chemical substance which, when mixed with coal dust, is slated to produce brick fuel of excellent quality. Collecting depots will be formed along the coast, and it is proposed to erect near Stromness, a factory costing \$200,000. The harbor commissioners of Stromness are stated to be prepared to deepen the access to their piers so that large steamers will be able to load and discharge cargoes.

Paper Barrels.

A new paper barrel machine is claimed to offer great possibilities in the production of containers. Though made of paper, its product is light, strong and durable, and can be made rapidly in a great variety of shapes. Tough "chip board" paper is usually used, and water-glass or silicate of soda, which sets so quickly that the barrels are ready for immediate use, is the usual adhesive; for liquids a special neutral coating is applied inside to prevent corrosion. Wooden heads are commonly provided. It is said that these barrels can be manufactured at the rate of one a minute.

Just a Hope.

Paul's mother desired to awaken in him an interest in music, and took him to a musical given by a neighborhood instructor where boys and girls he knew would take part. After a few numbers he got uneasy and it was necessary for his mother to remind him several times to sit quiet. For a few moments he did and then began putting his hands in one pocket after another energetically.

His mother turned to him and said sharply, "What are you looking for?" He answered, "I ain't looking for nuthin', but I hope to goodness I find something."

Appreciation.

The Young Bride (looking in window of jewelry store)—George, I'd love to have that bracelet.

The Husband—I can't afford to buy it for you, dear.

The Bride—But if you could, you would, wouldn't you?

The Husband—I'm afraid not.

The Bride—Why?

The Husband—It isn't good enough, dear.

The Bride—Oh, you darling!—Life.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. J. A. Snider returned Saturday from a visit in San Antonio.

Miss Gussie Rice returned last Friday from San Antonio, where she spent the week on a visit.

Miss Margaret White has as her guests, Misses Blossom Wooten of Austin and Mary McKnight of Carlsbad.

Mrs. S. T. Ballou and son, M. R., arrived Saturday for a visit with her mother, Mrs. E. R. Sayles, and relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Emery and son of Stamford arrived Monday for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Pool.

Mrs. Kate Kitchen returned last Saturday to Sanatorium, Texas, after spending the week here as a guest of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Behrens, and family.

Mrs. T. J. Reynolds returned to her home at Wetumka, Okla., Saturday after a visit here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. August F. Behrens and relatives.

Mrs. August F. Behrens left last Friday night for Sherman, Texas, where she will spend a couple weeks as guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. M. Bryan, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Winstead, Jr. and daughter, Frances, and Mr. and Mrs. Nat Randals of Waldrip left Tuesday of last week for a visit in Houston and Galveston.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. C. Evers and children returned Friday from a ten days' trip, during which they visited San Antonio, New Braunfels and other points. They report a most enjoyable time.

Judge and Mrs. N. G. Lyle, Sr., returned Friday evening from a visit of several weeks with their daughter, Mrs. W. F. Ward, at Fentress, and report a most enjoyable trip and visit. Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Snider of Brownwood and little Charlotte Stowe, who had also been visiting in Fentress, returned with them.

Passing of the Hat.

"Shall I say my hat is in the ring?" inquired the influential citizen.

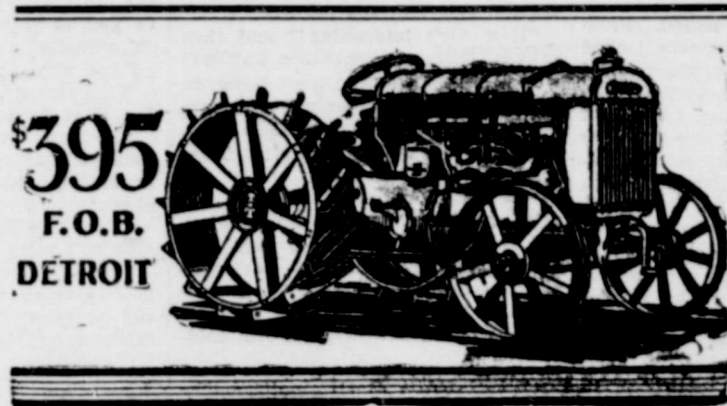
"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "A few of us ought to hold on to our hats. We may need 'em to pass around for campaign contributions."—Washington Star.

Fordson Tractor

DEMONSTRATION To be Held Wednesday, Sep. 5th About One Mile West of Brady ON COLEMAN-EDEN ROAD

We will have with us on this occasion, factory representatives both of the Ford Motor Co. and the implement manufacturers.

Various tools and implements will be used in connection with the Fordson Tractor. Come whether you are interested in a tractor or not.



CURTIS NORMAN COMP'Y
Lincoln *Ford* Fordson

RE-OPENING OF LYRIC THEATRE SATURDAY, SEPT. 1st

Presenting the Great Special Attraction

"Rich Men's Wives"

A Truly Great Picture Enacted by a cast of Truly Great Artists

A theme that will set tongues a wagging among rich and poor people alike. A masterly picturization of a big compelling subject.

A Thorough Human Drama--Thrilling and Appealing

See the picture--then ask yourself if rich men's wives are to be pitied, scorned or envied.

Show Starts at 8:00 P. M. Doors Open at 7:30
Prices: Children 15c, Adults 25c. Including War Tax

Coming. "THORNS and ORANGE BLOSSOMS"