

Let Us Dress You Up While at the Re-Union----Mann Brothers & Holton

OVER 100 VETERANS ATTEND RE-UNION

PROGRAM TODAY AT DUTTON PARK IS BIG FEATURE

Beginning at 10:00 o'clock today, a big program at Dutton City Park will mark the closing events of the reunion. Miller's rodeo will stage a spectacular exhibition this morning, in which will be included bull-dogging of steers, pitching horses, pitching steers, and the like. A prize of \$25 is offered anyone who will ride "Old Dunk," the company's prize wicker performer, and which animal has a record of having thrown 295 would-be riders. "Boots," well-known local colored rider, has so far been unable to stay on "Old Dunk," having been thrown Wednesday night. Rodeo performance again tonight will close the park's events.

This afternoon, a big race program, together with the final ball game of the Coleman-Brady series, is scheduled. Racing entries so far are:

One-half Mile Race—"Red Bird" and "Brown Dick" owned by Fred Taylor, Coleman.

One-fourth Mile Race—"Budweiser" owned by Buck Spears; "Charlie" owned by Bud Spiller; "Jess Williard" owned by Mose Locklear; "Brown Dick" owned by Fred Taylor; "Santa Claus" owned by Ance Smith.

One-fourth Mile Mule Race—Mules owned by Will Dutton and Chas. Bryson.

In yesterday afternoon's program, with Chas. H. Bratton and W. E. Campbell, judges, and W. K. Gay, starter, the following were the results:

One-fourth Mile Race—1st, "Jess Williard," Mose Locklear owner and rider; 2nd, "Charlie," Bud Spiller

owner and rider; "Baldie," Tom Sessions owner, negro rider.

Goat Roping—1st, Lewis Johnson, Christoval, 12 sec.; 2nd, Ira Locklear, Richland Springs, 14 sec.

Relay—1st, Mose Locklear, Richland Springs; 2nd, George Spiller, Vola; 3rd, Brown Strickland, London.

The exhibition of riding a wild bull by Spurlock was also a big feature and worth the money.

Last night's program included the bull-dogging of a steer, riding pitching horses, and the riding of Brahma bulls. A good crowd was in attendance and the various events were greatly enjoyed. The prize offered to anyone who would successfully ride "Old Dunk" found no takers.

Rumored Death of Veteran False. There was a persistent rumor afloat yesterday evening in effect that one of the old veterans had dropped dead, while attending one of the shows. His name was given as Alexander, and one or two were found who said they saw the veteran fall dead and being carried away. After careful and thorough investigation of the rumor, The Standard is happy to state that the report was untrue, and that the rumor probably had its origin from the fact that one of the veterans fainted from over-exertion or excitement, but that he has recovered and was shortly able to rejoin his comrades.

Other rumors were also afloat to the effect that several cars were stolen and also that one old veteran had been robbed night before last. Investigation makes it appear that all these rumors were unfounded.

The Standard is pleased to be able to state that no reunion was ever carried out in more orderly and irreproachable manner, and we sincerely trust no untoward accident or incident may today mar the splendid record so far had.

None but the best is the motto at the big barbecue today. You'll agree that it is the best when you are served.

BIG BARBECUE TODAY IS CROWNING EVENT OF THE GREAT U. C. V. REUNION

PREPARATIONS MADE TO FEED 10,000 PEOPLE—NUMBER OF ATTENDANTS AT REUNION GREATLY SWELLED—BIB DELEGATION FROM SAN SABA COMING.

The great barbecue today will be the crowning feature of the U. C. V. reunion, and load after load of choicest beef and mutton was last night unloaded and placed upon the barbecue pits in preparation for the feeding of 10,000 visitors today. Swelling crowds have marked the reunion so far, and big delegations are expected today from all the surrounding towns.

The reunion grounds were thronged all day yesterday with attendants at the celebration, and large audiences were in attendance upon the program. Today the biggest crowd ever assembled in Brady is anticipated, and large delegations of visitors are expected from all surrounding points. San Saba live wires are expected in great numbers, and 100 cars are reported to be coming from our neighbor city. The visit of the San Sabaites is in appreciation of the crowds Brady always sends to their excellent fair, and Brady citizens will not only appreciate the neighborly visit of these good people, but will return the favor at the proper time.

The feature of the morning was the address of the Rev. George Green of Brownwood, who paid tribute in glowing terms to the men and women of the Southland for the wonderful spirit they have shown, and for the wonderful nation they have built. He reviewed the rise of the South from its desolation, its progress and its development, and freely gave credit to the gallant veterans and citizens who aided in its reconstruction.

In the afternoon, Judge Kittrel made another of his interesting heart to heart talks, recounting the history of the song, "Star Spangled Banner,"

and also of the song, "Maryland, My Maryland." He stated that he intended to have published at his own expense this history, and that he would send a copy of the same to each veteran. Judge Kittrel left yesterday via Mason upon his return to Houston.

Another very interesting address was that of the Brigade historian, Mrs. E. G. Magruder, her subject being "Lest We Forget." Mrs. Lillie Palmer, matron of the Brigade, made an appreciated address upon the Brigade from the time of its organization up to the present. Each of the speakers was extended a vote of thanks for the able manner in which the subject was presented.

VIRGINIA REEL AND OLD-FASHIONED SQUARE DANCE FEATURE NIGHT PROGRAM

Another delightful program of musical numbers marked the entertainment at the reunion grounds last night, every number being thoroughly enjoyed. The features of the evening's events, however, were the Virginia Reel and the old-fashioned square dance. The Virginia reel was danced by a group of young ladies and young men, the former attractively costumed. In fact, in their basques, hoop skirts and with pantalets, they, for all the world, looked like they might have stepped out of a fashion book of the days of long ago. The boys were in shirt sleeves. This number was thoroughly enjoyed by all and won much applause.

Quite the most delightful thing imaginable was the old-fashioned square dance, in which the veterans threw off the weight of several score years and became frolicsome youths once more. Mr. Wilson was the fiddler for the occasion and performed to the entire satisfaction of the vets, whose only difficulty appeared to lie in finding partners who could follow the calls by S. M. Fleming of Camp San Saba, as artistically and as correctly as they, themselves. This number was unanimously voted one of the best of all.

The musical number included the song, "Old Folks at Home" by the chorus, which was greatly appreciated.

Miss Bess Rodde delighted the audience with a reading.

"The Old-Fashioned Home Spun Dress," was sung by Miss Jewell Karnes of Pearl, who brought her grandfather, R. E. Lovejoy, and his brother, H. H. Lovejoy to the reunion, driving all the way in a car. Hers was one of the most appreciated of the numbers.

The duet, "Annie Laurie," by Mrs. Russell of Menard and Mrs. Price Dixon was most harmonious and won great favor.

SECOND DAY OF REUNION BRINGS MORE VETERANS

The roster of Confederate veterans attending the reunion was swelled by additional entries yesterday, a total of 146 names being listed. Of this number, by actual count, 102 were names of veterans, while their wives, widows, sons and daughters made up the balance.

The following were the names registered yesterday:

- P. D. Coulson, Robert Lee
- W. W. Watkins, Waldrup
- Mrs. J. P. Baze, Brady
- Mrs. M. M. Allen, Eden
- Mrs. May Putman, Eden
- W. E. Turner, San Saba
- Mrs. Jno. Edmonson, Brady
- Mrs. Dora Boon, Junction
- T. M. Winslip, London
- J. M. Able, Melvin
- R. H. McCormick, Bangs
- John Light, Llano
- Mrs. M. J. Crisp, Melvin
- M. B. St. Clair and wife, Richland Springs.
- J. T. Christian and wife, Richland Springs.
- Mrs. D. Harkrider, Brady.
- T. H. Willson and son, Winchell.
- George Green.
- J. T. Wade and wife, Brady
- J. P. Schaffer, Voca
- L. M. Watters, Menard
- Mrs. Alma Patterson, Rochelle

Mr. Cohen delighted the audience with his exquisite violin solos.

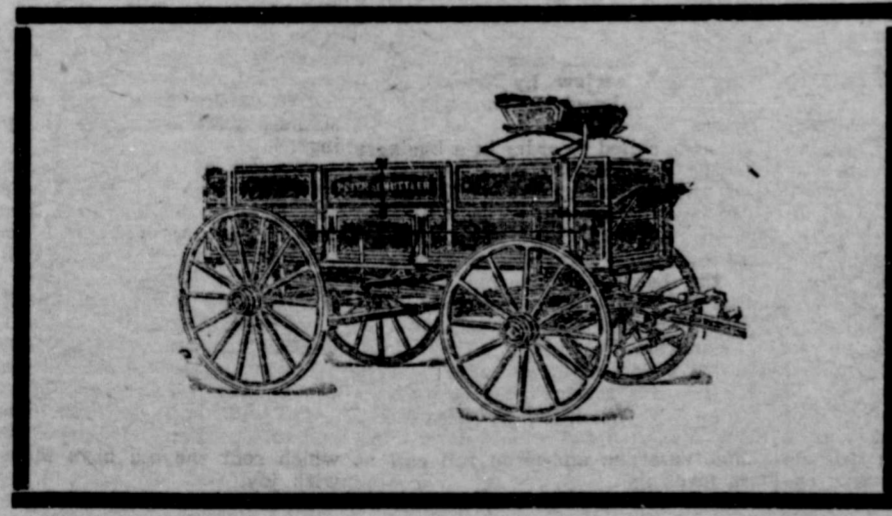
Messrs. Reagan, Townsend, Mann and Yantis formed the quartette which sang "Old Black Joe," bringing a storm of applause.

The concluding number included negro spiritual songs, sung by Mrs. Price Dixon. The first, "I see a-Roll-in'" won a hearty encore, which was graciously responded to by Mrs. Dixon.

Peter Schuttler Wagons

We have a large stock of the Peter Schuttler Wagons on hand, which we are

Closing Out at Prices That Will Make Them Move



This Wagon represents the acme of value and service. The cotton season is coming on and no doubt you will need a new wagon. We wish to recommend the Peter Schuttler. This is the wagon we have sold for years and hundreds are in use in this county. The chances are your neighbor has one, ask him. We stand behind the Schuttler and know they will give satisfaction.

We have them in the different sizes and wide or narrow tire

O. D. MANN & SONS

"We Appreciate Your Good Will As Well as Your Trade"

WE ARE AFTER YOUR BUSINESS

AND WANT ALL YOUR CHICKEN AND EGGS

We Carry a Full Line of Cow, Horse and Chicken Feed

BRADY BROKERAGE CO.

J. S. ABERNATHY, Prop.

WELCOME TO OUR CITY!

WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD YOU CAME, AND HOPE YOUR STAY WILL BE A MOST PLEASANT ONE.

WE ARE HERE TO SERVE YOU IN ANY WAY WE CAN AND CORDIALLY INVITE YOU TO VISIT US.

H. WILENSKY, DRY GOODS

"The Price Is the Thing"

West Side Square Brady, Texas

DAILY MORNING STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

BRADY, TEXAS, Aug. 5, 1921

VALE, VETERANS.

With this issue The Daily Morning Standard has filled its mission, viz: that of bringing the news of the day's events to the veterans and visitors in a form which they might be enabled to preserve for future reference.

When the shades of night have fallen, it will be time to say farewell to the veterans and visitors who have been our guests. But before we part, we wish to express the pleasure that has been ours—and we speak for the citizenship of Brady—to have had you with us.

It has been five years since Brady entertained the veterans at one of their annual reunions. Many of the veterans who met with us then, and who partook so spiritedly in the programs and the happenings of the occasion, now sleep beneath the flowers and the flag they loved and for which they fought so well. But many, many others have been spared to join with us in another great reunion—the reunion of 1921.

The Standard sincerely trusts that all these veterans, and the visitors may come again—not five years hence, but in the next year or two. It has been good to have had you with us; we have enjoyed your stay equal and more, to the pleasure you have derived from it. We want you to come back; to feel that Brady wants you to come back, and wants you whenever you decide to favor us again with one of your annual meetings.

An now to say farewell! No better words could express the sentiment we feel than these: "Goodbye, Good Luck, God Bless You."

Get Acquainted With Us

And let us tell you about the new

SOLID RUBBER BATTERIES

No jars to get broken—the case and acid containers are cast in one solid piece of rubber, thereby eliminating acid-soaked cases and giving long life to the battery.

We now have in stock, a 12-volt and a 6-volt Solid Rubber Battery.

We extend a special invitation to call and inspect these New Batteries and to get acquainted with their merits.

Brady Storage Battery Shop

J. M. LYLE, Prop.

BRADY SLUGGERS TAKE SECOND GAME OF SERIES FROM COLEMAN WITH EASE

Brady's sluggers virtually received the gift of Thursday morning's game from Coleman, the contest developing into a slugging match towards the end of the game, with Brady doing all the slugging. The sixth inning proved fatal for the visitors when their pitcher "Smoky" Rowden, was touched for five hits, the first of which was a two-bagger by White. As a result of this slug-feast, five Brady runners crossed home plate in this one inning. Final score 10 to 2. Coleman led off in the scoring, putting two men across home plate in the second inning. That ended the scoring for Coleman. Brady tied the score in the third, when Roach made one of the longest drives of the season past left field, netting three bags for himself and scoring McVey from 3rd and Adkins from 1st.

In the fifth Bungar's high fly was dropped; he stole second; got 3rd on a passed ball, and scored, when McVey hit through second base. Then the five runs followed in the sixth. Brady was still there with the stick work in the seventh, Nicholson hitting safely and Ingram getting credit for a three-bagger. Two more scores in this inning.

Bungar was on the mound for Brady and Ingram backstop, the two making a good team and working together in fine shape.

In the 6th, through an apparent bad decision on the part of one of the umpires in calling a batter safe at first, Coleman filled the bases with only one out at the time. One runner was nabbed off third base, and the batter struck out, retiring the side without a score. Following protest of the decision, Coleman withdrew her umpire, and the game was finished with only Whiteman as umpire.

The following was the line-up:
 Brady—Coleman—
 Murray, lf
 McVey, 1b
 Adkins, 3b
 Roach, 2b
 Jones, rf
 White, ss
 Nicholson, cf
 Ingram, c
 Bungar, p
 *Vonadore, rf
 *Played in Bailey Jones' place in 8th and 9th innings.
 **Batted for Prince in ninth.
 Score by innings:
 Brady002 015 20x—10
 Coleman020 000 000—2

Two-base hits: White. Three-base hits: Roach and Ingram.
 Summary—Hits: Off Bungar, 6; off Rowden, 9. Struck Out: By Bungar, 8; by Rowden, 1. Bases on Balls: Off Bungar, 1; off Rowden, 3.

This afternoon's game will be called at 4:30 o'clock, and will be the deciding game of the series, Coleman and Brady each having won one game so far.

One would-be "veteran" failed to get his data up in proper shape, and therefore, failed to be taken in the fold. He registered for himself and wife and eight children, giving age as 64. As the war was concluded 56 years ago, he could not possibly have been over 8 years old at the time hostilities ceased, or over 4 years when hostilities began. He would readily have been accorded the title of the "youngest veteran" had not his age been questioned, and the further fact that he registered as belonging to the "Mountain Brigade," gave his imposition away.

The Brownwood 20-piece band is very much in evidence upon all hands at the reunion, and are giving good service in supplementing the other attractions, their numbers interspersing the program of entertainment, morning, afternoon and night.

EAT AT THE CITY CAFE

during the reunion.

You'll find here the best of everything the market affords. Special attention given Reunion visitors.

Look for Big Sign and the Blue Front West Side CITY CAFE G. L. HOLLON, Prop

HISTORY OF THE MOUNTAIN REMNANTS U. C. V. FROM ORGANIZATION TO 1907

By A. F. HICKS, MARBLE FALLS, TEXAS

(Concluded from Yesterday's Daily)

Friday, August 1st, 1903, memorial service and the last reported as follows: Comrades Jas. M. Sparks, Burnet; R. Metz, J. M. Moore, Louis Johnson, Josiah Osbourne, J. S. Lewis, Llano; J. M. Dawson, Marble Falls; G. B. King, W. Baker, A. F. Sherrel, T. Long, Mason; A. W. Cox, Blanco; Jas. Hart, Alex. Croft, Burnet, Josh Holman, Blanco; W. B. Smith, Indian Territory; Simon Bostick, San Saba; Mr. Mouser, Johnson City; Jim Glauson, Hays county. Of the old heroes 19 had passed over the river since the last meeting. As the names were called by the Adjutant amidst this sad scene, those who best knew them recounted their worth, virtues and sterling character. At the close of the roll a hand-shaking took place (possibly with some of them for the last time on earth) that was truly affecting and showed the bond of fellowship that existed between the old soldiers.

Captain Fred Opp of Llano then delivered the annual address. The eloquent gentleman said that not only the Constitution, but the Supreme Court of the United States upheld the South in the construction of her rights, but were overthrown by the power and fanatical element of the North, who robbed the South of the negroes they had sold them and received pay for. The gifted gentleman built, in fancy, a monument to the women of the South that touched the sky.

After dinner Hon. J. D. Sayers made a fine address and contended that by the Constitution the States had a right to secede from the Union when the Constitution was being violated by the government, and did not violate in a single iota that patriotism to their country less than did the others. At night the Daughters of the Confederacy rendered a magnificent program for the benefit of the Veterans and their families that was greatly appreciated by them.

Saturday morning the General announced that a business meeting would now be held and places were put in nomination for the reunion of 1904. Two places were nominated, Fredericksburg and Brady, and Brady won the prize.

Election of officers resulted as follows: W. Holland of Mason elected General Commanding, with staff officers as follows: A. F. Hicks, Adjutant General; H. J. Dawson, Quartermaster General; Dr. J. M. Pound, Surgeon General; Henry Hiney, Flag Lieutenant; J. S. Cruze, Bugler; Miss Lucy Striegler, Sponsor; Miss Edna Moore first maid of honor; Mack Dawson, Brigade Orderly; Jerome Harrison, Chaplain; Ben W. Palmer, Colonel 1st Regiment; W. H. Baes, 2nd Regiment; Tom Rainey, 3rd Regiment; Hon. Clarence Martin was made honorary member; resolution to elect officers third day; resolution to change the time of meeting to Wednesday instead of Thursday. Judge Martin was elected to deliver the annual address in 1904. Vote of thanks to Mason, town and county, for the splendid reunion and to all others who had so successfully worked for the pleasure and happiness of the old Veterans.

283 Veterans answered roll call. After prayer by the Chaplain, the General declared the reunion adjourned to meet in Brady the last Thursday in July, 1904.

A. F. HICKS, Adj. Gen. Brady, Texas, July 23, 1904.

The Mountain Remnants Brigade was called to order by the General Commanding at 10 a. m., and Rev. W. G. Caperton offered the invocation of a divine blessing on the meeting.

Hon. Joe Adkins, county judge, delivered the welcome address, which was full of good hearty welcome to the hospitality of not only Brady but the county at large, who through him offered to the Veterans and their families the hospitalities of their hearts and homes whilst they remained in the place. The band struck up Dixie and the rebel yell resounded on every hand. General Holland selected Rev. J. T. Farris of Mason to respond for the Brigade. The largest attendance of any meeting greeted the citizens of Brady on this occasion, which demonstrated the fact that their courtesy was appreciated by the Veterans. Then came the annual address of the Hon. Clarence Martin (our Clarence, as the old soldiers delight to call him.) I wish I could do justice to the gentleman's oratory, so full of choice language and fraternal sentiment, as he took up in detail the origin and progress of war from its beginning to the time when the last flag was struck. He asserted that the South were not rebels, but only fighting for their rights that were being stolen from them by the government and the Northern States. He claimed that the annual reunions were right and that sooner or later a correct history of the Last Cause would be taught to the rising generation of American citizens, and then justice would be done the South.

After dinner addresses by the Hon. J. F. Onion of San Antonio and

General Melton's staff, Captain James Callan, was the ruling factor. Nothing appeared to have been forgotten or omitted by this wonderful genius that would add to the comfort and enjoyment of the Veterans.

Captain James Callan, general manager of the reunion, delivered the address of welcome, and such a one as made glad the hearts of the old boys. I wish I could produce it as it was given by the splendid speaker; it was so full of welcome, good fellowship and earnestness that none who heard him for a moment doubted the sincerity of the welcome. Another choice selection of music. Then Colonel Joe Frazier Brown, poet, orator, singer, hero and prince of good fellows, responded for the Brigade and certainly maintained his right to the eulogies accorded him by his comrades. The gifted gentleman rendered just praise to the people of Menardville for the elaborate preparations for the entertainment and comfort of the Veterans. Hon. C. K. Bell delivered an address that was well received by the old soldiers. It stamped him as not only a finished, graceful and polished orator, but a sound reasoner. Then came the dinner, to which all did justice.

9 a. m., bugle call for memorial service of all who had died since the last reunion. Roll of dead as follows: Comrades Jas. Allison and William Harden, Blanco; W. D. Williams, McCulloch county; A. J. Williams, Brady; Evans G. Kerr, Hext; D. J. Trainor, J. M. Smith, Blanco; A. P. Pulcher, Walker county; Henry Wilson, Ballinger; Capt. J. M. Judberry, Fredonia; Bird Ogle, Voce; G. H. Bemmer, Burnet; Don Turner, Marble Falls; Frank Rose, Coleman. All but two of the above were reported Christians and all good soldiers. Then selections of sacred music by the band till dinner.

Friday, 8 a. m., bugle call, dress parade and review by the General, which was enjoyed immensely by the visitors.

9 a. m., called to order in a business meeting and election of a place to hold the reunion of 1906. The great fight was between Junction City and Mason. After a long fight of eloquence on both sides and pledges that did the hearts of the old Veterans good to hear, Mason won out and Junction made it unanimous.

Resolution No. 1 offered by Capt. Martin in regard to the work of Col. Smith in correcting the misrepresentations of the so-called histories of the Civil War, adopted and ordered filed. 358 Veterans answered roll call at this meeting.

Resolution of Col. Joe F. Brown, thanking the good people of Menardville, the railroads, the splendid band, for the excellent music, as well as all others who had in any way helped to make the reunion of 1905 such a

splendid success. This resolution carried unanimously.

After prayer by the Chaplain, the General declared the reunion adjourned to meet at Mason the last Wednesday in July, 1906. Flags were then pulled down, tents struck and the reunion of 1905 was at an end.

Mason, Texas, July 25th, 1906.

At 9 a. m., the bugle sounded loud and long, calling the Mountain Remnants Brigade C. V., to assemble on the public square in the historic town of Mason, in Mason county, for the reunion of 1906.

Whilst the several bands discoursed music, a large number of beautifully decorated floats drove on to the square and the General and his staff were seated in the foremost one, preceded by the splendid Liberty Hill band of about 30 members. These were followed by about 40 floats and vehicles, magnificently decorated, and containing Veterans, their wives and the Daughters of the Confederacy. Then came the Katemey band heading the Woodmen, Macabees and Red Men, in decorated floats; following this was the Mason band heading two business floats, all splendidly decorated; then the Hoffman band, heading the rifle club, following this club the undecorated vehicles and horsemen, which made the procession nearly two miles long. The Marshalls, Col. Tom Rainey, R. H. Garner, Max Martin and A. W. Kooch, kept the procession in perfect order, which made the parade to the grounds a sight long to be remembered by all who were fortunate enough to witness it.

It was nearly 10:30 a. m. before the parade reached the grand stand, and 11 a. m. before General Melton tapped the gavel and called the Brigade to order. The Chaplain invoked the blessings of the God of Battles upon the meeting, and when he had finished the prayer, the amens responded by the members of the Brigade testified to the interest the old soldiers were taking in the proceedings.

A song of welcome was sung by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and General W. Holland then made the address of welcome, breathing the very spirit of a warm and loving welcome to the old soldiers, and at the close every one felt that it meant a welcome from the start. Music then by the band that was much appreciated. General W. T. Melton in choice and loving words responded for the Brigade. Then some more splendid music, finishing with Dixie, which sent the old boys almost wild with joy.

Hon. James L. Slayden made one of his always appreciated speeches, reviewing in brief the war, its ending and since. The eloquent gentleman spoke of the histories that were being used in schools today, and that

WELCOME

To come in at all times during the Reunion and inspect my NEW LINE OF MATTRESSES, Etc. Also a good, cool resting place with plenty of ice water.

E. R. CANTWELL

MATTRESS MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER

New Location 2 Doors East Sentinel Office

WHILE ATTENDING THE RE-UNION

Be Sure to See Our Large Assortment of Home-Made STOCK SADDLES, HARNESS, BOOTS AND SPURS.

HAVE YOUR SHOES REPAIRED WHILE HERE

H. P. C. EVERS & BRO.

- Greetings -

VISITORS, ONE AND ALL, WE WELCOME YOU TO BRADY AND TO OUR STORE. WE WANT TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOU, AND IF WE CAN BE OF SERVICE, NOTHING WILL GIVE US MORE PLEASURE THAN TO BE AT YOUR COMMAND. YOU WILL FIND HERE A COOL, COMFORTABLE PLACE TO STOP OR TO SHOP, AND EVERY COURTESY WILL BE SHOWN YOU.

- The Fair -

ED OLIAN, Manager

"For What You Wear—Always On the Square"

NEW LOCATION

I am now located on the South Side of the Square, next door to J. F. Schaege's Saddle Shop.

SHORT ORDERS AND CHILI

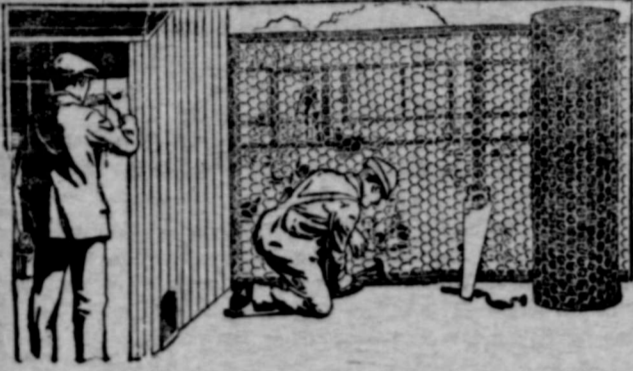
Reunion Visitors Welcome

MANUEL LOPEZ

Look G. A. Krueger's Variety Store
While Visiting at the Re-Union
—for—
COLD DRINKS, ICE CREAM, NOTIONS, DISHES,
ALUMINUM WARE—almost at wholesale prices.
EVERYBODY WELCOME

Don't Fail to Visit Us During the Re-Union

We will be glad to have you call and inspect our complete lines of HARDWARE and HOME FURNISHINGS, whether you wish to buy or not.



Make Your Property Worth More

Keep things "ship shape" about the house and farm. Making small repairs promptly saves money in the end. A timely coat of paint protects your buildings and improves their appearance. When you "fix up" things this summer come to us for all your supplies. Poultry Wire, Paints, Brushes, Roofing—and Winchester tools to make the job easy.

BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

SOUTH SIDE SQUARE BRADY, TEXAS

were untrue, unreliable and misleading to our boys and girls. He very forcibly urged the appointment of a historian by every camp, to compile a true history from personal knowledge of the events of the war, so that it may be a true and correct history that may be handed down to posterity, instead of the false and misleading ones now used in our schools. Then justice would be done the South, and the real reasons for the war would be known and understood by our children. He eulogized the Southern soldier and sailor and contended that they have never been equaled in the history of the world.

The band discoursed music until dinner was announced.
2 p. m., bugle call, and music by the band.
Hon. Joe Adkins made a rousing speech of about 30 minutes, and as he recounted the history of the war, as he understood it from his own personal experience and that of his own family, the tears coursed down the furrowed cheeks of the old Veterans who heard him, many of them having a similar experience, as he told of how his father and brothers were killed in battles, and his mother, with her babe having been driven from home into the wintry snow, where she perished, and he was left alone, almost a baby in age, but a Confederate in blood and spirit. Then more music, after which Mrs. Tommie Kidd gave a eulogy on the Southern boy and girl, entitled "Lest We Forget." This was grand, patriotic and instructive and every Southern boy and girl should practice its teachings. Miss Mamie Melton then sang, in her own peculiar way that reaches every heart that hears her, "The Bonny Blue Flag, and when she finished you could almost have heard a pin if it had dropped. But this was only for a minute, and then burst out the applause that only ended when every one was out of wind. What a mania there is in her magnificent voice that reaches every heart. A song by the Daughters of the Confederacy then followed that was highly appreciated by the old boys. God bless the splendid women and girls of the Southland; what inspiration there is in their lives to the old soldiers.

home to glory. Then the band discoursed sacred music till the dinner time.
8 p. m., bugle call. A splendid program was rendered by the ladies of the "General's" staff, assisted by the Mason chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, a feature of which was the marriage of a son and daughter of the Confederacy, namely, Mr. James A. McWilliams and Miss Bessie Jenkins, who were married on the grand stand by the Chaplain under the flags of both armies with about 19,000 witnesses to the marriage contract.
Third day, 8 a. m. Bugle call and music by the band. 8:30 a. m., called to order by the General. Business session. Nominations for a place to meet in 1907; Fredericksburg was selected. Election of officers: W. T. Melton was elected by acclamation to succeed himself as General; Ben W. Palmer, Colonel 1st Regiment; Tom E. Rainey, Colonel 2nd Regiment; T. B. Thaxton, Colonel 3rd Regiment; A. F. Hicks, Adjutant General; H. J. Dawson, Quartermaster General; Miss Mamie Melton, the gifted young song bird of the Sponsor's staff, was elected as the daughter of the Brigade for life, or until she marries. This was done by acclamation, and she was then presented with a coin as a souvenir of the date of 1855. This she will have mounted and wear as a memento.
The Constitution was changed so as not to conflict with the primaries, and it now reads, "The reunion will be held on the first Wednesday in August of each year and remain in session three days." The office of Historian was created and comrade Joe F. Brown was elected Historian until next reunion. The report of the finance committee very highly complimented Adjutant General Hicks on his splendid, perfect and systematic management and work, and urged that he be retained as Adjutant General. This was done by the General and by acclamation of the Brigade, with all the honors and Dixie. For this great honor the Adjutant returned thanks.
Resolution of thanks to the good people of Mason and Mason county, for the splendid entertainment, to the Daughters of Mason camp for the many courtesies, to the press, the railroads, band and all others that had contributed to the success of the reunion of 1906. Resolutions adopted unanimously.
The General appointed a committee to revise and apportion the territory governed by the Regiments to each, and if they were too large cut them down and create one or more Regiments, if necessary, for the good of the Brigade. Adjutant General A. F. Hicks, Colonels B. W. Palmer, Tom Rainey and T. B. Thaxton were appointed for this work. The counties forming the territory of the Brigade are as follows:
First Regiment—Blanco, Hays, Conal, Kendall, Gillespie, Llano, Burnet, Lampasas, San Saba, Mills and Brown.
Second Regiment—Mason, Kimble, Kerr, Bandera, Edwards, Sutton, Schleicher, Menard, Concho, McCulloch, Coleman, Runnels, Callahan, Taylor,

Nolan and Fisher.
Third Regiment—Reagan, Crockett, Val Verde, Irion, Tom Green, Coke, Sterling, Mitchell, Howard, Glasscock, Upton, Midland and Martin.
Fourth Regiment—Pecos, Terrell, Brewster, Presidio, Jeff Davis, El Paso, Reeves, Loving, Ward, Winkler, Andrews, Ector and Crane.
Adjourned to meet in Fredericksburg 1st Wednesday in August, 1907. Flags were then pulled down, tents struck and the reunion was over.
Fredericksburg, Texas, July 31, 1907.
Fredericksburg gave the old Veterans a royal welcome at their reunion of 1907. The camp of Confederate Veterans was pitched in a beautiful grove one and a half miles from the historic town of Fredericksburg on July 31st, and when the bugle sounded loud and long at 6 a. m., the Veterans beheld a picture scene not soon to be forgotten—a great tented city met their gaze—and as the last strains of the bugle sounded the flags were run up at every department, and it then took the appearance of a military camp systematically arranged in departments that showed a perfect systematized management and appearance that was the admired of beholders. The Veterans were separated from the visitors and had an abundance of room, and all the departments were near enough to headquarters and the grand stand to carry on the business of the Brigade conveniently.
The first day, 6 a. m., reveille and firing of salutes. 9 a. m., parade of Veterans, Federal guests, Daughters of the Confederacy, societies and citizens to escort the Government and U. S. Senators to the encampment grounds. 10 a. m., bugle call to assemble at the grand stand and called to order by the General commanding and after prayer by the Chaplain the General declared the reunion formally opened for 1907.
The fine military band of 36 instruments then gave a sparkling selection and every one look happy. Judge Max Blum then stepped to the front and in the happy way peculiar to him delivered the address of welcome; and it was a welcome indeed—the city of Fredericksburg and the county of Gillespie were unostentatiously turned over to the Veterans without reservation. H. R. McInnis, Inspector General, responded to the welcome address for the Brigade in his happy way.
A dispatch was then read from Gen. W. T. Melton from Canada, where he and his family were spending the summer, as follows:
Letch Springs, Alberta, Can.—Mountain Remnants Brigade, C. V.:
God bless you all, comrades; we are with you in spirit.
Signed, W. T. MELTON, Gen.
The Adjutant General then read general order No. 4 turning over the command of the Brigade to Col. Ben W. Palmer of the 1st Regiment, on account of the sickness and absence of the General Commanding, W. T. Melton. The Adjutant also read the address of our beloved general, and when he had finished there were few dry eyes among the Veterans, who so much regretted the absence of the general and his family, and especially his daughter, the song-bird of the Brigade, Miss Mamie Melton. Long may they live.
Governor T. M. Campbell was then introduced by Capt. Martin in a few choice words and the governor was cheered to the echo. He said he was more than glad that he had come to mix for a time with a part of the greatest army of heroes the world had ever produced for bravery, endurance and achievements under difficulties, and the armies of the South stand out unparalleled in the history of the world. He affirmed that the reunions held today were not for the purpose of opening the old wounds, but for the purpose of healing it and cementing the union of a united America; and 40 years after the close of the war we celebrate, not to perpetuate a bitter feeling engendered by the war, but to show their children and prove to the world that their cause was just and right, and was the same Constitutional law that our forefathers taught when they severed themselves from the British government.
Dinner, 2:30 p. m., bugle call; music. 3 p. m., called to order by the General. Address by U. S. Senator Culberson. This talented and grand statesman did not disappoint his admirers, but all who were fortunate enough to hear him before closing his remarks had made up their minds that no man in America, North or South, was more fitted to fill the position of chief executive of the Nation than our Senior Senator, Chas. A. Culberson. He was familiar with all the details that led up to the war, as well as the ones that for many years preceded it when the U. S. severed its allegiance from the British government. He said England and the New England States were responsible for slavery in America, and not the Southern states; the North and not the South was the cradle of slavery in America; the North only gave up slavery when from the increase of children of slaves in the South it became unprofitable to them; when they awoke to the fact that slavery was wicked and wrong and tried to wipe it out. In 1861 Robert Lee did not own a single slave and in that year set at liberty every slave owned by his wife. The Senator said the South was the founder of independence and won most of its victories in that war; the victories of the South over the North, as history shows, was unparalleled in the heroes history of battles. It was in round numbers and strength of numbers, 5 million Southern whites against the North's 21 million of whites, and all the power of money influence of a great government; the South was never whipped but was actually worn out fighting against overwhelming numbers. The North in every great battle outnumbered largely the South, and as one of the great generals of the North said, the reason the South killed so many more of them than they did of

the South was that they, the South, had so much bigger crowds to fire at. In speaking of the women of the South the honorable gentleman paid a deserved tribute to their love, courage and endurance under trials, and with words of love and patriotism kept up the courage of husband, father, son or lover, and could have at any stage of the war ended it, but with courage never surpassed cast all their influence for home and Southland, and since the return of the old heroes to their blighted homes have helped to build up and cause to flourish a new Southland that is the admiration of the world.
Captain Clarence Martin of the staff delivered the annual address, which he cut short on account of the distinguished speakers present and to whom he surrendered the time rightly belonging to him for his address. But suffice to say that Clarence never disappoints his friends and always says the right thing at the proper time. There will come a time in the history of this country when he will rank as one of the foremost men of our Southland.
8 p. m. Bugle call and a splendid entertainment free to the Veterans by the Buchel Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy, that was very much appreciated by the Veterans.
Second day, August 1st, 9 a. m., bugle call; music. Memorial service by the Chaplain. Roll call of the dead by the Chaplain; W. Davis, 1st Lieut., McCulloch camp; W. Worwick, Joseph Byars, Sam Duncan, William Coon, Miriam Coon, Jeff T. Gocher, Tom Turner, J. O. Russell, Dave Hubbard, A. D. McCollum, Weston Murry, G. Bowser, Chas. Foster, H. D. Boozer, W. M. Miller, W. L. Hays, Solomon Norris, Frank New, Conrad Moore, — Davis, John Casey, F. L. Barmowsky, A. D. Jones, A. F. Smith, George Calvin, Creed Taylor, J. P. Watkins, Payton R. Smith, Britton Phelps, J. W. Baines, John Lackey, Jeff Brezeale. As their names were called off those who knew and loved them best spoke of their good qualities as men, soldiers and Christians, and as their friends recounted their record, tears coursed each other down the furrowed cheeks of the survivors. The Adjutant General reported that all but about three had died as soldiers of the cross and were now promoted and enrolled in the army of King Emanuel. Then the Chaplain said he wanted to take the hands of every Veteran who was present that was going to meet him up yonder when the roll was called, and as this great song floated out over the immense audience the Veterans and their wives began to praise God and shake each other by the hand; it seemed as if the very spirit of God was present as never before and demonstrating his power over the people. As one in the fullness of his heart said, "God is very near this place, and it is good to be here." Never at the largest campmeetings have I ever seen God's presence demonstrated as at this place. Praise His holy name. The band then rendered a solemn dirge and the memorial service closed.
Hon. J. L. Slayden made an address as only he could make, full of power, sympathy and love. The honorable gentleman said that as he listened to the beautiful and deserved tributes paid by Governor Campbell and Senator Culberson to the grand old heroes of the war, he thought that even the eloquence and deserved tributes paid by those distinguished gentlemen to the heroes of the Lost Cause had not done full justice to them for all that they had suffered for the cause and land they loved.
2 p. m., bugle call. Grand historical pageant on the public square and procession through town led by the two fine military bands was very inspiring and was witnessed by fully 20,000 people. 3 p. m., music by the band. Senator J. W. Bailey having arrived, he was introduced by Hon. Clarence Martin and received a tremendous ovation; the old soldiers vied with the great crowd in paying glowing tributes to this great and eloquent statesman and jurist, who for two hours held the undivided attention of the assembled multitude, who testified without stint their appreciation, and well they might, for never have I heard a more eloquent, choice and perfect rhetorical effort. As he swayed the great audience with his personal magnetism and power, he carried all before him and his bitterest critics before appeared among his most zealous admirers after the conclusion of his speech. Today he stands out as the greatest and most eloquent statesman of the 19th century. When he concluded his address it looked as if pandemonium had broken loose and the yells and shouts of approval were long and loud, and for a time the Senator was overwhelmed with zealous admirers who wanted to raise him on their shoulders and carry him around. That speech captured at least a thousand of his enemies. 8 p. m., bugle call. The matron, sponsor and their staff rendered a much appreciated program.
Last day, Friday, August 2nd, 8:30 a. m., bugle call and music by the band. 9 a. m., called to order for a business meeting and nominations for a place to meet in 1905, was captured by Junction City, in K mbles county, after a hard fight.
Election of officers: Ben W. Palmer, General; A. F. Hicks, Adjutant General; H. R. McInnis, Inspector General; H. J. Dawson, Quartermaster General; H. C. Wilson, Judge Advocate; Dr. J. M. Pound, Surgeon General; Rev. J. S. Durst, Chaplain; Mrs. B. W. Palmer, Matron; Miss Edna Moore, Sponsor; T. L. Melton, Orderly; R. Clob, Flag Lieut.; J. S. Cruze, Bugler; Clarence Martin, C. H. Jenkins, Jas. Callan, Joe A. Adkins, Antone Marston, Emil Riley, W. P. P. Oatman, aides de camp; T. F. Ramey, Colonel 1st Regiment; T. H. Marsden, Colonel 2nd Regiment; W. H. Bales, Colonel 3rd Regiment; Dave Simpson, Colonel 4th Regiment.
Resolution tendering to Col. J. M.

IF YOU SOIL YOUR DRESS!!

—TEAR YOUR HOSE, or need a Fresh Camisole, Brassier, or Underwear

—COME DIRECT TO
BENHAM'S
and Change Your Clothing.

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Furnishes Ladies With All Their Clothing

Swim Caps and Hair Nets

FIT THE HEAD AND KEEP THE HAIR DRY

ALL COLORS

YOUR CHOICE—SWIM CAPS FROM 60c TO \$1.40
HAIR NETS FROM 12½c TO 25c

Trigg Drug Co.

THE REXALL STORE
On the Corner Brady, Texas

Smith the thanks of the Brigade for his noble work in securing the proper text books to be used in the public schools of our country, carried unannouncedly. Report of finance committee very complimentary to the Adjutant General for his splendid and systematic management of the work of the Brigade. The Historian made report that in the fire that destroyed the Llano Times a part of the data was destroyed, but the main history compiled by Adjutant General A. F. Hicks had been saved, and he asked for further time to get the history printed. Granted.
Resolution and vote of thanks to the good people of Fredericksburg and Gillespie county and their splendid local committee for their complete arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of the Veterans, to the military bands who were constantly in attendance, and furnished such delightful music during the encampment, to the Daughters of the Confederacy and all other who contributed to the pleasure and entertainment of the Veterans and their families.
After prayer by the Chaplain the General declared the meeting adjourned to meet at Junction the first Wednesday in August, 1908. Then flags were pulled down and tents struck, and the reunion of the Mountain Remnants Brigade for 1907 was over.
Official: A. F. HICKS, Adjutant General
—FINIS—

DUTTON CITY PARK

TODAY'S PROGRAM

Morning.
Commencing at 10:00 o'Clock
Miller's Rodeo.

Afternoon.
Commencing at 2:30.
Bull Riding.
One-Fourth Mile Horse Race.
One Three-Eighths Mile Horse Race.
One Half-Mile Horse Race.
Cigar Race.
Base Ball—Coleman vs. Brady.

Night.
Commencing at 8:30.
Miller's Rodeo.

Grounds Brilliantly Illuminated for Night Performances

The Hub Dry Goods Co.

Welcomes You To Brady

Make Our Store Your Headquarters While in the City

H. W. ZWEIG, Manager

POPULAR DRY GOODS CO.

Is Quitting Business

Get Their Prices on Dry Goods, Clothing Shoes and Everything to Wear

FOUNTAIN DRINKS

—Of all kinds, served in Sanitary Individual Cups.
ICE COLD BOTTLED BEER
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
A Cool Place to Drop In While Attending the Reunion
All Visitors Welcome

Knox's Confectionery
EAST SIDE SQUARE

Overland Automobiles

ACCESSORIES, GASOLINE AND LUBRICATING OILS
AUTO REPAIRING—STEAM VULCANIZING

No Storage Charge for Veterans Cars.

WILLYS-LIGHT PLANTS

Make for every comfort and convenience on the home and on the farm.

Call and Get Acquainted—Glad to Serve You.

Mann-Ricks Auto Co.

A. J. RICKS, Manager

Re-Union Visitors

Always Welcome at Our Store. Plenty of Ice Water.

C. H. Arnspiger, New and Used Furniture

RE-UNION PROGRAM

Mountain Remnants Brigade
TEXAS DIVISION

U. C. V.



Brady, Texas, August 3-4-5, 1921

THIRD DAY AUGUST 5TH, 1921.

MORNING.

8:30 to 9:30. Band Music.
Called to Order by General.
Business Session.
Nomination for Place to Meet in 1922.
Music by the Band.
Solo, "My Old Black Mammy".....Katharine Ballou
Election of Officers.
Music by the Band.
Report of Special Committee.
Report of Finance Committee.
Resolutions.
Address.....Hon. Earle B. Mayfield

DINNER, 11:30 a. m. to 1:00 p. m.

AFTERNOON.

1:00 to 2:30. Band Concert.
Called to Order by the General.
Unfinished Business.
New Business.
Music by the Band.
Address.....Mrs. C. R. Field, Daughter of the Brigade

EVENING.

8:00 to 8:30. Band Concert.
Solo, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia".....
.....Mrs. Earnest Searly
Reading, "The Blue and the Grey".....Mrs. J. A. Holton
Violin Solo.....Mr. Maurice Cohen
Quartette, "My Old Kentucky Home".....
.....Messrs. Reagan, Townsend, Mann and Yantis
Solo, "Juanita".....Mrs. Duke Mann
Wartime Stories.....Mrs. E. G. Magruder

OFFICERS.

J. O. FRINK
Brevet Brigadier General Commanding, San Angelo, Texas
L. BALLOU
Adjutant General Chief of Staff, Brady, Texas
J. C. WALL
Quartermaster General, Brady, Texas
OLFERT STRIEGLER
Colonel 1st Regiment, Menard, Texas
Z. I. WILLIAMS
Colonel 2nd Regiment, San Angelo, Texas
W. H. McCLELLAN
Colonel 3rd Regiment, Coleman, Texas
C. L. PRUITT
Colonel 4th Regiment, Blanco, Texas
J. H. TAYLOR
Chaplain, Brady, Texas
MRS. LILLIE PALMER
Matron, Blanco, Texas
KATHARINE BALLOU
Sponsor, Brady, Texas

MODERN BUSINESS PLACE BURNED AREA EAST SIDE

PLANS FOR G. V. GANSEL AND W. H. GIBBONS COMPLETED BY ARCHITECT A. D. WRIGHT—FOUR STORE ROOMS TO OCCUPY SITE, INCLUDING KNOX CONFECTIONERY.

Architect A. D. Wright has completed drawing of plans for two modern store buildings to be erected upon the burnt area on the east side of the square, and which are designed also to include the lot at present occupied by Knox's confectionery. One set of plans has been drawn for W. H. Gibbons, owner of the two lots nearest the north corner, and the other set of plans for G. V. Gansel, representing Mrs. R. W. Turner, owner of the lots adjoining the Gibbons' property on the south, and one of which is now occupied by the confectionery. It is understood that building operations will begin just as soon as acceptable bids are secured.

A description of the proposed Gibbons' building is as follows: The building front will be of face brick and plate glass, with tile base. Side walls of stone and brick; fireproof tar and gravel roof. Sills of cast cement stone. Reinforced concrete foundations. An 8x50 ft. awning, with prism glass above the awning. The 50-ft. frontage will be divided into two store rooms, one 30 ft. wide and the other 20 ft., both with a depth of 90 ft.

The rooms will have 20-ft. ceilings, with a 10-ft. deck in each. Show windows six feet deep, and with paneled backs are to be built. Cement floors and steel ceilings, will make for fire-proof construction. The walls will be plastered. Sewerage connections will be had in both rooms. The Gansel building will be built along plans practically the same, except that the building is to be divided into two rooms, one with 24-ft. frontage, and the other with 16 ft. A reinforced concrete beam will span the entire front, to enable the partition wall to be removed and the two rooms thrown into one, if so desired. Instead of a tile base, brick will be used.

The building of the Gansel building will be so arranged as to give Mr. Knox uninterrupted possession of his present quarters until after the adjoining store-room has been completed, when he will occupy the new quarters and enable the completion of the improvement of his present quarters. The property in question is considered as among the best-located and most valuable business sites in town, and the owners are naturally very much interested in an early replacement of the buildings destroyed by fire several months ago.

VETERAN OF TWO HISTORIC STRIPES DIES AT BLANKET

Brownwood, Tex., July 25.—Capt. W. A. Routh, 93, one of the last survivors of the Mexican war and Confederate veteran, died at his home in Blanket, near here, yesterday. Born in Tennessee, he spent his boyhood in Illinois, coming to Texas in 1845. During the Mexican war he organized a company of Texans, assisted by the late James S. Gillette of Paris.

Chicago, Ill., July 25. — Tommy Kirnan of El Paso won the title of best all-around cowboy at the end of the second annual cowboy championships concluded here. He won firsts in trick riding and trick roping. Yakima Canutt of La Crosse, Wash., won the bronc riding championship and Fred Benson of Kansas City, Kans., retained his calf roping title. Prize money amounting to about \$25,000 was distributed.



While Attending the Re-Union

Visit our store and see the New Gulbransen Player-Pianos at pre-war prices.

Columbia Phonographs and latest records — Player Rolls and Sheet Music.

Davis & Gartman



Just too late for our fine, juicy, Elbertas, boys, but we grow lots of other good things. We grow everything in this country—including pickaninnies and muchos.

Commercial Nat'l Bank

BRADY, TEXAS



We Welcome You to Our City and Invite Your Patronage

Welcome to Our Store During the Re-Union



Before leaving Brady see our \$10.00 Shoe Values at \$5.00.

Mail or bring us your Cleaning and Pressing. Our work is guaranteed.

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"Where the Dressing of Men is An Art"

**Insurance FIRE-WINDSTORM-HAIL
LIFE-ACCIDENT-AUTOMOBILE**

See Anderson & Carrithers, Agts., Phone 275

OVER ONE HUNDRED VETERANS REGISTERED FIRST DAY OF U. C. V. REUNION

GABRIEL CHOAT OF LOHN, AGED 95, IS OLDEST VETERAN, BUT IS ACTIVE AND HEARTY—THREE COLORED-EX-SLAVES, ARE ATTENDING THE REUNION.

Over one hundred veterans were registered by Adjutant General L. Ballou on the opening day of the great Mountain Remnants 5th Brigade, U. C. V. reunion, which met yesterday in annual session in Brady. The register shows about 120 names, which includes widows of veterans. Adjutant General Ballou is expecting still more to be registered during the remaining two days of the reunion, and the number may likely be swelled to 150. Gabriel Choat of Lohn holds the record of the oldest veteran, his age as given by the register, being 95 years.

The register discloses a number of interesting things, among others being the presence of the reunion of three ex-slaves, viz: Chas. Miller and Richard ("Uncle Dick") Andrews and wife of Brady, and Dick Perkin of Brownwood. Miller registered as a workman at Fort Sumpter, N. C., during the war, while Andrews and Perkin were both in Walker's division of the 17th Company, Texas.

Gabriel Choat and sister is the entry on the register for the reunion's oldest member. Despite his advanced age, Mr. Choat is active and hearty and takes keen interest in the reunion and the conversation of his comrades. Really, Mr. Choat is but 94 years old, but his birthday comes on the 14th of this month, so he may safely be said to be 95 years. Mrs. W. H. Ballou, of the Daughters of the Confederacy, has promised the venerable old gentleman a birthday party during the reunion, and it is planned to make the occasion one long to be remembered, both by him and by all attending the celebration.

One World War veteran is also registered: C. C. McCallie, of Junction. The program first day at the reunion grounds was a most interesting one throughout. Following the arrival of the band from Brownwood, the parade composed of gaily decorated cars, in which rode the veterans, moved in procession to the reunion grounds, whereupon the 1921 reunion was called to order by Brevet Brigadier General Commanding, J. O. Frink.

Judge J. E. Shropshire, Mayor of Brady, made the welcoming address, and won much applause and general approval by his kindly speech, in which he bade the veterans and visitors welcome, assuring them that Brady would leave nothing undone to make their stay here enjoyable, and extolling the gallant old veterans for their noble deeds in the defense of their beloved Southland. Upon behalf of the veterans, General J. O. Frink responded, expressing appreciation of the cordial welcome so kindly expressed.

In the afternoon Miss Katherine Ballou, Sponsor of the Brigade, extended a welcome to the veterans in such original and clever fashion as to at once win the heart of every old soldier attending. The body gave Miss Ballou a vote of thanks, together with their expression of love to the sponsor. Miss Ballou responded by thanking the veterans and assuring them that nothing was greater than her love for them.

The address of the day was delivered by Judge Norman G. Kittrell of Houston, who fully lived up to his promise to make the veterans, not a set speech, but to give them, instead, a heart to heart talk. In his address Judge Kittrell paid glowing tribute to those gallant defenders of the Stars and Bars, and their homeland, saying that there was nothing nobler or grander on earth than the noble

men of the South who fought and died for the Great Cause. Judge Kittrell's talk found response in the heart of every one of his hearers.

At night a delightful musical program was rendered, and was greatly enjoyed. The chorus sang "Dixie," to the cheers and applause of the audience, and responded to the encore with "Coming Through the Rye." The kindergarten folks, attractively costumed, presented an interesting folk dance, following which Mrs. Duke Mann sang "I've G'win Back to Dixie" much to the delight of all. Mr. Maurice Cohen gave an appreciated violin solo, and was followed by the male quartette composed of Messrs. Reagan, Townsend, Mann and Yantis, who sang "Tenting Tonight." Miss Edith McShan closed the program with an enjoyable reading, "George Washington's Bufday."

The following is the roster of veterans and widows present at the reunion the first day:

- J. O. Frink, Comdr., San Angelo
- Olfert Striegler, Menard
- Z. I. Williams, San Angelo
- W. E. McClellan, Coleman
- C. I. Pruett, Blanco
- L. Ballou, Brig-Adjt., Brady
- Mrs. Lilly Palmer, Blanco
- Katherine Ballou, Brady
- Mrs. E. G. Magruder, San Angelo
- J. W. McCannell, San Saba
- S. T. Ballou and wife, Hamilton
- W. M. Waterhouse and wife, San Angelo
- F. M. Trimble, Menard
- R. Kolb, San Saba
- W. D. Kenedy, San Angelo
- H. F. Fritz, Killeen
- B. F. Coffey, Llano
- R. Peeler, Lampasas
- W. S. St. Clair, Fredonia
- J. W. Jones, Brady
- B. C. Drago and wife, Millersview

THE CHARACTER OF A PERSON IS OFTEN JUDGED BY THEIR WRITING.

People who wish a nice class of stationery, for particular correspondence, need not pay high price for it. We can supply your needs in stationery at reasonable prices. Call in and see our line of Stationery, Fountain Pens, Ever-Sharp Pencils.

TRIGG DRUG CO.

The Retail Store
"Your Money Back if You Want It."

MOVED!

To the Ramsay Building, Southwest Corner of the Square. Please call there for any work ordered. Will appreciate any and all repair work on Clocks, Sewing Machines, Guns, Photographs, Organs, Etc.

WILLIAMS GENERAL REPAIR SHOP

- Mrs. Malissa Farrish, San Angelo
- Miss Ethel Ward, Houston
- W. S. Waide, Paint Rock
- O. F. String, San Angelo
- J. M. Jones, San Angelo
- J. W. Dunkan, Water Valley
- R. F. Wedington, Cisco
- C. H. Young, San Angelo
- Chas. Miller, (col.) Brady
- Mrs. C. D. Newbolt, Brady
- Jas. Hinde, San Angelo
- G. D. Felton, San Angelo
- C. Furr and wife, London
- H. H. McMillan, Menard
- H. Ditmore, San Angelo
- G. W. Williams, San Angelo
- R. D. Dyer and wife, Brady
- E. E. Lovejoy, Pearl
- H. M. Lovejoy, Pearl
- Mrs. Emma Casner, Brady
- W. B. Smart, Brady
- M. B. Bynum, Mason
- Mrs. E. A. Alcorn, Brady
- Mrs. S. A. Conner, N. H.
- I. A. Marshall, Brady
- E. L. Kirksey, Brownwood
- John W. Brewer, Bangs
- E. Anderson, Marshall
- A. T. Riley, Rush Springs
- A. Harris, Menard
- J. M. McCall, Brownwood
- J. G. Wood, Brady
- T. B. Bancroft and wife, Tankersley

- T. L. King, Brownwood
- W. T. Caudle, Ballinger
- Thos. S. Wood, Brady
- D. C. Randals, Waldrip
- J. T. Bentley, Rochelle
- James Campbell, Brady
- B. A. Batterton, Brady
- J. P. Williams, Brady
- M. C. Coalsan, Placid
- S. W. Turnell, Rochelle
- R. C. Bates, San Angelo
- G. R. Westbrook, Wolfe City
- W. G. Westbrook, Placid
- S. W. Beckham, Cisco
- E. T. Perry, Brady
- Mrs. Wm. Nicks, Austin
- T. J. Bagley, Brownwood
- DeK Perkin (col.) Brownwood
- Richard Andrews (Col.) and wife, Brady
- W. W. Jones, Brady
- J. M. Drago, Halls Valley
- Mrs. Lavisa Monk, Brady
- Julia Petty, Brady
- J. A. Smith, Brady
- I. B. Smith, Brownwood
- F. M. Kolb, Calif Creek
- Gabriel Choat and Sister, Lohn
- T. F. Williams, Henry Co., Tenn.
- P. C. Striegler and wife, Fredericksburg

- Mrs. E. C. Ball, Brady
- Emry Cordzik, Fredericksburg
- Mrs. Julia Wigington, Brady
- J. C. Alcorn, Bangs
- P. S. Stark, Bronte
- W. W. Williams, Goldbusk
- Mrs. L. J. Word, Camp San Saba
- Mrs. J. P. Jones, Brady
- C. W. Brister, Aubrey
- Mrs. R. W. McGrew, Brady
- H. R. McInnis, Llano
- J. M. Tomberlin, Junction
- W. H. Jones, Millersview
- F. M. Boykin, Millersview
- W. T. Griffith, Brownwood
- G. W. Woodress, Millersview
- Mrs. M. J. Morrow, Millersview
- C. C. McCallie, Junction
- U. Henderson, Burnett
- J. S. Simpson, Asherton
- J. G. Matthews, Menard
- H. M. Newsom, Pontotoc
- W. F. Luckie, Sonora
- W. J. Wheat, Goldbusk
- Judge N. G. Kittrell, Houston
- J. R. Dunaway, Port Arthur
- J. F. Chaffin, Waldrip
- Mrs. J. U. Carter, Voca.

Fiddlers for Square Dance.
Buck Spears advises that he has two fiddlers who can play all the old favorites for the square dances, and that he, himself, will be glad to play also, if possible. Mr. Spears had a sick baby last night and was, therefore, unable to play for the veterans.

Don't delay ordering your coal for winter. You'll save money by getting in on our

BRADY RADIATOR COMPANY

RADIATOR REPAIRING AND RECORING

SOUTHWEST CORNER SQUARE

Next Door to Murphy's Filling Station

SECOND DAY OF REUNION BRINGS MORE VETERANS

The roster of Confederate veterans attending the reunion was swelled by additional entries yesterday, a total of 146 names being listed. Of this number, by actual count, 102 were names of veterans, while their wives, widows, sons and daughters made up the balance.

The following were the names registered yesterday:

- P. D. Coulson, Robert Lee
- W. W. Watkins, Waldrip
- Mrs. J. P. Baze, Brady
- Mrs. M. M. Allen, Eden
- Mrs. May Putman, Eden
- W. E. Turner, San Saba
- Mrs. Jno. Edmonson, Brady
- Mrs. Dora Boon, Junction
- T. M. Winslip, London
- J. M. Able, Melvin
- R. H. McCormick, Bangs
- John Light, Llano
- Mrs. M. J. Crisp, Melvin
- M. B. St. Clair and wife, Richland Springs
- J. T. Christian and wife, Richland Springs
- Mrs. D. Harkrider, Brady
- T. H. Willson and son, Winchell
- George Green
- J. T. Wade and wife, Brady
- J. P. Schaffer, Voca
- L. M. Watters, Menard
- Mrs. Alma Patterson, Rochelle

VIRGINIA REEL AND OLD-FASHIONED SQUARE DANCE FEATURE NIGHT PROGRAM

Another delightful program of musical numbers marked the entertainment at the reunion grounds last night, every number being thoroughly enjoyed. The features of the evening's events, however, were the Virginia Reel and the old-fashioned square dance. The Virginia reel was danced by a group of young ladies and young men, the former attractively costumed. In fact, in their baggy, hoop skirts and with pantalets, they, for all the world, looked like they might have stepped out of a fashion book of the days of long ago. The boys were in shirt sleeves. This number was thoroughly enjoyed by all and won much applause.

Quite the most delightful thing imaginable was the old-fashioned square dance, in which the veterans threw off the weight of several score years and became frolicsome youths once more. Mr. Wilson was the fiddler for the occasion and performed to the entire satisfaction of the vets, whose only difficulty appeared to be in finding partners who could follow the calls by S. M. Fleming of Camp San Saba, as artistically and as correctly as they, themselves. This number was unanimously voted one of the best of all.

The musical number included the song, "Old Folks at Home" by the chorus, which was greatly appreciated.

Miss Bess Roddie delighted the audience with a reading. "The Old-Fashioned Home Spun Dress," was sung by Miss Jewell Karnes of Pearl, who brought her grandfather, R. E. Lovejoy, and his brother, Hill Lovejoy to the reunion, driving all the way in a car. Hers was one of the most appreciated of the numbers.

The duet, "Annie Laurie," by Mrs. Russell of Menard and Mrs. Price Dixon was most harmonious and won great favor.

Mr. Cohen delighted the audience with his exquisite violin solos.

Messrs. Reagan, Townsend, Mann and Yantis formed the quartette which sang "Old Black Joe," bringing a storm of applause.

The concluding number included negro spiritual songs, sung by Mrs. Price Dixon. The first, "I've a Roll-in'" won a hearty encore, which was graciously responded to by Mrs. Dixon.

Rumored Death of Veteran False.
There was a persistent rumor afloat yesterday evening in effect that one of the old veterans had dropped dead, while attending one of the shows. His name was given as Alexander, and one or two were found who said they saw the veteran fall dead and being carried away. After careful and thorough investigation of the rumor, The Standard is happy to state that the report was untrue, and that the rumor probably had its origin in the fact that one of the veterans fainted from over-exertion or excitement, but that he has recovered and was shortly able to rejoin his comrades.

Other rumors were also afloat to the effect that several cars were stolen and also that one old veteran had been robbed night before last. Investigation makes it appear that all these rumors were unfounded.

The Standard is pleased to be able to state that no reunion was ever carried out in more orderly and respectable manner, and we sincerely trust no untoward accident or incident may today mar the splendid record so far had.

Get the habit of having your Shoes Repaired at Evers' shop.

INTERESTING ALL DAY PROGRAM AT DUTTON PARK FIRST DAY OF REUNION

MILLER'S RODEO GIVES INTERESTING PROGRAM IN CLEVER RIDING AND BAD HORSES—POLO GAME AND QUARTER MILE RACE ATTRACT GREAT CROWD.

The Dutton City Park management offered an interesting program Wednesday in Miller's rodeo, morning and night, and the polo game and quarter-mile race, in connection with the ball game between Brady and Coleman in the afternoon. The rodeo showed some splendid riding of wild and bucking horses, while the polo game was interesting, the quarter-mile race thrilling and the ball game full of excitement. Robertson won first money in the race, and Coleman copped the first game of the reunion series by a score of 5 to 3.

The rodeo program in the morning was abbreviated, both because of a late start due to a desire to avoid conflict with the reunion grounds program, and also because of a broken chute at the corral. Nevertheless the attendants got their full money's worth in thrills and first-class exhibition. Phil Armstrong rode the first horse offered. The second horse proved hard to break, but was ridden to a finish by "Wild Cat" Bill. The third horse proved so recalcitrant, laying down, and pitching that the party attempting to ride the animal never got so far as to mount; however, this animal was successfully ridden by another party, whose name was not ascertained. Checker of Menard gave a good exhibition in riding the fourth horse, following which a



NEW VICTOR RECORDS

By World's Greatest Artists

10-INCH RECORDS

- "Mother Machree"
- "Mavis"
- "I Hear a Thrush at Eve"
- "At Dawning"
- "Macushla"
- "Annie Laurie"
- "All the above by John McCormack"
- "Lead, Kindly Light"
- "Oh Morning Land"
- "Meditation"
- "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere"
- "Juanita"

12-INCH RECORDS

- "Humoresque".....Mischa Elman
- "The Last Rose of Summer".....
- "Fourth Symphony—Finale Part I".....Boston Symphony Orchestra
- "Samson et Dalila".....Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra
- "Ave Maria".....Jascha Heifetz
- "The Merchant of Venice".....E. H. Sothern-Julia Marlowe and many others.

Trigg Drug Co.



Conductive Anesthesia or Nerve Blocking

Which is being used by modern dental surgeons, enables the dentist to perform operations upon the teeth, which are usually considered almost unbearable, practically PAINLESS. These operations include fillings, crownings, bridgings, nerve removing and extractions.

I took a special course this past summer in New York in Conductive Anesthesia and Extractions.

Abscessed, or impacted wisdom teeth, I now remove practically painless. No more fear of the dentist where this method is used.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Dr. H. W. Lindley, Dentist
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Over Broad Mercantile Co. Phone 81

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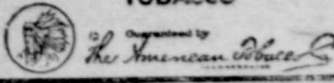
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Brady, Texas

Do you know you can roll 50 good cigarettes for 10cts from one bag of



GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO



***** COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE *****

ROCHELLE NEWS.

M. Green Loses Two Fine Mares—Attend Meeting at Pear Valley. Rochelle, Texas, Aug. 1.

Editor Brady Standard: Well, here I am again. I am sorry to report so many of our good people confined to their beds.

Rev. Coburn, the Methodist preacher, filled his regular appointment here last Sunday morning and night. Mrs. Arthur Neal, one of our good women, is suffering with inflammatory rheumatism. She has been dangerously ill, but last reports were she was resting some better.

Mrs. J. B. Matlock, wife of our Dr. Matlock, is in a critical condition with pellagra. We wish for her a speedy recovery if it is God's will.

The Methodists will begin their meeting Friday night in the tabernacle. Everyone come; but please walk if you can't get out of your cars and come in. It is very discouraging for a preacher to preach to empty benches. If everybody that comes to church sits in their cars, let's get one for the preacher and the singer also, and all be together.

Mr. Freeman Hurd and his mother and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hurd and son, Johnnie, attended church at Lohn last Sunday. They report a most enjoyable time.

Chas. Smith, wife and baby visited Mr. and Mrs. Kieth and children last Sunday.

Mrs. R. B. Spears and daughter, Hene, visited her mother a few days last week.

I guess several of our good people will attend the U. C. V. reunion at Brady.

Mr. M. Green had the sad misfortune to lose two fine bay mares last week. We failed to learn whether they died from charbon or not.

W. E. Humphrey, wife and son, W. J., and mother, visited relatives and friends in Burnett county last week. They report a pleasant trip, not even a puncture to hinder them.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sellman accompanied by others attended church at Pear Valley last Sunday to be with Bro. Richardson, who is holding a meeting up there.

Well I must close.

"MRS. JIGGS."

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

NINE NEWS.

Lack of Rain Killing Gardens—Visitors in Community.

Brady, Texas, Aug. 1, 1921.

Editor Brady Standard:

The farmers have been very busy cutting maize. The lack of rain the last few weeks has caused gardens and feed stuff to wilt considerably. A rain would be highly appreciated right now.

Solomon Pearson came home Saturday from Waco, where he has been attending Toby's business college.

Elra Loyd Hauvelt has been on the sick list.

Mrs. M. L. Stanton and nephews, Carlton and Solomon Pearson and Bob Tabor spent Sunday at Frank Pearson's at Eden.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wright and son and Mr. and Mrs. Clint Spivey spent Sunday afternoon at John Spivey's.

Sid Mauldin and children called at John Spivey's Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Chance and children, who have been visiting relatives

here left Tuesday for their home in Oklahoma.

Miss Vivian Smith left Tuesday for Winchell, where she will spend a few weeks visiting her cousin, Miss Emma Currie.

Carine Mauldin spent Friday afternoon with Alpha Blauvelt.

S. A. Mauldin and son, Horace and Alex Maltzberger left Monday for Utopia.

Henry Miller spent Friday and Saturday nights at John Spivey's.

Miss Nell'e Spivey spent Friday night and Saturday at Clint Spivey's.

Alex Maltzberger spent Sunday with Horace Mauldin.

John Blackwell and family spent Sunday at John Newlin's.

"SUNSHINE."

A TONIC

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value.

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is simply Iron and Quinine suspended in syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs QUININE to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. Destroys Malarial germs and Grip germs by its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 60c.

A 400-MILE JAUNT IN OLD MEXICO DESCRIBED AS PLEASANT EXPERIENCE

W. F. Dutton, who with his family and accompanied by Thos. Johnson, left about two weeks ago on a visit to the Davis boys' ranch at Del Rio, and also upon a jaunt into Old Mexico, returned last Saturday evening, and reports the time of his life. Mr. Dutton says that upon their arrival at the Emory Davis ranch, the party was joined by Linn Davis and family, and then proceeded to the mouth of Dolan on Devil's river, where they enjoyed fishing and bathing. Here they caught two nice fish—one 12-lb. and one 25-lb. cat, to say nothing of an abundance of smaller fish. Following this fishing trip, they returned to the Davis boys' ranches, and enjoyed a feast at Linn Davis' home. Both the Davis boys have lovely homes, and while they are located, so to say, 50 miles from nowhere, yet they do not lack for a single city convenience, their homes being illuminated with Deleo lights, and every convenience being provided.

Joined by Felix Harrison, his wife, his son, Dee, and his pretty daughter, Miss Louellen, the party then went to the home of John Galloway and family at Del Rio. The Galloways have the reputation of being the most hospitable folks in the Rio Grande valley, and Mr. Dutton says they never fail to fully measure up to this reputation. From here the jaunt for 200 miles into the interior of Mexico was taken. The route traveled led by way of Villa Acuna to the San Diego river; then to San Carlos, a beautiful irrigated valley, thence to Zaragoza, Morales and Allende, where the San Rodriguez river was crossed. The San Diego and San Rodriguez rivers help to irrigate this whole section of the country. Then to San Juan, Rosita and Muzzuiz—the latter 180 miles south of the border, and the farthest point visited. The object of this long trip was merely to see the country, and Mr. Dutton says it was worth while.

Returning, the party came by way of Osa Lake on Dago Bonis' ranch. Bonis lives at Muzzuiz, is of German descent and was a strong German sympathizer during the World War; so strong, in fact, that he sold the cattle off of his 225,000-acre ranch, and gave the money to the German government. At the time of the party's visit, the manager of the ranch was an ex-German aviator, who had fled from Germany to escape trial on the charge of having dropped bombs on Allied hospitals. He had a pretty wife, the couple was well educated and very intelligent, and appeared entirely contented in their remote location.

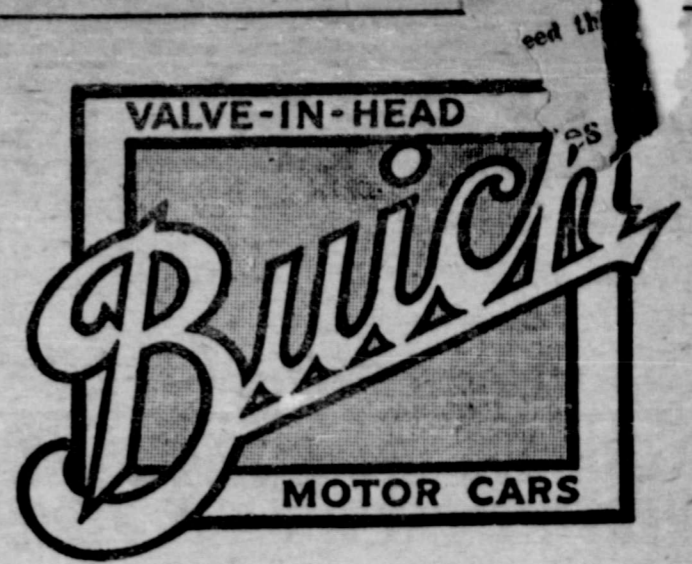
The next stop was at the Rosita ranch, controlled by R. R. (Dick) Russell, well known in the Brady country and his partner, Weatherby. Then to the ranch owned by the Eagle Pass Lumber Co., and managed by Paul E. Edwards, a brother of Forest Edwards of San Saba. This place is known as the Tuli ranch, and the party spent a day and a night here. The Edwards have a beautiful home in the foot hills, and are possessed of all modern conveniences, even the commissary being lit up with electric lights. The party cannot say too much in praise of the cordial treatment here, Mrs. Edwards being one of the most hospitable of women, and leaving nothing undone towards making their stay one long to be remembered. The Edwards have two charming daughters, Misses Pauline and

Anona; also a son, Forest, and a little daughter, Mable. All of the party were agreed that the trip was a memorable one and that the hospitality shown them was unsurpassed. Accompanying them upon the return to Brady were Mrs. Murphy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Galloway, and Miss Beatrice Newman, both of Del Rio, who are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dutton here.

We sell Underwood, Oliver and all makes of TYPEWRITER RIBBONS. "Not the cheapest, but the best." The Brady Standard.

Send your films to a good finisher. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's. Coin Mailing Cards. The Brady Standard.

STOP THAT ITCHING Use the reliable Blue Star Remedy for all skin diseases and foot troubles such as Itch, Eczema, Poison Oak, Red Bugs, Old Sores, Sores on Children, Prickly Heat. Sold on a guarantee by all Drug Stores.



Announcing The New Buick "Four"

—A Thoroughbred Four, Completing the Famed Buick Line

The new Four-Cylinder Buick, here announced, is a thoroughbred—a pedigreed car well worthy of its name.

Down to the very last detail, this new model possesses every quality of enduring serviceability, complete comfort, and distinctive appearance that have always characterized Buick automobiles.

The advent of this new Four makes the Buick 1922 line complete. It offers to purchasers of a car of this size all the quality and service that go to make up the name "Buick."

The Buick Valve-in-Head Engine A Power Plant That Has Proved Itself—

The engine, of course, is of the time-tested Buick Valve-in-Head type. The year-after-year concentration of Buick's engineering skill and experience in building Valve-in-Head motors assures the highest standard of performance obtainable today.

Every other unit is of a quality equal to the power plant. The whole assembly constitutes a perfectly balanced chassis which is of typical Buick construction. The equipment of Cord Tires is merely evidence of the quality which characterizes the entire car.

Two open and two closed body types mounted on the Buick built chassis comprise the new series.

Even the most casual inspection of the details of design and workmanship will reveal that full measure of quality which motorists have learned to associate with Buick.

A Great Car, Prices Make It An Even Greater Value

Obviously a high grade automobile—a genuine Buick production—the prices listed below make this great Four even greater. A value such as this is possible only because of the combination of Buick engineering skill devoted to the one ideal of quality, Buick production facilities developed over nearly a quarter of a century, and Buick's nation-wide distribution and service organization.

Prices

- 22-34 Two Passenger Roadster \$ 935
- 22-35 Five Passenger Touring - 975
- 22-36 Three Passenger Coupe - 1475
- 22-37 Five Passenger Sedan - - 1650

All Prices F. O. B. Flint, Michigan

Cord Tires Standard Equipment on all Models See Us for Specifications and Delivery Dates



BRADY AUTO CO.

PHONE 152

B. A. HALLUM, Manager

BRADY, TEXAS



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT—BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

NOTICE!

I have just received over 60 patterns of Comers stylish high-grade Rain Coats. See my sample coat and samples before you buy. J. L. THROWER, located second door north Moffatt Bros. & Jones, Brady, Texas.

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.

Paneled Cars and Wedding Stationery. The Brady Standard.

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

Hook Files, Stand Files, Check Files at The Brady Standard.

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

San Saba County Fair

SAN SABA, TEXAS

The Old Reliable--Eighteenth Year

August 16, 17, 18 & 19

You know this Fair and you know how glad San Saba Town and County will be to see you—COME!

J. E. BELL, Sec'y.

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Do you know why it's toasted?

To seal in the delicious Burley flavor.

It's toasted.



Approved by The American People

Mother's Cook Book

It is not doing the thing we like to do, but liking the thing we have to do, makes life blessed.—Goethe.

FOOD FOR THE FAMILY

A GOOD vegetable dish which will be good for the children is **Vegetables a la Mulligan.**

Wash one large head of lettuce and cook it without separating in a double boiler with nearly enough milk to cover. Cook gently until tender, then add cooked celery and peas, a cup of each or less. Season with salt, pepper and butter and serve hot.

Potatoes au Gratin.

Cook together two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, then when well blended add one cupful of milk, cook, stirring until thick. Add one cupful of grated sharp cheese; when melted add a teaspoonful of lemon juice. In this hot sauce stir two cupfuls of diced cooked potatoes and heat until hot. Put into a greased baking dish, cover with grated cheese and over this a coating of buttered crumbs. Brown in the oven and serve piping hot.

Orange and Date Salad.

Stuff a box of dates with one-half cupful of walnut meats chopped and mixed with one cake of pimento cheese. Roll in lemon or orange juice and place alternately on water cress with sections of oranges. Serve with French dressing. Stewed prunes and celery may be used in place of the nuts and dates for variety.

Yorkshire Pastry.

Line a deep pie plate with a rich biscuit dough rolled out not too thin. In the bottom of the lined plate put a layer of thinly sliced onions, cover with a pound of raw tender round steak and plenty of suet cut in small cubes; season well with salt and pepper, then cover with a thick layer of thinly sliced potatoes; season again, add one teaspoonful of water and cover with a crust. Make two or three openings and bake an hour and a half in a moderate oven. Test to see if the potatoes are tender. Remove from the oven and let stand five minutes well covered to steam and soften the crust. Then serve. This will make a dish sufficiently nourishing for a main dish and will be found most excellent.

Cornish Squab Pie.

Pare and slice three medium sized apples, slice one onion and one and one-half cupfuls of cold lamb or mutton, put into a saucepan and stew all together, adding one-fourth of a teaspoon of allspice, a cupful of stock or gravy and one-half teaspoonful of salt. When the apples are soft, put in a well greased baking dish and cover with a rich biscuit dough rolled out one-half inch thick. Bake in a hot oven until the crust is brown.

Candle Light Salad.

Place a slice of pineapple with half a banana for the candle, topped with a maraschino cherry. Serve with French dressing.

Nellie Maxwell
(©, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

MILITANT MARY



We Spinsters knock our married friends, but don't be fooled by THAT. We'd shake our independence FOR A LITTLE FURNISHED FLAT!

ORDER COAL TODAY! And get in on our July shipment. Phone 295. MACY & CO.

HISTORY OF THE MOUNTAIN REMNANTS BRIGADE AT A GLANCE.

Written Especially for The Daily Morning Standard by L. Ballou, Adjutant-General Chief of Staff, Brady, Texas

The Mountain Remnants Brigade is an organization composed of Ex-Confederate soldiers, among whom were many members prominent in Texas history. The organization was originally independent of the National and State organizations, with its own constitution and by-laws. It was permanently organized at Round Mountain, Blanco county, Texas, on July 14, 1887, at which time the name of "Mountain Remnants" was officially adopted. The original membership numbered 100, and included veterans who served in various companies and regiments of the army. Subsequently, at the regular annual reunions, many additional members were added, and the membership grew to where many western counties, extending as far as the Pecos river, were included. At the meeting held in Mason last year, however, it was decided to limit the bounds of the organization to twenty surrounding counties, the organization retaining the name "Mountain Remnants." At the Houston State Reunion, the organization was annexed to the State Division, and hereafter is to be designated as the 5th Brigade.

The largest number ever registered at an annual reunion was at Brady on July 28, 1904, being 408, including widows of old soldiers. Many of its most active and prominent members have, with the words of their beloved general, Stonewall Jackson, "Passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees," and their numbers are now estimated by their adjutant general at about 150.

HISTORY OF THE MOUNTAIN REMNANTS U. C. V. FROM ORGANIZATION TO 1907

Condensed from History Compiled by A. F. Hicks, Marble Falls, Texas.

Having been requested to get up a condensed history and progress of the origin and growth of the Mountain Remnants of Confederate Veterans of Texas, I herewith submit the following, to-wit:

On September 3, 1886, pursuant to call the ex-Confederates met at Johnson City, Blanco county, Texas, and Joseph Bird was called to the chair, J. G. Baldwin was made secretary, and 96 names were enrolled.

On motion they went into permanent organization, and Joseph Bird was made president, J. J. Adams vice-president, J. G. Baldwin secretary and R. B. Maddox treasurer. They then chose by vote the place of meeting for 1887, Round Mountain, July 14th was selected as the time, and to remain in camp for 3 days. On July 14th, 1887, the ex-Confederates of Blanco and surrounding counties began pouring into camp at Round Mountain. A great number of them were accompanied by their families.

At roll call 100 responded to their names. The good people of Round Mountain and vicinity had made ample provision for their comfort, and a beautiful site was selected for the encampment. Camps were speedily arranged and knots of old Veterans were seen in all directions, chiding with their old war comrades and calling up reminiscences of the war with which they were collectively or individually familiar. At night they dispersed temporarily from camp, some going to church, some going to a dance, and others having a love feast, fighting over again the old battles. Comrade Lewis presided over the roasting pit and kept all supplied with delicious barbecued meats that he knows so well how to prepare.

Friday, the 15th, was the day appointed for the transaction of business, and by 10 o'clock 130 old soldiers were present. It was decided that they go into a more permanent organization, so that the names and acts of the members might be perpetuated.

After roll call J. D. Harrison of Gillespie county was called as temporary chairman and J. G. Baldwin of Blanco county temporary secretary.

On motion a committee appointed to draft laws to govern the organization. Joe Bird, A. G. Perry and J. G. Baldwin of Blanco, John Hamilton of Hays, Levy Watts of Llano and D. E. Moore of Gillespie county were appointed on this committee, who immediately retired to perform their duties. The committee on returning reported their deliberations as follows, to-wit:

NAME—Article 1. The name of this organization shall be "The Mountain Remnants of Ex-Confederates."

MEMBERSHIP—Article 2. All Ex-Confederate soldiers and sailors residing in Blanco and surrounding counties shall be entitled to enrollment.

OFFICERS—Article 3. Officers of the organization shall be elected at each annual encampment, and shall consist of a Commander, Major, Adjutant and Quartermaster.

DUTY OF COMMANDER—Article 4. The duty of the Commander shall be to arrange, order, supervise and govern all meetings, and orders emi-

rating from him shall be strictly observed by any and all members whilst in camp.

DUTY OF MAJOR—Article 5. The duty of Major shall be to see that all orders from the Commander are properly and promptly executed, and in the absence of the Commander he shall be next in rank.

DUTY OF ADJUTANT—Article 6. The duty of the Adjutant shall be to keep all books and property, keep a record of the body and perform the same duties in encampment as are imposed upon that officer in army regulations.

DUTY OF QUARTERMASTER—Article 7. The duty of the Quartermaster shall be to supervise the commissary stores, shall receive and issue rations and shall receive donations for each encampment.

MEETINGS—Article 8. This organization shall have one regular meeting each year, to commence at 9 a. m. on the last Thursday in July of each year, and continue in camp 3 days. The place of meeting shall be designated by a vote of the body at its previous encampment, and the roll call be called at 9 a. m. each day.

OBLIGATION—Article 9. Each person becoming a member of this organization shall enter into an obligation that he will strive to attend every encampment and be in time for roll call the first day. That on learning of the death of any member he will strive to ascertain the particulars of such death, together with such information concerning the deceased and his family that will be of interest in our Historical Record and report same to the Adjutant for record.

CONSTITUTION MAY BE AMENDED—Article 10. This Constitution may be amended at any regular encampment by a two-thirds vote of those present.

BADGES—Article 11. A badge consisting of 3 pieces of ribbon 4 inches in length, of red, white and blue, shall be worn conspicuously on the left breast whilst in camp.

On motion the above laws were adopted by acclamation. It was moved and seconded to proceed with the election of officers. Carried. The following officers were elected:

Commander, J. D. Harrison, Willow City, Gillespie county; Major, Jas. Bird, Round Mountain, Blanco county; Adjutant, J. G. Baldwin, Blanco county; Quartermaster, A. W. Cox, Blanco, Blanco county.

Blanco, Texas, July 26, 1888.

Pursuant to adjournment The Mountain Remnants U. C. V. met at Blanco, Texas, on the above date and was called to order by Adjutant J. G. Baldwin. The Quartermaster A. W. Cox and 129 others answered roll call. By a two-thirds vote Article 3 of the by-laws was amended by striking out the words Commander, Major, Adjutant and Quartermaster and substituting Major, Adjutant, Captain, First Lieutenant, Second Lieutenant, Sergeant and Quartermaster.

The election of officers being in order, J. M. Pound was elected Major, Andrew Perry captain, Ben W. Palmer first lieutenant, C. L. Pruitt second lieutenant, Ben Brigham sergeant, J. G. Baldwin adjutant, A. W. Cox quartermaster.

Llano, Texas, July 25th-26th, 1889.

Pursuant to adjournment The Mountain Remnants of Confederate Veterans met at Llano on the above dates, and in the absence of Adjutant J. G. Baldwin, P. F. Appell called the meeting to order and was made adjutant pro tem., A. W. Cox quartermaster, and 360 others. By order of the Major the books were opened for enrollment and 276 names were added, making a total membership of 505 members.

It was decided to hold reunion for 1890 at Llano. No records of the meeting were kept or can be found, but it was understood by all that the reunion for 1891 would be held at Marble Falls for that year, which was done, but no records can be found for that meeting.

The next meeting was held at Johnson City 1892; still no records. The next meeting was held at San Marcos in July, 1893, but still no records. In 1894 the reunion was held at Burnet and 21 camps answered to roll call. A Brigade was formed at this place and called the Third Brigade Central Texas Sub-Division of Mountain Remnants. J. D. Harrison was elected as Brigadier General, T. D. Vaughn Colonel 1st Regiment, Ben Palmer Colonel 2nd Regiment and J. J. M. Smith Adjutant General. Marble Falls was selected for the reunion of 1895, July 24, 25 and 26. The body then adjourned.

Marble Falls, Tex., July 24-26, 1895.

The Mountain Remnants Brigade, U. C. V., met at Marble Falls on the above dates and was called to order by Gen. Harrison at 10 o'clock a. m. Election of officers resulted as follows:

Joe D. Harrison, General Commanding, by acclamation; T. D. Vaughn, Colonel of Cavalry; Ben W. Palmer, Colonel of Infantry; D. J. M. Pound, Surgeon General, by acclamation; J. J. Smith, Adjutant General by acclamation; A. F. Hicks, Quartermaster General by acclamation; Jerome Harralson, Chaplain, by acclamation; C. Haynse, 1st Lieutenant, Cavalry; Tom Giles, 2nd Lieutenant, Cavalry; John Noe, 3rd Lieutenant, Cavalry; Tom Farmer, 1st Lieutenant, Infantry; M. L. Reed, 2nd Lieutenant, Infantry; Henry Lewis, 3rd Lieutenant, Infantry. Miss Emma Arnold was elected sponsor of the camp, with Miss Love

Pound first and Miss Clara Smith second maids of honor.

252 Veterans answered roll call at this meeting.

Third West Texas Sub-Division.

At this meeting all the old officers were re-elected, and A. F. Hicks was elected Quartermaster General. Lampasas was chosen as the place of meeting for 1896.

The Mountain Remnants Brigade met at Lampasas in July, 1896, and all the old officers were re-elected. The Brigade had a most harmonious meeting and pleased the citizens so much, that a large petition was introduced representing the town as well as the county at large, asking that the Brigade meet at that place again in 1897, and upon a vote being taken the Brigade decided to meet in 1897 at the city of Lampasas.

Lampasas, Texas, July 1897.

On the above-date the bugle sounded loud and long at 9 a. m., and the old boys thronged to the assembly room at the pavilion of the Hanna Springs. General Joe D. Harrison at 10 a. m. called the Brigade to order, and prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Rev. Jerome Harralson.

At this meeting it was unanimously decided to make the Brigade an independent Brigade, made up of individual members, each member to pay as annual dues the sum of 25 cents per year as Brigade dues. Also to extend the Brigade territory west to all the mountain counties to the Rio Grande. At this meeting by unanimous vote the General was given the right to appoint his staff officers. The town of Llano was selected as

the place to hold the reunion for 1898.

Llano, Tex., July 28, 29, 30th, 1898. The bugle called the Veterans to the grand stand erected by the people of Llano at 10 a. m. on the morning of the 28th of July, 1898.

Election of officers resulted as follows: J. D. Harrison, General Commanding; T. D. Vaughn, Colonel 1st Regiment; B. W. Palmer, Colonel 2nd Regiment; W. A. Alexander, Col. 3rd Regiment. The General appointed his staff as follows: J. J. M. Smith, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; A. F. Hicks, Quartermaster General; H. J. Dawson, Assistant Quartermaster General; Dr. J. M. Pound, Surgeon General; Jerome Harralson, Chaplain; Miss Emma Arnold, sponsor; Miss Love Pound, first maid of honor; Miss Lizzie Hicks, second maid of honor.

After the usual resolutions of thanks to the citizens, railroads and ladies of Llano so bountifully extended to the Veterans and their families, and prayer by the Chaplain, the General declared the reunion adjourned to meet in the city of Blanco in July, 1899. Tents were then struck and flags pulled down and the reunion for 1898 was at an end.

Blanco, Texas, July 27, 1899.

On Thursday, July 27th, 1899, the Brigade met in annual reunion with the good citizens of Blanco and at 10 a. m. the bugle call assembled the Veterans at the grand stand and were called to order by General Joe D. Harrison; prayer by Rev. Jos. Bird. All the old officers were re-elected except Colonel of the 3rd Regiment.

(Continued on Page 8.)

Firestone

30x3 1/2

STANDARD NON-SKID

The Fastest Selling Tire In America

The increasing popular demand for the Firestone Standard 30x3 1/2 inch tire over a period of years has given us big volume. Our Plant No. 2 devoted wholly to this size tire with a capacity of 16,000 tires and 20,000 tubes per day cuts costs on every operation. On May 2, we dropped our price to \$13.95 passing on to the car owner the full benefits of this big sales volume and this labor-saving plant. This tire has been our standard for years—four plies long staple fabric—extra gum between plies—heavy non-skid tread. The greatest value ever offered car owners. Insist on Firestone.

Our Cord Tire Values

Firestone Cord tires are made exclusively in Plant No. 1. Our process of double gum-dipping each ply of cord gives thicker insulation. The massive non-skid tread, with extra thickness where wear is most severe, gives real effectiveness in holding the car against slipping and adds many extra miles of service.

Firestone Cord tires are sold at the lowest prices in cord tire history: 30x3 1/2, \$24.50; 32x4, \$46.30; 34x4 1/2, \$54.90.

There are Firestone Dealers Everywhere to Serve You

\$13.95

Dealers
J. H. HILL F. R. WULFF

Bring Us Your Eggs

We will pay 15c for Canded Eggs and 17 1-2c for Infertile Eggs. We would appreciate a part of your eggs.

Brady Brokerage Co.

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.

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

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

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.

BRADY, TEXAS, July 29, 1921

HONEST INJUN.

Chug holes in streets have this advantage: They prevent speeding.

LOOKING BACKWARDS.

Looking backwards, what a wonderful panorama must present itself to the mind's eye of the veterans of the Confederacy. Sixty years have come and gone since the great war began—fifty-six years, since peace was declared. Through all the dangers, trials, sufferings of the war, the veterans now assembled, passed. They came out of the war with fortunes shattered, homes destroyed, their property and chattels wrested from them, their beloved Southland in ruins—agriculturally and financially speaking. Yet, theirs has been the privilege to live to see the Southland, like the fabled phoenix, rise from her ashes, more beautiful, more glorious, more prosperous than was ever known before in its history.

These old veterans love to gather and recount the battles and experiences of by-gone days. Their hearts thrill, their eyes flash fire, their forms become erect, when they tell of the deeds of heroism. But, too, we know, they are proud, not less but even more, of the achievements during the years of peace. For they have wrought here a mighty and magnificent nation, built upon the ashes of a dead, but not forgotten glorious past. And this beloved Southland of theirs, and ours, will

forever stand as one of the greatest achievements of those men and women who fought for an ideal, and whose faith in the ultimate triumph of their ideals has never wavered nor slackened.

VALE, VETERANS.

With this issue The Daily Morning Standard has filled its mission, viz: that of bringing the news of the day's events to the veterans and visitors in a form which they might be enabled to preserve for future reference.

When the shades of night have fallen, it will be time to say farewell to the veterans and visitors who have been our guests. But before we part, we wish to express the pleasure that has been ours—and we speak for the citizenship of Brady—to have had you with us.

It has been five years since Brady entertained the veterans at one of their annual reunions. Many of the veterans who met with us then, and who partook so spiritedly in the programs and the happenings of the occasion, now sleep beneath the flowers and the flag they loved and for which they fought so well. But many, many others have been spared to join with us in another great reunion—the reunion of 1921.

The Standard sincerely trusts that all these veterans, and the visitors may come again—not five years hence, but in the next year or two. It has been good to have had you with us; we have enjoyed your stay equal, and more, to the pleasure you have derived from it. We want you to come back; to feel that Brady wants you to come back, and wants you whenever you decide to favor us again with one of your annual meetings.

An now to say farewell! No better words could express the sentiment we feel than these: "Goodbye, Good Luck, God Bless You."

"Mother and Child Hacked to Death!" "Mexican Hanged Twice!" "One Brother Slain During Family Fight!" "Stockman Shot Down at Ranch!" "Swindling Charge Against Fort Worth Man!" "Four Dead in Suicide Pact!" "Old Maid Cops Try to Stop Spooling!" "U. S. Officers May Take Action Against Ku Klux!" "Embezzlement of State Funds Charged!" "Boullanger Divorce Case Up Today!" "Girl is Decapitated, Woman's Body Tied to Tree with Wire!" The above were flaring feature headlines on the front page of one of Texas' leading daily newspapers last Saturday.—Coleman Democrat-Voice.

Be careful when you enter the post office and see the boys dressed in "khaki breeches" leaning over some lock box struggling with the combination—don't you dare give him a friendly lick where your mother used to apply the slipper—he may be a she—San Saba Fair Aug. 16-19.—San Saba Star.

Jordan-Carlson.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Vivian Jordan and Mr. T. Carlson of Brownwood, the ceremony having been performed in that city on last Saturday night at 11:00 o'clock by Dr. George Green at his home. The wedding was quietly solemnized. Mr. and Mrs. Carlson are now at home at 1408 Avenue D, Brownwood.

The bride is one of Brady's charming and talented young ladies, the daughter of Mrs. J. L. Jordan of this city, and has a host of admirers who will be glad to learn of her happy marriage. Mr. Carlson is one of Brownwood's substantial business men, and for a number of years past has conducted the T. C. Electric Co. in that city. He is a man of pleasing personality, and is held in highest esteem by all who know him.

The best of good wishes are extended Mr. and Mrs. Carlson.

While visiting in Brady, drop in and see the splendid bargains we have in used furniture. C. H. Arnsperger.

Carter's Show Card Colors for sign writing. The Brady Standard.

A GOOD FRIEND.

A good friend stands by you when in need. Brady people tell how Doan's Kidney Pills have stood the test. A. H. Connor, carpenter of Brady, endorsed Doan's four years ago and again confirms the story. Could you ask for more convincing testimony?

"My back hurt me pretty bad and it seemed that the pains were mostly over my left kidneys," says Mr. Connor. "My kidneys were very congested and the secretions pained in passage and contained sediment. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills relieved the trouble with my back and regulated my kidneys."

(Statement given April 29, 1915)
On May 16, 1919 Mr. Connor said: "I still recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as highly as I did when I previously endorsed them. I think Doan's are a fine kidney remedy and I find occasional use of them keep my kidneys in good shape."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Connor had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

OKLAHOMA MAN IS NOW FEELING GOOD

For First Time in Five Years Muskogee Man Can Eat A Meal In Comfort.

"I want to say a good word for Tanlac, too, for it certainly has been a good friend to me," said Wm. B. Chilton, Box 4, R. F. D. No. 4, Muskogee, Okla.

"There's something about Tanlac different from anything I ever tried, for it does what they fail to do. For two years I didn't know what it was to eat a meal without being bothered afterwards by gas on my stomach. Sometimes this gas would rise and press against my heart and made it beat like a trip hammer, and then sometimes it would rise in my throat until I would gasp for breath. I got so nervous that I was restless day and night, and just didn't know what it was to get a good sound night's sleep. I was miserable all the time, especially in the morning.

"Tanlac benefited me in every way. In fact, I am feeling like a new man now. I eat three big meals a day and never feel the slightest distress afterwards. As soon as Tanlac put my stomach in good condition my nerves got quiet and I began to sleep all night just like a boy. I have gained several pounds in weight and feel good clean to my finger tips. I am willing to go on record any time and any where in favor of Tanlac. It beats any medicine I ever saw or heard anything about."

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.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Mayme Evans of Eden is a guest of Miss Elizabeth Souther during the reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Wilson and family arrived Saturday from San Angelo to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cottrell.

Mr. and Mrs. John Neal of Abilene have been guests of Mrs. Joe Souther and Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Macy this week, while enroute to Austin on a visit.

I. E. Anderson is a guest of his son, H. E. Anderson, and family, while here to attend the reunion. Mr. Anderson now makes his home in Marshall, Texas, with his son, Lucian.

NEW BATTERY STATION

We wish to announce the opening of a new Battery Service station in the Lee Morgan building, north of Hardin & Jones Lumber yard

Monday, Aug. 8th

The new station will be in charge of John Goodrich, an experienced battery man, and who will be pleased to give you service at any time.

A Standard make of battery will be carried, and we will be in position to do any kind of battery repair work.

We Will Test Your Battery Free at Any Time.

Goodrich & Gartman

John Goodrich Jack Gartman
Don't Forget the Location—Lee Morgan Building on South Blackburn St.

B. L. Malone left Sunday night for Dallas, where he will take a post-graduate course in engraving. Mr. Malone expects to be gone until the first of September, and will return equipped to do the most intricate sort of engraving for the trade.

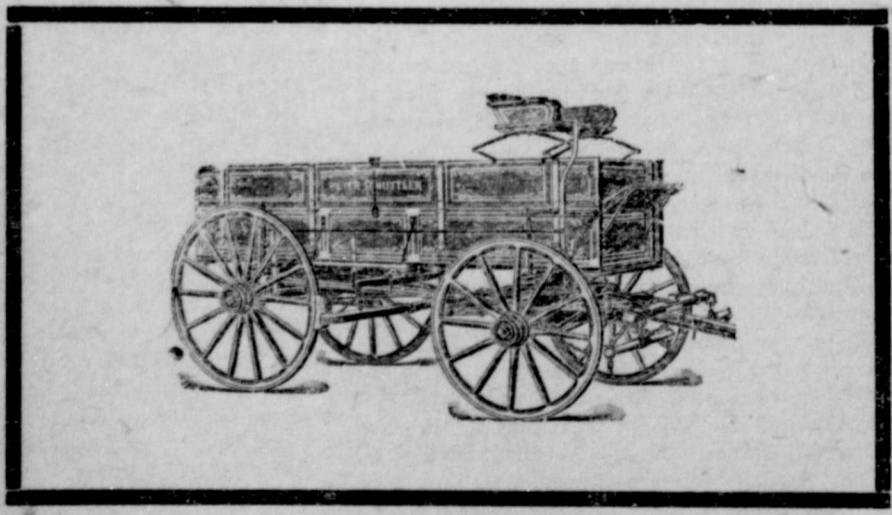
There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Cure fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

If you have anything to sell, remember we are in the market for anything we can sell. C. H. Arnsperger, new and used goods, next shipment. MACY & CO. Transfer Binders. The Standard.

Peter Schuttler Wagons

We have a large stock of the Peter Schuttler Wagons on hand, which we are

Closing Out at Prices That Will Make Them Move



This Wagon represents the acme of value and service. The cotton season is coming on and no doubt you will need a new wagon. We wish to recommend the Peter Schuttler. This is the wagon we have sold for years and hundreds are in use in this county. The chances are your neighbor has one, ask him. We stand behind the Schuttler and know they will give satisfaction.

We have them in the different sizes and wide or narrow tire

O. D. MANN & SONS

"We Appreciate Your Good Will As Well as Your Trade"

COLEMAN WINS REUNION BALL
FIRST GAME SCORE 5 TO 3

In an interesting game Wednesday afternoon, Coleman won from Brady by a score of 5 to 3. Except for errors on both sides, the game was a splendidly played exhibition, the errors contributing largely to the scores made, and also probably costing Brady the game.

Coleman got her first score in the opening frame, when with two down, Akin of the visitors singled, and then scored on Bost's two-bagger. Brady retaliated in the last of the second frame by scoring twice. Lane reached first on an error, advanced to second on Bailey Jones' sacrifice bunt, and scored on White's long drive to center garden, which Bost failed to spear. Meanwhile White landed on third sack, and brought in the second score on Robertson's long hit just inside first base line.

Coleman promptly tied the score in her half of the third, when she got a runner on 1st on a clean hit along third base, who got around to third sack on two passed balls, and was scored on a safe hit.

The next two innings both sides blanked. In the 6th, Featherstone was hit by a pitched ball, advanced from first to second on a passed ball and landed on third sack while Brady was tagging the batsman out on first. A safe hit scored him for Coleman's third run.

In the 8th Roach dropped a high fly back of second, and both first and second sacks were occupied when the next batter bunted safely. Idol came up at this time and swatted the sphere for a three bagger, scoring two runs for Coleman.

In Brady's half, Roach redeemed himself when, with one out, he hit for two bags, and scored on Lane's high fly to left field. Jones landed safely on 1st but was forced out at second.

In the ninth, with two men down, Brady staged a rally that almost put her back in the running. Hipp muffed Woosley's high fly back of second, and also McVey's ground skinner, giving Brady two men on base. Adkins landed squarely on the sphere for a high fly into center garden, which Bost froze to, ending the game.

Brady played good ball, but luck appeared against her. In the fourth, she had the bases filled without scoring, and several times was robbed of scores when things broke against her. In the 5th, McVey hit up against the right field fence, but was caught out. In the 7th, Robertson hit a hard ground drive near second sack, which Idol, shortstop, managed to spear in sensational fashion. Edgar, the visitor's lanky pitcher, was in good form, but was bested by Robertson in strikeouts, the latter having 11 to Edgar's six, while Robertson allowed 7 hits to Edgar's 6, among others being a two-bagger by Bost, and a three-bagger by Idol, while Jones and Roach for Brady, each got a two-bagger. Coleman pulled two double plays, one in the 3rd and another in the 4th.

The following were the lineups:
Brady— Coleman—
Woosley, cf Collins, 1b
McVey, 1b Featherstone, lf
Adkins, 3b Akin, 3b
Roach, 2b Bost, cf
Lane, c Hipp, 2b
Jones, rf Idol, ss
Murray, lf Wickersham, rf
White, ss Edgar, p
Robertson, p Cox, c

The score by innings:
Coleman101 001 200—5
Brady030 000 010—3
Umpires, Whiteman and Morgan.
Manager Maxwell announces that Bungar will be in the box for the locals, and Rowden will pitch for the visitors today. Game called this morning at 10:30.

Habitual Constipation Cured
in 14 to 21 Days
"LAX-FOS WITH PEPSIN" is a specially-prepared Syrup Tonic-Laxative for Habitual Constipation. It relieves promptly but should be taken regularly for 14 to 21 days to induce regular action. It stimulates and regulates. Very Pleasant to Take. 60c per bottle.

BRADY SLUGGERS TAKE SECOND GAME OF SERIES FROM COLEMAN WITH EASE

Brady's sluggers virtually received the gift of Thursday morning's game from Coleman, the contest developing into a slugging match towards the end of the game, with Brady doing all the slugging. The sixth inning proved fatal for the visitors when their pitcher "Smoky" Rowden, was touched for five hits, the first of which was a two-bagger by White. As a result of this slug-feast, five Brady runners crossed home plate in this one inning. Final score 10 to 2.

Coleman led off in the scoring, putting two men across home plate in the second inning. That ended the scoring for Coleman. Brady tied the score in the third, when Roach made one of the longest drives of the season past left field, netting three bags for himself and scoring McVey from 3rd and Adkins from 1st.

In the fifth Bungar's high fly was dropped; he stole second; got 3rd on a passed ball, and scored, when McVey hit through second base. Then the five runs followed in the sixth. Brady was still there with the stick work in the seventh, Nicholson hitting safely and Ingram getting credit for a three-bagger. Two more scores in this inning.

Bungar was on the mound for Brady and Ingram backstop, the two making a good team and working together in fine shape.

In the 6th, through an apparent bad decision on the part of one of the umpires in calling a batter safe at first, Coleman filled the bases with only one out at the time. One runner was nabbed off third base, and the batter struck out, retiring the side without a score. Following protest of the decision, Coleman withdrew her umpire, and the game was finished with only Whiteman as umpire.

The following was the line-up:
Brady— Coleman—
Murray, lf Collins, 1b
McVey, 1b Edgar, cf
Adkins, 3b Akin, 3b
Roach, 2b Idol, ss
Jones, rf Hipp, 2b
White, ss Prince, rf
Nicholson, cf Featherstone, lf
Ingram, c Cox, c
Bungar, p Rowden, p
Vonadore, rf **Click
*Played in Bailey Jones' place in 8th and 9th innings.
**Batted for Prince in ninth.

Score by innings:
Brady002 015 20x—10
Coleman020 000 000—2
Two-base hits: White. Three-base hits: Roach and Ingram.
Summary—Hits: Off Bungar, 6; off Rowden, 9. Struck Out: By Bungar, 8; by Rowden, 1. Bases on Balls: Off Bungar, 1; off Rowden, 3.
This afternoon's game will be called at 4:30 o'clock, and will be the deciding game of the series, Coleman and Brady each having won one game so far.

CITIZENS WARNED TO LOCK HOUSES DURING ABSENCE—SNEAK THIEVES

Citizens are warned to lock their houses during their absence from home, as sneak thieves are plying their profession Wednesday night the residence of W. W. Walker in Southwest Brady was entered and some \$5 or \$8 was abstracted from the trousers of Mr. Walker and his brother, Ed. The clothes of a younger brother, Guy, were not bothered, which leads to the belief that the robbery occurred between 12:15 and 1:30 o'clock—the hours at which the two younger Walker brothers retired. An unsuccessful attempt was also made to break into the residence of M. L. Stallings the same night. The home of Lewis's Brook was entered at about the same time by the thief or thieves, and Walter Caldwell lost about \$140. Mr. Caldwell had just returned from a trip to Fort Worth and was at the ranch at the time his room was entered. Jamie Brook also lost about \$36 at the same time.

When you come to the Reunion, don't forget that we want you to come in and get acquainted. C. H. ARNSPIGER, New and used goods.

ITCH!
Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDY (Hunt's Salve and Soap), fail in the treatment of Itch, Sczema, Ringworm, Tetter or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.
C. A. TRIGG DRUG CO.

LOCAL BRIEFS

Mr. and Mrs. John Rainbolt are here from Santa Anna to attend the reunion, and meanwhile are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Joe McCall.

The Brownwood 20-piece band is very much in evidence upon all hands at the reunion, and are giving good service in supplementing the other attractions, their numbers interspersing the program of entertainment, morning, afternoon and night.

W. S. St. Clair of Fredonia, one of the veterans, and father of L. W. St. Clair of this city, was overcome by exertion yesterday morning, and possibly overindulgence in ice water, and had to be carried from the grounds on a stretcher. He recovered after a brief rest, and was soon able to be about again as usual.

Just to show that a man is just as old as his heart is, a number of the veterans Tuesday night joined in an old-fashioned square dance, calling cut figures and keeping step to the music with the same spirit and enjoyment that they did half a century ago. They thoroughly did enjoy the music and the dancing, that they promised themselves another good square dance at the first opportune moment.

Ben Anderson returned Tuesday from his trip to California, where he attended the annual gathering of the "Big Tree" representatives of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Co., composed of live-wire agents, who wrote the prescribed amount of life insurance during the fiscal year. Ben tells interesting tales of the entertainment offered the delegates by the company, and the many favors and courtesies shown, and also described the entire trip as being most enjoyable. Nevertheless, he was mighty glad to get back home again.

One would-be "veteran" failed to get his data up in proper shape, and therefore, failed to be taken in the fold. He registered for himself and wife and eight children, giving age as 64. As the war was concluded 56 years ago, he could not possibly have been over 8 years old at the time hostilities ceased, or over 4 years when hostilities began. He would readily



You'll get somewhere with a pipe and P. A.!

Start fresh all over again at the beginning! Get a pipe!—and forget every smoke experience you ever had that spilled the beans! For a jimmy pipe, packed brimful with Prince Albert, will trim any degree of smokejoy you ever registered! It's a revelation!

Put a pin in here! Prince Albert can't bite your tongue or parch your throat. Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process. So, just pass up any old idea you may have stored away that you can't smoke a pipe! We tell you that you can—and just have the time of your life on every fire-up—if you play Prince Albert for packing!

What P. A. hands you in a pipe it will duplicate in a home-made cigarette! Gee—but you'll have a lot of fun rolling 'em with Prince Albert; and, it's a cinch because P. A. is crimp cut and stays put!



PRINCE ALBERT
the national joy smoke

Copyright 1921 by R. L. Richter, Inc. Winston-Salem, N. C.

have been accorded the title of the "youngest veteran" had not his age been questioned, and the further fact that he registered as belonging to the "Mountain Brigade," gave his imposition away.

R. L. Richter was in Brady Tuesday, and reported that he had just

secured possession of his old home place in the Waldrip community Monday, and was once more at "home" and mighty glad to be there. Mr. Richter spent the past year in the Imperial Valley of California, returning to McCulloch county about ten days ago, since which time he has been visiting kinfolks, while waiting

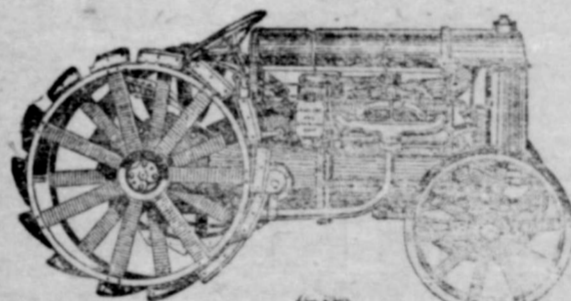
for possession of his farm. Mr. Richter says that the Imperial Valley is not to his liking. During his stay there, he worked for wages, and says it cost him as he made to cover living expenses, if not more. He reports W. M. Campbell, who, with his family, went to California with him, as engaged in the dairy business there.

O. D. MANN & SONS
BRADY, TEXAS

Funeral Directors
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS
MODERN AUTO HEARSE IN CONNECTION

Day Phone, 4 Night Phone, 195

Fordson



\$687.10 f. o. b. Brady

Shorter hours on the farm
—The Fordson saves from thirty to fifty per cent of the farmer's time.

Fewer horses on the farm
—The Fordson does the work of from four to six horses.

Less farm help
—One man with a Fordson can do more work easier and with less expense than two men with horses.

More money for the farmer
—A farmer with a Fordson can raise more crops easier and with less expense. He therefore makes more profit.

J. H. HILL

Ford Authorized Sales and Service

NEW, NOVEL SPORT OUTFIT



This novel outfit shows one of the new blanket skirts. The sweater is of Russian blouse style and harmonizes with the tones in the plaid of the skirt.

THE CREPE DE CHINE SLIP

Garment Often Chief Feature of Negligees Plaited and Shirred With Lace Top.

Negligees are often composed of a crepe de chine slip, plaited or shirred with a lace top and draped with a short coat of matching georgette crepe, with the same lace around the edges. The same two materials are combined in a different way in a model of crepe de chine, with georgette crepe sleeves set in and georgette finishing ruffles. Other coatlike models of crepe de chine are made with self ruffles for a finish, and slip-over styles are finished with simple embroidery. Coral stitching on blue gives a pleasing effect on a model which can be worn closed at the neck or turned back in revers.

A breakfast coat made of flesh and orchid changeable satin has a narrow shawl collar with ruffles made in a double scalloped arrangement of deeper orchid georgette placed around the sleeves and around the bottom of the coat. This coat fastens at one side, the girder passing around and tying at the other side. Other styles are made with self material ruffles and cording, the ruffles being stitched in tinsel, which gives a pretty touch.

Some taffeta breakfast coats are plaited, cut plain with short kimono sleeves at top, and have the wide-plaited section applied at a low neckline. Sometimes variety is given by placing the plaits at the front and sides, leaving the back plain. The collar and sleeve ruffles are tightly plaited.

VEILS ARE WORN IN PARIS

Face Coverings Important and Many of the Smartest Hats Are Draped With Mesh.

At the moment in Paris, veils are extremely important, and many of the smartest hats depend almost entirely on the placement of their veil for chic. In consequence, veiling houses are making novelties that are interesting.

One of the most striking has the shape of a semi-circle, to be worn round the front of the hat, veiling the eyes and sometimes the mouth. Another is square-shaped, with a long end at one corner that is supposed to fall from the side of the hat; and others are various shapes, with ends or tails to be draped from the hat, all of them embroidered mesh.

One small circular veil is plain mesh with its edge finished by a triangular border made of heavier cord mesh, and one longer triangle, about six inches long, to fall over one side of the hat.

An Egyptian veil of fillet mesh with embroidered chiffon border is caught under the chin. The mesh is in such shades as castor, brown or black, with the chiffon border of pale pink or white chiffon.

SADDLE BAG OR CHAIR BACK

One of Latest Fads in Way of Down Pillows—Foot Pillows or Footrests.

Perhaps one of the latest innovations in the way of down pillows is the saddle bag or chair back. This is an oblong case, partially filled with down, making a light cushion easily adjusted and thrown over the top of a chair to suit one's comfort. These cushions are shown in all sorts of fascinating coverings.

With the revival of other old-time bits of house furnishings come the foot pillows or footrests. They are long affairs, at least two feet, and about a foot or more wide and of the same thickness. They are not soft, yielding things of down, but are stuffed well with hair. A set of these conveniences ordered for a blue library is of heavy, rich blue cloth embroidered with gold in square designs.

The Young Man in the Little Red Room

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Molly Blair came home from the office that night and found her aunt lying on the couch in the basement dining room groaning with rheumatism.

"I'm sorry, dear," said Mrs. Hayes, feebly, "but you will have to get supper tonight—and there's the poor blind boy up in the little red room—I don't believe he's had a bit to eat today!"

"Oh, dear," sighed Molly; "I'm so sorry, auntie—there, you must not worry a bit now. Close your eyes and take forty winks—then you shall have broth, and bread, too, and a cup of my own tea." The girl put away her outdoor garments and hid her pretty dress under a great apron that was vastly becoming. She went into the kitchen, raked the fire, put the kettle on to boil and pushed the pot of soup over the coals. Then she skimmed over the stairs of the gloomy old house like a swallow, lighting the gas in bathrooms, halls and landings so that the roomers might find their way in. Most of the roomers took their meals at the boarding house next door, but since young Harvey had come home one night half blinded by a chemical experiment in the factory where he was employed Mrs. Hayes had served his meals to him in his darkened room and she never breathed to a soul that the young fellow was in arrears for room and food. There was something mysterious about Ronald Harvey and the good woman held her counsel and gave him motherly care until this day when stricken by her old enemy, rheumatism.

When Molly had taken a bowl of steaming soup and tea and toast up to the darkened red room on the third floor and had placed the tray on the table near the door and backed silently out, she brought her own supper tray to her aunt's couch and they ate supper together.

"The doctor says—" hesitated Mrs. Hayes between sips of tea, "that I'll



Sometimes Molly Read to Him.

have to remain here on this couch in this room for several weeks—my old heart bothers me a bit, too."

"Auntie!" cried the girl remorsefully: "I ought never to have gone into the office—you needed me here, and yet"—youth's yearning for freedom and the companionship of other young things clouded her eyes.

"I know, dearie, I know—" sighed Mrs. Hayes, "but I'm afraid you'll have to stay home with me this winter."

Molly choked down the rest of her tea and cleared the supper away. At last she came back, looking very pale and wistful, but smiling. "I'll telephone to the office in the morning," she said cheerfully, "and if they can't spare me, why, they will have to, auntie. I cannot have you making yourself sick with overwork and having horrid old rheumatism, 'n everythin'!"

"My Molliegirl—I knew you would do it cheerfully," sighed Mrs. Hayes. "Of course it's horribly dull here for a young thing like you, making up beds and sweeping and looking after things, but romance isn't always riding down the street on a white horse, and who knows—" she smiled drowsily and slept, while Molly crept away to the kitchen to pick up the neglected work. Perhaps a few tears dropped into the dish water, perhaps there was a sleepless night for the girl who had just found joy in the daily companionship of her young fellow-workers, but Mrs. Hayes had always been like a mother to little orphaned Molly, and so the girl presented a cheerful face the next morning when she began the old dull routine.

"I wouldn't mind so much if it was a pretty, new house with lovely things—no, even plain things—and there—" she always blushed when she peeped her dreams with the visionary lover and husband. So Molly became a busy dreamer once more.

Her brief office experience had

taught her the value of method and she applied this knowledge to her work in the house and never had the rooms been so well cared for. Three times a day she carried meals up to the young man in the red room, until he asked if he might not be piloted down to the lower floor.

"I want to eat with real folks once more," he said in his pleasant whimsical way.

"You will save me miles of running up and down," laughed Molly, who wished he would remove his bandage so that she could see if his eyes were as good as his firm mouth and chin. She liked his voice and his smile seen dimly in the darkened room, and when he came into the upper hall and she saw the brown of his skin and the muscular frame she felt a queer little thrill. He rested a hand on her shoulder and she thrilled once more. He towered above her now, for she was tiny, and he laughed teasingly at her fright when he stumbled.

Sometimes Molly read to him from dry chemical books, or articles in some scientific magazine, and once when she fell asleep over a lengthy description of a new process he leaned over and groped for her hand, but his fingers only touched her soft brown hair.

"Describe her, Mrs. Hayes," he whispered to the other invalid, who could now sit in a chair and knit.

Mrs. Hayes responded with twinkling eyes. "She's little, like a kitten, her hair is soft and brown and her eyes are blue and she has a real pink and white skin, and—"

Molly's perfect lips quivered and then little crinkles came about her eyes.

"And she smiles in her sleep when people talk about her!" she interrupted wickedly.

"Oh, Molly!" chided her aunt.

"Ah, Molly Hayes!" muttered Ronald Harvey, turning quite white.

Mrs. Hayes hobbled away, for the atmosphere was highly charged with unsaid things. Her swift backward glance was a "Bless-you-my-child."

"What is the matter?" asked Molly bravely.

Ronald smiled: "Love," he said tersely.

"Oh!" Molly shivered, and it was a pity he could not see her face.

"I'm in love—with you—and some day—I'm going to marry you, if you don't mind. I'll be all right in another week, and there'll be plenty of money when I get back to the works again. You don't say a word. Molly, is there anybody else?"

"No—no," she said softly.

He was holding her hands tightly. "We'll have a little home somewhere. Auntie and you and I—you won't mind?"

Molly's head drooped toward his.

"I don't mind," she breathed gently.

Mrs. Hayes peered in at them. "Romance begins at home," she nodded approvingly as she tiptoed away.

AGE OF MAMMALS IS ENDING

Destruction Has Progressed Rapidly Since Introduction of Guns and Steel Traps.

The beginning of the age of man, some half-million years ago, roughly estimated as the close of the age of mammals, marks in reality but the beginning of the close of the age of mammals. The extinction of the most superb mammals that the earth has ever produced, during the early stages of human evolution, progressed from natural causes due directly or indirectly to the Glacial epoch. With the introduction of firearms the destruction has proceeded with increasing rapidity, and today it is going on by the use of guns and steel traps, at a more rapid rate than ever.

By the middle of this century man will be alone amid the ruins of the mammalian world he has destroyed, the period of the age of mammals will have entirely closed, and the age of man will have reached a numerical climax, from which some statisticians believe it will probably recede, because we are approaching the point of the overpopulation of the earth in three of the five great continents.—Henry Fairfield Osborn in Natural History (Journal of the American Museum of N. H.)

Plausibility.

Colonel George Harvey said at a dinner in New York, apropos of high retail prices:

"A guest in a Florida hotel complained to the manager:

"Your restaurant is conducted in a very rotten way. At lunch, today I found a hair in the ice cream, a hair in the honey, and a hair in the apple sauce."

"Well, you see," the manager explained, "the hair in the ice cream came from the shaving of the ice. The hair in the honey came from the comb. But I can't for the life of me understand about the hair in the apple sauce, for I bought those apples myself, and they were all Baldwins."

The Finishing Touch.

Jean, colored cook at a certain country club, makes hash that has no equal. The fame of the dish is great, but the secret of its excellence eluded everyone until one day a member of the club complimented Jean on her skill.

"How do you do it?" he asked. "I never get hash like yours anywhere else."

Jean's black face glowed with pleasure at the compliment. "Beef is nothin'," she replied, "Potatoes is nothin', peppah's nothin', onions is nothin'; but when ah throws myself into de hash—dat's what makes it what it is!"—Youth's Companion.

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The Brady Standard
BRADY TEXAS

CLAN CALL

by
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Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

This is the second installment of "The Clan Call," one of the greatest novels of the day, and one of the nation's "Best Sellers." The opening chapters appeared in The Brady Standard issue of August 22nd. If you failed to start the story then, call at The Standard office, or drop us a post card, and a copy of the opening chapters will be given or sent you.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Young Carlyle Wilburton Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he elects to be known, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "By Heck, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II

In the Cup. Dale found the humble home of his mountaineer host a home in the fullest sense of the word. At the noonday meal, he met Mrs. Moreland and the sons of the household, and they were exactly as he had pictured them. Mrs. Moreland was quiet, motherly, always smiling, as straight and real as her husband. The sons, Caleb and Luke, were as much alike as the fingers on your hands; they were tall and broad-shouldered, grey-eyed and brown-haired.

Before sundown Dale had become acquainted with the rest of the Morelands, and he liked them, every one. He was at the cabin of his host's gray old father and mother for a long time. When supper was over John Moreland lighted the big glass lamp in the best room, and the family and their guest gathered there to spend the evening. Then the lanky moonshiner and his mother came in.

Granny Heck had the sharp features and the stooped, thin figure of a witch. She wore a faded blue bandana about her white head, and she carried a long hickory staff; there was a red-stemmed clay pipe in her mouth, and her dark calico skirt had a tobacco pocket in it.

Her son preceded her into the room. He walked to the center table, faced about, and said with a low and airy sweep of his right hand:

"Bill, old boy, this here's maw. Maw, she tells fortunes."

"So this here," creaked Granny Heck, looking over the brass rims of her spectacles, "is Mr. Bill! Well, well! I jest thought to myself 'at I'd come up and see ye, Mr. Bill, and tell yore fortune."

She dropped into the rocker that Caleb had placed for her.

"Addie," she said to the smiling Mrs. Moreland, "will ye bring me a cup half full coffee grounds?"

When the cup came, the fortune-teller took it and shook it and patted it, all the while muttering mysterious words that she had learned from the old Indian, Cherokee Joe—which served her purpose very well.

"I see," she mumbled more or less sepulchrally, "a pow'ful good-lookin' gyurl in a caliker dress, with her hair a-hangin' away down her back. A bare-footed gyurl, with big, purty eyes. She's a-standin' on a low cliff, a-peepin' at you through the laurels, Mr. Bill. This is in the past. . . ."

"In the future," she went on slowly, "I see this here as plain as daylight through a knothole; a awful big man, with curly black hair and curly black beard, and with eyes like a cliff-hawk's; and I see you, too, Mr. Bill; and I see a fight, a master fight—Lord fa' mussy, what a fight! But you'll marry the gyurl after all, Mr. Bill."

Dale laughed. The old woman had described Babe Littleford. But who was the "big, dark man"? Some fellow who had lost his heart to the mountain girl, perhaps.

When the Heck's had gone, John Moreland leaned forward and touched his guest on the knee.

"That big man mentioned in tellin' yore fortune," he said, "might ha' been Adam Ball. Black Adam, he livs with his pap and mother a few miles up the river. As big as a skinned hoss, he is, and plumb on-golly strong. He's been a-beggin' Babe Littleford to marry him fo' a year or two, and she won't listen to him."

"Ef ever ye do haf to fight Black Adam," John Moreland went on, "ye want to fight him with a two-eyed shotgun and buckshot. He's the meanest man on earth; snake-broth and plzen v's is religious aside o' him. But ontel ye begin a-makin' love to Babe Littleford, I reckon the ain't so danger o' you a-bavin' trouble with Black Adam; and you ain't likely, I take it, to make love to Babe."

Bill Dale's the best one o' the Lads.

Littlefords," declared Luke. John Moreland reached for the leather-bound old family Bible. He opened the Book at random.

"It's about time we was a-goin' to our rest, and we'll go jest as soon as we've had prayers, Mr. Dale."

When half a chapter from St. Matthew had been laboriously but reverently read, the Morelands knelt at their chairs, and so did Bill Dale. John

Moreland's bedtime prayer was very simple, and very earnest, and it had in it more of thanksgiving than of supplication. And a part of it certainly was uncommon—

"Bless the stranger with us here to-night, and all o' our kinfolks, and all o' our friends, and our inlimes, the Littlefords—specially the Littlefords, Aymen!"

Dale was deeply impressed. He heard Mrs. Moreland dimly when she told him to let her know—she would hear him if he called—if there wasn't enough cover for his bed. Then he found himself alone with the stalwart chief of the Morelands.

He stepped forward and put his hand on the mountaineer's shoulder.

"How a man can go down on his knees and pray for his enemies," smiled Dale, "is entirely beyond me. Do you really mean it?"

"I try hard to," Moreland said quickly. "In a-doin' that," he went on, "I go Ben Littleford one better. Ben Littleford's the bell sheep o' the people who lives across the river from us, people we've hated fo' years and years. Ben, he holds family prayers, too, every night. He'd ax the blessin' o' the Lord on the stranger under his roof, but not on his inlimes, the Morelands. Yes, I try hard to mean it, Bill Dale."

"And that other enemy," murmured Dale—and he wondered why that should bother him so much, why he should feel that vague responsibility about it—"the man who killed your brother, David—"

"I don't never pray fo' him," interrupted the mountaineer, going a little pale. "I hain't that nigh Juffect. A man don't git so good 'at he axes the Almighty to bless the devil—or the rattler in the laurels, or the copper-head 'at waits onder a bush fo' the passin' o' some bare-legged child."

Dale winced, but Moreland didn't notice it. Dale let his hand fall from the other's shoulder. Moreland began to speak again:

"I didn't tell ye afore, Bill Dale. My brother David, he was the hope o' his people. He was better'n the rest of us. The one big aim o' his life was to educate us all, the benighted. Yes, we're benighted, and we know it. He meant to do it with the coal he'd found. As I've done told ye, we ain't never had the heart to sell the coal. I hope ye'll have a fine rest, Bill Dale. I ain't a-goin' to call ye 'Mister' no more, Bill Dale!"

"Don't!" smilingly said the younger man. "'Bill Dale' is right, y'know. Good-night, John Moreland!"

Dale removed his shoes and outer clothing, blew out the light, and went to bed in the best room's hand-carved black walnut fourposter.

For a long time he lay there awake, and stared through a little window toward a bright star that burned like a beacon fire about the pine-fringed crest of David Moreland's mountain. He believed he understood now why his father had turned a greenish gray when this coal property was mentioned to him. He believed he understood why his father had flatly refused to investigate this vein. But he was wholly at a loss to account for the use of his own given name instead of Dale.

Looking toward the mountain again, he spoke as though he were talking to David Moreland himself:

"I'll see it through for you, old man. This shall be my country."

CHAPTER III

Goliath of the Hills. Dale awoke a little after daybreak, arose and dressed himself, and went out by way of the door beside the huge stone-and-clay chimney.

The mountain air was bracing. Dale threw out his chest and started eagerly for a walk.

The road led past the cabin of Grandpap Moreland. When Dale was directly in front of the log house, he saw the aged mountaineer standing on a rickety sawhorse beside the stone step at the narrow porch; Grandpap Moreland was helping a gray cat down from the roof.

"Mornin'! I was jest a-takin' that thar cuss-fired old pest down offen the roof. I've took him down every mornin' as reg'lar as I make fires, fo' three year or more. Ef it wasn't bad luck to kill a cat, I'd shoot him, mebbe."

After breakfasting with John Moreland Bill Dale borrowed fishing-tackle

from his host, and set out alone for the little river.

There were many shoals and rapids, and he went almost half a mile before he found a place to his liking. It was a beautiful spot. Above, the water poured between two great boulders with a gentle roar; below, it shallowed out over round stones. Overhead towered tall white sycamores.

Not until he had put a minnow on the hook and cast it out did he see that he was not alone at the pool. On the other side, less than sixty feet away, Babe Littleford sat on a stone the size of a small barrel; she held a cane fishing-rod in her hands, and her bare feet were in the water to her ankles. She was looking squarely toward Dale, and there was something akin to reproachful anger in her long brown eyes.

"Good morning!" called Dale, lifting his hat.

There was no reply. There was not even a change of countenance. Again Dale called his friendly greeting, and again there was no reply. It piqued Dale.

A few yards down the stream the white body of a sycamore lay from one bank to the other; it had been blown there by a recent storm. Dale wound his line, went down and crossed by means of the prostrate tree.

She didn't even look around when he walked up to her and spoke again. It struck him as being decidedly odd.

"I say," he told her, "you're as chatty as a set of stencils. You mustn't talk so much, y'know."

Her eyes smiled at the river, but Dale couldn't see her eyes.

"Do you like violets, Miss Littleford?" he asked next.

In the black, mica-starred soil at his feet grew a carpet of the finest violets he had ever seen. Babe let the tip of her cane rest fall into the water and looked around.

"It sounds funny to hear a man talk o' sech little things as violets," she declared. "Most o' men don't think o' nothin' but workin', huntin', fightin' and eatin'. I'm a little mad at you! I went home yest'day—and I think I run nigh nigh the whole six miles—and fixed up dinner fo' you, 'cause I understand you was a-comin' to our house—and you went to them low-down Morelands!"

"I beg pardon," he said contritely; "didn't know you were especially ex-

cepting me. I had business," he added, "with John Moreland."

There came to his ears from somewhere down the river the chorus of a rakish old hill song, and the voice was that of the lanky moonshiner, By Heck—

"Oh, when I die, don't-a bury me deep. Put no tombstone at my head and feet. Put a bear's jawbone in my right hand. On my way to the From-ised La-and, Oh! On my way to the Promised Land!"

A few minutes later there appeared on the Moreland side of the river the singer of the rakish old song; he had a minnow pull in one hand and a white hickory rod in the other.

"Hi, thar, Bill, old boy!" he yelled. "Hi, thar, Babe! Either of ye'uns ketchin' anything?"

Ben Littleford's daughter held up a fish proudly. Heck slapped his thigh with his slouch hat.

"Good fo' you!" he exclaimed. "But they ain't a-bittin' jest right. The moon's wrong, and the signs is wrong, fo' fishin'."

At that instant John Moreland appeared at Heck's side. He seemed very serious about something.

"Bill Dale," he called, "come over here."

Wondering, Dale put down his rod and turned to obey. Two minutes later he stood before John Moreland.

"I jest wanted to tell ye," and the mountaineer almost closed one alert grey eye, "at ye're purty shore to git into trouble over thar."

"I'm an able-bodied man," Dale returned smilingly.

"You shore are," frowned Moreland, "but mebbe you ain't used to durnd hard fightin'."

Not used to hard fighting! Dale's smile broadened. Once he had whipped a heavyweight pugilist; and he had fought as a matter of principle, and not for money or prestige.

Moreland suddenly jerked one thumb

toward the other side of the stream. Dale looked and saw, standing beside Babe Littleford, a quite formidable man. He had the height and breadth, almost, of a Goliath. He was black-eyed and black-haired, and his thick, short beard was curled like the hair between a bull's horns. In one hand he carried a repeating rifle as lightly as though it were a mere straw.

One of his great arms suddenly straightened toward Dale, and a voice as gruff as the growl of a bear snarled:

"What was you a-doin' here a-talkin' to my gyurl?"

Babe Littleford looked angry. Dale flushed, then went pale.

"I have a habit of talking with whom I please," he said evenly.

"Spoke like a man," drawled the lanky Heck in a very low tone.

Goliath of the hills stared unbelievably. Dale said in an undertone to John Moreland: "Is it that Ball fellow?"

"Yes," answered the hillman; "it's Black Adam Ball."

Ball dropped his rifle to the violets, slowly clenched his huge and hairy hands, and thrust his bearded jaw out aggressively.

"I dare ye over here, ye pink coward!" he challenged.

"If you have any business with me, come over here and transact it," Dale retorted. "I won't run."

"That's Moreland territory," Ball objected. "But I'll meet ye half way, and I dare ye to take me up, ye lace-trimmed pink mollycoddle!"

Half-way would be the middle of the river, and no place for a fight, surely. But Dale was nettled. His temper, the temper that he had never been able to keep wholly under control, was rising fast. He threw off his coat and hat and rolled the sleeves of his soft shirt to his elbows. Then he waded into the pool. The slowly moving water was up to his waist at the half-way point, and the bottom was of hard-packed sand.

The Goliath stared unbelievably. He was not accustomed to having his

challenges thus accepted. He threw off his hat and went to meet the lithe young stranger.

Bill Dale squared himself and put up his guard. Adam Ball came on, and he was scowling wickedly.

Ball rushed, the clear water swirling in his wake, and let out with a powerful right. It was a blow to crush an ordinary man's chest in; but, to Dale's surprise, it failed to land. Babe evaded it cleverly, and at the same time sent a swift left uppercut to the other's

oull-like jaw. Adam Ball muttered two wicked words and stendled himself; he had caught a tartar. A moment, and he led out again, and he missed again; but he followed it with a blow that made a red mark on Bill Dale's shoulder.

"How's that, ye pink coward?" he crowed.

"All right—how's this?" And Dale sent on a mighty blow that rebounded dully from the giant's chest and elicited only a harsh laugh of contempt. There was little to be gained by striking a man like Adam Ball on the chest; Dale knew now that he must reach a more vulnerable spot.

Then he feinted with his left and drove his right to Ball's mouth, bringing blood. Ball roared in his blind rage and dashed toward his antagonist, resolved to get a clinch. But Dale eluded the terrible arms, although in so doing he received a blow on the temple that made him dizzy for a few seconds.

While Ball was again engaged in trying to gain the advantage of a clinch, Granny Heck made her appearance on the Moreland bank. She promptly launched her sympathies in a manner that pleased both her gaping son and the watchful and silent John Moreland.

"Hit him in the stummick, Mr. Bill!" she cried over and over. "Hit him whar he lives at!"

The combat grew hotter and hotter. Both landed frequently now. The faces

of both were bleeding, and each spat red now and then. Their clothing had been torn away to the belt, and their magnificent wet bodies glowed in the morning sunlight. Dale had seriously damaged his soft hands; they felt as though they were filled with silvers of

steel. But still he fought on bravely, determinedly, desperately, minute after minute.

Those on the two banks watched it all with suppressed excitement. Babe Littleford stood in the edge of the water, with her hands clasped below her throat, her face was pale. John Moreland, who had witnessed many other great fights, himself a fighting man, had never before beheld such a contest of strength and endurance as this; Bill Dale had won John Moreland's heart for all time to come.

But the blows of the fighters were growing weaker now. The sound of their labored breathing rose distinctly over the gentle roar of the sparkling waters above.

Then the watchers saw Adam Ball lunge at his man, saw Dale stumble out of sheer weakness, saw Ball's mighty blood-streaked arms close about the beautiful white body and hug it close to his great and hairy chest. A moment, and Ball was bending Dale slowly backward and downward more by reason of weight than of strength; another moment, and Ball was about to sink the brown head under the surface!

Babe Littleford gave a smothered cry. John Moreland stepped toward the water and shouted hoarsely:

"Don't ye drowned him Adam! Ef ye do, ye'll answer to me!"

Dale had gathered himself for a last move. He slipped downward suddenly, immersing himself completely, and shot one arm around Ball's thigh; then, by a great effort, he rose with the giant and overthrew him, and staggered free!

Ball's hairy face came to the surface first. Dale fought back the pain of the water in his lungs, and the pain as of sharp and jagged slivers of steel in his hands, and struck madly, half blindly, at the hateful face. He kept it down, but it wouldn't go under the water completely. . . .

Adam Ball began to drift as though lifeless down the stream. Bill Dale followed, still fighting weakly, choking as he breathed. But soon he ceased

to strike. He saw, instead of the beast-like face, flashes of distant summer lightning, and red blotches against a thick blackness. The blotches faded, and all became dark to him; he pitched forward, gasping, and began to drift down the stream with the vanquished Ball.

Babe Littleford was standing in the water to her knees. When Dale succumbed to utter exhaustion, she started toward him, to save him from drowning. She felt strangely drawn toward the big, white, clean man who had whipped the Goliath she had always dreaded. But she had gone only a few yards toward the center of the river when John Moreland and Sam Heck reached the unconscious figures.

Heck dragged Ball to the Littleford bank and left him lying there, face downward, on the sand. Moreland half carried, half dragged Bill Dale to the other bank. Babe Littleford waded out. She paid absolutely no attention to the worsted bully. She stood intently watching the limp form of Dale.

"Is he dead, John Moreland?" she called tremulously.

"No, Babe," Moreland answered, his voice not unkind; "he ain't anyways nigh dead."

He and Sam Heck took up Dale's dripping figure and bore it away. Babe Littleford ran to higher ground, hid herself behind a clump of sassafras and watched them.

Granny Heck followed with Dale's coat and hat. She chattered all the way across the meadow—

"Now what did I tell ye, John and Sam? What did I tell ye? La, la! Wasn't it a master fight, like I said—now wasn't it?"

"Sometimes ye make me a little lired, granny-woman," Moreland remonstrated gently. "The ain't nothin' in fortune-tellin'. You've jest been here fo' so long 'at you know how to judge the future by the past. And you're a to'able good guesser, too, I reckon."

Granny Heck flared up quickly: "Ain't nothin' in fortune-tellin'! Now don't go and fool yerself, John Moreland. You listen to me about a half minute, John. I seed more in the 'an I told Mr. Bill. I seed blood and death. I seed a big fight atwixt the Morelands and the Littlefords!"

"That's easy to guess at," John Moreland replied. "You know, o' course, 'at Black Adam will do all he can to bring trouble to us on account o' Bill Dale a-stayin' with us. And you know it ain't never oossible to hatch up war atween us and the Littlefords. Jest run on ahead, Granny Heck, and tell my wife to hunt up some kind o' good liniment fo' Bill's bruises. Tell her she needn't to waste time a-lookin' up any bandages. This man here is like me; he wouldn't wear bandages, 'cause they look bad."

When Dale came back to a state of consciousness, he was lying under covers in the curved black walnut bed. Beside him stood John Moreland, who held in one hand a bowl containing a hot herb brew that his wife had prepared. Granny Heck, her son By, and Mrs. Moreland stood not far away.

"This here'll be good fo' ye, I think," said Moreland, nodding toward the bowl in his hand. He went over and put an arm around Dale's shoulders and helped him to sit up.

Dale drank the stuff with diffidence.

"Much obliged," he muttered thickly. "I—let's see, did I whip—how did it end? He didn't lick me, did he—that fellow Ball?"

"He shore didn't," smiled Moreland. "Not by a big sight. He fell out fast. His own pap wopn't hardly know him, Bill!"

News travels rapidly in the big hills. The Morelands began to gather at the home of their chief to see the man

who had whipped Black Adam Ball; every Moreland able to walk came to see Bill Dale. For three hours he was lionized, but he didn't enjoy it; the water had left many pains in his chest, and his head ached dully, and his hands still felt as though the bones were shattered in them.

Came a thundershower that afternoon, and the mountain evening fell with a chill. A fire was made in the wide stone fireplace in the guest's room, and when supper was over the family gathered there with Dale, who refused to be kept in bed.

After a few minutes of silently watching grotesque shadows flit across the log walls, Dale said to John Moreland:

"If your brother David could know, don't you think he'd want you to get the value out of the coal?"

John Moreland bent forward to rest his chin in his hands. His sober grey eyes stared thoughtfully toward the fire.

"I ain't never looked at it that way," he said.

"That's the right way to look at it," declared Dale. "But you shouldn't sell the property as it is."

The mountaineer turned an inquiring face toward his guest.

"How in thunder could I handle it ef I didn't?"

"Why not let me develop it for you?" Dale said earnestly, eagerly. "I won't charge you anything above expenses, and I won't be extravagant."

"It'd take consid'able money to start things a-movin'. Have you got it?" asked Moreland.

"No, but I can get it. Almost anybody would be willing to lend money so good a thing as this, y'know."

For a little while Moreland sat there and looked squarely at Dale, who returned his gaze without a sign of flinching. The hillman was trying to find a motive.

"How comes it 'at you, who ain't knowed us but two days," he demanded, "can be so much interested in us?"

The question demanded a straightforward answer. Dale realized that there was but one way in which he could give a satisfactory explanation, and that that was by telling the truth—but not the whole truth, as he surmised it, for then his efforts would go for naught.

Moreland was speaking again, and his eyes were brighter now.

"I agree 'at David would want us to develop the coal, ef he could know. It's like a light a-breakin' to me. But that coal is sacred to us, Bill Dale, and afore ye go any further I'll haf to ax ye to tell me all about yerself. A city man up here in the wilderness—it don't look s'picious, Bill, mebbe, but—well, I hopes ye can pardon me fo' axin' it. I shore got to be keeful about Brother David's coal. Addie and the boys'll go out and leave jest us two in here; and when ye're a-talkin' to me it's the same as talkin' to a tombstone so fer as tellin' is concerned. Addie, honey; Luke, you and Cale—"

Mrs. Moreland and her sons arose and left the room, closing the door behind them. Bill Dale paced the floor, arms folded, brows drawn. Finally he halted before the Moreland chief.

"There's nothing I'm ashamed of, I guess," he said. "I don't like to tell it simply because I don't like to tell it. But—I'll do it."

He sat down in his sheepskin-lined rocker, lay back and closed his eyes as though to visualize the story, to live it over.

"Maybe it's not very much in my favor, John Moreland," he began. "I never could get along with my parents, or with the set I was born into. Somehow, I was different. Father and mother wanted me to be a dandy; they even wanted me to be a servant dress me. The climax came when they tried to marry me to a young woman who didn't want me any more than I wanted her."

He opened his eyes, looked straight at Moreland, and went on:

"You see, they wanted to marry us in order to unite old Clavering's fortune and my dad's; Patricia, like me, was an only child. It had been all cut and dried for us, for years. They put it up to me like this: they said I owed it to them, that it was my duty; that I had always been a severe trial to them; that my savagery had put my mother's hair, and a lot of things of that kind. I fell for it at last; it was sort of a matter of self-defense. With Patricia, it was a case of—well, a case of simple obedience. Pat is a good girl. . . ."

A minute of silence; then:

"I'll hurry along with it, John Moreland. I had one fine friend back there. It was Robert McLaurin, a reporter on the city's leading newspaper. My parents didn't take to him because he was a worker, and not a pap. Mother wanted Pat's cousin, 'poor dear Harry' Clavering, for my best man. 'Poor dear Harry' and I had a fight, once upon a time, and I—I had whipped him; and I didn't like him. I chose Bobby McLaurin for my best man, and I wouldn't give him up."

"It was only when we met before the chancel in a big crowded church that I fully realized the tragedy of it for Pat. I saw that her face was a clean white, and that her eyes held the shadow of something that was very terrible. I turned my head and saw the same shadow in the eyes of my greatest friend, Bobby McLaurin. I knew then, Bobby and Patricia loved each other, John Moreland! Bobby didn't have any money to speak of, and that had held them apart."

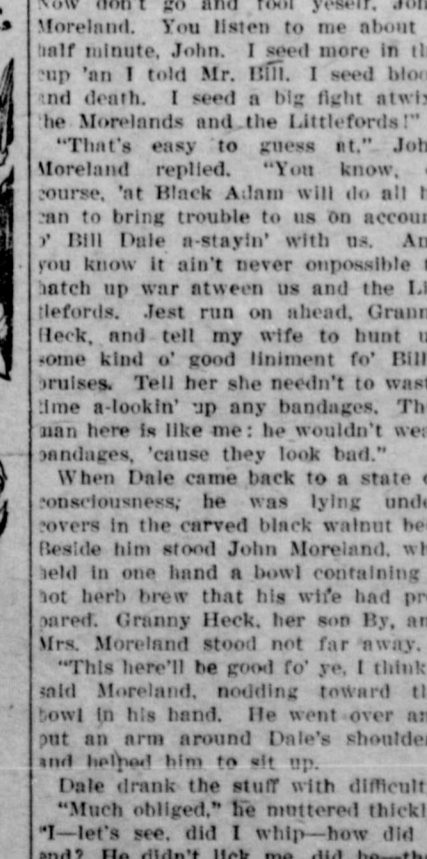
(Continued Next Friday)



There Was No Reply. There Was Not Even a Change of Countenance.



The Combat Grew Hotter and Hotter.



The Combat Grew Hotter and Hotter.

NEW, NOVEL SPORT OUTFIT



This novel outfit shows one of the new blanket skirts. The sweater is of Russian blouse style and harmonizes with the tones in the plaid of the skirt.

THE CREPE DE CHINE SLIP

Garment Often Chief Feature of Negligees Plaited and Shirred With Lace Top.

Negligees are often composed of a crepe de chine slip, plaited or shirred with a lace top and draped with a short coat of matching georgette crepe, with the same lace around the edges. The same two materials are combined in a different way in a model of crepe de chine, with georgette crepe sleeves set in and georgette finishing ruffles. Other coatlike models of crepe de chine are made with self ruffles for a finish, and slip-over styles are finished with simple embroidery. Coral stitching on blue gives a pleasing effect on a model which can be worn closed at the neck or turned back in revers.

A breakfast coat made of flesh and orchid changeable satin has a narrow shawl collar with ruffles made in a double scalloped arrangement of deeper orchid georgette placed around the sleeves and around the bottom of the coat. This coat fastens at one side, the girdle passing around and tying at the other side. Other styles are made with self material ruffles and cording, the ruffles being stitched in tinsel, which gives a pretty touch.

Some taffeta breakfast coats are plaited, cut plain with short kimono sleeves at top, and have the wide-plaited section applied at a low neckline. Sometimes variety is given by placing the plaits at the front and sides, leaving the back plain. The collar and sleeve ruffles are tightly plaited.

VEILS ARE WORN IN PARIS

Face Coverings Important and Many of the Smartest Hats Are Draped With Mesh.

At the moment in Paris, veils are extremely important, and many of the smartest hats depend almost entirely on the placement of their veil for chic. In consequence, veiling houses are making novelties that are interesting.

One of the most striking has the shape of a semi-circle, to be worn round the front of the hat, veiling the eyes and sometimes the mouth. Another is square-shaped, with a long end at one corner that is supposed to fall from the side of the hat; and others are various shapes, with ends or tails to be draped from the hat, all of them embroidered mesh.

One small circular veil is plain mesh with its edge finished by a triangular border made of heavier cord mesh, and one longer triangle, about six inches long, to fall over one side of the hat.

An Egyptian veil of fillet mesh with embroidered chiffon border is caught under the chin. The mesh is in such shades as castor, brown or black, with the chiffon border of pale pink or white chiffon.

SADDLE BAG OR CHAIR BACK

One of Latest Fads in Way of Down Pillows—Foot Pillows or Footrests.

Perhaps one of the latest innovations in the way of down pillows is the saddle bag or chair back. This is an oblong case, partially filled with down, making a light cushion easily adjusted and thrown over the top of a chair to suit one's comfort. These cushions are shown in all sorts of fascinating coverings.

With the revival of other old-time bits of house furnishings come the foot pillows or footrests. They are long affairs, at least two feet, and about a foot or more wide and of the same thickness. They are not soft, yielding things of down, but are stuffed well with hair. A set of these conveniences ordered for a blue library is of heavy, rich blue cloth embroidered with gold in square designs.

The Young Man in the Little Red Room

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Molly Blair came home from the office that night and found her aunt lying on the couch in the basement dining room groaning with rheumatism.

"I'm sorry, dear," said Mrs. Hayes feebly, "but you will have to get supper tonight—and there's the poor blind boy up in the little red room—I don't believe he's had a bit to eat today!"

"Oh, dear," sighed Molly; "I'm so sorry, auntie—there, you must not worry a bit now. Close your eyes and take forty winks—then you shall have broth, and bread, too, and a cup of my own tea." The girl put away her outdoor garments and hid her pretty dress under a great apron that was vastly becoming. She went into the kitchen, raked the fire, put the kettle on to boil and pushed the pot of soup over the coals. Then she skimmed over the stairs of the gloomy old house like a swallow, lighting the gas in bathrooms, halls and landings so that the roomers might find their way in. Most of the roomers took their meals at the boarding house next door, but since young Harvey had come home one night half blinded by a chemical experiment in the factory where he was employed Mrs. Hayes had served his meals to him in his darkened room and she never breathed to a soul that the young fellow was in arrears for room and food. There was something mysterious about Ronald Harvey and the good woman held her counsel and gave him motherly care until this day when stricken by her old enemy, rheumatism.

When Molly had taken a bowl of steaming soup and tea and toast up to the darkened red room on the third floor and had placed the tray on the table near the door and backed silently out, she brought her own supper tray to her aunt's couch and they ate supper together.

"The doctor says—" hesitated Mrs. Hayes between sips of tea, "that I'll



Sometimes Molly Read to Him.

have to remain here on this couch in this room for several weeks—my old heart bothers me a bit, too."

"Auntie!" cried the girl remorsefully: "I ought never to have gone into the office—you needed me here, and yet"—youth's yearning for freedom and the companionship of other young things clouded her eyes.

"I know, dearie, I know—" sighed Mrs. Hayes, "but I'm afraid you'll have to stay home with me this winter."

Molly choked down the rest of her tea and cleared the supper away. At last she came back, looking very pale and wistful, but smiling. "I'll telephone to the office in the morning," she said cheerfully, "and if they can't spare me, why, they will have to, auntie. I cannot have you making yourself sick with overwork and having horrid old rheumatism, 'n everythin'!"

"My Molliegri—I knew you would do it cheerfully," sighed Mrs. Hayes. "Of course it's horribly dull here for a young thing like you, making up beds and sweeping and looking after things, but romance isn't always riding down the street on a white horse, and who knows—" she smiled drowsily and slept, while Molly crept away to the kitchen to pick up the neglected work. Perhaps a few tears dropped into the dish water, perhaps there was a sleepless night for the girl who had just found joy in the daily companionship of her young fellow-workers, but Mrs. Hayes had always been like a mother to little orphaned Molly, and so the girl presented a cheerful face the next morning when she began the old dull routine.

"I wouldn't mind so much if it was a pretty, new house with lovely things—no, even plain things—and there—" she always blushed when she peeped her dreams with the visionary lover and husband. So Molly became a busy dresser once more.

Her brief office experience had

taught her the value of method and she applied this knowledge to her work in the house and never had the rooms been so well cared for. Three times a day she carried meals up to the young man in the red room, until he asked if he might not be piloted down to the lower floor.

"I want to eat with real folks once more," he said in his pleasant whimsical way.

"You will save me miles of running up and down," laughed Molly, who wished he would remove his bandage so that she could see if his eyes were as good as his firm mouth and chin. She liked his voice and his smile seen dimly in the darkened room, and when he came into the upper hall and she saw the brown of his skin and the muscular frame she felt a queer little thrill. He rested a hand on her shoulder and she thrilled once more. He towered above her now, for she was tiny, and he laughed teasingly at her fright when he stumbled.

Sometimes Molly read to him from dry chemical books, or articles in some scientific magazine, and once when she fell asleep over a lengthy description of a new process he leaned over and groped for her hand, but his fingers only touched her soft brown hair.

"Describe her, Mrs. Hayes," he whispered to the other invalid, who could now sit in a chair and knit.

Mrs. Hayes responded with twinkling eyes. "She's little, like a kitten, her hair is soft and brown and her eyes are blue and she has a real pink and white skin, and—"

Molly's perfect lips quivered and then little crinkles came about her eyes.

"And she smiles in her sleep when people talk about her!" she interrupted wickedly.

"Oh, Molly!" chided her aunt.

"Ah, Molly Hayes!" muttered Ronald Harvey, turning quite white.

Mrs. Hayes hobbled away, for the atmosphere was highly charged with unsaid things. Her swift backward glance was a "Bless-you-my-child."

"What is the matter?" asked Molly bravely.

Ronald smiled: "Love," he said tersely.

"Oh!" Molly shivered, and it was a pity he could not see her face.

"I'm in love—with—you—and some day—I'm going to marry you, if you don't mind. I'll be all right in another week, and there'll be plenty of money when I get back to the works again. You don't say a word. Molly, is there anybody else?"

"No—no," she said softly.

He was holding her hands tightly. "We'll have a little home somewhere. Auntie and you and I—you won't mind?"

Molly's head drooped toward his. "I don't mind," she breathed gently. Mrs. Hayes peered in at them. "Romance begins at home," she nodded approvingly as she tiptoed away.

AGE OF MAMMALS IS ENDING

Destruction Has Progressed Rapidly Since Introduction of Guns and Steel Traps.

The beginning of the age of man, some half-million years ago, roughly estimated as the close of the age of mammals, marks in reality but the beginning of the close of the age of mammals. The extinction of the most superb mammals that the earth has ever produced, during the early stages of human evolution, progressed from natural causes due directly or indirectly to the Glacial epoch. With the introduction of firearms the destruction has proceeded with increasing rapidity, and today it is going on by the use of guns and steel traps, at a more rapid rate than ever.

By the middle of this century man will be alone amid the ruins of the mammalian world he has destroyed, the period of the age of mammals will have entirely closed, and the age of man will have reached a numerical climax, from which some statisticians believe it will probably recede, because we are approaching the point of the overpopulation of the earth in three of the five great continents.—Henry Fairfield Osborn in *Natural History* (Journal of the American Museum of N. H.)

Plausibility.
Colonel George Harvey said at a dinner in New York, apropos of high retail prices:

"A guest in a Florida hotel complained to the manager: 'Your restaurant is conducted in a very rotten way. At lunch today I found a hair in the ice cream, a hair in the honey, and a hair in the apple sauce.'

"Well, you see," the manager explained, 'the hair in the ice cream came from the shaving of the ice. The hair in the honey came from the comb. But I can't for the life of me understand about the hair in the apple sauce, for I bought those apples myself, and they were all Baldwins.'"

The Finishing Touch.

Jean, colored cook at a certain country club, makes hash that has no equal. The fame of the dish is great, but the secret of its excellence eluded everyone until one day a member of the club complimented Jean on her skill.

"How do you do it?" he asked. "I never get hash like yours anywhere else."

Jean's black face glowed with pleasure at the compliment. "Beef is nothin'," she replied, "Potatoes is nothin'; peppah's nothin'; onions is nothin'; but when ah thows myself into de hash—that's what makes it what it is!"—Youth's Companion.

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The Brady Standard

BRADY TEXAS



CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe

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This is the second installment of "The Clan Call," one of the greatest novels of the day, and one of the nation's "Best Sellers." The opening chapters appeared in The Brady Standard issue of August 22nd. If you failed to start the story then, call at The Standard office, or drop us a post card, and a copy of the opening chapters will be given or sent you.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Young Carlyle Wilburton Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he elects to be known, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "By" Heck, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II

In the Cup.

Dale found the humble home of his mountaineer host a home in the fullest sense of the word.

At the noonday meal, he met Mrs. Moreland and the sons of the household, and they were exactly as he had pictured them. Mrs. Moreland was quiet, motherly, always smiling, as straight and real as her husband. The sons, Caleb and Luke, were as much alike as the fingers on your hands; they were tall and broad-shouldered, grey-eyed and brown-haired.

Before sundown Dale had become acquainted with the rest of the Morelands, and he liked them, every one. He was at the cabin of his host's gray old father and mother for a long time.

When supper was over John Moreland lighted the big glass lamp in the best room, and the family and their guest gathered there to spend the evening. Then the lanky moonshiner and his mother came in.

Granny Heck had the sharp features and the stooped, thin figure of a witch. She wore a faded blue bandana about her white head, and she carried a long hickory staff; there was a reed-stemmed clay pipe in her mouth, and her dark calico skirt had a tobacco pocket in it.

Her son preceded her into the room. He walked to the center table, faced about, and said with a low and airy sweep of his right hand:

"Bill, old boy, this here's maw. Maw, she tells forchunes."

"So this here," creaked Granny Heck, looking over the brass rims of her spectacles, "is Mr. Bill! Well, well! I jest thought to myself 'at I'd come up and see ye, Mr. Bill, and tell yore forchune."

She dropped into the rocker that Caleb had placed for her.

"Addie," she said to the smiling Mrs. Moreland, "will ye bring me a cup half full coffee grounds?"

When the cup came, the fortune-teller took it and shook it and patted it, all the while muttering mysterious words that she had learned from the old Indian, Cherokee Joe—which served her purpose very well.

"I see," she mumbled more or less sepulchrally, "a pow'ful good-lookin' gurl in a caliker dress, with her hair a-hangin' away down her back. A bare-footed gurl, with big, purty eyes. She's a-standin' on a low cliff, a-peepin' at you through the laurels, Mr. Bill. This is in the past. . . .

"In the future," she went on slowly, "I see this here as plain as daylight through a knothole; a awful big man, with curly black hair and curly black beard, and with eyes like a cliff-hawk's; and I see you, too, Mr. Bill; and I see a fight, a master fight—Lord! ha' mussy, what a fight! But you'll marry the gurl after all, Mr. Bill."

Dale laughed. The old woman had described Babe Littleford. But who was the "big, dark man"? Some fellow who had lost his heart to the mountain girl, perhaps.

When the Hecks had gone, John Moreland leaned forward and touched his guest on the knee.

"That thar big man mentioned in tellin' yore forchune," he said, "might ha' been Black Adam Ball. Black Adam, he livs with his pap and mother a few mile up the river. As big as a skinned boss, he is, and plumb on-golly strong. He's been a-beggin' Babe Littleford to marry him fo' a year or two, and she won't listen to him."

"Ef ever ye do haf to fight Black Adam," John Moreland went on, "ye want to fight him with a two-eyed shotgun and buckshot. He's the meanest man on earth; snake-broth and pizen is religious aside o' him. But ontel ye begin a-makin' love to Babe Littleford, I reckon she ain't no danger o' you a-havin' trouble with Black Adam; and you ain't likely, I take it, to make love to Babe."

Morelands," declared Luke. John Moreland reached for the leatherbound old family Bible. He opened the Book at random.

"It's about time we was a-goin' to our rest, and we'll go jest as soon as we've had prayers, Mr. Dale."

When half a chapter from St. Matthew had been laboriously but reverently read, the Morelands knelt at their chairs, and so did Bill Dale, John Moreland's become prayer was very simple, and very earnest, and it had in it more of thanksgiving than of supplication. And a part of it certainly was uncommon—

"Bless the stranger with us here tonight, and all o' our kinfolks, and all o' our friends, and our inlimes, the Littlefords—specially the Littlefords, Ayamen!"

Dale was deeply impressed. He heard Mrs. Moreland dimly when she told him to let her know—she would hear him if he called—if there wasn't enough cover for his bed. Then he found himself alone with the stalwart chief of the Morelands.

He stepped forward and put his hand on the mountaineer's shoulder.

"How a man can go down on his knees and pray for his enemies," smiled Dale, "is entirely beyond me. Do you really mean it?"

"I try hard to," Moreland said quickly. "In a-doin' that," he went on, "I go Ben Littleford one better. Ben Littleford's the bell sheep o' the people who lives across the river from us, people we've hated fo' years and years. Ben, he holds family prayers, too, every night. He'd ax the blessin' o' the Lord on the stranger under his roof, but not on his inlimes, the Morelands. Yes, I try hard to mean it, Bill Dale."

"And that other enemy," murmured Dale—and he wondered why that should bother him so much, why he should feel that vague responsibility about it—"the man who killed your brother, David—"

"I don't never pray fo' him," interrupted the mountaineer, going a little pale. "I hain't that nigh juffect. A man don't git so good 'at he axes the Almighty to bless the devil—or the rattler in the laurels, or the copper-head 'at waits under a bush fo' the passin' o' some bare-legged child."

Dale winced, but Moreland didn't notice it. Dale let his hand fall from the other's shoulder. Moreland began to speak again:

"I didn't tell ye afore, Bill Dale. My brother David, he was the hope o' his people. He was better'n the rest of us. The one big aim o' his life was to educate us all, the benighted. Yes, we're benighted, and we know it. He wanted to do it with the coal he'd found. As I've done told ye, we ain't never had the heart to sell the coal. I hope ye'll have a fine rest, Bill Dale. I ain't a-goin' to call ye 'Mister' no more, Bill Dale!"

"Don't!" smilingly said the younger man. "Bill Dale is right, y'know. Good-night, John Moreland!"

Dale removed his shoes and outer clothing, blew out the light, and went to bed in the best room's hand-carved black walnut fourposter.

For a long time he lay there awake, and stared through a little window toward a bright star that burned like a beacon fire about the pine-fringed crest of David Moreland's mountain. He believed he understood now why his father had turned a greenish gray when this coal property was mentioned to him. He believed he understood why his father had flatly refused to investigate this vein. But he was wholly at a loss to account for the use of his own given name instead of Dale.

Looking toward the mountain again, he spoke as though he were talking to David Moreland himself:

"I'll see it through for you, old man. This shall be my country."

CHAPTER III

Goliath of the Hills.

Dale awoke a little after daybreak, arose and dressed himself, and went out by way of the door beside the huge stone-and-clay chimney.

The mountain air was bracing. Dale threw out his chest and started eagerly for a walk.

The road led past the cabin of Grandpap Moreland. When Dale was directly in front of the log house, he saw the aged mountaineer standing on a rickety sawhorse beside the stone step at the narrow porch; Grandpap Moreland was helping a gray cat down from the roof.

"Mornin'! I was jest a-takin' that thar cussed old pest down over the roof. I've took him down every mornin' as reg'lar as I make fires, fo' three year or more. Ef it wasn't bad luck to kill a cat, I shoot him, mebbe."

After breakfasting with John Moreland Bill Dale borrowed fishing-tackle

from his host, and set out alone for the little river.

There were many shoals and rapids, and he went almost half a mile before he found a place to his liking. It was a beautiful spot. Above, the water poured between two great boulders with a gentle roar; below, it shallowed out over round stones. Overhead towered tall white sycamores.

Not until he had put a minnow on the hook and cast it out did he see that he was not alone at the pool. On the other side, less than sixty feet away, Babe Littleford sat on a stone the size of a small barrel; she held a cane fishing-rod in her hands, and her bare feet were in the water to her ankles. She was looking squarely toward Dale, and there was something akin to reproachful anger in her long brown eyes.

"Good morning!" called Dale, lifting his hat.

There was no reply. There was not even a change of countenance. Again Dale called his friendly greeting, and again there was no reply. It piqued Dale.

A few yards down the stream the white body of a sycamore lay from one bank to the other; it had been blown there by a recent storm. Dale wound his line, went down and crossed by means of the prostrate tree.

She didn't even look around when he walked up to her and spoke again. It struck him as being decidedly odd.

"I say," he told her, "you're as chatty as a set of stencils. You mustn't talk so much, y'know."

Her eyes smiled at the river, but Dale couldn't see her eyes.

"Do you like violets, Miss Littleford?" he asked next.

In the black, mica-starred soil at his feet grew a carpet of the finest violets he had ever seen. Babe let the tip of her cane rod fall into the water and looked around.

"It sounds funny to hear a man talk o' such little things as 'violet,' she declared. "Most o' men don't think o' nothin' but workin', huntin', fightin' and eatin'. I'm a little mad at you! I went home yester-day—and I think I run nigh the whole six mile—and fixed up dinner fo' you, 'cause I understood you was a-comin' to our house—and you went to them low-down Morelands!"

"I beg pardon," he said contritely; "didn't know you were especially ex-

cepting me. I had business," he added, "with John Moreland."

There came to his ears from somewhere down the river the chorus of a rakish old hill song, and the voice was that of the lanky moonshiner, By Heck—

"Oh, when I die, don't a-bury me deep. Put no tombstone at my head and feet. Put a bear's jawbone in my right hand. On my way to the Promised Land—Oh! On my way to the Promised Land!"

A few minutes later there appeared on the Moreland side of the river the singer of the rakish old song; he had a minnow pole in one hand and a white hickory rod in the other.

"Hi, thar, Bill, old boy!" he yelled. "Hi, thar, Babe! Either of ye'uns ketchin' anything?"

Ben Littleford's daughter held up a fish proudly. Heck slapped his thigh with his slouch hat.

"Good fo' you!" he exclaimed. "But they ain't a-bittin' jest right. The moon's wrong, and the signs is wrong, fo' fishin'."

At that instant John Moreland appeared at Heck's side. He seemed very serious about something.

"Bill Dale," he called, "come over here."

Wondering, Dale put down his rod and turned to obey. Two minutes later he stood before John Moreland.

"I jest wanted to tell ye," and the mountaineer almost closed one alert grey eye, "at ye're purty shore to git into trouble over thar."

"I'm an able-bodied man," Dale returned snuggly.

"You shore are," frowned Moreland, "but mebbe you ain't used to durnd hard fightin'."

Not used to hard fighting! Dale's smile broadened. Once he had whipped a heavy-weight pugilist; and he had fought as a matter of principle, and not for money or prestige.

Moreland suddenly jerked one thumb toward the other side of the stream. Dale looked and saw, standing beside Babe Littleford, a quite formidable man. He had the height and breadth, almost, of a Goliath. He was black-eyed and black-haired, and his thick, short beard was curled like the hair between a bull's horns. In one hand he carried a repeating rifle as lightly as though it were a mere straw.

One of his great arms suddenly straightened toward Dale, and a voice as gruff as the growl of a bear said hotly:

"What was you a-doin' here a-talkin' to my gurl?"

Babe Littleford looked angry. Dale flushed, then went pale.

"I have a habit of talking with whom I please," he said evenly.

"Spoke like a man," drawled the lanky Heck in a very low tone.

Goliath of the hills stared unbelievably. Dale said in an undertone to John Moreland: "Is it that Ball fellow?"

"Yes," answered the hillman; "it's Black Adam Ball."

Ball dropped his rifle to the violets, slowly clenched his huge and hairy hands, and thrust his bearded jaw out aggressively.

"I dare ye over here, ye pink coward!" he challenged.

"If you have any business with me, come over here and transact it," Dale retorted. "I won't run."

"That's Moreland territory," Ball objected. "But I'll meet ye half way, and I dare ye to take me up, ye lace-trimmed pink mollycoddle!"

Half-way would be the middle of the river, and no place for a fight, surely. But Dale was nettled. His temper, the temper that he had never been able to keep wholly under control, was rising fast. He threw off his coat and hat and rolled the sleeves of his soft shirt to his elbows. Then he waded into the pool. The slowly moving water was up to his waist at the half-way point, and the bottom was of hard-packed sand.

The Goliath stared unbelievably. He was not accustomed to having his challenges thus accepted. He threw off his hat and went to meet the little young stranger.

Bill Dale squared himself and put up his guard. Adam Ball came on, and he was scowling wickedly.

Ball rushed, the clear water swirling in his wake, and let out with a powerful right. It was a blow to crush an ordinary man's chest in; but to Ball's surprise, it failed to land. Dale evaded it cleverly, and at the same time sent a swift left uppercut to the other's out-like jaw. Adam Ball muttered two wicked words and steadied himself; he had caught a tartar. A moment, and he led out again, and he missed again; but he followed it with a blow that made a red mark on Bill Dale's shoulder.

"How's that, ye pink coward?" he crowed.

"All right—how's this?"

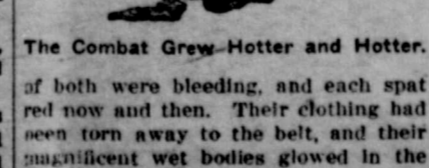
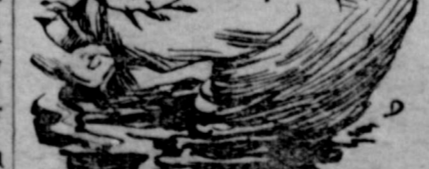
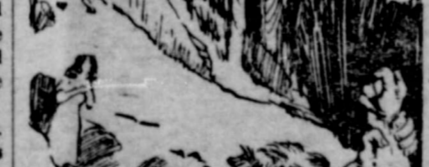
And Dale sent on a mighty blow that rebounded dully from the giant's chest and elicited only a harsh laugh of contempt. There was little to be gained by striking a man like Adam Ball on the chest; Dale knew now that he must reach a more vulnerable spot.

Then he feinted with his left and drove his right to Ball's mouth, bringing blood. Ball roared in his blind rage and dashed toward his antagonist, resolved to get a clinch. But Dale eluded the terrible arms, although in so doing he received a blow on the temple that made him dizzy for a few seconds.

While Ball was again engaged in trying to gain the advantage of a clinch, Granny Heck made her appearance on the Moreland bank. She promptly launched her sympathies in a manner that pleased both her gaping son and the watchful and silent John Moreland.

"Hit him in the stummick, Mr. Bill!" she cried over and over. "Hit him whar he lives at!"

The combat grew hotter and hotter. Both landed frequently now. The faces



The Combat Grew Hotter and Hotter.

steel. But still he fought on vigorously, determinedly, desperately, minute after minute.

Those on the two banks watched it all with suppressed excitement. Babe Littleford stood in the edge of the water, with her hands clasped below her throat, her face was pale. John Moreland, who had witnessed many other great fights, himself a fighting man, had never before beheld such a contest of strength and endurance as this; Bill Dale had won John Moreland's heart for all time to come.

But the blows of the fighters were growing weaker now. The sound of their labored breathing rose distinctly over the gentle roar of the sparkling waters above.

Then the watchers saw Adam Ball lunge at his man, saw Dale stumble out of sheer weakness, saw Ball's mighty blood-streaked arms close about the beautiful white body and hug it close to his great and hairy chest. A moment, and Ball was bending Dale slowly backward and downward more by reason of weight than of strength; another moment, and Ball was about to sink the brown head under the surface!

Babe Littleford gave a smothered cry. John Moreland stepped toward the water and shouted hoarsely:

"Don't ye drowned him Adam! Ef ye do, ye'll answer to me!"

Dale had gathered himself for a last move. He slipped downward suddenly, immersing himself completely, and shot one arm around Ball's thigh; then, by a great effort, he rose with the giant and overthrew him, and staggered free!

Ball's hairy face came to the surface first. Dale fought back the pain of the water in his lungs, and the pain as of sharp and jagged slivers of steel in his hands, and struck madly, half blindly, at the hateful face. He kept it down, but it wouldn't go under the water completely. . . .

Adam Ball began to drift as though lifeless down the stream. Bill Dale followed, still fighting weakly, choking as he breathed. But soon he ceased

to strike. He saw, instead of the beast-like face, flashes of distant summer lightning, and red blotches against a thick blackness. The blotches faded, and all became dark to him; he pitched forward, gasping, and began to drift down the stream with the vanquished Ball.

Babe Littleford was standing in the water to her knees. When Dale succumbed to utter exhaustion, she started toward him, to save him from drowning. She felt strangely drawn toward the big, white, clean man who had whipped the Goliath she had always dreaded. But she had gone only a few yards toward the center of the river when John Moreland and Sam Heck reached the unconscious figures.

Heck dragged Ball to the Littleford bank and left him lying there, face downward, on the sand. Moreland half carried, half dragged Bill Dale to the other bank. Babe Littleford waded out. She paid absolutely no attention to the worsted bully. She stood intently watching the limp form of Dale.

"Is he dead, John Moreland?" she called tremulously.

"No, Babe," Moreland answered, his voice not unkind; "he ain't anyways nigh dead."

He and Sam Heck took up Dale's dripping figure and bore it away. Babe Littleford ran to higher ground, hid herself behind a clump of sassafras and watched them.

Granny Heck followed with Dale's coat and hat. She chattered all the way across the meadow—

"Now what did I tell ye, John and Sam? What did I tell ye? La, la! Wasn't it a master fight, like I said—now wasn't it?"

"Sometimes ye make me a little tired, granny-woman," Moreland remonstrated gently. "The ain't nothin' in forchune-tellin'. You've jest been here fo' so long 'at you know how to judge the future by the past. And you're a to'able good guesser, too, I reckon."

Granny Heck flared up quickly: "Ain't nothin' in forchune-tellin'! Now don't go and fool yerself, John Moreland. You listen to me about a half minute, John. I seed more in the 'up 'an I told Mr. Bill. I seed blood and death. I seed a big fight atwixt 'em Morelands and the Littlefords!"

"That's easy to guess at," John Moreland replied. "You know, o' course, 'at Black Adam will do all he can to bring trouble to us on account o' Bill Dale a-stayin' with us. And you know it ain't never possible to hatch up war atween us and the Littlefords. Jest run on ahead, Granny Heck, and tell my wife to hunt up some kind o' good liniment fo' Bill's bruises. Tell her she needn't to waste time a-lookin' up any bandages. This man here is like me; he wouldn't wear bandages, 'cause they look bad."

When Dale came back to a state of consciousness, he was lying under covers in the carved black walnut bed. Beside him stood John Moreland, who held in one hand a bowl containing a hot herb brew that his wife had prepared. Granny Heck, her son By, and Mrs. Moreland stood not far away.

"This here'll be good fo' ye, I think," said Moreland, nodding toward the bowl in his hand. He went over and put an arm around Dale's shoulders and helped him to sit up.

Dale drank the stuff with difficulty.

"Much obliged," he muttered thickly. "I—let's see, did I whip—how did it end? He didn't lick me, did he—that fellow Ball?"

"He shore didn't," smiled Moreland. "Not by a big sight. He fell out fust. His own pap won't hardly know him, Bill!"

News travels rapidly in the big hills. The Morelands began to gather at the home of their chief to see the man

who had whipped Black Adam Ball; every Moreland able to walk came to see Bill Dale. For three hours he was lionized, but he didn't enjoy it; the water had left many pains in his chest, and his head ached dully, and his hands still felt as though the bones were shattered in them.

Came a thundershower that afternoon, and the mountain evening fell with a chill. A fire was made in the side stone fireplace in the guest's room, and when supper was over the family gathered there with Dale, who refused to be kept in bed.

After a few minutes of silently watching grotesque shadows flit across the log walls, Dale said to John Moreland:

"If your brother David could know, don't you think he'd want you to get the value out of the coal?"

John Moreland bent forward to rest his chin in his hands. His sober grey eyes stared thoughtfully toward the fire.

"I ain't never looked at it that way," he said.

"That's the right way to look at it," declared Dale. "But you shouldn't sell the property as it is."

The mountaineer turned an inquiring face toward his guest.

"How in thunder could I handle it ef I didn't?"

"Why not let me develop it for you?" Dale said earnestly, eagerly. "I won't charge you anything above expenses, and I won't be extravagant."

"It'd take considerable money to start things a-movin'. Have you got it?" asked Moreland.

"No, but I can get it. Almost anybody would be willing to lend money on so good a thing as this, y'know."

For a little while Moreland sat there and looked squarely at Dale, who returned his gaze without a sign of flushing. The hillman was trying to find a motive.

"How comes it 'at you, who ain't knowed us but two days," he demanded, "can be so much interested in us?"

The question demanded a straightforward answer. Dale realized that there was but one way in which he could give a satisfactory explanation, and that that was by telling the truth—but not the whole truth, as he surmised it, for then his efforts would go for naught.

Moreland was speaking again, and his eyes were brighter now.

"I agree 'at David would want us to develop the coal, ef he could know. It's like a light a-breakin' to me. But that coal is sacred to us, Bill Dale, and afore ye go any further I'll haf to ax ye to tell me all about yerself. A city man up here in the wilderness— it don't look s'picious, Bill, mebbe, but—well, I hopes ye can pardon me fo' axin' it. I shore got to be keeful about Brother David's coal. Addie and the boys'll go out and leave jest us two in here; and when ye're a-talkin' to me it's the same as talkin' to a tombstone so fer as tellin' is concerned. Addie, honey; Luke, you and Caleb—"

Mrs. Moreland and her sons arose and left the room, closing the door behind them. Bill Dale paced the floor, arms folded, brows drawn. Finally he halted before the Moreland chief.

"There's nothing I'm ashamed of, I guess," he said. "I don't like to tell it simply because I don't like to tell it. But—I'll do it."

He sat down in his sheepskin-lined rocker, lay back and closed his eyes as though to visualize the story, to live it over.

"Maybe it's not very much in my favor, John Moreland," he began. "I never could get along with my parents, or with the set I was born into. Somehow, I was different. Father and mother wanted me to be a dandy; they even wanted me to let a servant dress me. The climax came when they tried to marry me to a young woman who didn't want me any more than I wanted her."

He opened his eyes, looked straight at Moreland, and went on:

"You see, they wanted to marry us in order to unite old Clavering's fortune and my dad's; Patricia, like me, was an only child. It had been all cut and dried for us, for years. They put it up to me like this: they said I owed it to them, that it was my duty; that I had always been a severe trial to them; that my savagery had put gray into my mother's hair, and a lot of things of that kind. I fell for it at last; it was sort of a matter of self-defense. With Patricia, it was a case of—well, a case of simple obedience. Pat is a good girl. . . .

A minute of silence; then:

"I'll hurry along with it, John Moreland. I had one fine friend back there. It was Robert McLaurin, a reporter on the city's leading newspaper. My parents didn't take to him because he was a worker, and not a poor dear Harry Clavering, for my best man. 'Poor dear Harry' and I had a fight, once upon a time, and I—I had whipped him; and I didn't like him. I chose Bobby McLaurin for my best man, and I wouldn't give him up."

"It was only when we met before the chancel in a big crowded church that I fully realized the tragedy of it for Pat. I saw that her face was a clean white, and that her eyes held the shadow of something that was very terrible. I turned my head and saw the same shadow in the eyes of my greatest friend, Bobby McLaurin. I knew then. Bobby and Patricia loved each other, John Moreland! Bobby didn't have any money to speak of, and that had held them apart."

(Continued Next Friday)



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MALONE & RAGSDALE

HISTORY OF THE MOUNTAIN REMNANTS BRIGADE FROM ITS ORGANIZATION TO 1907

(Continued from Page 3)

R. Colb was elected to this office. Miss Love Pound was made Sponsor and Miss Lizzie Hicks first maid of honor.

Ten places were nominated for the next place to hold the reunion in 1900, as follows: Lampasas, Llano, San Saba, Mason, Dripping Springs, Willow City, Blanco, Johnson City, Kerrville and Marble Falls. After a hard fight Marble Falls secured the prize. Marble Falls, Tex., July 27-28, 1900.

The Mountain Remnants Brigade, C. V., was called to order by General Joe D. Harrison at 10 a. m., and prayer was offered by the Chaplain General Jerome Harralson, who invoked the blessing of the God of battles upon the present meeting.

The election of a place to hold the reunion of 1901. Lampasas, Llano and Marble Falls were then placed in nomination, and after eloquent speeches in favor of each place, Marble Falls again secured the reunion of 1902.

After prayer by the Chaplain the General declared the reunion adjourned to meet in Marble Falls in July, 1901.

Marble Falls, July 25, 26, 27, 1901. At 9 a. m. on the morning of the 25th the bugle sounded out the call for the Mountain Remnants Brigade to assemble at the grand stand. At 10 a. m. Col. T. D. Vaughn of the 1st Regiment called the Veterans to order, and in the absence of the Chaplain General, Comrade J. E. Bell offered up a heartfelt prayer.

Both Llano and Lampasas were nominated and after a hard fight Llano won the prize.

8 a. m., Saturday, business meeting and election of officers. Colonel T. D. Vaughn was promoted to General, Ben W. Palmer promoted to Colonel of the 1st Regiment, B. Badger 2nd Regiment, W. H. Bales Colonel 3rd Regiment, A. F. Hicks Adjutant General, H. J. Dawson Quartermaster General, Dr. J. M. Pound Surgeon General, Rev. Jerome Harralson Chaplain, H. Hiney Flag Lieut., Monte Ramsdel Bugler, Miss Love Pound Sponsor, Miss Lizzie Hicks first maid of honor, Miss R. B. Stuart Brigade Orderly.

Llano, July 31st to Aug. 2nd, 1902. On the banks of the beautiful Llano river on the morning of July 31st the bugle sounded out the call for the Mountain Remnants Brigade to assemble at the grand stand, and at 10 a. m. General T. D. Vaughn called the Brigade to order; Rev. Briggs offered the invocation.

Mason, Texas, July 31st, 1903. On Thursday, July 31st, 1903, the bugle call sounded at 9 a. m., and a parade was formed headed by the Marshal and horsemen, sons of Veterans and others, and marched around the speakers stand and were reviewed by General Vaughn and staff and the old Veterans who had arrived on the ground at that time. Conspicuous in the procession were the colors of Port Mason Chapter No. 604, Daughters of the Confederacy—the first flag of the Confederacy.

Election of officers resulted as follows: W. Holland of Mason elected General Commanding; with staff officers as follows: A. F. Hicks, Adjutant General; H. J. Dawson, Quartermaster General; Dr. J. M. Pound, Surgeon General; Henry Hiney, Flag Lieut.; J. S. Cruze, Bugler; Miss Lucy Striegler, Sponsor; Miss Edna Moore first maid of honor; Mack Dawson, Brigade Orderly; Jerome Harralson, Chaplain; Ben W. Palmer, Colonel 1st Regiment; W. H. Bales, 2nd Regiment; Tom Rainey, 3rd Regiment. 283 Veterans answered roll call. After prayer by the Chaplain, the General declared the reunion adjourned to meet in Brady the last Thursday in July, 1904.

Brady, Texas, July 28, 1904. The Mountain Remnants Brigade was called to order by the General Commanding at 10 a. m., and Rev. W. G. Caperton offered the invocation of a divine blessing on the meeting.

Officers elected and appointed as follows: W. T. Melton, General Commanding; A. F. Hicks, Adjutant General; H. J. Dawson, Quartermaster General; Dr. J. J. Taylor, Assistant Surgeon; Rev. W. G. Caperton, Chaplain; L. Ballou, Flag Lieut.; J. S. Cruze, Bugler; Miss L. Striegler, Sponsor; Miss Edna Moore, first maid of honor; T. L. Melton, Brigade Orderly; Ben W. Palmer, Colonel 1st Regiment; W. H. Bales, Colonel 2nd Regiment; T. F. Rainey, Colonel 3rd Regiment. The Constitution was changed so as to meet the last Wednesday in July, instead of the last Thursday. 408 answered roll call at this meeting.

Encampment adjourned to meet in Menardville last Wednesday in July, 1905. Flags were then pulled down, tents struck and the reunion was a thing of the past. Menardville, Texas, July 26th, 27th and 28th, 1905. In a beautiful pecan grove through which the San Saba river flows on its way to the Colorado, about 6 or 7 hundred yards below the historic mission San Saba, on each side of this stream on the morning of the 26th of July, just as the sun began to peep above the horizon the strains of the bugle sounded out long and loud as it gave notice to the Veterans who compose the Mountain Remnants Brigade, C. V., that the time had come for all slumber to cease and to prepare for the great event they had been looking forward to for 12 months now past—the reunion of the Brigade. Mason, Texas, July 23th 1905. At 9 a. m., the bugle sounded loud



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BRADY, TEXAS

BIG BARBECUE TODAY IS CROWNING EVENT OF THE GREAT U. C. V. REUNION

PREPARATIONS MADE TO FEED 10,000 PEOPLE—NUMBER OF ATTENDANTS AT REUNION GREATLY SWELLED—BIB DELEGATION FROM SAN SABA COMING.

The great barbecue today will be the crowning feature of the U. C. V. reunion, and load after load of choicest beef and mutton was last night unloaded and placed upon the barbecue pits in preparation for the feeding of 10,000 visitors today. Swelling crowds have marked the reunion so far, and big delegations are expected today from all the surrounding towns.

The reunion grounds were thronged all day yesterday with attendants at the celebration, and large audiences were in attendance upon the program. Today the biggest crowd ever assembled in Brady is anticipated, and large delegations of visitors are expected from all surrounding points. San Saba live wires are expected in great numbers, and 100 cars are reported to be coming from our neighbor city. The visit of the San Sabaites is in appreciation of the crowds Brady always sends to their excellent fair, and Brady citizens will not only appreciate the neighborly visit of these good people, but will return the favor at the proper time.

The feature of the morning was the address of the Rev. George Green of Brownwood, who paid tribute in glowing terms to the men and women of the Southland for the wonderful spirit they have shown, and for the wonderful nation they have built. He reviewed the rise of the South from its desolation, its progress and its development, and freely gave credit to the gallant veterans and citizens who aided in its reconstruction.

In the afternoon, Judge Kittrell made another of his interesting heart to heart talks, recounting the history of the song, "Star Spangled Banner," and also of the song, "Maryland, My Maryland." He stated that he intended to have published at his own expense this history, and that he would send a copy of the same to each veteran. Judge Kittrell left yesterday via Mason upon his return to Houston.

Another very interesting address was that of the Brigade historian, Mrs. E. G. Magruder, her subject being "Lest We Forget." Mrs. Lillie Palmer, matron of the Brigade, made an appreciated address upon the Brigade from the time of its organization up to the present. Each of the speakers was extended a vote of thanks for the able manner in which the subject was presented.

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