

Cleaning and Pressing That Satisfy---PHONE 148---Mann Bros. & Holton

MAY SOLVE EMPTY GRAVE MYSTERY--ON TRIAL MONDAY

Aspermont, Texas, March 20.—Stonewall county's greatest mystery, the famous "empty grave case," will occupy the center of the stage here Monday when B. J. Cochran, C. O. Hoggett and Wayne Ussery, the principal figures in it, go to trial on indictments charging them with swindling several insurance companies.

B. J. Cochran supposedly died and was buried in the Johnson Chapel cemetery near here on March 10, 1919. His funeral sermon was preached by a regularly ordained Methodist minister, disinterested friends saw the body laid out for burial, later placed in a coffin and the coffin interred.

On Oct. 13, 1920, following a grand jury investigation the grave was opened. In it was found an empty rough box only. The coffin and the supposed corpse had disappeared. A week or so later Cochran was arrested on a lonely sheep ranch near Sterling City, Texas, where he had been living with his five children for many months.

He was identified and brought back to Aspermont where he made no attempt to deny that he was the B. J. Cochran whose body was supposed to have been buried in the Johnson county cemetery. He declared that on March 8 an unknown Mexican came to his home in Stonewall county and engaged him in conversation.

A short while later he became unconscious and when he came to found himself chained in a wagon. He was taken to Western New Mexico and placed in a prison according to his story, only to be later released. He found his wife and family residing on

the sheep ranch near Sterling City. He declared it his belief that the Mexican had given him something to render him unconscious and then later had dug open the grave in order to carry him back to New Mexico where he was wanted on an indictment charging murder.

At the time of his supposed death, Cochran was actually at liberty under a \$10,000 bond awaiting trial on a murder charge. He was released from their obligation. He also carried \$10,000 worth of insurance in three different insurance companies. These policies were paid to the widow and it is in connection with this feature of the "mystery" that the three men will face trial Monday.

Hoggett and Ussery are relatives of Cochran and are alleged to have made arrangements for his "funeral."

How about your watch? Is it keeping correct time? If not, let us remedy the trouble for you. Satisfaction guaranteed. A. F. Grant, Jeweler, east side square, Brady, Texas.

Legal Blanks, The Brady Standard.

MATTRESSES

ROLLS, PADS, CUSHIONS ETC.

Workmanship and material guaranteed to be the very best and up-to-date. Renovating a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed.

E. R. CANTWELL

MATTRESS MAKER
Brady, Texas
Located 3 Doors North Moffatt Bros. & Jones

SANTA FE OFFERS \$100 REWARD FOR DEPOT BURGLARS

The Santa Fe is offering a reward of \$100 for the apprehension and conviction of the party or parties who blew the safe at the union passenger station on the night of February 28, and made a get-away with something over \$200. The reward offer was contained in a letter received by Sheriff J. C. Wall from W. L. Futch, special agent of the Santa Fe at Temple. Mr. Futch was formerly sheriff of Coleman county. He came to Brady following the robbery in order to personally investigate the circumstances.

The offering of the reward follows upon suggestions made to Mr. Futch and Mr. Lazaliar, local agent, by Sheriff Wall, who gave it as his opinion that the reward might result in the uncovering of clues leading to the apprehension of the guilty party or parties. While local officers have some well-defined suspicions, they so far lack the necessary evidence to back up their suspicions, and the offering of so large a reward will, in all likelihood, bring about the desired result.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our deep appreciation to the members of the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church for the beautiful flowers sent as taken of their loving sympathy in our recent bereavement. Also we deeply appreciate the words of consolation and sympathy from our friends. We ask God's richest blessings upon you all.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. KNOX,
W. A. KNOX.

EASTER SERVICE BRADY KNIGHTS SUNDAY MORN'G

As is their usual custom, members of Brady Commandery No. 68, Knights Templar, will assemble on Easter Sunday to participate in religious services. The services this year will be held at the First M. E. church on South Blackburn street, Sir Knights having accepted the invitation of Sir and Reverend S. C. Dunn to worship with the members and attendants of that church.

The Sir Knights will gather at the Masonic temple at ten o'clock next Sunday morning, all of them, or as many as possible, appearing in the full uniform of the plumed knight, and where assembly will be sounded for a short rehearsal. From the temple, the Sir Knights will march in procession to the church edifice, where services will be held at 11:00 o'clock.

Besides the responsive readings, special music will mark the program, and an interesting and edifying hour of worship will be had. A cordial invitation is extended the general public to attend.

WOODMEN ATTENTION!

There will be a regular meeting of Brady Camp next Thursday the 24th, at 7:30 p. m. to hear the report of Sov. J. E. Brown, who attended the Houston Convention as delegate from this camp. Visiting Woodmen welcome.

A. B. Carrithers, Clerk.
C. D. Allen, C. C.

Easter Goods, different kinds at G. A. Krueger's Store. Brady, Texas.

Death of Mrs. F. F. Aschbacher.

Mrs. F. F. Aschbacher passed peacefully and quietly into realms beyond last Saturday morning, March 19, 1921, at about 10:30 o'clock. Her passing away followed shortly after the arrival of her daughter, Miss Melba Rhea, from Denton, who had been called to her mother's bedside. After listening to her daughter sing several of her favorite songs, Mrs. Aschbacher fell asleep—in the sleep that knows no waking in this life.

Mrs. Josephine M. Aschbacher, nee Ahlers, was born at New Bremen, Ohio, June 1st, 1874, and was, therefore, 46 years, 9 months and 11 days old. She was married to F. F. Aschbacher at St. Mary's, Ohio, June 15, 1898. Mrs. Aschbacher had been ill for the past three years, and in June, 1920, the family removed here from Victoria, Texas, in the hopes of benefiting her health.

Mrs. Aschbacher was a wonderful Christian wife and mother, and had endeared herself to a large circle of friends in Brady. Besides the husband, she leaves two daughters, Miss Melba Rhea, a student at C. I. A. at Denton, and Miss Zenda Carmen, a student at Brady high school. Also two sisters, Mrs. H. C. Bertke of Detroit, Mich., and Mrs. Harjehausen of New Bremen, Ohio, and one brother, D. C. Ahlers of New Bremen.

Funeral services were held at 2:00 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the Rev. S. H. Jones officiating. Interment was made in Brady cemetery, and the local order of Daughters of Rebekah held impressive services at the grave. No better tokens of the high esteem in which Mrs. Aschbacher was held and the sincere mourning at her taking away could be had than in the large concourse of friends attending the funeral to pay last tribute to the dead, and in the great mass of beautiful flowers and floral offerings covering the grave.

ICE PLANT FIRE CAUSES \$700 LOSS MON. MORNING

Fire at the Mann Bros. ice plant at about 8:00 o'clock Monday morning, resulted in a loss estimated by G. A. Bunbren, manager, at between \$600 and \$700. The fire had its origin in one of the storage vaults, which was in process of overhauling, and probably resulted from the explosion of an oil stove, or else the communication of the oil stove blaze to paint used in the overhauling of the pipes in the vault. The heavy loss resulted from the destruction of pre-gated cork, used in the packing of the vault. This cork is dipped three times in an asphalt preparation, following which it is compressed into boards 2 inches thick, by one foot in width and three feet in length, a process which makes the cork correspondingly expensive. According to one of the workmen, he had just lit the oil stove and was standing in the doorway of the vault, when he heard an explosion, and, turning, saw the asphalted cork springing into flames. The fire boys responded promptly to the alarm, and succeeded in extinguishing the fire with the use of their chemical apparatus.

The overhauling of the three storage vaults at the ice plant has been both an arduous and an expensive undertaking. Two of the vaults are, respectively 10x14 ft. and 20x20 ft. in dimension, and the one in which the fire occurred was 14x20 ft. Not only are the vaults being relined with cork, but new floors as well are being placed.

63c per lb. for Best Chocolate Candy. Trigg Drug Co.

LYRIC THEATRE

Brady's Popular Amusement Place--The Home of Good Pictures

JULIUS LEVY, Proprietor and Manager

COMING FRIDAY, MARCH 25TH

Charles Ray in "An Old Fashioned Boy"

Admirers of Charles Ray, the ever popular Paramount star in Thomas H. Ince productions, will be pleased to learn that his latest photoplay, "An Old Fashioned Boy" will be shown here Friday, March 25th. The story presents Mr. Ray in a typical role, that of a bashful country boy whose love story is turbulent but enjoyable. Mr. Ray is supported by a splendid supporting company, headed by Ethel Shannon, a charming debutante in picturedom. She appears to excellent advantage as the foil of the star. The picture was ably directed by Jerome Storm while the story was written by Agnes Christine Johnston. The three kiddies in the picture provide plenty of amusement for all the kiddies who see them. The story contains many a laugh and you will enjoy it. Only one show given on this night, starting promptly at 7:45 p. m. Come early and get good seats.

<p>Wednesday, March 23 WILLIAM FARNUM —In— DRAG HARLAN 6-REEL DRAMA An amazing drama of the speediest two-gun wizard the Great West ever knew. There's no romance quite so sweet as western romance; no characters quite so picturesque as the people of the west; no man quite as quick with a gun as "Drag Harlan." If you love to read stories about men of the West who could draw a gun like a streak of blue lightning, you surely can't afford to miss "Drag Harlan," starring William Farnum, the great Western star in a real great Western picture.</p> <p>Also Starting of "PURPLE RIDERS" 2-Reel Serial</p>	<p>Thursday, March 24 MITCHELL LEWIS —In— KING SPRUCE 7-REEL DRAMA Story of a big-hearted man of the woods who straightens out the difficulties of a spruce magnate and wins his daughter. This picture is strikingly graphic in scenes of the North woods. It is against interesting backgrounds of wild woodland and rude lumber camps that most of the action takes place. This necessitates skilled photography, fine in detail and effective in contrast of light and shadow. The camera work is of such high order that whether it be a mountain torrent or falling monarchs of the forests, it abounds with the vivid imaginary of the truly picturesque. See the impressive forests scenes in this swiftly-moving melodrama of the Woodland.</p> <p>FOX NEWS</p>	<p>Friday, March 25 CHARLES RAY —In— AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY 5-REEL COMEDY-DRAMA The tale of a lad who loved a new-fashioned girl. He knew they were engaged for she let him kiss her once; so he secretly built the home of his dreams and furnished it to surprise his bride. But Dane didn't know women! When he found himself with three strange babies on his hands;—The rest is a tear and a hundred laughs, every-one straight from your heart. This story contains many a laugh and you will enjoy it.</p> <p>"HOLD ME TIGHT" 2-Reel Sunshine Comedy</p>	<p>Saturday, March 26 ETHEL CLAYTON —In— SINS OF ROSANNE 5-REEL DRAMA Mystery and romance in the Kimberley diamond fields. Smugglers and lovers in the South African moonlight! And a lovely, fascinating woman the center of it all. That's "Sins of Rosanne." Ethel Clayton's new Paramount picture. It's one of the strongest, most thrilling stories ever filmed. Miss Clayton is supported by an excellent cast, including Jack Holt as leading man. The picture was adapted from Cynthia Stocking's famous novelette. Don't miss seeing this treat.</p> <p>Also— "BRIDE 13," 2-Reel Serial</p>	<p>Monday, March 28 EUGENE O'BRIEN —In— BROADWAY AND HOME 5-REEL DRAMA A vital story of human souls enmeshed in the sordid net of circumstance. A stirring page from the book of life in which is shown the O'Brien Side of O'Brien. Tossed by the sea of life, weary souls find a haven in the harbor of home. The story of a man who drank deep from the cup of life. "None are so deaf as those who will not hear." But later, Michael Strange wished he had listened. The acme of acting; a story of smiles and tears.</p> <p>Also— FOX NEWS 1-Reel Current Events</p>	<p>Tuesday, March 29 CLAIRIE ADAMS —In— THE MONEY CHANGERS 6-REEL DRAMA A pulsating drama of the highlights and shadows of New York intrigue. Love! High Finance! Romance! Big Business! Politics! Adventure! She was a victim of those who market the souls of weak men and women for gold. Who are the Money Changers? They milk the human soul of all its kindness; they bleed the hearts of weak men and women; they market human flesh to the highest bidder; How they work in marble halls or Chinese dens; using human beings as pawns in their crafty game, will thrill, amaze and inflame you. A stirring human drama of the social world, the business world, and the underworld.</p>
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REMEMBER OUR PRICES ARE 15c AND 25c FOR ALL PICTURES EVERY NIGHT, INCLUDING WAR TAX. CHILDREN NOT IN ARMS MUST HAVE TICKETS.

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

ADVERTISING RATES

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

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

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

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

BRADY, TEXAS, Mar. 22, 1921

HONEST INJUN.

At this time of the year, the sure way to spell Easter is with an Easter spell.

THE DESTRUCTIVE RAT.

The rat is labeled as both a dangerous and a destructive pest by Dr. M. M. Carrick of the State Board of Health. But rats in the Rockdale section set a new score against themselves when they set a cotton warehouse on fire, thereby destroying ten bales of cotton. A gasoline tank exploded, setting fire to a barn. The rats were drenched with the gasoline and caught fire. As blazing torches they ran out of their dens and into the cotton warehouse, setting the warehouse on fire. There is a state-wide move to kill the rats, and every citizen should join in stamping out the pest, which is both dangerous and destructive in a hundred different ways.

CLARA SMITH HAMON, MOVIE STAR.

Exit Clara Smith Hamon, accused murderess. Hail Clara Smith Hamon, movie star!

From the shadows of the galleys to the spot light within a week's time—what a transition! Apparently, the acquittal of Clara Smith on the charge of murdering the oil plutocrat, met with popular approval. But will her appearance in the role of a movie actress meet with like approval? So far, she has nothing but notoriety and the curiosity of the general public for drawing cards. But will that suffice? Or will she drop into obscurity, once the curiosity of the public for a glimpse of this woman has been satisfied.

Here is the position the Photo-Playwrights' League of America, a national association of screen writers, has taken in the matter:

"Right now, when everybody is talking about making pictures clean, is a poor time to permit the exploitation of a woman like Clara Smith Hamon," said Wycliffe A. Hill, president of the league, and a well-known scenarist and independent producer.

In resolutions adopted by the Photo-Playwrights' League, this declaration is made with reference to Clara Smith Hamon:

It is not, in the opinion of this organization, a fit character to be exploited on the screen, particularly at this time, when the motion picture industry is combatting efforts to subject it to unfair censorship."

Read it in The Standard.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

THE BRADY STANDARD Published Semi-Weekly Tuesday - Friday Brady, Texas To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$2.00 per year SIX MONTHS \$1.00 THREE MONTHS 65c Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 25c per month. Postoffice more than 50 miles from Brady \$2.50 per year SIX MONTHS \$1.25 THREE MONTHS 75c Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy, straight.

Effective July 1, 1920.

SOMETHING OF A WIZARD.

The editor of the Tribune was in Brady years ago when the breath of the desert was on the land, and the old mesquite trees looked forlorn and God-forsaken, and he never dreamed that he would some day be astonished at some of the achievements of that section, but it is clearly evident that during the adjustment period that one-time God-forsaken land was given a wizard who has wrought miracles, in that he has made a striking success of two of Brady's public utilities. As a rule, municipal ownership of water and light plants all over the land have been partial if not wholly failures. The water and light plant at Brady is an exception. There is something about it uncanny. It is absolutely making money. Just think of it. Making money. Somebody out Brady way has wrought well, and the Tribune people would like to know how it was done, as there were a thousand ways to make the usual fatal mistake and only one the plan for success. There is a wizard out Brady way—maybe two or three—and we all want to know how it was done. The Stephenville water plant has barely been able to keep its head "above water," and yet there is Brady with a population very much smaller than Stephenville, with a showing of a profit of \$3115 profit for the month of February on its water and light plant. As Stephenville is soon to vote on a bond issue for a new water plant we want humbly to go to the Brady wizards and learn the lesson from them how to build intelligently.

Read the official statement, as reported for month of February:

Table with financial data: Revenue on water \$1,856.25, Revenue light and power 1,745.35, Time and material 705.40, Total revenue \$4,307.00, Expenses \$690.00, Fuel 227.00, Maintenance and repair 150.00, Office expenses 35.00, Car expense 18.00, Lub oil 42.00, Total expense \$1,192.00, Net profit \$3,115.00

Stephenville Tribune.

Folks, that's Rufus Higgs talking (or rather writing). Yes, sir, Rufus Higgs, Esq., editor of the Stephenville Tribune. Now, The Standard editor started Rufus out in the printing business for himself. But we emphatically deny ever having taught him to remember or recall such unpleasant episodes as a prolonged drouth; and, surely we have taught him better than to refer to Beautiful, Bounteous Brady, and Magnificent McCulloch, as God-forsaken. Tut, tut, Rufus, where'd you get that stuff?

But speaking of light and water plants, and more specifically of the success attained by the Brady Water and Light plant, there's no deep, mysterious secret about the matter. In the first place, Brady bought the best thing made in modern light and water plant machinery. She bought her equipment from the ground up, and built her new plant accordingly. Quite naturally that, together with the losses sustained in operation of the old plant, put us quite badly in debt. Now, what does a man do when he's badly involved? He either throws up his hands, and turns his business affairs over to the sheriff, or else he gets down and digs up. That's what the citizens of Brady, owners of the Brady Water and Light Co. are doing—they're digging up. Just compare the following rates with your Stephenville rates, Friend Rufus, and make up your mind when Stephenville citizens are willing to stand for similar rates, then they are ready for municipal ownership.

Table with utility rates: Power Per K. W. 10c, Light 1st 25 K. W. 20c, 25 K. W. and up 15c, Water 1st 1,000 gallons \$1.75, 2nd 1,000 gallons \$1.50, 3rd 1,000 gallons \$1.25, 4th 1,000 gallons \$1.00, 4,000 to 50,000 gallons 30c, 50,000 gallons up 20c

You'll probably admit these are "some" rates to pay, and if the proposition were privately owned, no doubt the dissent from the rates would raise the roof. But, being a municipal proposition, we are paying the bills with the best of grace, and figuring that, like son at college, may be the money spent will, at some future date, prove for the best and that we will reap our reward in additional benefits and lowered costs.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

"Women are refusing to buy expensive gowns," says a Chicago manufacturer—no doubt because they're putting all their money into stockings.—Washington Post. Coast range mountains are slipping it is reported. Maybe California is moving mountains to keep out the Japs.—Jackson (Mich.) Citizen Patriot.

63c PER POUND This Week Only You may have your choice of our Guth and Liggett's ASSORTED CHOCOLATES for only 63c Per Pound Trigg Drug Store

The Standard got over-enthusiastic in its report last Friday on the work being done by the city street force under direction of Alderman B. Simpson, and credited two trucks with doing all the hauling, when, as a matter of fact, eight teams and trucks have been engaged in the assembling of the gravel for the street surfacing. Well, the editor knew that the work was started with two trucks some weeks ago, and that the number of haulers had been increased fourfold in the meantime merely proves "the world do move," even unbeknownst to the editor.

WHO IS WEARING YOUR COAT?

"What do you think of my new overcoat?" said an Insurance friend of mine as we walked up the avenue. "Didn't know your coat was new," said I, observing his outer raiment. "Oh, I haven't it on," he continued, humorously, "but there it is on that chap ahead of us." "That new coat of mine must have cost a hundred dollars, yet I can't wear it. It's mipe all right, yet I have no claim to ownership." "You mean—" said I. "Precisely," he replied, "as I happen to know that man paid for that coat with the money he owes me, while I have to get along with my old one."

That's about all there is to this story except that it's true and applies to many things besides overcoats. At the present moment for example how many persons are spending your money for their own living expenses—their own luxuries? Yet a little more Efficient and Persistent and Insistent local Collection System might easily put an end to this sort of thing. At least you will perhaps agree with us that the question printed at the head of this story is well worth keeping in mind.—Mason County News.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative power of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Get your Easter Novelties at G. A. KRUEGER'S Variety Store, Brady, Texas.

Now unloading car of coal — you can save by placing your order at once and have delivery made direct from the car. Macy & Co.

Wash day and ironing day are days of pleasure and rest when you have the City Steam Laundry to do your washing and ironing.

GINNING NOTICE!

I will gin for the last time on Saturday, March 26th. Bring in all your remnants, as I will be in the market for them up to that date. J. H. PURDY GIN.

MAN'S BEST AGE

A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1695; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

MUSCOGEE WOMAN TELLS OF CHANGE

Mrs. Lowe Gains Twenty-Five Pounds By Taking Tanlac—Health Perfect Now.

"I have gained twenty-five pounds by taking Tanlac and I just can't tell how happy I am to get my health back" declared Mrs. Mary E. Lowe, 440 N. Cherokee St., Muscogee, Okla. "Three years ago while we were living in Rosedale, Kansas, I broke down completely and had to give up my position. My nerves just seemed to collapse, and I became so weak and run-down I could hardly get around. My liver became sluggish and I lost my appetite and didn't seem to want to eat a thing. My stomach was badly disordered and at times I felt almost deathly sick. I slept but little and fell off in weight and went from bad to worse until I was alarmed over my condition.

"But Tanlac proved to be just the thing I had been needing, and I certainly am glad I took my friend's advice and tried it. Five bottles have restored my health just perfectly. I have been built up wonderfully and feel so well and strong I never will be able to praise Tanlac enough. It is the best medicine in the world and I am all the time recommending it to some of my friends."

Tanlac is sold in Brady by Trigg Drug Co., in Mercury by J. T. Matlock, in Rochelle by C. W. Carr, and by leading druggists everywhere.

PUBLIC FORUM

Running Chickens at Large. Editor Brady Standard:

Will you please publish the following for the benefit of all concerned: To Whom It May Concern: There are a number of people within the city limits of Brady—good people, all right, but thoughtless—who own chickens that are allowed to run at large and depredate upon the yards and gardens of their neighbors, many of whom also own chickens, but who are proud enough of their own particular breeds, and thoughtful enough of the property rights of others, to keep them up.

Now, for the benefit of all concerned, will say, there is a city ordinance against the practice of letting chickens run at large, and if these troublesome chickens are not kept up, a complaint will be made. A CHICKEN FANCIER.

A Correction.

In giving the account last Friday of the death of Mrs. J. E. Norman, the name of Mrs. H. E. Finigan, sister of deceased was omitted. Those surviving, are the following: the husband, six children: Mrs. R. A. John and Mrs. Grover J. Casteel of Sherman, and three girls and one boy at home in Dallas; also three sisters: Mrs. H. E. Finigan of Five, Texas, and Mrs. Belle Taylor and Miss Emily Benson; and two brothers; W. E. and J. D. Benson.

THIS WEEK ONLY

Our Guth and Liggett Chocolate—63c lb. TRIGG DRUG CO.

PHONE 67—we'll call for and deliver your laundry. City Steam Laundry.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS. To the Sheriff or any Constable of McCulloch County—Greeting: You are hereby commanded to summon C. V. Curry by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, to appear at the next regular term of County Court of McCulloch County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in Brady, Texas, on the third Monday in April, A. D. 1921, the same being the 18th day of April, 1921, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 29th day of November, 1920, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 678, wherein R. E. Nix, Guardian of the estate of Irene Curry, Orville Curry, Lawrence Curry and Myrtle Curry, Minors, Plaintiff, and C. V. Curry, Defendant, said petition alleging that the plaintiff on the 1st day of June 1920, loaned to the defendant the sum of \$675.00, being money belonging to the said Minors, and that the defendant executed his one certain promissory note in the sum of \$675.00 due Oct. 1, 1920, with 10 per cent interest per annum from date, and 10 per cent Attorneys fees if placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. Defendant has failed and refused to pay the same or any part thereof.

Herein Fail Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, 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 5th day of March, A. D. 1921.

W. J. YANTIS, Clerk, County Court, McCulloch County.

\$100 REWARD And a five-line Classy-Fi-Ad in The Brady Standard, brought about the return of a \$1,000 diamond ring to Lewis Brook, after the same had mysteriously disappeared. But for the ad, the ring might never have been recovered, for there was no clue to its whereabouts. But The Standard's Classy-Fi-Ads talk to many a person—and, more often than not, to the right person. That's what gets results. MORAL! When in doubt, despair, or need, let— The Brady Standard Classy-Fi-Ads do your detective work. They Show Names William J. Bur...

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.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished southeast bed room; convenient to town. Phone 221.

FOR RENT—First-Class business location on Brady square. Can make short or long term lease, or will sell to right parties. For further information, apply to Brady Standard, Brady.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Rebuilt, 1 1/2 ton Dodge truck. F. R. WULFF, Brady.

FOR ROUGH Lumber at 3c to 3 1/2c per foot, see J. F. Schaege, Brady.

FOR SALE—Couple teams of mules. See DAVIS & GARTMAN, Brady.

FOR SALE—Corn, oats and cane seed; fall kind. J. T. H. MILLER, Rt. 1, Brady.

FOR SALE—At a bargain, Oakland automobile, almost good as new. Brady Auto Co.

FOR SALE—Dodge touring, good condition; priced right. Mann-Ricks Auto Co., Brady.

FOR SALE—Good Mebane cotton seed, 50c per bushel at the bin. W. M. HARRIS, Lohn, Tex. FOR SALE—We have a number of cottages for sale, with or without lots. A. T. & Laura Jorda, Brady.

FOR SALE—Ford car, just overhauled and in good shape, new rear casings; price \$260. Apply at Brady Standard office.

FOR SALE—Household furniture, including dining room and bed room suites, cheap. Phone or see MRS. BEN ANDERSON, Brady.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

I have three second hand cultivators for sale on fall time, or will trade for any kind of live stock. E. B. SCARBOROUGH, Brady, Texas. Phone 336.

LOST

LOST—International Hub Cap Wrench. Finder please return to Brady Auto Co., Brady.

LOST—At the show last Saturday night, a ladies' night veil, dark blue. Finder please return to Standard office.

WANTED

WANTED To Rent—Four or five-room house; preferably close in, by grown couple. Phone 163.

WANTED—Two furnished or unfurnished light house-keeping rooms by grown couple. No children. Phone 163.

TO LEASE—8,000 to 12,000 acres in McCulloch county, running water. See Brady Standard, Brady.

WANTED To Trade—Good Jersey cow, will be fresh in about 6 weeks, for one that is fresh; will pay difference. J. F. SCHAEGE.

MISCELLANEOUS

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOT EDGING.

Done neatly and completely, at the Singer Sewing Machine Co. office. Do not send your work away, but patronize a home institution and save money. We thank you. SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO., Brady, Texas. P. O. Box 514. Next door West Irwin's Cafe.

DO YOU LIKE CHARLES RAY IN COMEDY? THEN SEE HIM FRIDAY NIGHT

Charles Ray, in "An Old-Fashioned Boy," is the comedy-drama scheduled for Friday night. Now can you imagine the irrepressible Charles in the role of a behind-time boy courting an up-to-the-minute girl. That very fact alone indicates a situation with untold humorous possibilities. As David Warrington, a bashful suitor for the hand of a rather snobbish girl, he displays all those mannerisms which have contributed to make him famous in his special field of entertainment. His trials when a trio of boisterous children are placed in his care and when to amuse them he engages in a sort of taffy pulling contest with more or less direful results, provoke many a laugh. How he finally wins the love of the girl he woos, makes a worth while picture. Then, on Saturday night, there is an unusual theme for a picture—Ethel Clayton in a female Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde role. An amazing tale in which Ethel Clayton, as "Rosanne," under the spell of a Malay enchantress, sold herself in a passion for precious stones. Flung away happily, honor, love, Plotted with diamond smugglers and thieves. Yet she reigned the irreproachable belle of society's most exclusive set. Until one night...? A beauty-picture that's all thrill!

But there are others of the week's program that are sure to appeal with no less force than these two. Look up the program—you'll find a headliner each night of the coming week.

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held in the Brady Independent School District on the 2nd day of April, 1921, the same being the first Saturday in said month, for the purpose of electing four (4) trustees for said school district to serve for a period of two years. L. Ballou is hereby appointed manager of said election and he is directed to appoint such assistance as is necessary to aid him in holding said election, and shall hold said election in accordance with the laws of Texas governing elections and shall make returns of said election to the Board of Trustees of the Brady Independent School District within the time prescribed by law. Dated this the 2nd day of March, 1921.

N. A. CLEVELAND, Secretary Board Trustees, Brady Independent School District. E. L. JONES, President of Board.

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or digest the worms, and the Child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ADVERTISING RATE FOR CARDS.
One Inch Card, per month.....\$1.00
One Inch Card, per year.....\$7.50

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
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Draying and Heavy Hauling
of All Kinds
Will appreciate your draying
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freight and packages handled
by careful and painstaking em-
ployees.

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Kodakers Attention!
We are the only Kodak
Finishers in Brady now
and we are better
equipped to do fine
Kodak Finishing. We
appreciate your business.
Brady Studio
BOX 52 BRADY, TEXAS

To Stop a Cough Quick
Take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a
cough medicine which stops the cough by
healing the inflamed and irritated tissues.
A box of GROVES' O-PEN-TREAT
SALVE for Chest Colds, Head Colds and
Croup is enclosed with every bottle of
HAYES' HEALING HONEY. The salve
should be rubbed on the chest and throat
of children suffering from a Cold or Croup.
The healing effect of Hayes' Healing Honey
inside the throat combined with the healing effect
of Groves' O-Pen-Treat Salve through the pores of
the skin soon stops a cough.
Both remedies are packed in one carton and the
cost of the combined treatment is 25c.
Just ask your druggist for HAYES'
HEALING HONEY.

Paper Clips, The Brady Standard.



CHAPTER ONE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS.

Which introduces the Shepherd of the Birds.
The day that Henry Smix met and embraced Gasoline Power and went up Main street hand in hand with it is not yet forgotten. Their little journey produced an effect on the nerves and the remote future history of Bingville. They rushed at a group of citizens who were watching them, scattered it hither and thither, broke down a section of Mrs. Risley's picket fence and ran over a small boy. At the end of their brief misadventure, Gasoline Power seemed to express its opinion of Mr. Smix by hurling him against a telegraph pole and running wild in the park until it cooled its passion in the fountain pool. In the language of Hiram Blenkinsop, the piece was badly "smixed up." Yet Mr. Smix was the object of unmerited criticism. He was like many other men in that quiet village—slow, deliberate, harmless and good-natured. The action of his intellect was not at all like that of a gasoline engine. Between the swiftness of the one and the slowness of the other, there was a wide zone full of possibilities. The engine had accomplished many things while Mr. Smix's intellect was getting ready to begin to act.

In spending of this adventure, Hiram Blenkinsop made a wise remark: "My married life learnt me one thing," said he. "If you are thinkin' of hitchin' up a wild horse with a tame one, be careful that the tame one is the stoutest or it will do him no good."
The event had its tragic side and whatever Hiram Blenkinsop and other citizens of questionable taste may have said of it, the historian has no intention of treating it lightly. Mr. Smix and his neighbor's fence could be repaired, but not the small boy—Robert Emmet Moran, six years old, the son of the Widow Moran, who took in washing. He was in the nature of a sacrifice to the new god. He became a beloved cripple, known as the Shepherd of the Birds and altogether the most cheerful person in the village. His world was a little room on the second floor of his mother's cottage overlooking the big flower garden of Judge Crooker—his father having been the gardener and coachman of the judge. There were in this room an old pine bureau, a four-post bedstead, an armchair by the window, a small round nickel clock that sat on the bureau, a rubber tree and a very talkative little old tin soldier of the name of Bloggs who stood erect on a shelf with a gun in his hand and was always looking out of the window. The day of the tin soldier's arrival the boy had named him Mr. Bloggs and discovered his unusual qualities of mind and heart. He was a wise old soldier, it would seem, for he had some sort of answer for each of the many questions of Bob Moran. Indeed, as Bob knew, he had seen and suffered much, having traveled to Europe and back with the judge's family and been sunk for a year in a frog pond and beer dropped in a jug of molasses, but through it all he had kept his look of inextinguishable courage. The lonely lad talked, now and then, with the round, nickel clock or the rubber tree or the pine bureau, but mostly gave his confidences to the wise and genial Mr. Bloggs. When the spring arrived the garden, with its birds and flowers, became a source of joy and companionship for the little lad. Sitting by the open window, he used to talk to Pat Crowley, who was getting the ground ready for sowing. Later the slow procession of the flowers passed under the boy's window and greeted him with its fragrance and color.

But his most intimate friends were the birds. Robins, in the elm tree just beyond the window, woke him every summer morning. When he made his way to the easement, with the aid of two ropes which spanned his room, they came to him, lighting on his wrists and hands and clamoring for the seeds and crumbs which he was wont to feed them. Indeed, little Bob Moran soon learned the pretty lingo of every feathered tribe that camped in the garden. He could sound the pen pipe of the robin, the fairy flute of the oriole, the noisy guitar of the bobolink and the little piccolo of the song sparrow. Many of these dear friends of his came into the room and explored the rubber tree and sang in its branches. A colony of barn swallows lived under the eaves of the old weathered shed on the far side of the garden. There were many windows, each with a saucy head looking out of it. Suddenly half a dozen of these merry people would rush into the air and fill it with their frolic. They were like a lot of laughing schoolboys skating over invisible hills and hollows.

With a pair of field glasses, which Mrs. Crooker had loaned to him, Bob Moran had learned the nest habits of the whole summer colony in that wonderful garden. All day he sat by the open window with his work, an air

at his side. The robins would start a warning to Bob when a cat scolded into that little paradise. Then he would drop his brushes, seize his gun and presently its missile would go whizzing through the air, straight against the side of the cat, who, feeling the sting of it, would bound through the flower beds and leap over the fence to avoid further punishment. Bob had also made an electric searchlight out of his father's old hunting jack and, when those red-breasted policemen sounded their alarm at night he was out of bed in a hurry and sweeping the tree tops with a broom of light, the jack on his forehead. If he discovered a pair of eyes, the stinging missiles flew toward them in the light stream until the intruder was dislodged. Indeed, he was like a shepherd of old, keeping the wolves from his flock. It was the parish priest who first called him the Shepherd of the Birds.
Just opposite his window was the stub of an old pine partly covered with Virginia creeper. Near the top of it was a round hole and beyond it a small cavern which held the nest of a pair of flickers. Sometimes the female sat with her gray head protruding from this tiny oriel window of hers looking across at Bob. Pat Crowley was in the habit of calling this garden "Moran City," wherein the stub was known as Woodpecker Tower and the flower-bordered path as Fifth avenue, while the widow's cottage was always referred to as City hall and the weathered shed as the tenement district.
What a theater of unpremeditated art was this beautiful, big garden of the judge! There were those who felt sorry for Bob Moran, but his life was fuller and happier than theirs. It is doubtful if any of the world's travelers ever saw more of its beauty than he.
He had sugared the window-sill so that he always had company—bees and wasps and butterflies. The latter had interested him since the judge had called them "stray thoughts of God." He loved the chorus of an August night and often sat by his window listening to the songs of the tree crickets and katydids and seeing the innumerable fiery lanterns flashing among the flowers.
His work was painting scenes in the garden, especially bird tricks and attitudes. For this, he was indebted to Susan Baker, who had given him paints and brushes and taught him how to use them, and to an unusual aptitude for drawing.
One day Mrs. Baker brought her daughter Pauline with her—a pretty blue-eyed girl with curly blonde hair, four years older than Bob, who was thirteen when his painting began. The Shepherd looked at her with an exclamation of delight; until then he had never seen a beautiful young maiden. Homely, ill-clad daughters of the working folk had come to his room with field flowers now and then, but no one like Pauline. He felt her hair and looked wistfully into her face and said that she was like pink and white and yellow roses. She was a discov-

ery—a new kind of a human being. Often he thought of her as he sat looking out of the window and often he dreamed of her at night.
The little Shepherd of the Birds was not quite a boy. He was a spirit untouched by any evil thought, unbroken to lures and thorny ways. He was like the flowers and birds of the garden, strangely fair and winsome, with silken, dark hair curling about his brows. He had large, clear, brown

eyes, a mouth delicate as a girl's and teeth very white and shapely. The Bakers had lifted the boundaries of his life and extended his vision. He found a new joy in studying flower forms and in imitating their colors of calvas.
Now, indeed, there was not a happier lad in the village than this young prisoner in one of the two upper bed rooms in the small cottage of the Widow Moran. True, he had moments of longing for his lost freedom when he heard the shouts of the boys in the street and their feet hurrying by on the sidewalk. The steadfast and courageous Mr. Bloggs had said: "I guess we have just as much fun as they do after all. Look at them roses."
One evening, as his mother sat reading an old love tale to the boy, he stopped her.
"Mother," he said, "I love Pauline. Do you think it would be all right for me to tell her?"
"Never a word," said the good woman. "Ye see it's this way, my little son, ye're like a priest an' it's not the right thing for a priest."
"I don't want to be a priest," said he impatiently.
"Tut, tut, my laddie boy! It's for God to say an' for us to obey," she answered.
When the widow had gone to her room for the night and Bob was thinking it over, Mr. Bloggs remarked that in his opinion they should keep up their courage, for it was a very grand thing to be a priest after all.
Winters he spent deep in books out of Judge Crooker's library and tending his potted plants and painting them and the thick blanket of snow in the garden. Among the happiest moments of his life were those that followed his mother's return from the postoffice with the Bingville Sentinel. Then, as the widow was wont to say, he was like a dog with a bone. To him, Bingville was like Rome in the ancient world or London in the British empire. All roads led to Bingville. The Sentinel was in the nature of a habit. One issue was like unto another—as like as "two chaws off the same plug of tobaccoer," a citizen had once said. Anything important in the Sentinel would have been as misplaced as a cannon in a meeting-house. Every week it caught the toy balloons of gossip, the thistledown events which were floating in the still air of Bingville. The Sentinel was a dissipation as enjoyable and as inexplicable as tea.
To the little Shepherd, Bingville was the capital of the world and Mr. J. Patterson Bing, the first citizen of Bingville, who employed eleven hundred men and had four automobiles, was a gigantic figure whose shadow stretched across the earth. There were two people much in his thoughts and dreams and conversation—Pauline Baker and J. Patterson Bing. Often there were articles in the Sentinel regarding the great enterprises of Mr. Bing and the social successes of the Bing family in the metropolis. These he read with hungry interest. His favorite heroes were George Washington, St. Francis and J. Patterson Bing. As between the three he would, secretly, have voted for Mr. Bing. Indeed, he and his friends and intimates—Mr. Bloggs and the rubber tree and the little pine bureau and the round nickel clock—had all voted for Mr. Bing. But he had never seen the great man.
Mr. Bing sent Mrs. Moran a check every Christmas and, now and then, some little gift to Bob, but his charities were strictly impersonal. He used to say that while he was glad to help the poor and the sick, he hadn't time to call on them. Once Mrs. Bing promised the widow that she and her husband would go to see Bob on Christmas day. The little Shepherd asked his mother to hang his best pictures on the walls and to decorate them with sprigs of cedar. He put on his starched shirt and collar and stilette and a new black coat which his mother had given him. The Christmas bells never rang so merrily.
The great white bird in the Congregational church tower—that being Bob's thought of it—flew out across the valley with its tidings of good will.
To the little Shepherd it seemed to say: "Bing—Bing—Bing—Bing—Bing! Com-ing, Com-ing, Com-ing!"
Many of the friends of his mother—mostly poor folk of the parish who worked in the mill—came with simple gifts and happy greetings. There were those among them who thought it a blessing to look upon the sweet face of Bob and to hear his merry laughter over some playful bit of gossip and Judge Crooker said that they were quite right about it. Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson Bing were never to feel this blessing. The Shepherd of the Birds waited in vain for them that Christmas day. Mrs. Bing sent a letter of kindly greeting and a twenty-dollar gold piece and explained that her husband was not feeling "quite up to the mark," which was true.
"I'm not going," he said decisively, when Mrs. Bing brought the matter up as he was smoking in the library an hour or so after dinner. "No cripples and misery in mine at present, thank you! I wouldn't get over it for a week. Just send them our best wishes and a twenty-dollar gold piece."
There were tears in the Shepherd's eyes when his mother helped him into his night clothes that evening.
"I hate that twenty-dollar gold piece!" he exclaimed.
"Laddie boy! Why should ye be sayin' that?"
The shiny piece of metal was lying on the window sill. She took it in her hand.
"It's as cold as a snow-bank!" she exclaimed.
"I don't want to touch it! I'm shivering now," said the Shepherd. "Put it away in the drawer. It makes me

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HORNSBY GIVEN DEATH PENALTY B'W'D MURDER

Belton, March 19. — George F. Hornsby must pay the supreme penalty for the murder of J. N. Weatherby of Brownwood.

This is the solemn sentence pronounced upon him by a Bell county jury which heard the evidence in his case in district court here and which returned a verdict shortly after 6:00 o'clock this evening after it had been out only 55 minutes. Only one ballot was taken and this related both to the guilt or innocence of the accused and the punishment to be assessed if guilty. He was found guilty. Punishment by death was assessed.

Hornsby stood alone in court, unaccompanied by relatives or counsel, to hear the sentence read.

His relatives in Alabama claimed that they were financially unable to attend the trial in Texas and Judge Snodgrass of Temple waived the privilege of being in court to hear the verdict when argument in the case was concluded this afternoon. Mark McGhee of Brownwood, who also represented Hornsby in the trial, left Belton last night.

Hornsby accepted the sentence with the simple statement, "Yes, sir," and later asked to see Judge Snodgrass.

Appeal to Be Taken from Verdict.
It was announced by Judge Snodgrass in Temple tonight that an appeal from the verdict will be taken. A motion for a new hearing will be made, this probably will be denied and then the case will be taken to the court of criminal appeals. Pending this procedure the date of execution cannot be set.

Mrs. J. N. Weatherby, her little son and daughter; the mother of deceased and other relatives of the victim were in court to hear the verdict. They thanked the lawyers and court officials who took part in the case. Mrs. Weatherby said:

"I believe justice has been meted out, but that does not bring Norman back to me and my babies."

Review of Case.
J. N. Weatherby, whose death has been attributed to Hornsby, was murdered on the evening of October 18, 1920. His lifeless and bruised body was found the next morning seven and one-half miles west of Brownwood in a patch of bushes. On the evening of his disappearance, fire practically destroyed the Tressie Gordon house to which place Weatherby is supposed to have gone in response to the request of Willie Carter, who stated that he told the deceased that his sister wanted to see him.

In his testimony Carter stated under direct questioning that he had been stopping in Brownwood with his sister, Myrtle Scott, eighteen days prior to the tragedy. His sister also went by the name of Myrtle Chambers, he said. He said that George H. Scott, whom he knew also as George Hornsby, was living at his sister's house, and he thought Scott was married to his sister. He first met Scott at Fort Sill, Okla., in 1918, when the latter was in the army and where Scott first met his sister.

Sister Goes to Oklahoma.
On Friday morning before the killing of Weatherby on Monday Oct. 18, Carter said, Scott and his sister, Myrtle had left Brownwood, the lat-

tre going to Oklahoma City. Scott, or Hornsby, returned the next day, Saturday, he said, and the two lay around the house that day and Sunday. On Monday, Carter declared Hornsby told him that he was going to rob Weatherby of a big diamond, and in the late afternoon of that day sent him to Weatherby's garage to lure the victim to the Gordon house, as the place where Hornsby and Carter were living was known. Carter said he went to the garage, told Weatherby that his sister wanted to see him; went from the garage over to the Southern hotel; stayed there about ten minutes and then walked on home. When he got to his sister's house he noticed Weatherby's car at the front. He went into the house through the back door, on into the room where Hornsby and Weatherby were sitting and there Weatherby asked him, he said, where his sister was. He replied that he did not know and then, he said, Hornsby, who had been standing up by the chair in which Weatherby was sitting, reached up, got a hammer and hit Weatherby on the head.

Runs Into Side Room.
At this attack, Carter said, he ran out of the front room where the fight was going on, through the kitchen and into a side room. A strip was torn off the side room door, he declared, and he could see the fight when the two men grappled into the kitchen—Weatherby begging Hornsby all the while not to kill him. He saw the two struggle through the door, Carter said; saw Hornsby jerk Weatherby back into the living room and as this happened Weatherby's head fell up against Hornsby's shoulder, leaving a large bloodstain on Hornsby's body.

Carter declared the men then struggled back into the living room out of his sight and that when he returned to that room a few minutes later he found Weatherby's body prostrate on the floor, with a bloodstained electric iron near his head. Hornsby, he said, had wrapped the body in an old quilt.

Tells of "Mopping Up" Blood.
Hornsby then told him, Carter said, to go outside to an old cellar and get a mop and wash up the blood spots in the kitchen and living room. He complied with the request, he admitted, and when he went into the yard he noticed "two women and a man standing in Mr. Bishop's yard, all looking towards our house."

Carter tried to mop the blood off the kitchen floor but it wouldn't come off. He then tried to scrub the art square in the room where the fatal fight took place, but his efforts there were equally futile. Upon entering the death room, however, he said he saw Hornsby putting on his clothes as Hornsby was dressed only in his trousers and B. V. D.'s when the fight took place. He was then told to go in his room and get an army blanket, in which the two wrapped the body of Weatherby.

Body Dumped Into Car.
Hornsby then went out to the front, the witness declared, started Weatherby's car and drove it around beside the window of the room in which the body lay. Leaving the motor running he came back into the house, the two then dumped the body through the window, crawled out, and placed it on the floor in the back of the car. Hornsby then went back in the house, Carter said in his open confession, poured coal oil on the floor and set the house afire—the two driving off

PICTORIAL REVIEW
Patterns and Publications on Sale Here.

Ready
For Easter Trade

GOSSARD Corsets
Scientifically Fitted
at This Store.

New Dresses New Blouses New Skirts
New Voiles New Silks

All Kinds of Cotton Piece Goods at 1921 Prices

MUNSLING WEAR
BEYOND COMPARE
The Union Suit That Fits
Right

C. H. VINCENT
DRY GOODS
South Side . . . Brady, Texas

CADET HOSE
For Boys and Girls, Men
and Women.
EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED

FIRST WOOL SALE IN TEXAS THIS YEAR, MADE AT TALPA—14½c TO 16½c

San Angelo, March 17.—The first wool sales this year in Texas were made yesterday at Talpa, Coleman county, when approximately 280,000 pounds twelve months' fleece of the 1920 spring production were sold at prices ranging from 14½c to 16½c per pound. The same wool ten months ago would have brought 70c a pound, according to the Coleman County Wool association. Two-thirds of last year's Texas crop of 18,000,000 pounds of wool remains unsold, the association estimated.

in the car and not looking back until they got four or five blocks away when they saw the house in flames.

Hornsby told Carter he was going to Oklahoma City. He never saw him again until he was returned from Alabama under arrest.

In the meantime, Carter proceeded to Wichita Falls and Burkburnett, where he was arrested soon after his arrival at the latter place. There, he said, he bared the whole story of the crime to an officer whom he had met a year or two ago.

Card of Appreciation.

Our recent sorrow, caused by the death of our wife and mother, has brought us face to face, with the good people of Brady.

Though practically strangers in your midst, we have been made to know that you are blessed with and practice the spirit of that Book of Books, and have learned the Divine lesson of humanity, that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

May His blessings ever rest upon you, and may all your troubles and sufferings, be made the lighter, by your continued faith in Him who knows all things best, is our wish.

F. F. Aschbacher.
Melba Rhea Aschbacher.
Zenda Carmen Aschbacher.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

We now have in a good supply of Coal and are ready to fill your wants. Phone your orders to 295. MACY & CO.

NOTICE.

This is to give due notice that I will not be responsible for any checks drawn on me and signed by Gordon Bumgardner or by his order, and such checks will not be paid. MRS. M. A. BUM-GUARDNER.

NEW 1921 MODEL BUICKS.
We are expecting a full carload of 21-45 model Buicks within the next few days, and will endeavor to take care of our patrons without long delays. Place your order now and let us take care of you. BRADY AUTO CO.

Don't buy Salt until you get our prices. Brady Brokerage Co.

Modern, scientific handling of your laundry, makes for sanitary, satisfactory work. That's the kind of service we are giving. City Steam Laundry.

Sweeten your whole family for 63c, this week only, on Guth and Liggett's Chocolates. Trigg Drug Co.

DEL MONTE FLOUR.

Del Monte is an extra high patent flour that we want introduced into every home. Every sack fully guaranteed. Try a sack—it will make a friend and permanent customer of you. BRADY BROKERAGE CO.

"EASTER SPELL" BRINGS LOWERED TEMPERATURE AND FEAR OF A FREEZE

The proverbial "Easter spell" is upon us, with a cold northwest wind Monday and cloudy skies driving the sunshine out of springtime, and causing shivering humanity to again don winter clothes. That a change in the weather was due, was forecast by the unusually warm spring weather of the past week. Friday night, scattering clouds developed into a heavy downfall of rain, an even inch being recorded in Brady. Most parts of the county received a like heavy rain, or better, although some points report only a light shower. A strip of country extending from West Sweden to Whiteland had only a shower, while beyond Whiteland in the Melvin community, the rain was again heavier. Menard's rain was also reported lighter, but at Peg Leg a heavy rain was had. The rain appears to have extended all along the Frisco to Fort Worth, being heavier in Brownwood than here. In the San Angelo country, also, a heavy rain is reported.

Speaking of the sudden lowering of temperature, Brady star-gazers re-

port an unusual-appearing ring around the moon the past week, which they forecast as a change in the weather. They also counted eight stars within the ring, but are not agreed as to whether the eight stars meant an interval of eight days before the coming of the change, or eight days during which the changed weather would continue.

The rain and cloudy weather has so far protected the fruit crop, but should the weather clear before the cold abates, there is every chance that Jack Frost will nip our excellent fruit prospects in the bud.

LIGHTNING KILLS MARE IN PEAR VALLEY COMMUNITY LAST FRIDAY NIGHT

S. C. Crumley was in Brady yesterday, and reported that the rain Friday night was accompanied by an unusually startling display of lightning, and that one bolt of lightning struck one of his best mares in his pasture, killing the animal instantly, while another mare had the hair scorched from part of its hide. The two animals were part of a bunch of four or five running in the pasture, but none of the others were injured.

MAYHEW PRODUCE CO. OPENS NEW BRANCH HOUSE IN SAN SABA

Ira Mayhew of Brady was in San Saba last week and took a lease on the Carter building on High street. He will open a produce house here and has his opening announcement in this issue of the News. This will be a branch of the old established Mayhew Produce Company of Brady. This company is reported to have already shipped five full cars of produce since the first of January. They are starting a car at Eden this week. This will be in San Saba for its final filling and will then go to the markets.

Mr. S. J. Howard, who recently moved to our town, will be in charge as manager of the San Saba house. He comes well recommended as a wide awake business man and will find a hearty welcome from San Saba people.—San Saba News.

Read our 63c per lb. Candy ad. This week only. TRIGG DRUG CO.

Patronize home industry—have us wash your clothes. City Steam Laundry.

Dinners! Dinners!

We wish to call attention to our friends and patrons that we are serving Regular Dinners every day at the CITY CAFE.

Our vegetables, salads, meats, etc., are carefully seasoned and at all times we try to please the wants of our customers.

REMEMBER THAT ON SUNDAYS WE SPECIALIZE ON CHICKEN DINNERS. COME TRY THEM NEXT SUNDAY.

Short Orders served at the counter as heretofore.

CITY CAFE

G. L. Hollon

The Best Liked Paste



—Carter's Cico-Liquid Paste has won its way because it has every superior quality expected in an adhesive of any kind with a few additional ones of its own.

—Cico is always ready for instant use and remains ready as long as there is a drop in the jar. It never needs water.

—Cico cannot become hard or lumpy nor can it get stiff and crumbly; it is always of a smooth consistency that grips evenly and firmly.

—Cico is economical because the thinner you spread it the better it sticks—little goes far.

For Office and Home; Store and Factory—CICO.

"Give Me An Ink That Will Write a Real Blue."

—That is equivalent to saying—"Give me CARTER'S WRITING FLUID and no other."

—There is so much watery ink around that when there is a chance to insure one's getting the good old pre-war BLUE by insisting on Carter's don't let anything else be seen on the desk or shelf.

—A good blue color with absolute permanence is demanded of an ink by the careful business man and these two elements, coupled with a delightful free-flowing quality and entire lack of sediment are best combined in Carter's Writing Fluid.



A Good Line--Carter Ink

The Brady Standard

BRADY, TEXAS OUR YOUNG MAN WILL DELIVER THE GOODS