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THE BRADY STANDARD

4 Pages

TWICE-A-WEEK

ABSORBED THE BRADY ENTERPRISE AND THE McCULLOCH COUNTY STAR MAY 2, 1910.

TUESDAY-FRIDAY

VOL. XIII, No. 14.

THE BRADY ENTERPRISE
VOL. XIII, No. 34

Brady, McCulloch County, Texas, Tuesday, May 10, 1921.

McCULLOCH COUNTY STAR
Vol. III, No. 70

Whole Number 1081.

Now on Display---Herringbone Weave Suits---Mann Bros. & Holton

W. F. DUTTON HAS LEG BROKEN IN POLO ACCIDENT

W. F. Dutton was the victim of an unfortunate accident Saturday evening at the local polo grounds, when his leg was crushed by the horse he was riding. The animal was one used frequently by Mr. Dutton, and was quite gentle. It is thought that Mr. Dutton, girthed the horse up too tight, and when he attempted to mount the saddle, the animal reared back and fell, crushing Mr. Dutton up against the fence. Examination showed both bones in his leg broken at the ankle. Reports this morning were that the injured man was resting easily, and hopes are entertained for his speedy recovery.

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.

Manuscript Covers. The Standard.

NOTICE!

In order to have more room, light, etc., so that I could offer more accommodations to my customers, I have been obliged to move from my present location and am now located two doors East of Brady Sentinel printing office.

But remember, that the work is all the same—always the best workmanship and materials used and ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

E. R. CANTWELL

MATTRESS MAKER
Brady, Texas
Located 2 Doors East Brady Sentinel printing office.

BRADYITES RETURN FROM TRIP TO NEW YORK CITY REPORT INTERESTING TRIP

Wilson Jordan and Milton Robbins returned Friday evening on the belated Frisco train from New York City, where they had gone in charge of poultry cars shipped to the eastern market by Mayhew Produce Co. They report a most interesting trip, and many novel sights.

Mr. Jordan, who spent over thirty days on the trip, gives a most interesting account of his impressions. His version is that New Yorkers are literally burning the candle at both ends. They arise about 7:00 in the morning, take the elevated, the subway or the surface car for town, meanwhile burying themselves behind a newspaper. Reaching their destination, they breakfast upon coffee and doughnuts, or rolls or something similar, and then hie themselves to their office. At noon they grab off a light lunch and then rush back to work.

If they belong to the near-rich class they leave their offices about 2:00 o'clock and play golf the remainder of the afternoon. At night they splurge themselves for a big dinner at some swell restaurant or cafe, and then the theatre claims their attention, following which several hours are claimed by some midnight cabaret. Along about 2:00 or 3:00 o'clock they wend their way homeward to get a few hours' sleep before starting the routine all over again.

Time appears of greatest importance. Rather than walk ten blocks, five blocks or even three blocks, they ride the subway, the elevated or the surface cars, even though it means the saving only of a minute or two. It is living at high pressure, according to Jordan, and he doesn't see how they can manage to run the race long. To the stranger, travel over the

city is an open book, provided he secures a map of New York. No matter where one wants to go, the cars are at his service, operating on two-minute schedules. The locals stop about every three blocks; the limited trains about every thirty blocks. The latter run at incredible speed, and if one mistakes the latter for a local, he is apt to find himself several miles beyond his destination by the time he glances up from his newspaper.

Boston and Philadelphia contrast quite strongly with New York, the residents there being much more sedate in their habits. Boston streets are laid out like a spider web, many of the streets being only two or three blocks in length, and tourists find traveling about the city an inexplicable puzzle. One thing that proves obnoxious to the visitor from the South is the way Bostonians have of treating the negro as an equal. The biggest receptions and public affairs not infrequently are given for negro celebrities.

In Philadelphia, the influence of the early-day Quakers is still to be observed. The citizens go about in quiet, sedate fashion. The town is laid out in great squares, and is a most interesting place to visit.

Enroute from New York to Boston, the trip was made by boat through Long Island Sound, and Bridgeport, New Haven, Newport, Providence and many other interesting cities visited. Mr. Jordan also visited at Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and various other points, and while greatly interested in what he saw and learned, yet he says nothing ever looked more welcome than when he finally saw Brady looming up in the distance.

CICO—the King of all Pastes. Requires no moisture—always ready for use. Small bottles, large bottles, small jars, large jars. The Brady Standard.

WRECK ON FRISCO AT STEPHENVILLE DELAYS TRAVEL 9 HOURS FRIDAY

A freight wreck between Stephenville and Dublin last Friday morning delayed passenger service for about nine hours. Some five or six cars of ties went into the ditch, tearing up the track for quite a distance and demolishing a small bridge. Both the Frisco northbound and the Frisco southbound passenger trains were caught behind the wreck, the Brady train laying over in the Stephenville yards for seven hours, the passengers expecting momentarily to be moved out.

The Cotton Belt objected to the Frisco running their big 600 engines over the former's light tracks, and finally a light engine was secured and the passengers detoured over the Cotton Belt to Alexander and then back into Dublin. The light engine then picked up the Fort Worth train and detoured over the same route to Stephenville. After reaching Dublin, another two hours' wait was given the passengers, before the northbound passenger's engine was hitched on, and the train proceeded Bradyward, reaching here at about 6:00 p. m.

She Knew.

Ethel had taken Edith into her confidence touching the manner of her husband's proposal.

"Why, I felt so sorry for the poor fellow," said Ethel, "do you know his voice actually stuck in his throat?"

"I don't doubt it in the least," said Edith, "but however did you know he was proposing?"

"Well, you see," said Ethel, with a blush, "I took a lip-reading course at college."

You expose them, and let me finish them. John McDowell.

Wm. F. SCHWENKER, BROTHER OF STANDARD EDITOR, KILLED SUNDAY IN IOWA

Wm. F. Schwenker, brother of the editor of The Standard, met an untimely death Sunday evening at Burlington, Iowa, being struck by a street car at 6:00 p. m., and dying one hour later. Deceased is well remembered by a large number of Brady citizens, having made his home here for about a year in 1916-17. At the time of death he was 45 years of age.

Born and schooled in Burlington, Iowa, he was first employed in the wholesale grocery business, and later for a number of years engaged as traveling salesman for wholesale groceries, his territory covering Iowa, Nebraska and other states. Following this, he took up the study of dentistry, and for a period of about ten years followed this profession in the state of Nebraska. Upon the death of his wife, and because of failing hearing, he gave up this profession, and in June, 1916, came to Brady, where he began the study of linotype operation in The Standard office.

Completing a course in linotype mechanics at the Mergenthaler school in New Orleans, he returned to Brady, remaining here till May, 1917, when he decided to return north, and had since been located in Iowa and Illinois. For the past year and a half he had been employed as linotype operator on the Daily Star-Courier at Kewanee, Ill.

He was a man of strong Christian character, and of kindly, genial and considerate disposition, and his last thoughtful act, and one which doubtless led to his death, was to journey from Kewanee to Burlington in order to spend Mother's Day at home.

Mr. Schwenker was married two years ago at Burlington to Mrs. Mary B. Krueger, who, with his mother,

FIRE BOYS CROSS BATS THURSDAY WITH HOME TEAM

The season's most spectacular game is promised for next Thursday afternoon at the Dutton City park, when the Brady Volunteer Fire department will cross bats with the Brady City team on the park diamonds. The game will be in the nature of a benefit performance, all the proceeds going to the local fire department treasury.

P. B. Holton has charge of the Brady Fire department team, and is lining up a strong aggregation of players, and when he trots out his nine he expects to spring a big surprise on the City team, who have been feeling pretty chesty following their recent series of victories.

If you want to see a game of real, classy baseball, don't fail to attend Thursday. There'll be something doing every minute, and what the fire boys do to the locals, they say, will be a plenty.

two brothers and two sisters, survives.

A Compliment.

A couple of young poets met at a dinner given in Washington Square and fell to discussing verse.

"I saw your poem in this issue of The Magazine," said one.

"Did you?" asked the other, becoming much animated.

"And I heard a rather neat compliment passed on it by a young woman of my acquaintance," continued the first.

"May I ask what she said?"

"She wanted to know whether I had written it."

LYRIC THEATRE

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

JULIUS LEVY, Proprietor and Manager

COMING FRIDAY, MAY 13th, The Great 6-Reel Special Attraction—"HELIOTROPE"

With Diana Allen and Wilfred Lytell as the leading stars. What is Heliotrope?

One of the most fascinating studies is that of words and their origins. Heliotrope, for instance, comes from two Greek words: "Helios," meaning "sun," and "tropun," to "turn towards." Hence, in its original meaning, Heliotrope refers to any plant that habitually turns toward the sun and includes the sunflower and marigold. Now, however, Heliotrope is confined exclusively to the pretty light purple flower with which we associate the name. It is probably the only flower that has ever served as the namesake for a big motion picture production. Like the flower, the photoplay "Heliotrope" has interesting origins. It comes from a famous story by Richard Washburn Child, the directory skill of George Baker, and the historic talent of a fine cast of players. This three-ply combination has caused the screen "Heliotrope" to blossom into one of the most universal photoplays ever seen. The story concerns a convict and his love for his daughter. How the convict sacrifices himself to keep his daughters romance unsullied is revealed in this great picture. Don't miss seeing this one. Only one show, starting at 8:00 p. m. Come early and get good seats.

Wednesday, May 11.

BUCK JONES

—In—
"Big Punch"
5-Reel Western Drama

A thrilling narrative of a young circuit rider in the hills. Buck Jones, whose work you have enjoyed in his recent releases, is coming again tonight, this time in a role vastly different from anything he has previously attempted in a William Fox production, entitled "The Big Punch." He plays the part of a circuit rider. The story carries a powerful theme, filled with heart throbs and tense dramatic situations that will thrill you. Buck Jones here demonstrates that he is an actor of sterling quality as well as a dare-devil on the screen.

Also—

"PURPLE RIDERS"
2-Reel Serial

Thursday, May 12

ROY STEWART and
CLAIRE ADAMS

—In—
Zane Grey's Classic—
"Riders of the Dawn"

7-Reel Western Drama
"Riders of the Dawn" is a picture that touches to every emotion in the heart's register. Love runs through it like a golden thread; we feel the hot flush that mounts to men's cheeks when they are in the presence of defiant wrong doers. We yield now to pity and now to joy; the time passes rapidly as we watch the action on the screen; impressions crowd upon us as the plot develops; we know that we are being entertained; many friendly and familiar faces from among the realms of screen stars look down upon us. A powerful screen epic of the Far West.

Doesn't—
marked. "OX NEWS"
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husband's face

Friday, May 13

FRED BURTON and
JULIA SWAYNE GORDON

—In—
"Heliotrope"
6-REEL DRAMA

Like "Humoresque," "Heliotrope" tells a deeply appealing story of a parent's love for a child; in "Humoresque" it is the mother's love for her son; in "Heliotrope" a father's love for his daughter and the thrilling sacrifice which he makes to insure her happiness is the dominant theme. A convict serving a life sentence in the penitentiary secures his pardon in order to protect his daughter, who does not even know of his existence from the evil designs of her black-mailing mother; how he keeps the girl's romance pure—even at the cost of his life, is unfolded in a picture that for sheer heart-appeal and breathless thrills has seldom been approached.

THE JOCKEY
2-Reel Clyde-Cook Comedy

Saturday, May 14

BRYANT WASHBURN

—In—
"An Amateur Devil"

5-Reel Comedy Drama

The hilarious tale of a spotless youth and his scandalous quest of a blemish—you see his sweetheart demanded a real he-man, who wasn't too good to be true—so—
Come and laugh till you ache while "The Amateur Devil" goes to the bad and comes back with a "reputation" all to win a girl who fancied Andy was too good. All to make a picture to make folks rock with fun.

Also—

LAST OF
"BRIDE 13." 2-Reel Serial

Monday, May 16

EMMETT DALTON

—In—
"Beyond the Law"

6-Reel Western Drama

While it is a melo-drama of the most exciting kind, still there is a ring of truth in its story that makes a direct and sustained appeal to the audience. The photography, the fine art titles, and the production in every respect measures up to the highest standards, and while there are many thrilling scenes, "Beyond the Law" does not rely upon cheap sensationalism for success. The story is well told.

Also Fox News
1-Reel Current Events

Tuesday, May 17

H. B. WARNER

"When We Were Twenty-One"

5-REEL DRAMA

"When We Were Twenty-One," the age of the wild oats of youth's inexperience—the age of wine, women and song—of care-free gaiety and laughter by night and headaches and regrets the morning after! Nat Goodwin's greatest stage success was "When We Were Twenty-One," in which he presented Maxine Elliott. In fact, the original cast of his play by H. V. Esmond included such well known favorites of today as Constance Collier and Arnold Daly, in addition to Mr. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott. It has been carefully transferred to the screen to preserve its original themes of charming romance and noble sacrifice, at the same time showing the sorrows and joys of blundering but lovable youth.

KINOGRAM WORLD'S NEWS

REMEMBER OUR PRICES ARE 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 employe, 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, May 10, 1921.

HONEST INJUN.

A ray of sunshine has the right to penetrate anywhere.

THE SHADOWS FALL.

There was a time in this editor's life when the vista of life stretched out into limitless sunshine. For over thirty years of his life health and happiness had been granted those he loved most dearly. The family circle was unbroken. Not a single one was missing when the roll was called. We were happy that it should be so; and death seemed far removed. We often spoke of the blessings that had been ours to share all together.

But there came a day when the top of the hill had been reached. Ahead stretched the downward slope leading into the Valley of Shadows—the Shadows that ever grow more deep. Three years ago, it was, the shadows first enveloped the family, and we tenderly laid our father at rest in the City of the Dead. And now, again, have the shadows fallen, and our brother, struck down in the prime of life, has gone to join that countless throng O'er There, and which we, too, some day must join. And we are made to know that not always is it the weak, or the aged, or the infirm, that first enter the shadows, but that death lurks in our midst choosing whom he will.

Already half our allotted race has been run, and time now races by more swiftly than ever before. Who will be the next to have run his race, man cannot foretell, but when the race is finished, may we all be prepared to answer, "Ready."

EDITOR EASON STATES THE CASE.

We call to mind a few fellows who have lived in Winters for five, ten or more years who are all out of harmony with the many institutions, large or small about them. These fellows are wont to criticize the churches, schools, business concerns and what-not, just to make it clear that these institutions are not being run to suit them. They do not like the set of school teachers, the way the churches are run are entirely different to the way they would have their local newspaper is no so doctors of ours know very little of their profession and it is a pain when they think of some of these merchants do business.

Yet, you just call on one of these grouchers and ask his advice about the way things should be done and is just as far from offering any remedy as a Bolshevik is from washing his face. If you want to have a meeting of

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Published Semi-Weekly
Tuesday - Friday
Brady, Texas

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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.

To 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.

the citizens of the town in order to put forward some movement for the betterment of the town, these fellows stand back and criticize the moves of the fellows who are working hardest for the good of all of us. If we start a movement for a bigger school house, they tell us our present house is large enough and criticize the way we are going about getting a better one. If we want a bigger church they sneer and say we now have too much room in the old one. If we want better roads they can tell you very quickly that our roads are now good enough and that we ought to stay at home more and use the roads less.

Yet these fellows never get out when a meeting is called to discuss public matters and are as far behind their community as Jim Ferguson is from being President. They have "set back" until they are all out of harmony with the people of the community in which they live and wax fat. They study nothing but criticism and can tell you more ways in which a thing ought not to be done than there are bumps in the streets of Winters. They have kicked until they have lost all influence they ever had, and are worth just about as much to the town as Eugene V. Debs was in whipping Germany.

Yet these fellows appear interested in the town. Fact is, as we see it, they are just working at the wrong end of the rope. If they will "get in" and display as much energy in doing something themselves as they do in knocking what the other fellow tries to do, they can be a help instead of a hindrance. Suppose you get in, old timer, and see how it feels to be in harmony with your neighbor once in a while. Fact is, if your neighbor is not going at it just the right way, perhaps if you will "get in" you can direct him a little better from the inside.

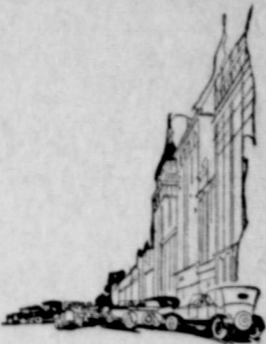
We have always found the best place to be when driving a team is in the wagon. So "get in."—Winters Enterprise.

WHERE WE GET TOGETHER.

This from the pen of Harry Schwenker in The Brady Standard: "According to the plans of a San Angelo citizen, Texas would be divided into five states, with McCulloch county in West Texas, and San Saba and Brown counties in East Texas. Well, the laugh is on San Saba and Brown counties." Whereupon the Brownwood Bulletin remarks: "Where does the laugh come in? Why, Harry, it's serious." Well, Sun-of-a-Gun doesn't see where it is either funny or serious. S. G. has no brief to speak for Brown county, but he has a license from the supreme authority to "sound off" for San Saba county. And gentlemen, let's get it understood, once for all, that San Saba county is not —N-O-T— in West Texas. San Saba county is in Central Texas, where it belongs. And when the state is divided into five states, as it should be, San Saba county will still be in Central Texas. God placed it here. The politicians didn't have a thing to do with it. And if Schwenker will get right and help divide the state, as it should be, and get McCulloch county kept in Central Texas, where it was placed by nature, we may elect him governor, or United States senator, or, in case he should qualify as a landscape gardener, we might get him appointed superintendent of the new capitol grounds. And S. G. has a place in mind for Jim White of the Bulletin. We want him to help us write a constitution for Central Texas. We want this to be a model constitution for democracies as long as free people attempt to govern themselves. We want it to be short and simple; just a few general statements with the "bushwa" all left off. On this constitution may be built a model state government on the genuinely democratic doctrine of fewer laws and better laws.—Sun-of-a-Gun, in San Saba News.

So far as The Standard editor is concerned, we stand with Billie Smith of the San Saba News on the proposition to place McCulloch county, with Brown and San Saba, in Central Texas, whenever Texas is divided into five separate states. And since the division is certain to be brought about sooner or later—why not sooner. The longer the state remains as a unit, the greater the benefits will the present central government derive, and the fewer benefits that accrue to the component parts. Further than that, at no time in the future could we produce better gubernatorial material than we have now in Editor Billie Smith. And if Smith want to appoint us landscape gardener, we'll do our derndest not only to beautify the capitol grounds, but to make the whole of "Central Texas" bloom like a rose. Editor White may be counted upon to obey the injunction, "Brevity is the soul of wit," and put both brevity and wit into the framing of the new state constitution.

But, at that, Editor Smith missed the point entirely. As choosing between East Texas and West Texas, McCulloch county is of West Texas. To our mind East Texas is inseparably associated with piney woods, sawmills and lumber camps. And you know, that while up in Canada and the north, the workers in logging camps are known as lumber jacks, in East Texas, they are termed "flat-heads." Now think of San Sabaites and Brownites being cataloged with the flat-heads of East Texas. That's why we laughed! That's why Editor White proclaimed the proposition as serious!

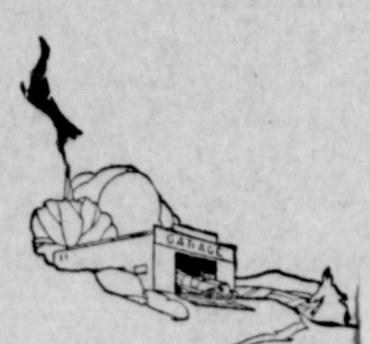


"As in the greatest cities so in his own home town—the U. S. Tire user gets fresh, live tires of current production."

THE U. S. CHAIN TREAD

One of the few tires of which it may be said that they deliver economy year in and year out and tire after tire.

The U. S. Chain Tread gives sufficient traction on all ordinary road surfaces. It is probably the handsomest, and by all odds the most popular, of the whole U. S. Fabric Tire line.



"In every section, however remote, you find a dealer in fresh, live U. S. Tires."

Economy rides on U.S. Tires—

If you could get together all the car owners you know, you'd probably find that their tire experiences had been much the same.

Most of them have taken their fling at "job lots," "discontinued lines" and "surplus stocks." Soon or late, nearly all settled back on quality first as the one sound assurance of tire value.

As soon as a man forgets the cut-price tag, and comes to the dealer who concentrates on a full, completely sized stock of U. S. Tires—he learns what it means to get fresh, live tires—not once in a while but every time.

Not merely in the big cities, but in his own home town.

Not merely for the heavy car, but for the medium and light-weight car—a full selection of size, tread and type.

Your U. S. Tire dealer can give you this service because of the service he gets from his neighboring U. S. Factory Branch. There are 92 of these Branches. Each gets its share of U. S. Tires, so that the dealer is always supplied with fresh, live stock.

U. S. Tires sell as fast as they are made.

There is no over production. No surplus piled up waiting for a "market."

Wherever you buy a U. S. Tire—you buy a tire of current production, as full of life and value as the day it left the makers.

United States Tires United States Rubber Company

Broad Mercantile Co., Brady, Tex.
F. R. Wulff, Brady, Tex.
J. H. Hill Motor Co., Brady, Tex.

Sellman Motor Co., Rochelle, Tex.
Deen & Shields, Doole, Tex.
A. L. Graham, Melvin

FAKIRS ABROAD.

Several towns in East Texas are complaining of the visits of swindlers who collected money in varying sums from gullible citizens and failed to give value in return. The Bonham Favorite reports the visits of young men claiming to be agents for a new American Legion publication, who collected subscription money but failed to deliver the magazines; while the Denton Record-Chronicle tells of the visit of a man claiming to be a clothing salesman, as follows:

Denton folks got "stung" not so very long ago by an artist of another type. He was selling tailor-made clothes at a rare bargain. And a number of Denton citizens "fell for" his game to the tune of \$5 to \$15 a piece as a "deposit," and are still whistling for their clothes. The safest plan of all is to refuse to do business with the transient of whom you know nothing; in charity, the safest and best plan is to dispense your aid through organizations such as the United Charities which has the means for investigation and the knowledge that refuses to be imposed upon by professional mendicants, of whom there are too, too many.

Yes, verily, the cry of the swindler is "Nevermore." But the swindlers and traveling fakirs are still getting money enough to make their nefarious business attractive to them. Of course, the "safest plan is to refuse to do business with the transient," and to do business with the home dealer or agent. Old P. T. Barnum enunciated an eternal truth when he said that there is a "sucker" born every minute, and there are just enough "suckers" in every community to keep the transient fakir and swindler supplied with money and comfort. It should not be a temptation to any citizen to risk his money in a proposition submitted by a transient agent; bitter experience has proven the folly of it, and those who persist in it have only themselves to thank for their

loss. Trade at home, with the home merchant, who is always responsible for every deal he makes and guarantees delivery of the goods he sells. Keep the dollars in the home trade channels, and turn a deaf ear to every transient peddler, agent, solicitor and beggar that comes to town. It is the safest and the sanest policy yet devised.—Brownwood Bulletin.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

The Versailles Treaty to date is not much more than an entreaty.—Minneapolis Tribune.

An eclipse appears to be the only thing in this country that can stop moonshine.—Philadelphia Record.

Another of those eternal triangles: jury, pretty woman, not guilty.—El Paso Herald.

A Denver singer is said to be able to reach second "f" above high "c." Pike's Peak or bust!—Arkansas Gazette.

Your Uncle Sam knows too much about baseball to want to be umpire when the bleachers are full of six-shooters.—Boston Transcript.

There are so many 100 freight cars in the country that the Lobos are talking about marching to Washington to make complaint.—Toledo Blade.

A railway statistician has figured out that "the railroad trains have to jump the track 118 times to kill one man." It's a lot of trouble and takes a lot of time, but they manage it several times each year.—Kansas City Star.

LOCAL BRIEFS

Oscar Thornbloom and Tom Brown claim the season's honors for big catches, having yesterday brought to town a 28-lb. cat caught on a trot line in the San Saba river. After viewing the monster with some evidence of envy, Ev Simpson vouchsafed the opinion that it wasn't half as big as some of the fish caught at Stobaugh & Wood's fish club.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harry in goes the distinction of possessing the first Dodge Sedan owned in McCulloch county, they having purchased the car Monday from F. R. Wulff, local dealer. The Dodge Sedan is, without question, one of the most beautiful cars on the market; it is elegantly fitted up, and provides every comfort and convenience. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin are certain to be very popular with all "poor" friends.

The Standard editor believes in making Brady beautiful, and consistently preaches the beautifying of the town, and also endeavors to commend the efforts of those who lend their aid in the work. That is why we mention the fact that Friend E. P. Lea's home place is a veritable beauty spot. In his garden there is to be found the beautiful poppies in a riot of profusion—not only the large dark-red single ones, but most beautiful ruffled double ones, and even the variety are to be seen. Then there is the attractive leucophaea with its dainty flowers, and the beautiful carnations, too. Not to be forgotten, Mr. Lea has had his garden beautified, with the result that

er garden in attractive appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Beasley and Mrs. Chas. Dawson, who had been here the past week to attend the funeral of Mrs. M. J. Moore, returned Monday to their home at Dawson, Texas. They were accompanied by W. J. Moore, who will visit with his daughters for some time. Since the removal of W. P. Doty from Brady some months ago, Mr. Moore has borne the distinction of being Brady's oldest resident. He came to Brady in 1876, and helped lay off the original townsite. He hauled material to build the original courthouse, located on the east side, and also for the old jail, located on the site now occupied by O. D. Mann & Sons store. He also hauled a great part of the rock used to build the present court house. There are a number of men who came to McCulloch county prior to Mr. Moore, and some of whom lived in what are now additions to Brady, but none preceded Mr. Moore as residents of the original townsite of 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 GROVE'S O-PEN TRATE 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 Grove's O-Pen-Trate 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 35c.
Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.
You expose them, and let me finish them. John McDowell.

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 The prohibition agents are trying
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Give me a trial with your
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 Dowell, next door to St. Clair's.
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 To protect themselves and their
 homes against robbers the women of
 four Pittsburgh suburbs have organ-
 ized a "pistol club." A former major
 of the United States army gave the
 women their first lesson in the use
 of firearms.

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Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid
 troubles are most dangerous be-
 cause of their insidious attacks.
 Heed the first warning they give
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The world's standard remedy for these
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 Look for the same Gold Medal on every box
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CHAPTER I—In the village of Bingville thirteen-year-old Robert Emmet Moran, crippled son of a poor widow, is known as the Shepherd of the Birds. His world is his mother and friends, his little room, the flower garden of Judge Crooker, and every flying thing he sees from his window. The painting of pictures is his enjoyment, and little Pauline Baker, small daughter of a neighbor, the object of his boyish affection. To him, J. Patterson Bing, the first citizen of Bingville, is the ideal of a really great man.

CHAPTER II—The village becomes money mad, reflecting the great world in its state of unrest. The Bing family is a leader in the change. To them the village has become "provincial." Pauline Baker, victim of her surroundings, slopes with a stranger, and her parents are unable to trace her.

CHAPTER III—Severe winter weather brings distress to Bingville. Spoiled by false prosperity, the citizens have failed to look ahead, and many suffer absolute privation. The Reverend Otis Singleton, one of the few in the village who seek to stem the tide of extravagance and folly, effects a reformation in Hiram Blenkinsop, town drunkard and general "black sheep."

CHAPTER IV—Mainly owing to Judge Crooker, the village awakes to its shortsightedness in having considered money the essential, and neglecting the real things of life and true democracy. Some of the leading men also receive a lesson in the increasing waywardness of members of their families.

"Hello!" said Mr. Bing as he entered the door. "I've found out what's the matter with Phyllis. It's nerves. I met the great specialist, John Hamilton Gibbs, at luncheon today. I described the symptoms. He says it's undoubtedly nerves. He has any number of cases just like this one—rest, fresh air and a careful diet are all that's needed. He says that if he can have her for two weeks he'll guarantee a cure. I've agreed to have you take her to his sanitarium in the Catskills tomorrow. He has saddle horses, sleeping balconies, toboggan slides, snow-shoe and skating parties and all that."

"I think it will be great," said Phyllis, in his way of speaking.

Mr. Bing had promised on her word and honor to respect the confidence of her husband, with all righteous intention, but on the very day of their arrival in Bingville, Sophronia (Mrs. Pendleton) Ames called. Sophronia was the oldest and dearest friend that Mamie Bing had in the village. The latter enjoyed her life in New York, but she felt always a thrill at coming back to her big garden and the green trees and the ample spaces of Bingville, and to the ready, sympathetic confidence of Sophronia Ames. She told Sophronia of brilliant scenes in the changing spectacle of metropolitan life, of the wonderful young man and the untimely affliction of Phyllis, now happily past. Then, in a whisper, while Sophronia held up her right hand as a pledge of secrecy, she told of the necklace of which the lucky girl had no knowledge. Now, Mrs. Ames was one of the best of women. People were wont to speak of her, and rightly, as "the salt of the earth." She would do anything possible for a friend. But Mamie Bing had asked too much. Moreover, always it had been understood between them that these half-playful oaths were not to be taken too seriously. Of course, "the fish had to be fed," as Judge Crooker had once put it. By "the fish," he meant that curious under-life of the village—the voracious, silent, merciless, cold-blooded thing which fed on the sins and follies of men and women and which rarely came to the surface to bother anyone.



There Was a Breath of Silence in Which the Two Looked into Each Others' Eyes.

hiding-place and embraced her father. "I'd love it! I'm sick of this old town. I'm sure it's just what I need."

"I couldn't go tomorrow," said Mrs. Bing. "I simply must go to Mrs. De-lane's luncheon."

"Then I'll ask Harriet to go up with her," said J. Patterson.

Harriet, who lived in a flat on the upper west side, was Mrs. Bing's sister.

Phyllis went to bed dinnerless with a headache. Mr. and Mrs. Bing sat for a long time over their coffee and cigarettes.

"It's something too dreadful that Phyllis should be getting sick just at the wrong time," said the madame. "She has always been well. I can't understand it."

"She's had a rather strenuous time here," said J. Patterson.

"But she seemed to enjoy it until—the right man came along. The very man I hoped would like her! Then, suddenly, she throws up her hands and keels over. It's too devilish for words."

Mr. Bing laughed at his wife's exasperation.

"To me it's no laughing matter," said she with a serious face.

"Perhaps she doesn't like the boy," J. Patterson remarked.

Mrs. Bing leaned toward him and whispered, "She adores him!" She held her attitude and looked searchingly into her husband's face.

Meanwhile, another cause of worry had come or rather returned to him. Again, Phyllis had begun to show symptoms of the old trouble. Mrs. Bing, arriving at dusk from a market to Hazelmead with Sophronia Ames, had found Phyllis lying asleep among the cushions on the great couch in the latter's bedroom. She entered the room softly and leaned over the girl and looked into her face, now turned toward the open window and lighted by the fading glow in the western sky and relaxed by sleep. It was a sad face! There were lines and shadows in it which the anxious mother had not seen before and—had she been crying? Very softly, the woman sat down at the girl's side. Darkness fell, black, menacing shadows filled the corners of the room. The spirit of the girl betrayed its trouble in a sorrowful groan as she slept. Roger Delane was coming next day. There was every reason why Phyllis should be happy. Silently, Mrs. Bing left the room. She met Martha in the hall.

"I shall want no dinner and Mr. Bing is dining in Hazelmead," she whispered. "Miss Phyllis is asleep. Don't disturb her."

Then she sat down in the darkness of her own bedroom alone.

CHAPTER SIX.

In Which Hiram Blenkinsop Has a Number of Adventures.

The Shepherd of the Birds had caught the plague of influenza in March and nearly lost his life with it. Judge Crooker and Mr. and Mrs. Singleton and their daughter and Father O'Neil and Mrs. Ames and Hiram Blenkinsop had taken turns in the nursing of the boy. He had come out if it with impaired vitality.

The rubber tree used to speak to him in those days of his depression and say, "It will be summer soon."

"Oh, dear! But the days pass so slowly!" Bob would answer with a sigh.

Then the round nickel clock would say cheerfully, "I hurry them along as fast as ever I can."

"Seems as if old Time was losing the use of his legs," said the Shepherd. "I wouldn't wonder if some one had run over him with an automobile."

"Everybody is trying to kill Time these days," ticked the clock with a merry chuckle.

Bob looked at the clock and laughed. "You've got some sense," he declared. "Nonsense!" the clock answered. "You can talk pretty well," said the boy.

"I can run, too. If I couldn't, nobody would look at me."

"The more I look at you the more I think of Pauline. It's a long time since she went away," said the Shepherd. "We must all pray for her."

"Not I," said the little pine bureau. "Do you see that long scratch on my side? She did it with a hatpin when I belonged to her mother, and she used to keep her dolls in my lower drawer."

Mr. Bliggs assumed a look of great alertness, as if he spied the enemy. "What's the use of worrying?" he quipped.

"You'd better lie down and cover yourself up or you'll never live to see her or the summer either," the clock warned the Shepherd.

Then Bob would lie down quickly and draw the clothes over his shoulders and sing of the Good King Wen-



"Oh Dear! But the Days Pass So Slowly!" Bob Would Answer With a Sigh.

ceslas and The First Noel, which Miss Betsy Singleton had taught him at Christmas time.

All this is important as showing how a poor lad, of a lively imagination was wont to spend his lonely hours. He needed company and knew how to find it.

Christmas day, Judge Crooker had presented him with a beautiful copy of Raphael's Madonna and Child.

"It's the greatest theme and the greatest picture this poor world of ours can boast of," said the judge. "I want you to study the look in that mother's face, not that it is unusual. I have seen the like of it a hundred times. Almost every young mother with a child in her arms has that look or ought to have it—the most beautiful and mysterious thing in the world. The light of that old star which led the wise men is in it."

Hot Weather Specials

Hot weather is just about here, which is just another way of saying that cooking the daily meals is not going to be pastime for the housewife.

Why worry and slave in a kitchen over a broiling hot stove, when you can have your meals served in appetizing fashion at Irwin's?

More than that, you can have a choice of a large line of specials, prepared in artistic fashion and in a manner that has made our Home Cooking famous.

And, don't forget that no matter what your appetite may crave, if it can be had, or can be prepared, Irwin's will get it for you. Just say the word, and entrust the rest to us.

Irwin's is the kind of a place where you always feel at home, because it is as near like home as can be made.

So bring the family and the folks to Irwin's and tell us you want one of our Hot Weather Specials. You'll be pleased—and you'll come back.

H. & L. Irwin

So the boy acquired the companionship of those divine faces that looked down at him from the wall near his bed and had something to say to him every day.

Also, another friend—a very humble one—had begun to share his confidence. He was the little yellow dog, Christmas. He had come with his master, one evening in March, to spend a night with the sick Shepherd. Christmas had lain on the foot of the bed and felt the loving caress of the boy. The heart of the world, that loves above all things the touch of a kindly hand, was in this little creature. Often, when Hiram was walking out in the bitter winds, Christmas would edge away when his master's back was turned. In a jiffy, he was out of sight and making with all haste for the door of the Widow Moran. There, he never failed to receive some token of the generous woman's understanding of the great need of dogs—a bone or a doughnut or a slice of bread soaked in meat gravy—and a warm welcome from the boy above stairs. The boy always had time to pet him and play with him. He was never fooling the days away with an axe and a saw in the cold wind. Christmas admired his master's ability to pick up logs of wood and heave them about and to make a great deal of noise with an axe but, in cold weather, all that was a bore to him. When he had been missing, Hiram Blenkinsop found him, always, on Bob Moran's bed.

Continued next Tuesday.

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 dispel the worms, and the Child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

BLACKLEG.

Vaccinate early with PURITY BLACKLEG AGGRESSIN and save your calves. Only one vaccination required. 20 cents per dose. Write or phone your order to Paul Calvert, Brady, Tex.

PICKNICKERS, ATTENTION!

We now have one gallon Hot and Cold Bottles for Picknickers. Bottles have opening large enough to insert hand. BRADY AUTO CO.

ON AN OUTING

You will need one of those new Hot and Cold Bottles, one-gallon size, with opening large enough to insert hand. Call and see them. BRADY AUTO CO.

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LADIES and GENTLEMEN to Sell 3 Per Cent Interest Loan Contracts to People Who Want to BORROW MONEY.

Don't Wait, WRITE TODAY. Our Agents are Making Big Money, So Can YOU if You WORK.

Farmers, Clerks, Mechanics, Bookkeepers School Teachers, Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers and Real Estate Men. We want you to be an AGENT for U. S. Address

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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

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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, May 10, 1921.

HONEST INJUN.

A ray of sunshine has the right to penetrate anywhere.

THE SHADOWS FALL

There was a time in this editor's life when the vista of life stretched out into limitless sunshine. For over thirty years of his life health and happiness had been granted those he loved most dearly. The family circle was unbroken. Not a single one was missing when the roll was called. We were happy that it should be so; and death seemed far removed. We often spoke of the blessings that had been ours to share all together.

But there came a day when the top of the hill had been reached. Ahead stretched the downward slope leading into the Valley of Shadows—the Shadows that ever grow more deep. Three years ago, it was, the shadows first enveloped the family, and we tenderly laid our father at rest in the City of the Dead. And now, again, have the shadows fallen, and our brother, struck down in the prime of life, has gone to join that countless throng O'er There, and which we, too, some day must join. And we are made to know that not always is it the weak, or the aged, or the infirm, that first enter the shadows, but that Death lurks in our midst choosing whom he will.

Already half our allotted race has been run, and time now races by more swiftly than ever before. Who will be the next to have run his race, man cannot foretell, but when the race is finished, may we all be prepared to answer, "Ready."

EDITOR EASON STATES THE CASE.

We call to mind a few fellows who have lived in Winters for five, ten or more years who are all out of harmony with the many institutions, large or small about them. These fellows are wont to criticize the churches, schools, business concerns and what-not, just to make it clear that these institutions are not being run to suit them. They do not like the set of school teachers, the way the churches are run are entirely different to the way they would have their local newspaper is no different to the way they would have their doctors of ours know very little about their profession and it is a pain when they think of some of these merchants do business.

Yet, you just call on one of these grouches and ask his advice about the way things should be done and is just as far from offering any remedy as a Bolshevik is from washing his face.

If you want to have a meeting of

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the citizens of the town in order to put forward some movement for the betterment of the town, these fellows stand back and criticize the moves of the fellows who are working hardest for the good of all of us. If we start a movement for a bigger school house, they tell us our present house is large enough and criticize the way we are going about getting a better one. If we want a bigger church they sneer and say we now have too much room in the old one. If we want better roads they can tell you very quickly that our roads are now good enough and that we ought to stay at home more and use the roads less.

Yet these fellows never get out when a meeting is called to discuss public matters and are as far behind their community as Jim Ferguson is from being President. They have "set back" until they are all out of harmony with the people of the community in which they live and wax fat. They study nothing but criticism and can tell you more ways in which a thing ought not to be done than there are bumps in the streets of Winters. They have kicked until they have lost all influence they ever had, and are worth just about as much to the town as Eugene V. Debs was in whipping Germany.

Yet these fellows appear interested in the town. Fact is, as we see it, they are just working at the wrong end of the rope. If they will "get in" and display as much energy in doing something themselves as they do in knocking what the other fellow tries to do, they can be a help instead of a hindrance. Suppose you get in, old timer, and see how it feels to be in harmony with your neighbor once in a while. Fact is, if your neighbor is not going at it just the right way, perhaps if you will "get in" you can direct him a little better from the inside.

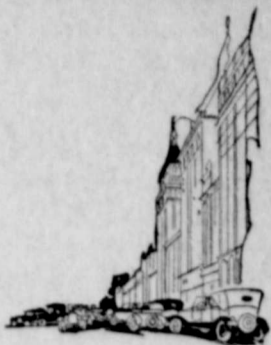
We have always found the best place to be when driving a team is in the wagon. So "get in."—Winters Enterprise.

WHERE WE GET TOGETHER.

This from the pen of Harry Schwenker in The Brady Standard: "According to the plans of a San Angelo citizen, Texas would be divided into five states, with McCulloch county in West Texas, and San Saba and Brown counties in East Texas. Well, the laugh is on San Saba and Brown counties." Whereupon the Brown-wood Bulletin remarks: "Where does the laugh come in? Why, Harry, it's serious." Well, Sun-of-a-Gun doesn't see where it is either funny or serious. S. G. has no brief to speak for Brown county, but he has a license from the supreme authority to "sound off" for San Saba county. And gentlemen, let's get it understood, once for all, that San Saba county is not —N-O-T— in West Texas. San Saba county is in Central Texas, where it belongs. And when the state is divided into five states, as it should be, San Saba county will still be in Central Texas. God placed it here. The politicians didn't have a thing to do with it. And if Schwenker will get right and help divide the state, as it should be, and get McCulloch county kept in Central Texas, where it was placed by nature, we may elect him governor, or United States senator, or, in case he should qualify as a landscape gardener, we might get him appointed superintendent of the new capitol grounds. And S. G. has a place in mind for Jim White of the Bulletin. We want him to help us write a constitution for Central Texas. We want this to be a model constitution for democracies as long as free people attempt to govern themselves. We want it to be short and simple; just a few general statements with the "bushwa" all left off. On this constitution may be built a model state government on the genuinely democratic doctrine of fewer laws and better laws.—Sun-of-a-Gun, in San Saba News.

So far as The Standard editor is concerned, we stand with Billie Smith of the San Saba News on the proposition to place McCulloch county, with Brown and San Saba, in Central Texas, whenever Texas is divided into five separate states. And since the division is certain to be brought about sooner or later—why not sooner. The longer the state remains as a unit, the greater the benefits will the present central government derive, and the fewer benefits that accrue to the component parts. Further than that, at no time in the future could we produce better gubernatorial material than we have now in Editor Billie Smith. And if Smith want to appoint us landscape gardener, we'll do our derndest not only to beautify the capitol grounds, but to make the whole of "Central Texas" bloom like a rose. Editor White may be counted upon to obey the injunction, "Brevity is the soul of wit," and put both brevity and wit into the framing of the new state constitution.

But, at that, Editor Smith missed the point entirely. As choosing between East Texas and West Texas, McCulloch county is of West Texas. To our mind East Texas is inseparably associated with piney woods, sawmills and lumber camps. And you know, that while up in Canada and the north, the workers in logging camps are known as lumber jacks, in East Texas, they are termed "flat-heads." Now think of San Sabaites and Brownites being cataloged with the flat-heads of East Texas. That's why we laughed! That's why Editor White proclaimed the proposition as serious!

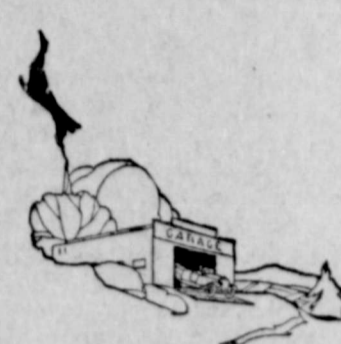


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The U. S. Chain Tread gives sufficient traction on all ordinary road surfaces. It is probably the handsomest, and by all odds the most popular, of the whole U. S. Fabric Tire line.



"In every section, however remote, you find a dealer in fresh, live U. S. Tires."

Economy rides on U.S. Tires—

If you could get together all the car owners you know, you'd probably find that their tire experiences had been much the same.

Most of them have taken their fling at "job lots," "discontinued lines" and "surplus stocks." Soon or late, nearly all settled back on quality first as the one sound assurance of tire value.

As soon as a man forgets the cut-price tag, and comes to the dealer who concentrates on a full, completely sized stock of U. S. Tires—he learns what it means to get fresh, live tires—not once in a while but every time.

Not merely in the big cities, but in his own home town.

Not merely for the heavy car, but for the medium and light-weight car—a full selection of size, tread and type.

Your U. S. Tire dealer can give you this service because of the service he gets from his neighboring U. S. Factory Branch. There are 92 of these Branches. Each gets its share of U. S. Tires, so that the dealer is always supplied with fresh, live stock.

U. S. Tires sell as fast as they are made. There is no over production. No surplus piled up waiting for a "market."

Wherever you buy a U. S. Tire—you buy a tire of current production, as full of life and value as the day it left the makers.

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FAKIRS ABROAD.

Several towns in East Texas are complaining of the visits of swindlers who collected money in varying sums from gullible citizens and failed to give value in return. The Bonham Favorite reports the visits of young men claiming to be agents for a new American Legion publication, who collected subscription money but failed to deliver the magazines; while the Denton Record-Chronicle tells of the visit of a man claiming to be a clothing salesman, as follows:

Denton folks got "stung" not so very long ago by an artist of another type. He was selling tailor-made clothes at a rare bargain. And a number of Denton citizens "fell for" his game to the tune of \$5 to \$15 a-piece as a "deposit," and are still whistling for their clothes. The safest plan of all is to refuse to do business with the transient of whom you know nothing; in charity, the safest and best plan is to dispense your aid through organizations such as the United Charities which has the means for investigation and the knowledge that refuses to be imposed upon by professional mendicants, of whom there are too, too many.

Yea, verily, the cry of the swindler is "Nevermore." But the swindlers and traveling fakirs are still working and they are still getting money enough to make their nefarious business attractive to them. Of course, the "safest plan is to refuse to do business with the transient," and to do business with the home dealer or agent. Old P. T. Barnum enunciated an eternal truth when he said that there is a "sucker" born every minute, and there are just enough "suckers" in every community to keep the transient fakir and swindler supplied with money and comfort. It should not be a temptation to any citizen to risk his money in a proposition submitted by a transient agent; bitter experience has proven the folly of it, and those who persist in it have only themselves to thank for their

loss.

Trade at home, with the home merchant, who is always responsible for every deal he makes and guarantees delivery of the goods he sells. Keep the dollars in the home trade channels, and turn a deaf ear to every transient peddler, agent, solicitor and beggar that comes to town. It is the safest and the sanest policy yet devised.—Brownwood Bulletin.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

The Versailles Treaty to date is not much more than an entree.—Minneapolis Tribune.

An eclipse appears to be the only thing in this country that can stop moonshine.—Philadelphia Record.

Another of those eternal triangles: jury, pretty woman, not guilty.—El Paso Herald.

A Denver singer is said to be able to reach second "f" above high "c." Pike's Peak or bust!—Arkansas Gazette.

Your Uncle Sam knows too much about baseball to want to be umpire when the bleachers are full of sixshooters.—Boston Transcript.

There are so many 100 freight cars in the country that the Lobos are talking about marching to Washington to make complaint.—Toledo Blade.

A railway statistician has figured out that "the railroad trains have to jump the track 118 times to kill one man." It's a lot of trouble and takes a lot of time, but they manage it several times each year.—Kansas City Star.

Judge Gary, head of the steel trust insists that prices must drop in industries that haven't yet reconstructed themselves. There's nothing like the zeal of the new convert.—Lansing State Journal.

LOCAL BRIEFS

Oscar Thornbloom and Tom Brown claim the season's honors for big catches, having yesterday brought to town a 28-lb. cat caught on a trot line in the San Saba river. After viewing the monster with some evidence of envy, Ev Simpson vouchsafed the opinion that it wasn't half as big as some of the fish caught at Stobaugh & Wood's fish club.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harry in goes the distinction of possessing the first Dodge Sedan owned in McCulloch county, they having purchased the car Monday from F. R. Wulff, local dealer. The Dodge Sedan is, without question, one of the most beautiful cars on the market; it is elegantly fitted up, and provides every comfort and convenience. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin are certain to be very popular with all "poor" friends.

The Standard editor believes in making Brady beautiful, and consistently preaches the beautifying of the town, and also endeavors to commend the efforts of those who lend their aid in the work. That is why we mention the fact that Friend E. P. Lea's home place is a veritable beauty spot. In his garden there is to be found the beautiful poppies in a riot of profusion—not only the large dark-red single ones, but most beautiful ruffled double ones, and even the purple variety are to be seen. Then there is the attractive leucophaea with its dainty flowers, and beautiful carnations, too. Not to mention the beautiful Mr. Lea's garden, which has had his result that

er garden in attractive appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Beasley and Mrs. Chas. Dawson, who had been here the past week to attend the funeral of Mrs. M. J. Moore, returned Monday to their home at Dawson, Texas. They were accompanied by W. J. Moore, who will visit with his daughters for some time. Since the removal of W. P. Doty from Brady some months ago, Mr. Moore has borne the distinction of being Brady's oldest resident. He came to Brady in 1876, and helped lay off the original townsite. He hauled material to build the original courthouse, located on the east side, and also for the old jail, located on the site now occupied by O. D. Mann & Sons store. He also hauled a great part of the rock used to build the present court house. There are a number of men who came to McCulloch county prior to Mr. Moore, and some of whom lived in what are now additions to Brady, but none preceded Mr. Moore as residents of the original townsite of Brady, Texas.

To Stop a Cough Quick

Take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a cough medicine which stops the cough by reaching the inflamed and irritated tissues. A box of GROVES' O-PEN-TRATE-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-Trade 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 50c.

Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

You expose them, and let me finish them. John McDowell.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

J. E. SHROPSHIRE
 LAWYER
 General Practice, Civil and Criminal
 Special Attention to Land Titles
 Office Over Broad Merc. Co.
 South Side Square, Brady, Texas

J. E. BROWN
 LAWYER
 Office Over Brady National Bank
 BRADY, TEXAS

S. W. HUGHES
 Lawyer
 BRADY, TEXAS
 Special attention to land titles. General
 practice in all the courts. Office
 over Brady Nat'l Bank, Brady, Texas

ADKINS
 ER
 in Broad Building
 South Side Square

EVANS J. ADKINS
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
 Practice in District Court of McCulloch
 County, Texas
 Office in Court House

DR. WM. C. JONES
 DENTIST
 Office: Front Suite Rooms Over New
 Brady National Bank Building
 PHONES: Office 79
 Residence 202

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 General
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AWALT & BENSON
 Draying and Heavy Hauling
 of All Kinds
 Will appreciate your draying and
 hauling business. Your
 freight and packages handled
 by careful and painstaking em-
 ployees.
AWALT & BENSON
 Bone Dry!

The prohibition agents are trying to take the "hic" out of Chicago.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Give me a trial with your next roll of films. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's. Transfer Binders. The Standard. To protect themselves and their homes against robbers the women of four Pittsburgh suburbs have organized a "pistol club." A former major of the United States army gave the women their first lesson in the use of firearms.

VICTIMS RESCUED
 Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking **GOLD MEDAL HARBLEN OIL**
 The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three signs, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.



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SYNOPSIS.
CHAPTER I.—In the village of Bingville thirteen-year-old Robert Emmet Moran, crippled son of a poor widow, is known as the Shepherd of the Birds. His world is his mother and friends, his little room, the flower garden of Judge Crooker, and every thing he sees from his window. The painting of pictures is his enjoyment, and little Pauline Baker, small daughter of a neighbor, the object of his boyish affection. To him, J. Patterson Bing, the first citizen of Bingville, is the ideal of a really great man.

CHAPTER II.—The village becomes money mad, reflecting the great world in its state of unrest. The Bing family is a leader in the change. To them the village has become "provincial." Pauline Baker, victim of her surroundings, elopes with a stranger, and her parents are unable to trace her.

CHAPTER III.—Severe winter weather brings distress to Bingville. Spoiled by false prosperity, the citizens have failed to look ahead, and many suffer absolute privation. The Reverend Otis Singleton, one of the few in the village who seek to stem the tide of extravagance and folly, effects a reformation in Hiram Blenkinsop, town drunkard and general "black sheep."

CHAPTER IV.—Mainly owing to Judge Crooker, the village awakes to its shortsightedness in having considered money the essential, and neglecting the real things of life and true democracy. Some of the leading men also receive a lesson, in the increasing waywardness of members of their families.

"Hello!" said Mr. Bing as he entered the door. "I've found out what's the matter with Phyllis. It's nerves. I met the great specialist, John Hamilton Gibbs, at luncheon today. I described the symptoms. He says it's undoubtedly nerves. He has any number of cases just like this one—rest, fresh air and a careful diet are all that's needed. He says that if he can have her for two weeks he'll guarantee a cure. I've agreed to have you take her to his sanitarium in the Catskills tomorrow. He has saddle horses, sleeping balconies, toboggan slides, snow-shoe and skating parties and all that."

"I think it will be great," said Phyllis, who suddenly emerged from her



There Was a Breath of Silence in Which the Two Looked into Each Others' Eyes.

hiding-place and embraced her father. "I love it! I'm sick of this old town. I'm sure it's just what I need."

"I couldn't go tomorrow," said Mrs. Bing. "I simply must go to Mrs. Delane's luncheon."

"Then I'll ask Harriet to go up with her," said J. Patterson.

Harriet, who lived in a flat on the upper west side, was Mrs. Bing's sister.

Phyllis went to bed dinnerless with a headache. Mr. and Mrs. Bing sat for a long time over their coffee and cigarettes.

"It's something too dreadful that Phyllis should be getting sick just at the wrong time," said the madame. "She has always been well. I can't understand it."

"She's had a rather strenuous time here," said J. Patterson.

"But she seemed to enjoy it until—until the right man came along. The very man I hoped would like her! Then, suddenly, she throws up her hands and keels over. It's too devilish for words."

Mr. Bing laughed at his wife's exasperation.

"To me it's no laughing matter," said she with a serious face.

"Perhaps she doesn't like the boy," J. Patterson remarked.

Mrs. Bing leaned toward him and whispered, "She adores him!" She held her attitude and looked searchingly into her husband's face.

"Well, you can't say I did it," he answered. "The modern girl is a rather delicate piece of machinery. I think she'll be all right in a week or two. Come, it's time we went to the theater if we're going."

Nothing more was said of the matter. Next morning immediately after breakfast, "Aunt Harriet" set out with Phyllis in the big limousine for Doctor Gibbs' sanitarium.

Phyllis found the remedy she needed in the ceaseless round of outdoor frolic. Her spirit washed in the glowing air found refreshment in the sleep that follows weariness and good digestion. Her health improved so visibly that her stay was far prolonged. It was the first week of May when Mrs. Bing drove up to get her. The girl was in perfect condition, it would seem. No rustic maid, in all the mountain valleys, had lighter feet or clearer eyes or a more honest, ruddy tan in her face, due to the touch of the clean wind. She had grown as lithe and strong as a young panther.

They were going back to Bingville next day. Martha and Susan had been getting the house ready. Mrs. Bing had been preparing what she fondly hoped would be "a lovely surprise" for Phyllis. Roger Delane was coming up to spend a quiet week with the Bings—a week of opportunity for the young people, with saddle horses and a new steam launch and a Peterborough canoe and all pleasant accessories. Then, on the twentieth, which was the birthday of Phyllis, there was to be a dinner and a house party and possibly an announcement and a pretty wagging of tongues. Indeed, J. Patterson had already bought the wedding gift, a necklace of pearls, and paid a hundred thousand dollars for it and put it away in his safe. The necklace had pleased him. He had seen many jewels, but nothing so satisfying—nothing that so well expressed his affection for his daughter. He might never see its like again. So he bought it against the happy day which he hoped was near. He had shown it to his wife and charged her to make no mention of it until "the time was ripe" in his way of speaking.

Mrs. Bing had promised on her word and honor to respect the confidence of her husband, with all righteous intention, but on the very day of their arrival in Bingville, Sophronia (Mrs. Pendleton) Ames called. Sophronia was the oldest and dearest friend that Mamie Bing had in the village. The latter enjoyed her life in New York, but she felt always a thrill at coming back to her big garden and the green trees and the ample spaces of Bingville, and to the ready, sympathetic confidence of Sophronia Ames. She told Sophronia of brilliant scenes in the changing spectacle of metropolitan life, of the wonderful young man and the untimely affliction of Phyllis, now happily past. Then, in a whisper, while Sophronia held up her right hand as a pledge of secrecy, she told of the necklace of which the lucky girl had no knowledge. Now, Mrs. Ames was one of the best of women. People were wont to speak of her, and rightly, as "the salt of the earth." She would do anything possible for a friend. But Mamie Bing had asked too much. Moreover, always it had been understood between them that these half-playful oaths were not to be taken too seriously. Of course, "the fish had to be fed," as Judge Crooker had once put it. By "the fish," he meant that curious under-life of the village—the voracious, silent, merciless, cold-blooded thing which fed on the sins and follies of men and women and which rarely came to the surface to bother anyone.

"The fish are very wise," Judge Crooker used to say. "They know the truth about every one and it's well that they do. After all, they perform an important office. There's many a man and woman who think they've been fooling the fish, but they've only fooled themselves."

And within a day or two, the secrets of the Bing family were awaiting up and down the stream of the under-life of Bingville.

Mr. Bing had found a situation in the plant which was new to him. The men were discontented. Their wages were "sky high," to quote a phrase of one of the foremen. Still, they were not satisfied. Reports of the fabulous earnings of the mill had spread among them. They had begun to think that they were not getting a fair division of the proceeds of their labor. At a meeting of the help a radical speaker had declared that one of the Bing women wore a noose of pearls on her neck worth half a million dollars. The men wanted more pay and less work. A committee of their leaders had called at Mr. Bing's office with a demand soon after his arrival. Mr. Bing had said "no" with a pang of his fist on the table. A workers' meeting was to be held a week later to act upon the report of the committee.

Meanwhile, another cause of worry had come or rather returned to him. Again, Phyllis had begun to show symptoms of the old trouble. Mrs. Bing, arriving at dusk from a market to Hazelmead with Sophronia Ames, had found Phyllis lying asleep among the cushions on the great couch in the latter's bedroom. She entered the room softly and leaned over the girl and looked into her face, now turned toward the open window and lighted by the fading glow in the western sky and relaxed by sleep. It was a sad face! There were lines and shadows in it which the anxious mother had not seen before and—had she been crying? Very softly, the woman sat down at the girl's side. Darkness fell, black, menacing shadows filled the corners of the room. The spirit of the girl betrayed its trouble in a sorrowful groan as she slept. Roger Delane was coming next day. There was every reason why Phyllis should be happy. Silently, Mrs. Bing left the room. She met Martha in the hall. "I shall want no dinner and Mr. Bing is dining in Hazelmead," she whispered. "Miss Phyllis is asleep. Don't disturb her."

Then she sat down in the darkness of her own bedroom alone.

CHAPTER SIX.

In Which Hiram Blenkinsop Has a Number of Adventures.

The Shepherd of the Birds had caught the plague of influenza in March and nearly lost his life with it. Judge Crooker and Mr. and Mrs. Singleton and their daughter and Father O'Neill and Mrs. Ames and Hiram Blenkinsop had taken turns in the nursing of the boy. He had come out if it with impaired vitality.

The rubber tree used to speak to him in those days of his depression and say, "It will be summer soon."

"Oh, dear! But the days pass so slowly," Bob would answer with a sigh.

Then the round nickel clock would say cheerfully, "I hurry them along as fast as ever I can."

"Seems as if old Time was losing the use of his legs," said the Shepherd. "I wouldn't wonder if some one had run over him with an automobile."

"Everybody is trying to kill Time these days," ticked the clock with a merry chuckle.

Bob looked at the clock and laughed. "You've got some sense," he declared. "Nonsense!" the clock answered. "You can talk pretty well," said the boy.

"I can run, too. If I couldn't, nobody would look at me."

"The more I look at you the more I think of Pauline. It's a long time since she went away," said the Shepherd. "We must all pray for her."

"Not I," said the little pine bureau. "Do you see that long scratch on my side? She did it with a hatpin when I belonged to her mother, and she used to keep her dolls in my lower drawer."

Mr. Bloggs assumed a look of great alertness, as if he spied the enemy. "What's the use of worrying?" he quoted.

"You'd better lie down and cover yourself up or you'll never live to see her or the summer either," the clock warned the Shepherd.

Then Bob would lie down quickly and draw the clothes over his shoulders and sing of the Good King Wenceslas.



"Oh Dear! But the Days Pass So Slowly!" Bob Would Answer With a Sigh.

ceslas and The First Noel, which Miss Betsy Singleton had taught him at Christmas time.

All this is important as showing how a poor lad, of a lively imagination was wont to spend his lonely hours. He needed company and knew how to find it.

Christmas day, Judge Crooker had presented him with a beautiful copy of Raphael's Madonna and Child.

"It's the greatest theme and the greatest picture this poor world of ours can boast of," said the judge. "I want you to study the look in that mother's face, not that it is unusual. I have seen the like of it a hundred times. Almost every young mother with a child in her arms has that look or ought to have it—the most beautiful and mysterious thing in the world. The light of that old star which led the wise men is in it."

Hot Weather Specials

Hot weather is just about here, which is just another way of saying that cooking the daily meals is not going to be pastime for the housewife.

Why worry and slave in a kitchen over a broiling hot stove, when you can have your meals served in appetizing fashion at Irwin's?

More than that, you can have a choice of a large line of specials, prepared in artistic fashion and in a manner that has made our Home Cooking famous.

And, don't forget that no matter what your appetite may crave, if it can be had, or can be prepared, Irwin's will get it for you. Just say the word, and entrust the rest to us.

Irwin's is the kind of a place where you always feel at home, because it is as near like home as can be made.

So bring the family and the folks to Irwin's and tell us you want one of our Hot Weather Specials. You'll be pleased—and you'll come back.

H. & L. Irwin

PERSONAL MENTION

Reubin Wilensky is here today from Melvin on business, while visiting his brothers.

J. G. Matthews is here from Me-nard for a visit with his sons, Frank and John Matthews, and families. The many friends of C. H. Vincent will be pleased to learn that he is improving from an attack of bronchitis, with which he has suffered the past week.

M. Persky, E. Persky and Miss Estelle Persky arrived Friday for a visit with their daughter and sister, Mrs. W. I. Myers, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bowers, who have been visiting here the past week, returned Saturday night to their home in Waco.

Mrs. I. B. Williams, who has been a guest of Mrs. G. L. Hollon several days, returned to her home at Me-nard Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Mayhew and little son left Saturday night on a combined visit and business trip of several days to Fort Worth and Dallas.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Wolfe left last week for Fort Worth, where they will spend several weeks as guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Brannum. They were accompanied by Mrs. Wolfe's mother, Mrs. V. D. Crothers.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Petree and daughter, Billie Dawn, arrived Monday morning from Dallas for a visit of several weeks with the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. June Coopender. Mr. Petree, however, returned to Dallas Monday night.

Mrs. P. E. Willis has returned to her home in San Antonio in a new Buick, which she purchased from the Brady Auto Co., while visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bay, of this city. She was accompanied by her brother, W. J. Bay.

PICKNICKERS, ATTENTION!
 We now have one gallon Hot and Cold Bottles for Picknickers. Bottles have opening large enough to insert hand. **BRADY AUTO CO.**

ON AN OUTING
 You will need one of those new Hot and Cold Bottles, one-gallon size, with opening large enough to insert hand. Call and see them. **BRADY AUTO CO.**

WANTED QUICK!
LADIES and GENTLEMEN to Sell 3 Per Cent Interest Loan Contracts to People Who Want to BORROW MONEY.
 Don't Wait, WRITE TODAY. Our Agents are Making Big Money, So Can YOU if You WORK.
Farmers, Clerks, Mechanics, Bookkeepers School Teachers, Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers and Real Estate Men. We want you to be an AGENT for US. Address
R. W. MORGAN,
310 Scollard Bldg., Dallas, Texas

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE BRADY NATIONAL BANK
At Brady, in the State of Texas, at the close of business on April 28, 1921.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts, including rediscounts (except those shown in b and c)	\$383,982.83	\$383,982.83
Overdrafts, unsecured		30.82
U. S. Government securities owned:		
Deposited to secure circulation (U. S. bonds par value)	50,000.00	50,000.00
All other United States Government Securities	5,000.00	5,000.00
Other bonds, stocks, securities, etc.		4,475.00
Banking House, \$26,500.00; Furniture and fixtures, \$6,095.00		32,595.00
Real estate owned other than banking house		455.32
Cash in vault		8,362.50
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank		28,483.82
Net amounts due from national banks		39,779.04
Net amounts due from banks, bankers, and trust companies in the United States (other than included in Items 9, 10 or 11)		692.52
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than Item 13)		515.41
Total of Items 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14	41,447.47	
Checks on banks located outside of city or town of reporting bank and other cash items		460.50
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer		2,500.00
TOTAL		\$557,332.76

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits	29,827.33
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	7,700.23
Circulating notes outstanding	48,200.00
Net amounts due to national banks	190.50
Net amounts due to banks, bankers, and trust companies in the United States and foreign countries (other than included in Items 22 or 23)	36,823.13
Individual deposits subject to check	288,992.03
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve, Items 27, 28, 29, 30, 31 and 32	288,992.03
Bills payable, other than with Federal Reserve Bank (including all obligations representing money borrowed other than rediscounts)	41,000.00
TOTAL	\$557,332.76

STATE OF TEXAS, County of McCulloch, ss:
I, E. L. Ogden, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
E. L. OGDEN, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of May, 1921.
FLORA SCHAEG, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest: F. W. Henderson, J. C. Wall, F. M. Richards, Directors.

NO. 165. BANKS OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION

of the Mercury State Bank at Mercury, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 28th day of April, 1921, published in The Brady Standard, a newspaper printed and Published at Brady, State of Texas, on the 10th day of May, 1921.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$19,646.71
Overdrafts	31.72
Furniture and Fixtures	850.00
Due from other Banks and Bankers, and cash on hand	7,652.39
Interest on Depositors' Guaranty Fund	581.23
Assessment Deposits, Guaranty Fund	156.77
Acceptances and Bills of Exchange (Liberty Bonds)	600.00
TOTAL	\$29,518.82

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$10,000.00
Surplus Fund	5,000.00
Undivided Profits, net	1,331.27
Individual Deposits, subject to check	13,171.75
Demand Certificates of Deposits	15.80
TOTAL	\$29,518.82

STATE OF TEXAS, County of McCulloch.
W. J. F. Cawyer, as president, and R. N. Beakley, as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

J. F. CAWYER, President.
R. N. BEAKLEY, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of May, A. D. 1921.
A. C. WRIGHT,
Notary Public, McCulloch County, Texas.
Correct—Attest: L. A. Cawyer, Lona Cawyer, Ethel Lee Wear, Directors.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' AGRICULTURAL CLUB RALLY PROMISES BIG EVENT

Reports from the clubs in the county indicate that almost a hundred per cent of the club members in the county are planning to be at the club rally next Saturday, May 14th.

Word has come from several county agents in adjoining counties that they are coming to this meeting and will bring a number of their club members with them. So we must be here one-hundred per cent strong to be able to make the best possible showing, and to be able to extend to the visitors every possible courtesy. Let's all bring a little extra dinner to make sure that visitors are all well fed.

I sincerely hope that every club member in the county will be present at the Methodist church on time—10:00 o'clock.

Every member will be asked to register some time during the day, and to also list any wanted literature, such as record books and bulletins. Then these things can be sent you after you return home.

I sincerely hope that every club leader in the county makes a very special effort to be with his club at this meet. All parents and others who are interested are invited to come and enjoy the full program.

B. D. BLACK, County Agt.

Send your films to a good finisher. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.

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.

Give me a trial with your Effo. Next roll of films. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.

ARREST CLAUDE JONES ON SIMPSON BURGLARY CHARGE LAST SATURDAY

Claude Jones was placed under arrest last Saturday by Sheriff Wall on the charge of having robbed the Simpson & Co. garage some three weeks ago, at which time the cash register was touched for something like \$14.00. Suspicion was directed at Jones because of the evident familiarity the burglar displayed with the operation of the Simpson cash register. Young Jones, who is about 16 years old, disappeared after the burglary, as did also Otis Evans, aged about 19, the boys leaving Brady on the Santa Fe. After visiting various places in Texas the boys returned here the past week, and Evans was put through a rigid examination. It is alleged he confessed to the burglary, stating that he stood guard outside while Jones did the actual burglarizing.

Jones has been out on \$500 bond, pending his preliminary hearing before Judge N. G. Lyle today. Following the hearing the court placed him under \$500 bond, which it is expected will be made.

Quite As Necessary.
Young Meadows, a most careful youth, was sounding Miss Perkins with reference to her housekeeping abilities before he put the crucial question.

"Can you cook?" he asked.
"Now, let's consider these questions in an orderly way," suggested Miss Perkins, without the suspicion of a smile. "The matter of cooking is not the first thing to be taken into account."
"Well, then, what is the first?"
"Can you provide anything to cook?" asked Miss Perkins. "They're awfully high, you know."

Kodak Albums. Brady Standard.

MUSCOGEE WOMAN TELLS OF CHANGE

Mrs. Lowe Gains Twenty-Five Lbs. 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.

Auto-Intoxication.

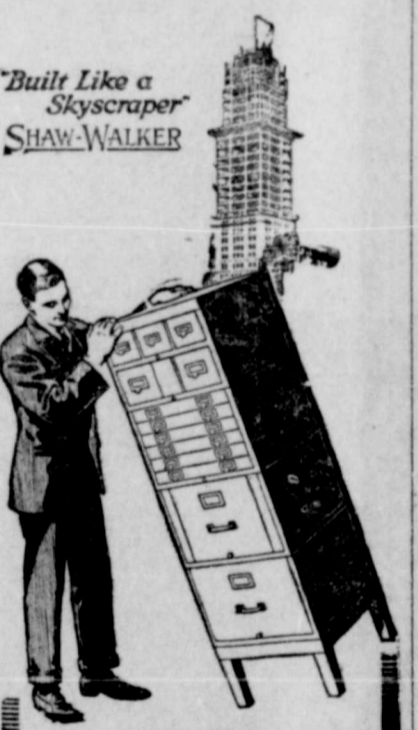
"What was the excitement down the street?"
"Oh, a man in a reverie ran into a woman in a tantrum."
"Were the machines badly damaged?"—Boston Transcript.

Send your films to a good finisher. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.

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

It Works Both Ways.

"Statistics prove that marriage is a preventive against suicide," said Mrs. Gabb.
"Yes," growled Mr. Gabb. "And statistics also prove that suicide is a preventive against marriage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.



Stand this Shaw-Walker sectional cabinet on one corner and it stays rigid as any solid vertical file.

SHAW-WALKER Steel Letter Files

SKYSCRAPERS in miniature, having girders, cross-pieces, sills, etc., of channel-steel, interlocking and bracing each other against strain.

In addition, it is solid one-piece steel—made so by electric spot-welding. No nuts—no bolts—no rivets—no rods—no screws.

Drawers non-rebounding—stay closed without superfluous mechanism. Will run silent, smooth and speedy 100 years without repair or attention.

Highest awards San Francisco and San Diego Expositions. You will understand why when you examine a Shaw-Walker File beside your old equipment. You will also understand our guarantee: Money back if it isn't the best file you ever owned.

Phone us to send you a Shaw-Walker File today.

THE BRADY STANDARD

Index Tabs. The Brady Standard.

GENERAL RAIN COVERS LARGE AREA IN TEXAS

This section of Texas has been blessed with most opportune and general rains. The first rain fell early Sunday morning, and while very light in the immediate Brady vicinity, was reported to have averaged 1 1/4 inches west of here and far out into the plains. Lohn is reported to have had two inches of downpour. Monday, the heavy-hanging clouds gave assurance of further rainfall. The rain was again light at Brady, only three-tenths of an inch falling, but was heavy all around. A bolt of lightning threw consternation into Brady citizens just about twelve o'clock, shaking buildings and jarring things somewhat, but no damage in this vicinity is reported. However, a 4-year old child named Whitehead living in one of J. P. Williamson's houses at Satuit, is reported to have been shocked and blistered by the flash, but is recovering nicely. Big live oak trees were torn up in that vicinity and one was blown through the door of the Whitehead residence, which was considerably damaged.

The missing of the rain in the Brady vicinity caused no regrets, as a splendid rain covered the immediate Brady section a week ago. The opportune rain will greatly benefit grass and grain.

According to press reports, three rains from Friday to Monday covered Texas west to Pecos river, south to Rio Grande, north to the T. & P. Ry., and east to Brownwood and San Saba.

BRADY CLEANS UP ON MELVIN FRIDAY, AND EDEN TEAM SATURDAY

The Brady team is evidently beginning to strike their gait, having won all three of the games played last week. The first game played last Tuesday with Pear Valley was won by a score of 14 to 9. Last Friday's game with Melvin was captured by a score of 17 to 2, and Saturday's game with Eden at that place, by a score of 7 to 5.

The following is the box score of Friday's game:

Hall, c.	4	0	1	0	8	0
Wahrmund, lf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Gurley, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Allen, 1b.	4	0	0	13	0	0
Price, 2b.	3	1	1	0	2	0
Turner, 3b.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Wood, ss.	2	0	1	0	1	0
JohnMcGonagill, ss.	3	0	0	0	1	3
Johnson, lf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Velines, p.&c.	3	0	1	0	0	0
JackMcGonagill, rf.	3	1	1	0	1	0
Total	25	0	24	11	3	

Brady—
Roberts, rf.1 0 0 0 0 0
Morgan, rf.5 4 5 0 0 0
Woosley, cf.5 1 2 1 2 10
Fuller, ss.&p.3 2 2 0 0 11
Jones, c.5 2 1 0 13 00
Connolly, 1b.5 2 0 0 9 00
Adkins, 3b.4 0 0 1 2 20
G. Roberts, 2b.4 2 3 0 1 30
Jack Hampton, lf.5 2 2 0 0 00
Tom Edwards, p.3 2 2 0 0 30
Baxter, 2b.2 0 0 0 0 00

Total17 17 2 27 10 1
Hits off of Gurley, 13 in 4 innings; off of Velines, 4 in 4 innings; off of Edwards, none in 4 innings; off of Fuller, 5 in 5 innings.

Struck out by Gurley, 1; by Velines, 7; by Edwards, 6; by Fuller, 6.
Two-base hits Morgan, Woosley, G. Roberts, Hampton.
Three-base hits Fuller, B. Jones, Umpire, Whiteman.

Time of game, 2 hours, 10 minutes.
Eden Game.

The Eden game was a hotly contested affair, and the locals take all the more pride in their victory since Eden used four of Ballinger's best men. The feature of the game was the pitching of Taylor and the catching of Vaughn.

FARM BUREAU CONVENTION SATURDAY, MAY 14TH, AT 3:00 P. M.

Next Saturday, May 14th is the regular convention day of the McCulloch County Farm Bureau. That is also the day when the county club meets and there will be several farm bureau speakers in town on that day, and we plan to use them in the Farm Bureau meeting. So we hope every member of the bureau will be present. The chairmen of the different locals and all the directors should be present without fail. Remember the hour, 3:00 p. m.—in the courtroom.
B. D. BLACK, County Agt.

BASEBALL BENEFIT
Matched Game
BRADY FIRE DEPARTMENT
vs.
BRADY HOME TEAM
Dutton City Park
THURSDAY AFTERNOON
May 12th
Come Out and See the Hottest Contest of the Season
Proceeds will go to the Brady Fire Department.

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Jassy-Fl-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—Sunday, somewhere on streets of Brady, probably between Presbyterian church and postoffice, one pair of rimmed glasses; practically new. Finder please return to Standard office.

LOST—On Brady and Rochelle road, Hand Satchel, containing check for \$7.00. Finder please return to or notify Standard office.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—My residence in Brady. See J. H. HUEY.

FOR SALE—On easy terms, my residence and furniture. A bargain for quick sale. J. F. SCHAEG, Brady.

FOR SALE—Good second-hand wagon. Also any kind of leather goods at any old price, regardless of cost. See J. F. SCHAEG.

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

FOR SALE—Or will trade, Buick Four. See J. F. SCHAEG, Brady.

FOR SALE—A good, young Jersey butter cow. Also a fine, young saddle and harness mare. J. F. SCHAEG, Brady.

FOR SALE—We now have a few first-class used cars for sale; among the lot one Ford touring car run less than 200 miles. BRADY AUTO CO.

FOUND

FOUND—Boomer hook. Loser may recover by paying for this notice. Standard office.

FOR BRICK AND CEMENT WORK

OF ALL KINDS, SEE
A. J. BAY
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

I SPECIALIZE ON PEBBLE-DASH STUCCO AND PLASTERING

ALL THE LATEST CEMETERY CEMENT WORK, SUCH AS CURBS, WALKS AND VAULTS. WILL DRAW PLANS, ALSO BLUE-PRINTS OF ANY CONSTRUCTION WORK.

Would Appreciate A Share of Your Business

For reference see Mr. June Cooper's residence—my latest completion; also the interior of court house.

OFFICE AT ST. CLAIR'S STUDIO

MISCELLANEOUS

ESTRAYED—Wednesday, May 4, Black Mare, about 14 hands high, has two white feet, Spanish brands. Owner may recover same by calling on E. R. McCarty, 1 mile west of Dodge school house, on Willoughby place, and paying for this notice.

A Canny Minister.
Shortly after his installation as pastor a certain Scottish minister had occasion to complain of the scantiness of the collection.

"They are near-very near," remarked one of the elders. "But," he added, confidentially, "the auld minister he put three or four saxe into the plate hissel' just to gie them a start. Of course he took the saxe-pence awa' wi' him afterward."

The new minister tried the same plan, but the next Sunday he again had to report a dismal failure. The total collection was not only small, but he was grieved to find that his own sixpence were missing.

"Ye may be a better preacher than the auld minister," said the elder, "but if ye had half the knowledge o' the world an' o' ain flock in particular ye'd ha' done what he did an' gived the saxe-pence to the plate."

Enroll Now!
Young women are now filing their applications with The Temple Sanitarium Training School for Nurses for entrance in the June class.
If you are a young woman of average intelligence, physically strong, and of good moral character, we are interested in you. If you wish to earn your own livelihood; if you care to receive a training that leads to a profession much in demand, we wish to advise you to become a nurse. The nursing field is broad, and the demand is far greater than the supply.
When you are a graduate of The Temple Sanitarium Training School you are assured of a place in the nursing profession. Board and tuition free with a monthly allowance while you are receiving your training.
Write today for illustrated booklet. Address:
Miss Wilma Carlton, R. N.,
Supt. of The Temple Sanitarium Training School for Nurses, Temple, Texas.