

FIGHTING WORMS MEETS GOOD SUCCESS IN COUNTY

The fight being made against the inroads of the worms in cotton fields is meeting with good success, according to reports being received from various points in the county. Of particular interest is the fight now being waged on the farms around Whiteland, where spraying and dusting are both being resorted to. Both methods appear equally successful, although preference is given the dusting method because it requires less hands. At that the dip is the less expensive of the two.

According to good authority, one pint of dip is sufficient to use in 50 gallons of water, and this quantity will cover one acre. In dusting with calcium arsenate, three pounds are used to the acre, and with a regular dusting machine, seven acres per hour are covered. It appears that within a few hours after the calcium arsenate has been dusted on the cotton, the plants absorb the poison and it then does not easily wash off. There is no question but what this method is killing the worms.

Speaking of danger in the use of this poison, it is pointed out that calcium arsenate contains 40 per cent of oxide of arsenic, which contains about 60 per cent of arsenic, making only about 24 per cent of pure arsenic in the calcium arsenate. Using three pounds to the acre, therefore, only seven-tenths of a pound of straight arsenic is used in covering an acre, making but a small quantity to each plant. It appears then that the danger of poisoning stock becomes almost negligible. In fact, two or three farmers have turned their turkeys into the cotton fields where they are at work poisoning, and with no evil results. Also there is no danger to pickers as no poison is used in fields where cotton is open and consequently no poison will be on the lint when the bolls open.

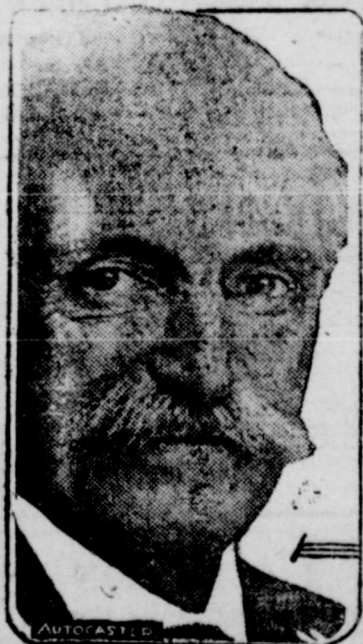
Several planters on the farms at Whiteland now plan to dust their cotton some three or four times next year, commencing early in the season after the cotton first comes up. This method has proved very successful in South Texas, and should prove of great benefit in this section as well.

PIANO.

Mrs. J. B. Smith will open music studios at Meadames Virgil Jones, M. Baze and Edd Bryson's on September 10th. Those interested should telephone her at 154.

Best grade 8-oz. Duck for Cotton Sacks. C. H. VINCENT, South Side.

Pinchot's Stand Against Strike



Gov. Pinchot of Pennsylvania told miners and operators: "I recognize the rights of mine workers to organize. I recognize the rights of mine operators to just returns on investments. I am here to tell you that the public rights are to be recognized and protected also. The people of the United States are losing patience. This controversy is not a private quarrel. There must be no strike."

LEE MORGAN PREPARING TO BUILD MODERN DRIVE-IN FILLING STATION AT ONCE

Lee Morgan is this week having the residence occupied by Mrs. Nona Montgomery, and which occupies the north corner of his lot on South Blackburn and South 2nd street, moved over to the south side of the lot in order to clear the corner preparatory to erecting a modern drive-in filling station thereon. Sand, gravel and building material is already being placed on the ground, and work is to be gotten under way without delay, according to Mr. Morgan. The new station will be most complete and will offer every accommodation to the tourists, and as well to local patrons. The corner is one of the most prominent in the city, and is especially well located on the main street traveled over the Puget Sound to Gulf highway.

M. E. REVIVAL IS CLOSED SUNDAY KLAN IS PRESENT

The revival conducted by Evangelists Bryant and Willis under the auspices of the local M. E. church, and which has been in progress the past two weeks at the Methodist tabernacle, was brought to a close Sunday night. The feature of the closing service was the presence of a number of Klansmen in full regalia, who made the usual presentation. The entrance of the Klansmen was somewhat more spectacular than upon the previous occasion during the Crimm meeting, and in anticipation of the visit, an unusually large attendance marked the service, many who came being unable to gain admittance to the tabernacle.

The appearance of the Klansmen was timed with the singing of the song, "Onward Christian Soldiers," by the congregation. One group of the hooded Knights entered at the South door, carrying the U. S. flag, while another group entered at the rear door, bearing aloft a small lighted cross. The flag and cross bearers took positions on the rostrum while the sixteen other klansmen arranged themselves in front. A letter endorsing the evangelist and his work, and containing a donation to each the evangelist and the singer, was presented, following which the singer sang "The Rugged Cross." The congregation then joined in again singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," during which the robed visitors took their departure.

After reading the letter the evangelist spoke at some length upon the K. K. K., stating that while he was not a member, he fully endorsed their principles, and in his opinion, they were doing more for the moral reformation of the world than any other organization, the Protestant churches alone excepted.

BEN McCULLOCH CAMP VOTES TO MAKE CHRISTOVAL ANN'L REUNION PLACE

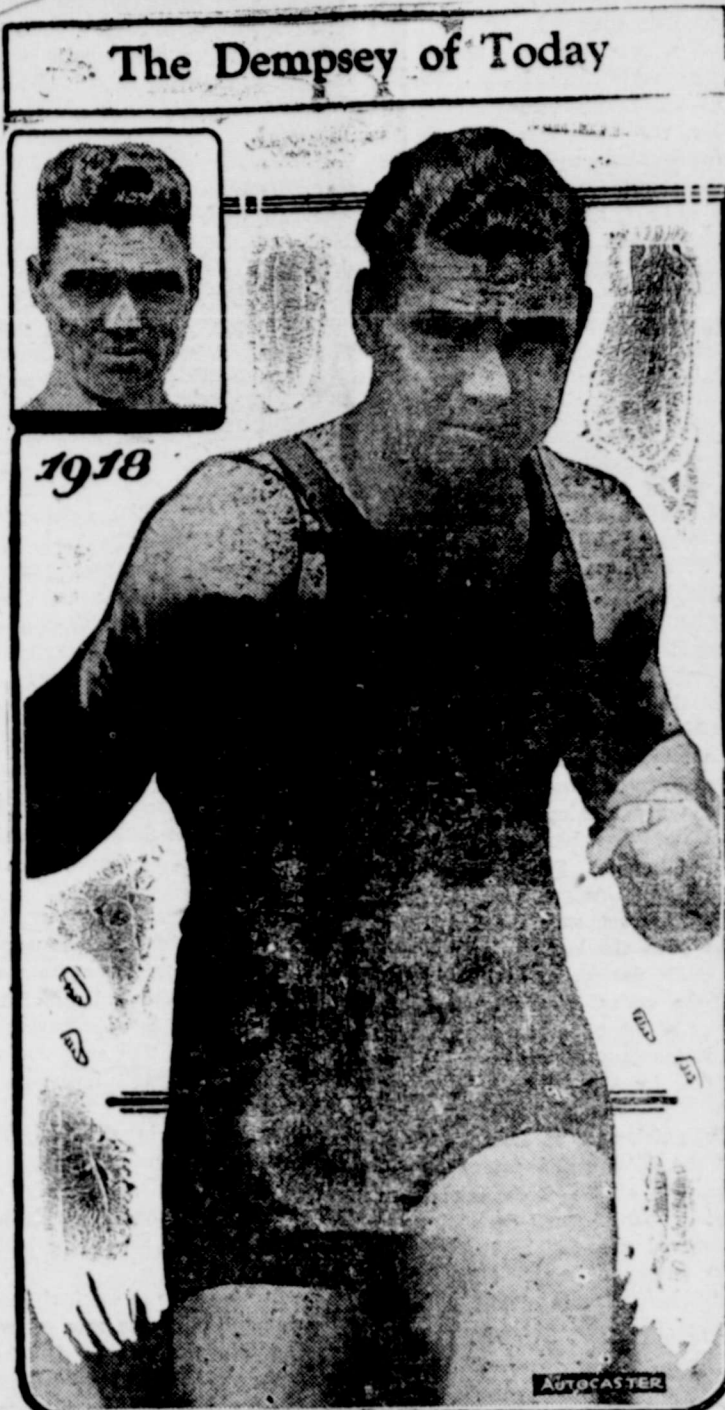
Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V. No. 563 held their annual meeting on Saturday September 1st, 1923.

On motion duly seconded and carried by unanimous vote, Christoval, Texas, was endorsed for Annual Reunion of Mountain Remnants 5th Brigade, Texas Division, U. C. V. a permanent meeting place.

Delegates selected for State Reunion at San Antonio, Texas, October 4th and 5th next, viz: L. Ballou and D. C. Randals. Alternates: A. V. Wood and B. A. Batterton. Officers were elected for the ensuing year; viz: J. M. McCall, Commander; W. W. Jones, 1st. Lieut. Comand'r. W. S. Roberts, 2nd Lieut. Comd'r; L. Ballou, Adj. & Treasurer. J. G. McCall, Surgeon; J. G. Wood, Qr. Mr.; B. A. Batterton, Ensign; Miss Carmen Anderson, Sponsor; Mrs. W. H. Ballou, Matron.

NOTICE.

I will serve lunches and meals for school children, at Central School. Prices reasonable. Miss CLAUDIE TAYLOR, Phone 422



Champion Jack Dempsey, as photographed last Thursday at his Saratoga Springs, N. Y. training camp, where he is preparing for battle in New York, Sept. 14, in defense of his title against Luis Firpo, South American challenger. Some critics opine that Dempsey has passed his zenith of greatness and faces the danger of losing his crown to the big rugged mauler from the South.

M. C. BINGHAM AT POINT OF DEATH ELECTRIC SHOCK

M. C. Bingham aged 55, well known citizen of Calf Creek, lies at the point of death as a result of being struck by a bolt of lightning at his home in the Calf Creek community at about 2:00 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The victim was knocked down and remained unconscious for about two hours. This morning his condition was still considered very grave and his recovery was very much in doubt. His son, Tom, who stood close beside him was shocked by the same bolt, and while still feeling the effects of the bolt, his complete recovery is anticipated within a very short time.

According to reports, Mr. Bingham had just stepped out of his house to observe the approaching storm, and was standing on a wet board, leaning against a live oak tree, when the lightning struck the tree, and passed through his body. His hat was torn to pieces and his shoes burst wide open, but no other part of his clothing showed any effects of the lightning.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Miss Pinkie Jones opened her music class September 3rd. When school begins, she will meet the Grammar school pupils Mondays and Thursdays at Mrs. C. K. Reed's; Central and High school pupils Tuesdays and Fridays at her studio on the South Side, and students from the rural sections on Wednesdays and Saturdays at her home.

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.

OSCAR SQUYRES ACCEPTS POSITION AS SALESMAN WITH CURTIS NORMAN CO.

Oscar Squires, one of the best-known auto salesman in this section, has accepted a position as salesman with the Curtis Norman Co., and will henceforth be active in pushing the sales of Fords and Fordson tractors through out the McCulloch county territory. Mr. Squires for the past three months has been located at San Angelo, but his desire to return to Brady, coupled with the fact that his family continued to make their home here, resulted in his again taking up his permanent residence here.

His many friends will be pleased to note his return and will extend best wishes for the greatest success in his endeavors.

Thumb Tacks, The Brady Standard.

COMPLETE NEW BRADY HOTEL BY OCTOBER 15TH

The new Brady hotel, Brady's pride and one of her outstanding achievements for the year 1923, now promises to be completed and ready for the formal opening by October 15th. The plasterers have finished with their work on the third floor, and have turned this story over to the painters and interior decorators, while plastering on the second floor is scheduled for completion this week. A double force of plasterers started work this morning, and this part of the work is to be rushed, the force getting the first floor work well under way the first of next week.

Heavy shipments of material and hotel furniture purchased by C. C. McBurnett, the lessee, are arriving daily. One shipment includes some \$5,000 worth of rugs, while others include telephone equipment, linens, mattresses and some furniture. The bulk of the hotel furniture will have been received within the next two weeks. Pending completion of the interior work on the hotel, a warehouse has been rented, and all these goods are being placed in storage. Trigg Leases Store Building.

C. A. Trigg has secured a ten-year lease on the main store building of the hotel, and will install a modern and strictly up-to-the-minute drug store. The new store will occupy the southeast corner of the hotel, fronting both south and east. Buffet fixtures will be built especially for the drug store, and will be both modern and unique in design, with mahogany finish and french plate glass mirrors. The soda fount will be virtually a duplicate of the magnificent fount just installed by Mr. Trigg in his East side store. The new business will be operated as Trigg Rexall Store No. 2 and Ave Collier will be in charge.

Polk to Install Barber Shop.

E. E. Polk will have the barber shop, which will be located just across a small lobby at the rear of the drug store, and which will front east. Mr. Polk has purchased equipment for a three chair shop, the mirrors and stands being of latest design, with large french plate mirrors, with white vitralite frames and panels, and Tennessee marble base. The chairs will be modern and sanitary, with white enameled trimming. Oscar Strickland will be in charge of the shop, with Bill Parker as assistant. The business will be operated as the Brady Hotel Barber Shop. W. W. Mitchell will take Mr. Strickland's chair in the original Polk Barber Shop.

Western Union Leases Office

The Western Union has just sent confirmation of the lease for the front office, facing south and which will adjoin the coffee shop. The telegraph office will be equipped with the latest office furniture, with storage, writing desks and other conveniences provided, and will be readily accessible from the main lobby of the hotel.

This gives the new hotel a splendid line of business, and leaves but one small office adjoining that of the Western Union, still to be rented.

MYSTERY FIRE DESTROYS GAHAGAN RESIDENCE

Fire of unknown origin last night at shortly after 1:00 o'clock completely destroyed the residence on Melton avenue, on the North side, owned and occupied by J. C. Gahagan, together with all contents. Mr. Gahagan was alone in the house at the time, his family being away on a visit, and all but lost his life before arousing to the fact that his residence was on fire. As it was, he made his escape only partly clad, through a window.

The flames were under great headway by the time the fire department arrived, and nothing could be done towards saving either the building or any of the contents. The residence of Jim Mayse, adjoining on the west, had, in the meantime, caught fire, and practically all the contents were moved to a point of safety. A stream of water speedily extinguished the blazing roof, and comparatively little fire loss resulted. The residence on the east of Gahagan's also became smoking hot, but the chemical hose prevented a blaze, and only a slight scorching resulted.

The loss for Mr. Gahagan was quite disastrous. The dwelling which was a most substantial one was insured for \$1,900, while only \$1,000 was carried on the contents.

Everyday Files, indexed alphabetically. The Brady Standard.

E. R. CANTWELL
SEAT COVERING
Mattress Renovating
UPHOLSTERING

TIME EXTENDED TO SEPT. 10TH
The Factory to You Sale Has Been Extended to Sept. 10.

- Here are some of the rare values offered:
- Toilet Soap, 11 Cakes for **83c**
 - Talc Powder, 3 cans for **55c**
 - Candy, 1 lb. Caramel for **39c**
 - Grape Jam, 12 Jars for **\$2.76**
 - Vanilla Extract, 2 bottles for **36c**
 - Pepper, Cinamon, Nutmeg, Cloves, Ginger, Red Pepper, 2 cans of either for **36c**
 - Rexall Hair Tonic, \$1.20 size, for **79c**
 - Lord Baltimore Stationery, 50 envelopes and 1 lb. paper, the set for **79c**
 - Rainbow Play Balls, 50c size for **39c**
 - Lather Brush, set in rubber, regular value \$1.25
 - Shaving Cream, reg. value 35c **\$1.55** the set in this sale **98c**
 - Gillett \$5.00 Razor **98c**
 - Many other values. Call and see.

TRIGG DRUG CO.
The Retail Store

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, Sept. 4, 1923

HONEST INJUN.

Quality in merchandise is the steel girders, and advertising the building material from which successful business structures are built.

WHAT BALE OF COTTON TAKES FROM THE SOIL

A bale of cotton to the acre takes approximately 1 1/2 pound of nitrogen, 1/2 pound of phosphoric acid, and 2 1/2 pounds of potash in the lint, and 31 pounds of nitrogen, 13 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 5 1/2 pounds of potash in the 1,000 pounds of seed, making the total draft on the soil by a crop of this size 32 1/2 pounds of nitrogen, 13 1/2 pounds of phosphoric acid and 8 pounds of potash.

But hold a minute we have forgotten the stalks. If the stalks are burned, as it is often the practice in the Black Belt, there is an additional loss of plant food, figuring about a ton of stalks to the acre, of 51 pounds of nitrogen, 20 pounds of phosphoric acid and 30 pounds of potash. In other words, with the average cotton crop, the burning of the stalks removes about 1 1/2 times as much nitrogen and phosphoric acid and almost four times as much potash as is taken out of the soil in the lint and seed.

Then there is also the loss of the beneficial effects on the physical condition of the soil—the ability to store more moisture—that follows the turning under of vegetable matter.—Progressive Farmer.

FIVE TRAGEDIES

A man struck a match to see if the gasoline tank in his automobile was empty. It wasn't.

A man patted a strange bull dog on the head to see if the critter was affectionate. It wasn't.

A man speeded up to see if he could beat the train to the crossing. He couldn't.

A man touched a trolley wire to see if it was charged. It was.

A man cut out his advertising to see if he could save money. He didn't.—Burroughs Business.

Cross crossings cautiously, or you'll cease crossing.—Detroit News.

We like winter better than summer because flies don't.—Wilkes-Barre.

Some people seem to have an idea that they can liquidate a debt by paying compliments.—Illinois State Journal.

RATES

THE BRADY STANDARD
Brady, Texas
Tuesday Friday
To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$1.50 per year
SIX MONTHS 75c
THREE MONTHS 40c
Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 15c per month.
To postoffice more than 50 miles from Brady \$2.00 per year
SIX MONTHS \$1.00
THREE MONTHS 65c
Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy, straight.

TEXAS PRESS COMMENT ON "TECH" LOCATION

WILL HANDS OFF ON TECH FIGHT THAT TECH PROTEST

Ballinger will take no stock in the fight to dislocate the Texas Tech, altho it cannot be denied that there is much dissatisfaction here over the action of the locating board in planting the college on the Northwestern border of the state.

Brady has started the ball to rolling in an effort to have the matter reconsidered, or if needs be, kill the school outright, and according to the Brady Standard, the fight will be carried to the governor and the Texas legislature.

At a mass meeting held in Brady last week the citizens of that city were unanimous in adopting a resolution asking that the state not carry out a plan for building a college where it would be a burden instead of a benefit to the state. A committee was appointed to get behind the proposition, and other towns were asked to join Brady in the fight—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

JUST AS WE EXPECTED

A movement was started in Brady and other points in central west Texas last week, protesting the location of the Tech College at Lubbock, on the grounds that the college is a state affair and Lubbock is not sufficiently located to ever build up a school of worthwhile kind.

This is no more than we expected, and the writer predicted several months back that just such would happen. Among the few things that have been pointed out by the windjammers of West Texas in favor of a West Texas College, if the place for the location of the College had been designated in the bill creating the college, several hundred things would have been brought up and discussed showing why West Texas, and especially the place where the college was to be located was not either logical or needed.

The nine state schools already in existence are now operating on a credit, that is, the funds appropriated for their maintenance have long been exhausted and certificates are being issued against the future appropriations to meet their demands, and it is reported that the University is in the hole Three Hundred Thousand Dollars. But, wasting money and going deeper in debt does not seem to have any effect on our legislators and those in charge at Austin. If there ever was a time when waste was needed to be stopped it is now. In our opinion, the act creating the Technological College for Texas should be repealed—Santa Anna News.

Strike of miners may be fought by a buyer's strike. It sounds easy—in August.—Toronto Star.

AFFIRMED.

The first controversy of s. p.'s tenure on this vacation job has come up. A minister of s. p.'s own church has landed on s. p. in these words: "To die for the flag on foreign soil is one thing, to stand for Americanism—our American ideals—is another altogether. If you believe that our American ideals and standards, that the conservation and preservation of our American ideals and spiritual ideals are getting expression in the Roman Catholic Church and through Judaism, then you have another thing coming." The writer says he wasn't writing for publication, but s. p. is, and anything addressed to s. p. is at least liable to publication. S. p. got all this re-buke because he said a few days ago that he thought a war hero who died recently in Bryan was a full-fledged American even though he happened to be a Catholic. S. p. is willing to concede to his Methodist ministerial correspondent entire sincerity. Saul of Tarsus was sincere when persecuting the church. S. p. has been perfectly sincere in some of his misconceptions, and still objects to some of the things that he understands the Catholic Church stands for. The fact is, s. p. contributes through the Methodist Church to send missionaries to South America and other regions where the Catholic Church is established. But s. p. never sent a nickel to destroy the Catholic Church anywhere, or to endow or encourage the demeaning of good, God-fearing Catholics anywhere. He simply means to offer to South Americans the same choice he himself had and let them do as they please about it. Competition is

what keeps the Methodist Church as decent as it is, and a little competition will do wonders for the Catholic Church abroad, or else s. p. doesn't know beans. But s. p. would be mighty sorry to see everybody in this country Methodist because, if that were so, there'd be no living in the same town with a Bishop or a Sliding Elder, they'd be so uppity. That being the case, s. p. is bound to yield to an American citizen the right to be a Catholic or a Unitarian or a Christian Scientist or a Pillar of Fire Saint or whatnot. And s. p. do yield it. Furthermore, he honors piety wherever he finds it, whether it be under a nun's veil or a clown's make-up. And when s. p. finds a citizen big enough to be a patriot, s. p. doesn't ask who baptized him or whether he goes to a synagogue, mass or prayer meeting. As s. p. figures it, a Catholic patriot who gives his life that free-school, Protestant America may live and be glorified is more truly an American than a well-meaning Methodist parson who hasn't yet grown big enough to concede to him that honor for sacrifice so magnificently made. The vision of the Apostle Peter on the housetop, the call of Gentile Macedonia to Paul, the spirit of the Master toward His murderers—all these instruct us to beware whom we call unclean, and to take thought lest we hug bitterness in our hearts.—Dallas News.

The gatekeeper at Lubbock furnishes the following inventory of disbursements at the Tech celebration Tuesday: "The exact quantities of food served were 146 beeves toasting 35,000 pounds of meat, 418 tubs of sliced bread, 87 tubs of pickles, or 5 barrels; 184 tubs of tomato salad averaging 300 pounds to the tub, 64 tubs of fried chicken, 1,950 gallons of coffee, 10,000 roasting ears. The Governor was the first man into the feeding lines and he filled his plate at 12:07. The last man was fed at 12:53.

A Coleman arithmetician has figured the following per capita consumption by the attendants on the Lubbock celebration, based on the above report: Each man, woman and child consumed 1 1/3 pounds beef, 1/2 chicken, 1 5/6 pounds potato salad, 2 loaves bread, 1/2 gallon coffee, omitting the corn and the cob.—Coleman Democrat Voice.

See Broad-Windrow Co. for Sheet Metal, Water Supplies and Plumbing.
See Macy & Co. for the famous Superior Stock and Poultry Feeds. Phone orders to 295.

CONCERNING TAXES

Those who have the say about the expenditure of tax moneys frequently speak of the wastefulness of armies and navies. They wish, as does every one else, that such national safeguards were unnecessary and that the funds needed for their maintenance might be diverted to serve other purposes.

But as a rule they have very little to say about our standing army of tax collectors and spenders, which is more than five times the size of our army and navy combined. In this connection the recent report of the taxation committee of the Michigan Banker's Association is particularly interesting.

The committee asserts that, in the past fifteen years, more than 100,000 laws have been passed in the country to control the lives and business activities of our people, and that one individual in twelve of our population is supported by the taxpaying public in one way or another. In the state of Michigan, 50 per cent of the wealth newly created every year goes to pay for government—state, local or national.

The United States government pays salaries to 700,000 civilians and the several states have more than twice that number on their payrolls. Add their families and dependents and you will understand the surprising totals and the cost of our governmental housekeeping.—Ballinger Banner Ledger.

TAX-DODGING

A discussion of tax-dodging by Edwin Lefevre in the Saturday Evening Post tells about the tax-exempt bonds.

"The first thing the sur-tax did," he says, "was to drive those super-capitalists who were to pay so many millions of dollars into Uncle Sam's yawning pockets into investing in tax-exempt bonds. The rate was not attractive to the small investor, but it is estimated that the amount of tax-exempt bonds in the United States, excluding such Federal Government issues as are partly exempt, is about eleven billion dollars. This compares with about five billion ten years ago.

"At this writing municipal bonds are coming out at the rate of well over one billion a year, and farm loan bonds are also being issued pretty fast. The interest on these tax-exempt bonds outstanding represents an income of well over four hundred million dollars a year that does not pay the income tax. Of course it is impossible to estimate just how much tax the government does not get—probably not less than one hundred and sixty million dollars a year, which is the equivalent of four per cent four billions of capital."

Tax-free securities are increasing at the rate of \$5,000,000 per day and the public wonders why taxes are high on homes and the tools of industry.—Ballinger Banner Ledger.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The prophets of evil seem to be looking at a small hole in a pretty big doughnut.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The wildest dancing lately was in Beloit, Wis., when esthetic dancers saw a mouse.—Worcester Post.

How it must bore Treman to hear New Yorkers asking whether "Mrs. Castle" is divorced.—Louisville Times.

The barber says it's remarkable the way women keep from springing their winter millinery.—Waterloo Tribune.

Bud Jones runs his lawn mower when the neighbor's daughter practices on the piano. The result is jazz.—Greenville Piedmont.

Wonder when scientists will learn to calculate the periodical recurrences of jokes as they do that of comets.—The Times-Union.

How can the undertaker and corner keeper the Sabbath day, while the mad rush from the chicken farm to heaven keeps up?—Wichita Eagle.

The old fashioned love songs are gone, says an authority. It is beginning to look as though the old fashioned love has fled, too.—Springfield News.

A Hugo young man volunteers the information that they called his girl Spearmint, not because she is Wringley, as one would guess but because she is after meals.—Wichita Eagle.

A Nebraska woman, suing for divorce, asked for the custody of the cow.—News item. But she probably gave the old man the custody of the chickens.—Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).



Nero Knew

THE famous fiddler was a high liver. He had studied the subject.

That's why slaves had to bring ice and snow to Nero's castle, where the "ice card" was always out.

Think what a jump from those days of basket haulage to the modern ice delivery of today! Think what a customer Nero would have been if he—like you—could have gotten prompt delivery of sparkling pure ice by the mere ringing of a 'phone.

These are the happiest, healthiest days.

PHONE 125

MANN BROS. ICE CO.

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

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Your Protection

Alice—As people grow old I hope to see them keep up with the fashions.
Agnes—Yes, we never grow too old to acquire the latest wrinkle.—Boston Transcript.

Letter Files. The Brady Standard.

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

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PIANO TUNING and REPAIRING
At Davis & Gartman's Music Store.

J. C. BENSON

A BUNDLE OF MYRRH

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

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ONE of the first things that a new reporter on our paper has to learn is the kinology of the town. Until he knows who is kin to whom, and how, a reporter is likely at any time to make a bad break. Now, the kinology of a country town is no simple proposition. After a man has spent ten years writing up weddings, births and deaths, attending old settlers' picnics, family reunions and golden weddings, he may run into a new line of kin that opens a whole avenue of hitherto unexploitable facts to him, showing why certain families line up in the ward primaries, and why certain others are fighting tooth and toenail.

The only person in town who knows all of our kinology—and most of that in the county, where it is a separate and interminable study—is "Aunt" Martha Merryfield. She has lived here since the early fifties, and was a Perkins, one of the eleven Perkins children that grew up in town; and the Perkinses were related by marriage to the Mortons, of whom there are over fifty living adult descendants on the town-site now. So one begins to see why she is called "Aunt" Martha Merryfield. She is literally aunt to over a hundred people here.

She lives alone in the big brick house on the hill, though her children and grandchildren are in and out all day and most of the night, so that she is not at all lonesome. She is the only person to whom we can look for accurate information about local history, and when a man dies who has been at all prominent in affairs of the town or county or state, we always call up "Aunt" Martha on the 'phone, or send a reporter to her, to learn the real printable and unprintable truth about him.

Aunt Martha used to bring us flowers for the office table, and it was her delight to sit down and take out her corn-knife—as she called it—and go after the town shams. She has promised a dozen times to write an article for the paper, which she says we are not to print, entitled "Self-Made Women I Have Known." She says that men were always bragging about how they had clerked, worked on farms, dug ditches and whacked mules across the plains before the railroads came; but that their wives, insisted that they were princesses of the royal blood.

Her particular animosity in the town is Mrs. Julia Neal Worthington. Aunt Martha told us that when Tim Neal came to town he had a brogue you could scrape with a knife and an "O" before his name you could hoop a hoghead with. "And that woman," exclaimed Aunt Martha, when she was under full sail, "that woman, because she has two bookcases in the front room and reads the book reviews in the Delineator, thinks that she is cultured. When her folks first came to town they were as poor as Job's turkey, which was not to their discredit—everyone was poor in those days. The old man Neal was as honest an old Mick as you'd meet in a day's journey, or at a fair, and he used to run a lemonade and peanut stand down by the bank corner. But his girls, who were raised on it, until they began teaching school, used to refer to the peanut stand as 'papa's hobby,' pretend that he only ran it for recreation, and say: 'Now why do you suppose papa enjoys it?—We just can't get him to give it up!' And now Julia is president of the Women's federation, has stomach trouble, has had two operations, and is suffering untold agonies with acute curtilitis. And yet," Aunt Martha would say through a beauteous smile, "she's a good-enough woman in many ways, and I wouldn't say anything against her for the world."

Once Miss Larrabee, the society reporter, brought back this from a visit to Aunt Martha: "I know, my dear, that your paper says there are no cliques and crowds in society in this town, and that it is so democratic. But you and I know the truth. We know about society in this town. We know that if there ever was a town that looked like a side of bacon—streak of lean and streak of fat all the way down—it is this blessed place. Crowds?—why, I've lived here over fifty years and it was always crowds. 'Way back in the days when the boys used to pick us up and carry us across Elm Creek when we went to dances, there were crowds. The girls who crossed on the boys' backs weren't considered quite proper by the girls who were carried over in the boys' arms. And they didn't dance in the same set."

Miss Larrabee says she looked into the elder woman's eyes to find which crowd Aunt Martha belonged to, when she flashed out:

"Oh, child, you needn't look at me—I did both; it depended on who was looking! But, as I was saying, if anyone knows about society in this town, I do. I went to every dance in town for the first twenty-five years, and I have made potato salad to pay the salary of every Methodist preacher for the past thirty years, and I ought to know what I'm talking about." There was fire enough to twinkle in her old eyes as she spoke. "Beginning at the bottom, one may say that the base of society is the little tads, ranging down from what your paper

calls the Amalgamated Handholders, to the trundle-bed trash just out of their kissing games. It's funny to watch the little tads grow up and pair off and see how bravely they try to keep in the swim. I've seen ten grandchildren get out and I've a great-grandchild whose mother will be pushing her out before she is old enough to know anything. When young people get married they all say they're not going to be old-marriedly, and they hang on to the dances and little hops until the first baby comes. Then they don't get out to the dances much, but they join a card club."

In her dissertation on the social progress of young married people, Aunt Martha explained that after the second year the couple go only to the big dances where everyone is invited, but they pay more attention to cards. The young mother begins going to afternoon parties, and has the other young married couples in for dinner. Then, before they know it, they are invited out to receptions and parties, where little tads preside at the punch-bowls and wait on table, and are seen and not heard. Aunt Martha continued:

"By the time the second baby comes they take one of two shoots—either go in for church socials or edge into a whist club."

Aunt Martha's eyes danced with the mischief in her heart as she went on: "Now, if after the second baby comes, the young parents begin to feel like saving money, and being someone at the bank, they join the church and go in for church socials, which don't take so much time or money as the whist clubs and receptions. The babies keep coming and the young people keep on improving their home, moving from the little house to the big house; the young man's name begins to creep into lists of directors at the bank, and they are invited out to the big parties, and she goes to all the stand-up and 'rubble-gobble-and-git' receptions. As they grow older, they are asked with the preachers and widows for the first night of a series of parties at a home to get them out of the way and over with before the young folks come later in the week. When they get to a point where the young folks laugh and clap their hands at little puddy daddy when he dances 'Old Dan Tucker' at the big

ried—Judge of the District court at twenty-four." She held the case in her hand and went on opening the others. She came to one showing a mustached and goateed youth in a captain's uniform—a slim, straight, soldierly figure. As she passed it to Miss Larrabee Aunt Martha looked sidewise at her, saying: "You wouldn't know him now. Yet you see him every day, I suppose." After the girl shook her head, the elder woman continued: "Well, that's Jim Purdy, isn't on the day he left for the army." She sighed as she said: "Let me see, I guess I haven't happened to run across Jim for ten years or more, but he didn't look much like this then. Poor old Jim, they tell me he's not having the best time in the world."

Miss Larrabee came down the lilac-bordered walk from the stately old brick house, carrying a great bouquet of sweet peas and nasturtiums and poppies and phlox, a fleeting memory of some association she had in her mind of Uncle Jimmy Purdy and Aunt Martha kept tantalizing her. She could not get it out of the background of her consciousness, and yet it refused to form itself into a tangible conception. It was associated vaguely with her own grandmother, as though, infinite ages ago, her grandmother had said something that had lodged in the girl's head.

When the occasion made itself, Miss Larrabee asked her grandmother the question that puzzled her, and learned that Martha Perkins and Jim Purdy were lovers before the war, and that she was wearing his ring when he went away—thinking he would be back in a few weeks with the Civil war ended. In his first fight he was shot in the head and was in the hospital for a year, demented; when he was put back in the ranks he was captured and his name given out among the killed. In prison his dementia returned and he stayed there two years. Then for a year after his exchange he followed the Union army like a dumb creature, and not until two years after the close of the war did the poor fellow drift home again, as one from the dead—all uncertain of the past and unfitted for the future.

And his sweetheart drank her cup alone. The old settlers say that she never flinched nor shrank, but for



The Judge Walked Over and Gave the Band Leader Five Dollars.

parties in the brick house, it's all up with them—they are old married folks, and the next step takes them to the old folks' whist club, where the bankers' wives and the insurance widows run things. That is the inner sanctuary, the holy of holies in the society of this town."

"That reminds me of the Winthrops. When they came here, back in the sixties, it happened to be Fourth of July, and the band was out playing in the grove by the depot. Mrs. Winthrop got off the train quite grandly and bowed and waved her hand to the band, and the Judge walked over and gave the band leader five dollars. They said afterward that they felt deeply touched to find a raw western town so appreciative of the coming of an old New England family, that it greeted them with a band. Before Mrs. Winthrop had been here three weeks she called on me, 'as one of the first ladies of the town,' she said, to organize and see if we couldn't break up the habit of the hired girls eating at the table with the family."

The talk drifted back to the old days, and Aunt Martha got out her photograph-album and showed Miss Larrabee the pictures of those whom she called "the rude forefathers of the village." In their quaint old costumes of war-times. In the book were baby pictures of middle-aged men and women, and youthful pictures of the old men and women of the town. But most interesting of all to Miss Larrabee were the daguerrotypes—quaint old portraits in their little black boxes, framed in plush and gilt. The old woman brought out picture after picture—her husband's among the others, in a broad beaver hat with a high choker taken back in Brattleboro before he came to Kansas. She looked at it for a long minute, and then said gaily to Miss Larrabee: "He was a handsome boy—quite the beau of the state when we were mar-

years, even after her marriage, the young woman kept a little grave covered with flowers, that bore the simple words: "Martha, aged five months and three days."

The war brought her neighbors so many sorrows that Martha's trouble was forgotten, the years passed and only the old people of the community know about the little grave beside the Judge's and their little boy's. Jimmy Purdy grew into a smooth-faced, unwrinkled, rather blank-eyed old man, clerking in the bookstore for a time, serving as city clerk for 20 years, and later living at the Palace hotel on his pension. He worshipped Aunt Martha's children, but he never saw her except when they met in some casual way. She was married when he came back from the war, and if he ever knew her agony he never spoke of it.

One day they found him dead in his bed. And Miss Larrabee hurried out to Aunt Martha's to get the facts about his life for the paper. It was a bright October morning as she went up the walk to the old brick house, and she heard someone playing on the piano, rolling the chords after the grandiose manner of pianists 50 years ago. A voice seemed to be singing an old ballad. As the girl mounted the steps the voice came more distinctly to her. It was quavering and unsure, but with a moan of passion the words came forth: "As I lay my heart on your dear heart—Douglas."

"Suddenly the voice choked with a groan. As she stood by the open door Miss Larrabee could see in the darkened room the figure of an old woman, racked with sobs on a great mahogany sofa, and on the floor beside her lay a daguerrotype, glistening with glass through the gloom.

The girl tiptoed across the porch, down the steps, through the garden, and out of the gate.

BULGARIA Land of Peasants



Bulgarian Peasant Girls Going to Market.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Bulgaria, where the Balkan penchant for turbulence seems to have made its first important appearance since the World war, presents a paradox. It is a country very largely of peasants, scornful of idleness and pretense, yet producers of what is perhaps the world's best known symbol of luxury, attar of roses.

The country is often considered merely "one of the Balkan states." But whatever its faults and its virtues, it certainly is not colorless, and it fully deserves to stand on its own feet. The differences between the Bulgarians and the Turks are obvious, and 500 years of domination by the latter did not serve to eradicate them. There is almost as much of a racial gulf between the Bulgarians and the Greeks; and their differences are accentuated by an ancient enmity dating from the time when the Bulgars were a threatening spear-point against the Greek Byzantine empire, and later when for a space Bulgaria was tributary to that same Byzantium. The Rumanians to the north are Latins and they, too, are racially distinct from the Bulgars. The closest kinsmen which the Bulgars have among their neighbors are the Serbs and other Jugo-Slavs. But just as in smaller families feuds exist, so there is little love lost between Bulgaria and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

Bulgaria long suffered not only from the tyranny of the non-Christian Turk, but also from the diplomatic intrigues of the Christian powers of Europe. Russia liberated the country from the Turkish yoke by the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78 and proposed to set it up as an independent nation with considerably more territory than it has today. But other powers, fearful of a strong state in the Balkans, compelled the transfer of areas to adjacent states, divided the territory that was left into Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia, and placed both back under the suzerainty of Turkey. Bulgaria, a semi-independent principality, elected a German prince for its ruler and remained much as it was created for seven years. Then by a coup d'etat Eastern Rumelia was annexed to the principality, an arrangement accepted by Turkey. Full independence came only in 1908 when the then Prince Ferdinand proclaimed himself tsar like the Bulgarian rulers of the country's ancient golden age.

Acquires a Bad Name. Poor leadership during the last decade has given Bulgaria a bad name with much of the outside world. After the war in which Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece defeated Turkey in 1912, there was a war over the spoils between Bulgaria and the other former allies, with Rumania finally intervening against Bulgaria. The responsibility for this conflict, whether rightly or wrongly, has generally been laid at the door of Bulgaria. During the World war, perhaps largely because of the Hohenzollern blood of the Bulgarian tsar, Bulgaria lined up with Germany, Austria and Turkey. But the late premier, Stamboulsky, was opposed to this step and was imprisoned because of his opposition. His attitude probably reflected that of his peasant party which is now opposing the new regime.

Though Bulgaria produces the usual grains, fruits, tobacco and live stock of its part of the world, it is best known for its extensive culture of roses for the manufacture of the famous and valuable attar of roses. The number of acres of roses cultivated for this purpose in Bulgaria has approached 20,000. An acre produces about 4,000 pounds of rose petals, but this great bulk of petals yields only about 20 ounces of attar. The salable product from a whole acre is therefore little more than one pound. This much-sought essence, however, is worth from \$80 up per pound in Bulgaria and many times more than that in foreign countries.

Sofia Like a Western City. Sofia, capital of Bulgaria, and scene of the chief acts in the recent coup d'etat, is an adequate expression of

the Bulgars. It is a solid, business-like, modern, thrifty capital, with little of the picturesque and artistic in its composition, and nothing of romance or sentiment. It is a matter-of-fact Western city, paved with smooth-squared blocks of asphalt, and its streets are lined with stone and brick and stucco buildings, of solid, simple architecture. As in most American cities, these buildings were constructed for the display of wares to the best advantage, for obtaining the greatest possible office floor space or the largest number of living apartments rather than for beauty or original effect. For the complexities of luxury, the Bulgarians have no time, nor have they learned to feel a need of them.

Their capital is a comparatively new city. Travelers who visited there before 1880 described it as a miserably poor place, "a concourse of red-tiled huts and of hovels of wood and plaster, of narrow, crooked streets, and of general filth and depression." This was the product of Turkish misadministration, which has nearly disappeared, the modern Sofia rising out of the Ottoman ruins. Sofia has 154,000 population and has been growing steadily. It is a commanding point upon the shortest trade route between Europe and Asia. Europe's railway freight for the Near East and the goods of Asia Minor, Persia and Mesopotamia for the West pass through its valley. The city early became important as a trade center, and, probably, would have developed into one of the great cities of Europe, had not periodical destruction, almost continual dangers of war, and centuries of misrule held it back.

The city lies in the midst of a broad plain, between the Vitoshka mountains and the main Balkan chain. At the end of almost every vista in the city one sees these distant hill masses, and this fringing of mountains is the only thing that keeps modern Sofia from seeming entirely commonplace. Belgrade lies 200 miles northwest of Sofia, while Constantinople lies 300 miles southeast. The valley at Sofia is an upland plateau, 1,700 feet above sea level, and near the heart of the peninsula, which determines the climate as a sharply continental one. In August, the mercury goes up to 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and, in winter, it falls to four and five degrees below zero. The changes in the weather are often very sudden, though the climate is healthy.

Has Many Fine Buildings. The rebuilding of Sofia began around 1880. It now has many creditable public buildings, electric light, an electric street railway, and good sewerage and water systems. It possesses the largest theater in southeastern Europe, the Bulgarian National theater, with a competent corps of actors and singers, and a seasonal offering of the best in opera and drama, is a revelation of the strides that have been made in the Balkans since the Turks were driven back a brief generation ago. The theater is a handsome modern structure, planned with greater luxury of detail than most buildings in Sofia, and it cost \$400,000. Furthermore, Sofia has a public bath house which is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the world. It was built over a hot mineral spring, famed since the days of the Romans. This building, in Byzantine style, including in its interior appointments all of the most modern luxuries, cost the Bulgarians \$600,000.

Their capital city is one of the peculiar prizes of the hard-working, long-enduring, persistent Bulgarians. It typifies to them the promise of a great Bulgarian future, and they, also, look upon it as an earnest of their right to a respected place among the civilized nations of the West.

The few touches that bind Sofia to the past come when through a vista of modern business buildings—perhaps over the tops of clanging electric trams—one catches a glimpse of a slender minaret of some mosque that has survived the religious cataclysm that turned Moslem "Rumelia" into Christian "Bulgaria."

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Classy-Pl-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.

LOST

LOST—Friday, on Lohn road, grip containing samples of overalls and work clothes, with Morning Dry Goods Co. label. Finder please notify this office and receive reward.

REWARD—For the return of Diamond and Wedding Ring, taken from rest room at court house on Monday, August 20th, Brady, Texas. Return or notify MRS. L. ROBERT MALONE, Brownwood, Texas. Box 192. No questions asked.

LOST—August 28th, on road, possibly between Lohn and Brady, Goodyear cord tire, 33x 4, with rim and inner tube, for Chandler car. Reasonable reward and transportation charges for return to LESTER S. WHIPPLE, City Nat'l Bank Bldg., San Antonio, Texas.

WANTED

WANTED—Girl to room and board. Phone 335.

WANTED—Roomers, without children. Phone 100.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Rooms. See Mrs. J. C. HARBOR, Brady.

FOR RENT—6—room house, furnished; sleeping porch and bath; also good barn. See O. D. MANN, Sr.

FOR SALE

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

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

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Four used cars; all in excellent condition. Call at APPLETON BROS. PRODUCE CO., Brady.

FOR SALE—My new, modern, 5-room residence, with or without furniture. BILL OGDEN, at Com'l Nat'l Bank.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Desirable residence near new high school. For information phone APPLETON BROS. Produce Co.

FOR SALE—Seed Barley, six-row winter grade, \$1.00 per bu. at my place, 8 miles north of Brady on Santa Anna road. H. C. BISSETT.

FOR TRADE—Good, 5-passenger Car in good condition, to trade for Oats, good Maize Heads or Live Stock. See us now! O. D. MANN & SONS.

FOR SALE—Let us show you some bargains in Sewing Machines. We are making some Special Prices, or will trade for Oats, Maize Heads or Cattle. O. D. MANN & SONS.

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. Johnson, Brady.

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Ruth Teas of Fort Worth was a week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Teas.

Mrs. B. L. Malone and children are enjoying a week's outing on the Dr. B. E. Bell ranch on Clear Creek in Brown county.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Woodall and little baby of Houston, were here last week as guests of Mrs. W. H. Ballou, while on a tour of West Texas.

M. P. Wegner left Sunday for Austin, where he will join Mrs. Wegner, who is visiting there, and from there they will leave shortly for a tour of the northwestern States and Canada.

Blackboard Erasers. The Brady Standard.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

There is great rejoicing in the home of the Rev. H. W. Milsap over the arrival of a fine son and heir, who was left at their home safely this morning, September 4th, and who tipped the scales at 8 pounds. The newcomer has been named H. W., Jr.

J. C. Mayhew returned the past week and is again greeting his many friends here. Mr. Mayhew spent about three months visiting relatives and old friends at Fort Worth, Gatesville, Cisco and DeLeon, and is contemplating visiting still other points the coming week.

Miss Julia Gamble arrived Sunday morning from Dallas to accept a position as saleslady with the S. A. Benham store. Miss Gamble is an experienced millinery saleslady, and with her pleasing personality is certain to be popular with patrons of the Benham store.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Baze are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a bright, 8-pound boy, born Friday, August 31st. Mother and babe are reported doing nicely, and the father is reported as having already started a bank account for the fortunate son and heir.

R. B. McClure is about the happiest man about town these days, and because of a wee speck of humanity whose arrival was announced on Thursday, August 30th. The new arrival and his proud mother are doing splendidly, and Bob has all but worn his arm off acknowledging congratulations and good wishes.

Mrs. J. S. Abernathy spent this week here packing their household effects for removal to Gorman, and where she will join Mr. Abernathy in making her home. It is their intention to establish a private sanitarium to accommodate out-of-town patients, coming to Gorman for mass treatment by Mr. Abernathy and in which practice he has had great success. Mrs. Abernathy will assist him in the caring for patients.

Sunday, September 2nd, marks a happy occasion for Judge and Mrs. Evans J. Adkins, inasmuch as the wise old Stork visited them on that day and left a fine and sturdy son to bless and brighten their home. The happy parents are mighty proud of the little newcomer, and are being showered with congratulations and good wishes by their many friends.

The Fire Department was called to the residence of Mrs. S. T. Ward late Saturday evening, where an incipient blaze threatened destruction. The flames were extinguished with the chemical hose with but small damage to the roof. The alarm was first reported as from the Central school building, just across the street, and occasioned a large gathering of Saturday evening shoppers.



Early Fall Showing

New Millinery and Dresses

Plenty of Style and Quality at Moderate Prices

C. H. Vincent
DRY GOODS

South Side



Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Stewart have returned to their home at Enid, Okla., after spending the past week here as guests of their son, Jimmie Stewart, and wife. Mr. Stewart was greatly impressed with the Brady country and Brady people, and stated that the best crops he saw on the entire trip were between Fort Worth and this place. He would not admit that Brady had his home bested on water, but carried a jug of Brady water along with him for the avowed purpose of making actual comparison. (Confidentially, we are led to believe he knew Brady water was the best, but just hated to fess up.)

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Wright, accompanied by their nephew and niece, Russ and Lillian Holland, returned last Wednesday from Eldorado, where they spent the past couple of months, and where Mr. Wright had charge of the erection of an up-to-date fireproof building of stone, concrete and plate glass for a hardware company, and also another frame store building there. Mr. Wright also had in view the erection of a new church building when he went to Eldorado, but on account of poor crops and general prospects, the erection of the church edifice has been deferred. Quite naturally, they are all glad to be back, as are also their friends to see them back.

We have the famous Superior Dairy and Poultry Feeds in stock. Phone your orders to 295. MACY & CO.

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

Full Credit.
"Jobson willingly gives his wife full credit for what he is."
"What is he?"
"Bankrupt."—Boston Transcript.

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

SCHOLASTIC AGE.
Any child, in order to attend school, must be six years of age or older on September 1, 1923. Children between six and seven years of age on that date must start at the beginning of the school, and must pay tuition for the entire year.

Vendor's Lien Notes. The Brady Standard.

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.

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.)

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS
To the Sheriff or any Constable of McCulloch County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to cause to be published once a week for a period of ten days before the return day hereof, in a newspaper of general circulation, which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year in said McCulloch County, a copy of the following notice:

THE STATE OF TEXAS
To all persons interested in the Estate of S. A. Davenport, Deceased, Mrs. Maggie Davenport has filed in the County Court of McCulloch County, an application for the Probate of the last Will and Testament of said S. A. Davenport, Deceased, filed with said application, and for Letters Testamentary on the estate of said S. A. Davenport, Deceased, which will be heard at the next term of said Court, commencing on the third Monday in October A. D. 1923, the same being the 15th day of October A. D. 1923, at the Court House thereof, in Brady, Texas, at which time all persons interested in said Estate may appear and contest said application, should they desire to do so.

Herein Fail Not, but have you before said Court on the said first day of the next term thereof this Writ, with your return thereon showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Brady, Texas this 30th day of August A. D. 1923.

W. J. Yantis,
Clerk, County Court, McCulloch County, Texas.

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

Best grade 8-oz. Duck for Cotton Sacks. C. H. VINCENT, South Side.

WONDER WORDS

Early Day Remembrances of San Saba County.

Wonder Oregon, Aug. 26, 1923—Editor Brady Standard:

Here and there, now and then pro and con. Well now, it seems that wonders will never cease as long as we live! To use the paraphrase of the Portuguese man—"how more I live how more I find py yeming!"

Who do you suppose has bought a home right here in our midst? No other personage than Dick Miller who many years ago lived in San Saba county and whose wife was Ada Walker and raised at Harvey Spring in San Saba county. His brother Hugh Miller was the sheriff of San Saba county and his grandfather Hugh Miller was a saddle maker of pioneer days.

Mr. Miller tells me that he and John R. McGhee were raised together in Hayes county and used to hunt wild turkeys together and used old time fint lock guns and on one occasion he let Johnnie lay the gun on top of his (Dick's) head for a rest to shoot a turkey. Some of ye old timers will remember the hurricane that swept across the Onion Creek country near Soldier's water-hole and uprooted so many oak trees in the summer of 1876. (I remember it well.) Mr. Miller then a young man was carrying the mail in a two horse hack from San Saba via Richland Springs and Rochelle to "Brady City,"—it was then called.

Mr. Miller was caught in that storm and when the storm had subsided and the wind abated, he found his team, himself and his hack and the mail and other contents thereof strewn over about a half mile of country. He heard a woman down Onion Creek calling for help. He ran down there and found Mrs. Mullinix at a sheep ranch trying to get to the cowpen to let the calves out before they would all drown; but the water was too deep and swift for her. So

he partly by wading and partly by swimming managed to throw the fence down and extricate the calves. He said that the mail bag was one of those old-fashioned double kind used for carrying mail on horseback and that fortunately it had lodged against a log by lapping around the log.

It was quite a treat to meet up with an old timer like that who was acquainted with those you used to know.

Now Mr. Editor I am going to dedicate this article to Sheriff Edgar T. Neal of San Saba and his wife who is my niece and I am asking you courteously to send them a copy of The Brady Standard containing this letter, and oblige yours truly,
O. I. C. U. R. RIGHT.

MACY & CO. sell the famous Superior Dairy and Poultry Feeds. Phone orders to 295.

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

We still have some of those good Farm Trucks left—let us show you and make prices. O. D. MANN & Sons.

Unfortunate.
"I am terribly annoyed, sir. Yesterday I asked your daughter to be my wife."
"Yes—what about it?"
"Well, it's this way. I am quite unable to remember whether she said yes or no."—San Jen, Paris.

Tan-No-More
The Skin Beautifier

35c, 60c and \$1.00 the Jar at Toilet Counters

Sample Mailed on Request

BAKER LABORATORIES, Inc., MEMPHIS, TENN.

LYRIC THEATRE

Brady's Popular Amusement Place--The Home of Good Pictures
JULIUS LEVY, Proprietor and Manager

Presents the Following Program for This Week and Next:

<p>Wednesday, Sept. 5th</p> <p>WILLIAM FAIRBANKS</p> <p>—In—</p> <p>"WESTERN PEP"</p> <p>5-REEL WESTERN</p> <p>In this picture there is Action, Thrills, Comedy and Romance. The kind of a picture you will like. Don't miss it. Also</p> <p>FOX News—Current Events</p>	<p>Thursday, Sept. 6th</p> <p>LEAH BAIRD</p> <p>—In—</p> <p>"THE HEART LINE"</p> <p>6-REEL DRAMA</p> <p>Exciting Romance of beautiful young girl, whose heart line discloses three love affairs. Taken from Gillett Burgess' corking fine novel. Also</p> <p>"BULL FIGHTERS"</p> <p>2-Reel Comedy</p>	<p>Friday, Sept. 7th</p> <p>LON CHANEY</p> <p>—In—</p> <p>"SHADOWS"</p> <p>7-REEL DRAMA</p> <p>Acclaimed the best picture of the year by America's leading critics. A picture you will never forget. The greatest story ever told in motion pictures. See "Shadows" and let the sunshine filter into your life.</p>	<p>Saturday, Sept. 8th</p> <p>ESTELLE TAYLOR</p> <p>—In—</p> <p>"THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS"</p> <p>7-REEL DRAMA</p> <p>A picturization of Bertha M. Clay's immortal story of "Smiles and Tears." A story of a love conflict, where a man is called upon to decide between the girl of his dreams and a beautiful little stranger who sang into his heart.</p>	<p>Monday, Sept. 10th</p> <p>RICHARD TALMADGE</p> <p>—In—</p> <p>"WILD CAT JORDAN"</p> <p>5-Reel WESTERN DRAMA</p> <p>You will get the thrills of your life seeing Talmadge leap, jump, swing hang, dive and plunge through five reels of side-splitting comedy-drama. Also</p> <p>FOX NEWS</p> <p>Current Events.</p>	<p>Tuesday, Sept. 11th</p> <p>WILLIAM DUNCAN</p> <p>—In—</p> <p>"PLAYING THE WILD"</p> <p>6-Reel WESTERN DRAMA</p> <p>A story of the West, of hard-riding men, where a six gun speaks the only language they know. A drama of a cowboy, careless of all in life except—morals, who comes to his man's estate because a girl believed him to be a cheater. Also</p> <p>FOX NEWS</p> <p>Current Events.</p>
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Remember, Our Prices Are 15c and 25c for All Pictures, Every Night, Including War Tax. All Children Not In Arms Must Have Tickets. Doors Open at 7:30; Show Starts at 8:00 p. m. Every Night Except Saturday. Two Shows Saturday Night—First at 7:45 Until Further Notice. Watch This Space Every Tuesday for Future Programs.