

Insurance FIRE-WINDSTORM-HAIL LIFE-ACCIDENT-AUTOMOBILE See Anderson & Garrithers, Agts., Phone 275

CITY WELL PROVIDES IMMENSE WATER SUPPLY

PRELIMINARY TESTS DEVELOP WATER SUPPLY IN EXCESS 300 GAL. A MINUTE

PRESENT SUPPLY MORE THAN DOUBLE CITY'S NEEDS—VOLUME OF WATER PUMPED WEDNESDAY FROM 350-FT. LEVEL PURE, COLD AND PRACTICALLY CLEAR.

Brady is assured, in her new water well, of an immense supply of water—not only all the city needs, but the supply is estimated as more than double her present consumption. Preliminary tests made at the well Tuesday and Wednesday developed a supply estimated at about 300 gallons per minute; this with an air pressure of about 100 lbs., and with a 6-inch pipe. The city's consumption last month averaged 128 gallons per minute. Tests were made at 250-ft., 350-ft. and 500-ft. levels. At 250-ft., the water was clear, pure and cold. At 350-ft., it was cold and drinkable, although slightly colored, which, however, appeared gradually to clear. At 500 ft., the water was very muddy, although cold. At any of these depths, it was stated, the water would eventually clear, once the pipes and hole had been thoroughly washed out.

While the city's newly purchased heads coming so closely together as to be almost unnoticeable. The municipal plant at present has a storage capacity of about 229,000 gallons, the stand-pipe holding 180,000 gallons, and the clear well and settling basin, each holding 20,000 gallons.

The test yesterday afternoon with 4-inch casing developed an almost steady flow from a depth of 300 ft., the water being entirely clear. Mr. White estimated the flow at 200 gallons per minute and stated this flow could readily be increased 100 gallons or more per minute by dropping 50 ft. lower in the well. The stream flowed by heads coming at such short intervals that the flow resembled a pulsating stream more than anything else. The first head came so strong

A third test of the well was made Wednesday afternoon from a 350-ft. depth, following arrival of J. D. White of Temple, water service foreman of the Santa Fe. At this depth the water flowed by heads at about 32 seconds with 40 second intervals between flows. The water was slightly colored, but showed indications of clearing. Mr. White expressed gratification at the performance of the well and gave it as his opinion that Brady had all the water she needed in the well. He estimated the flow at 300 gallons per minute. In his opinion, the drilling of the well deeper would not raise the water level from its present 70 ft. stand, but would serve to increase the volume of water, thereby substantially reducing the required lift. He further stated that the well was one of the best of its kind he had yet seen, the water being soft and pure and absolutely free from any mineral taint found more often than not in deep wells.

Yesterday 4-inch pipe was set in the well and it was planned to test the well again at the 250-ft. level. With a larger boiler, it is stated, the water can be made to flow in practically a continuous stream, the

E. R. CANTWELL

MATTRESS MAKER
New location, 3 doors East
Brady Sentinel office

MRS. AUG. F. BEHRENS

FLORIST
CUT FLOWERS, POT PLANTS
and FLORAL DESIGNS
Greenhouses North of Fair Grounds
Phone 301 Brady, Texas

EXTREME HOT WEATHER CAUSES MUCH DERANGEMENT OF THE STOMACH.

Many young children suffer from bad liver and stomach.

The use of Ricker's Milk of Magnesia is very helpful in such cases, especially in fermentation of stomach and irregularities of bowels. Also very useful where there is too much acid in the system.

Get a bottle of Magnesia Milk—Rickers is made of highest purity and is guaranteed.

Trigg Drug Co.

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

as to top the 60-ft. derrick by ten feet. While the supply is ample for perhaps two or three times Brady's present population, Mr. White strongly recommends drilling further into the sand so as to increase the quantity of water, and thereby take care of the city's needs for twenty years ahead.

The 4½-inch casing is now at hand, and will be set as soon as necessary parts are received. The well will be pumped from the 350-ft. depth, at which Mr. White says an ample supply can be had.

An attempt to put an umbrella cap on the top of the casing to direct the water flow down, resulted in the cap being torn from its fastening by the great force of the flow, and blown to the top of the derrick, where it lodged.

Well, I'm Back In Business Again at the Same Old Stand.
J. M. PAGE Second Hand Store.
Dates. The Brady Standard.

ENTERPRISING YOUNG BUSINESS MEN OPEN NEW BATTERY STATION IN BRADY

Messrs. John Goodrich and Jack Gartman, enterprising young business men of Brady, have opened a new battery station, with headquarters in the new Lee Morgan building on South Blackburn street. They announce their intention of carrying a standard line of batteries and of equipping their station so as to enable complete battery service for their customers. Free tests of batteries will be made at any time, and they invite the motoring public to form the habit of dropping by and having the batteries tested and given attention at regular intervals.

Mr. Goodrich is an experienced battery man, having followed this profession, and being familiar with the rebuilding and repairing of batteries in every detail. Mr. Gartman will continue his interest in the music house of Davis & Gartman, but will devote part of his time to the battery business.

Both are splendid, energetic and popular young men, and are deserving of the confidence and patronage of the public.

REALTY DEALS INCLUDE BUSINESS HOUSES

Deals in Brady realty the past week have included two business houses and several pieces of residential property. Chief among the deals has been the purchase by G. C. Kirk from E. L. Ogden of the building occupied by Kirk's store on the north side of the square. The building is one of the most attractive in the city, and in acquiring ownership of the property, Mr. Kirk assures himself of a permanent and most valuable business home.

The Central Drug store has also become owner of its business home, having purchased the same from Dr. J. G. McCall. While Dr. McCall is interested in the drug firm, yet the building has heretofore been his individual property. Both this building and the Kirk building are two-story, the second story being held in perpetual lease by the owner of the Queen hotel property so long as the hotel is maintained there.

Among the deals in residential property is the purchase of the original W. W. Sammons homestead by S. W. and B. L. Hughes, who acquire the property from E. J. D. Peters, recent owner. Mr. Peters also sold the house and lot occupying the southwest quarter of the same block to H. Meers. Both purchasers bought their respective properties for investment purposes.

J. M. Walton has purchased thru N. B. Embry from the Jones estate the three-room house in West Brady until recently occupied by W. S. Cooke and will convert it into his family residence. Mr. Walton expects to add a kitchen and bath to the three rooms and sleeping porch already had, making this a most comfortable abode for himself and wife. Mr. and Mrs. Walton came here three weeks ago from San Marcos to visit their daughter, Mrs. C. H. Arnsperger, and have become so attached to Brady they have decided to make their permanent home among us. Brady people will be glad to welcome this splendid couple to citizenship.

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

Don't delay ordering your coal for winter. You'll save money by getting in on our next shipment. MACY & CO.

Cotton Pickers Knee Pads at Evers Saddle & Harness Shop.

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

MISS BUFORD, COMMUNITY NURSE, RESIGNS—RED CROSS TO SECURE ANOTHER NURSE

Miss Sidney Buford, who has been serving as Red Cross Community nurse the past three months, tendered her resignation at the end of her probation period on August 7th, and left for Chicago, where she has accepted a position. During the three months that Miss Buford served as community nurse, she visited the various communities in the county and accomplished much good work. In fact, the citizens of the county have just begun to realize the importance of the work of a community nurse, and the splendid results which may be had through co-operation with her, and are anxious to see the vacancy filled. The Red Cross chapter, it is announced, hopes to secure another nurse in the near future and have the work, so well begun, carried on.

You might bring me some Old Chairs to Mend as I am opening up again at the same old stand. J. M. PAGE, Second Hand Store.

CHAUTAQUA IS TO OPEN HERE ON NEXT MON., 15TH

Season tickets to the Brady chautauqua are now being placed on sale, and a rousing campaign is being planned to put the chautauqua "over the top." The \$550 guarantee, given the Radcliffe Chautauqua by twenty-seven of Brady's leading public-spirited citizens means that 275 season tickets must be sold before the guarantee can be met, not to mention the incidental expenses of holding the chautauqua. None of these citizens will derive one cent of monetary benefit from the chautauqua, their interest being merely to assure the highest class of entertainment for Brady. Any funds left in the treasury following the payment of the guarantee and the expenses of the chautauqua will go to the Brady High school gymnasium and library fund. Quite naturally, the high school pupils are greatly interested in the success of the chautauqua and are working hard to arouse interest in the ticket sale.

The entire chautauqua program is arranged to combine recreation, inspiration and education. Your attendance at the chautauqua will give you a broader viewpoint of life, will teach you the value of co-operation and community-building, will instruct you in the opportunities America gives to all—even to the most illiterate. There will be nothing dry or dusty in the series of entertainments—each and every one will be bright, snappy, up-to-the-minute, and entertaining as well as amusing.

Season tickets are being sold at \$2.00 for adults, and \$1.00 to all school children. There will be six numbers—an afternoon and night program on each of the first three days of next week—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 15-16-17th. Single admissions will be 50c per number. The chautauqua will be held at the Methodist tabernacle.

The following are the committees in charge of the chautauqua: Chairman, C. A. Trigg; Sec.-Treas., Howard Broad; Tickets, Duke Mann; Adv., H. F. Schwenker, F. R. Wulff; Seats in Tabernacle, A. J. Ricks; Decorations, Mrs. Deaton, Mrs. Branscum, Mrs. Wilkerson; Jr. Work, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. W. H. Ballou, Ticket captains: Mrs. Duke Mann, Mrs. W. H. Ballou, H. C. Samuel, N. T. Cook, Civic League, H. F. Schwenker.

The following is the chautauqua program:

Bring us all your repairing on Saddles, Harness and Shoes. H. P. C. EVERS & BRO.

BRADY SCHOOLS WILL OPEN MONDAY, SEPT. 12TH—INSTITUTE SEPT. 5TH

SCHOOL BOARD THIS WEEK NAMES TWO ADDITIONAL TEACHERS, COMPLETING FACULTY WITH ONE EXCEPTION—FIVE NEW TEACHERS ARE NAMED.

J. B. Smith, superintendent of the Brady schools, announces the holding of the teachers' institute for all teachers in the Brady Independent school district beginning on Monday, September 5th. The Brady schools will open for the 1911-22 session one week later, viz: Monday, September 12th. At the last meeting of the school board Tuesday night, two additional teachers were named, completing the faculties of both high and grade school with one exception. The faculty this year will be composed of twenty teachers, six being employed in high school and fourteen in grade school work. There are 764 scholastics enrolled in Brady Independent school district.

The holding of the institute before the beginning of the regular session will enable the members of the faculty to get together and to plan the school work; also it will have the advantage of not breaking into the routine, once the schools have begun their sessions. Incidentally, the pupils will have another week of vacation, which, no doubt, will prove grateful to them these hot days. While the institute might be held jointly with the county institutes, yet these are scheduled to be held in Brownwood the latter part of September and the first part of October, which would prove an inopportune time for the local schools. Consequently, it appears that the time set for the holding of the institute has been well selected.

Teachers named at the last meeting of the local board were Mrs. Ethel Alernathy of Brady, who has been assigned Reading and English in the 5th and 6th grades, and Miss Euclid Smith of Caldwell, who will have Home Economics and Mathematics. While Mrs. Alernathy did not teach last year, yet she has taught in the Brady schools before and is considered an old member of the faculty. Five new teachers are included in this year's faculty, among them being Miss Smith, mentioned above, Miss Beattie Gibson and Miss Dora Rawlings; also R. L. Gowan, principal at the high school and Boyd Commander.

The following will compose the high school faculty: J. B. Smith, Superintendent; R. L. Gowan, Principal, Science; Mrs. W. B. Anderson, History; Mrs. Mary H. Pence, Spanish and

- Latin.
 - Miss Euclid Smith, Economics and Mathematics.
 - Miss Bernice Hall, English.
 - The grade school faculty, not all of whom have been assigned, is composed of the following: Miss Elzora Cunningham, Principal.
 - Miss Bertha Heinatz
 - Mrs. Ethel Alernathy
 - Miss Lucille Puckett
 - Miss Kittie Davidson
 - Boyd Commander
 - Miss Anita Fahrenthold
 - Miss Bessie Gipson
 - Mrs. P. B. Melton
 - Miss Lola Kirkman
 - Miss Dora Rawlings
 - Miss Mae Stobaugh
 - Miss Ruby Granger
- The colored school will again be in charge of Exia I. Curtis, of Rockdale.

Although it is summer time, you should have your shoes repaired. The sand is too hot to go barefooted. Use the Evers Shoe Shop.

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, Phonographs, Organs, Etc.

WILLIAMS GENERAL REPAIR SHOP

RADIATOR REPAIRING AND RECORING

Fender and Lamp Welding a Specialty
New and Re-Built Radiators in stock.

BRADY RADIATOR COMPANY

Next Door to Murphy's Filling Station



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

LADY IN ATTENDANCE

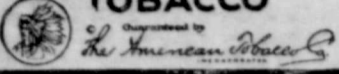
Over Broad Mercantile Co.

Phone 81



50 good cigarettes for 10c from one sack of

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO



WONDER WORDS.

Irrigationists Screen Mouth of Ditch to Protect Fish.

Wonder, Or., Aug. 5th.

Editor Brady Standard:

"I know not what the truth may be; But tell it as 'twas told to me." Nor do I wish to be considered sa-cri-legious nor sac-re-ligious when I relate the story the Irishman told me on the Swede. It was during a revival meeting, a solicitor approached the Swede and asked him if he didn't want to work for Jesus? "Well," said he, "I don't know about working for Jesus yust now. I tank I bane got a better job digging a well for Yohn Yohnson a 'underd feet 'igh!' As this was before the country went "bone dry" (?) it is highly probable that he had indulged a little too freely in the "woe be joyful."

After I had concluded my last letter, on July 29, I went and measured those one-pound onions. They were nearly five inches across the flat way and twelve inches in circumference from bottom to top and fourteen in circumference from side edgewise. I am going to try and see if I can raise some apples larger than those onions. Then look out Pat! I will advertise Wonder while you advertise Blythe.

Maybe you people wonder why I say nothing about a mill'on dollar rain. It is because we have none to speak of. I told you in June that it would stop and rain no more till September, didn't I? I would not be a very close observer not to find out that much in twenty-one years stay in Oregon would I?

I haven't seen a rattlesnake yet this summer, nor a tick, nor a flea. And we haven't the tick eradication law, either! Some years ticks are numerous in certain localities. Likewise so are fleas whether you have beds or not. Last year two of my neighbors killed ten rattlesnakes on one rocky point of about one-half acre of ground, and a few years ago two other men killed fourteen that had crawled out from under a rock to sun themselves, and two other men took some dynamite and blew up the rock and got twenty-six more rattlesnakes out of the same den.

Yes, it is a shame, "A Citizen," for the water to be taken away from the fish! We never take it all away from them here. But a few years ago the government spent large sums of money to stock these streams with fish and the farmers would turn the water out onto their land and thousands of young fish would flounce about in the sunshine and die. Then they passed a law to compel irrigationists to screen the mouth or head of their ditch. Then some schemer invented a revolving screen wheel and prevailed upon the government officials to adopt it. I don't think it amounts to much only in price, which makes a nice little graft of several millions for the manufacturer and his associates. Everything is graft these days!

"O. I. C. U. R. RIGHT."

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

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

\$100 Reward, \$100

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

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

ROCHELLE RUMBLINGS.

Death of Mrs. Matlock Last Friday—Visitors in Waddell Home.

Rochelle, Texas, Aug. 7.

Editor Brady Standard:

Dry! dryer! dryer! Crops not made are all gone to the bad and seed planted have, I suppose, gone on to china, as they have not showed up on this side of the world. Stock water is very scarce and a good many are driving to water, and oh, what a job that is. We are still wishing for that gully-washer.

Mrs. Dr. Matlock passed away last Friday, after a lingering illness. She was one of the first settlers of this place, as the doctor moved here to begin with the town in the practice of his profession, and she, like many other mothers, has always been found right at the post of duty, always kind and loving, and a smile for everyone. She leaves to mourn her demise, a husband, two sons, Jim and Bacon, and a daughter, Mrs. Jim Siggers of this place; also father, mother and several brothers, and her place among her neighbors and friends can never be filled.

Mrs. Arthur Neal has been suffering with a very severe attack of rheumatism for 2 weeks and despite all that loving hands and kind hearts can do, she still remains very seriously ill and is no better at this writing. However we are still hoping she may make a complete recovery and again fill her place in the home and society.

Rochelle now sports a new M. D., one Dr. Price, from Eden, but has not been here long enough that many have met him. We wish for him success in his new locality. Grandfather Johnson is still suffering; in fact, is a great deal worse, as he is now unconscious, and knows no one.

The first week in August has been one gala week in the Waddell home, as on Sunday, 31st of July, her niece and family, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Rethke and little son, Milton, of Smithville, came for a visit. Then, the following Thursday morning, the daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wicker and two sons, Raleigh and Ray, of Wilson, Lynn county, made their arrival. In the afternoon of the same day, two cousins, Messrs. Tom and Dave Criswell rolled in from the south-bound Santa Fe at Satuit, formerly from Lampasas but now from Buckholt, Milam county, and had not met since 1883; but old Father Time had made many changes but not sufficient to prevent recognition, even though it had been 38 years since the last meeting. But as all things must have an end, even so this pleasant visit, as Mr. Criswell left on the local Sunday afternoon for Brownwood, where he will visit a daughter for a few days before leaving for his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cox of Las Vegas, New Mexico, left last week after a visit of several days with relatives, the Sellman family, at this place, and also to their many friends, she being born and reared here.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rodgers of Menard left last week after a short visit with relatives and friends in this community.

Vernon Waddell made a flying trip last week down to Menard to meet his old friend, Olin Altizer, who was there on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Altizer, and enjoyed very much the pleasant associations with him, and family, as well as to meet all the other members of the family, who came in to have a family reunion, with the old folks at home.

Bro. Cobern, the Methodist pastor of this place, is this week holding his revival meeting, assisted by Bro. Parish, of Cleburne, and are having some fine sermons and considerable interest, but had much rather have the people inside the tabernacle than out in their cars. Why can't we, when we go to church, go in and fill the seats, where the preacher can see our faces? This, of course, an old-fogy practice, but looks lots better, and am sure the pastor would appreciate it. Now let's all try to come inside and let our cars rest that one hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Siggers are rejoicing over the arrival of a new daughter in their home since last Friday, mother and babe doing nicely.

Grandmother Humphrey and little grandson, W. J., came in Saturday

from Burnet county, where they had been on a ten-days' visit to relatives and friends.

Best wishes to The Standard and its many readers.

"AMOSKEETER."

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 destroy the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. One per bottle.

WONDER WORDS.

Wonder, Ore., July 20.

Editor Brady Standard:

I am sending herewith a clipping from the Oregon Observer, describing a trip to the Oregon caves. I think it will be very interesting to the readers of The Standard.

"O. I. C. U. R. RIGHT"

Josephine Caves Described.

(By Everett Earle Stanard.)

"It was some 'jant' wasn't it, boys?" hailed the cave guard, R. C. Rowley, at the top of the five-mile canyon, which marks the narrow entrance to one of the world's wonders—the Marble Caves of Oregon. The three of us, the old hunter, the fighting parson and myself, had "hiked it" from a point seven miles below, at the foot of old Grayback. Our starting point was Grants Pass and we left that city on a Thursday, pitching our tents in the mountainous country near the border of the Siskiyou national forest Thursday night.

On Friday morning we were up with the lark and off up the seven-mile climb, and a mile in the Josephine county mountains is a mile. At one place a placard on a tree contained the names of a party which had evidently spent the night under an immense tree after a trip to the caves. The poster was inscribed with the following sentiment: "Caves are five miles from here, and they are d—d long miles at that."

In view of the fact that a mile below this cap the sign board had indicated that the caves were only five miles away, we felt none too cheerful over the finding of the placard. However, we summoned up what resolution we could command, once more took off our shoes and socks, and waded into the mountain torrent, did buffet it. Placing a naked foot into this water resembles pulling a tooth, and three pairs of feet ached most genuinely when the three cave hunters arrived on the logical shore for travel.

The sign reminded the fighting parson of a cub reporter who had been assigned to cover a literary evening at Country Corners in the suburbs. Radiating confidence the novice started out, "And where is Country Corners?" he inquired of a passerby. "About 10 miles farther on," came the answer. The cub continued the trip a few miles, and again inquired his way. "Just about 10 miles ahead of you is Country Corners," was the reply. Time went as the perspiring newspaper man tramped forward, and when the afternoon sun was beginning to lower, he made the same inquiry and got the same answer: "Country Corners is 10 miles farther on." "Well, I'm holding my own at any rate," opined the cub.

So we seekers for the world's most wonderful caves felt, at least if we were not gaining, neither were we losing. As we struck the hard climb on the foot-wide trail up Grayback, another party of itinerants was discovered, coming up from below us. A titian haired maiden, bestride a small buckskin horse, and the other members of the caravan which joined and mingled with us on the trail were a brother of the suburban haired one, and the paternal ancestor of the two.

The older man proved to be Charles Siskron of San Francisco and his son Harry, and daughter Ada. The party thus consisted of six persons, the three named, myself, the Rev. C. M. Cline, of Grants Pass, known sometimes as "The Fighting Parson," and J. A. Fittenger, of Grants Pass, already alluded to as the deer slayer of the cavalcade.

Something after 12 o'clock on Friday the six of us staggered up the last great incline into Cave camp, and sinking to the ground were one and all right ready to agree to the Cave guard's dictum about the trip being "some jant." We ate a snack,

presently, and felt better. Then with lighted candle in each hand, we followed the guide to the lower entrance of the Marble Halls of Oregon. The guide was equipped with a miner's lamp, the same being affixed to his hat.

Into the bowels of the earth we went; following, for a time, a corridor through which an ice cold draught was felt. This immediately blew out several of our candles, but we swiftly followed the guide until the chamber presently opened out into "Watson's Grotto." Here we relighted our candles from the miner's lamp. And strange to say, this grotto once reached, the current of air was no longer noticeable.

On and on we fared, from wonder to wonder. Corridor and causeway, tiny wiggle-hole and immense chamber, the lower caves stretched on and on, every nook and cranny and gallery richly and marvelously decorated by fantastic bric-a-brac and marvelous statuary.

The walls of these caves are of marble, solid and beautiful, and the decorations are of limestone, dissolved and crystallized out of the ice cold water which is everywhere dripping from the walls. These ornaments, odd, quaint, gorgeous, cannot in a word, be described, but it can here be said that they consist of domes, pillars, frostwork, flower gardens, clover ledges, wonderland cities, remote, unattainable lakes and rivers, ripply beaches, statuary, busts of well known men and women, portraits of Old Nick, great hams and slabs of back, frost encrusted, heads of animals known and unknown, hargling gardens where enormous cabbages are growing side by side with snowy calla lilies.

The order of march through the caves was as follows: A narrow causeway led us from Watson's Grotto to the petrified gardens, where in a large chamber, curious limestone formations, resembling vegetables caused many an exclamation of wonder on the part of the travelers. Further on, high above us, so that we had to hold our lights and peer into the darkness hung the gigantic Satan's Cradle.

The guide carefully explained that here his satanic majesty is in the habit of rocking to sleep many a little imp, and even crouching therein himself. On hands and knees we crawled along and came presently to the Bee Hive Grotto, where nests of wasps, hornets, mud-daubers of all descriptions hang from the wall. These are, of course, limestone formations, for no bees ever penetrate into this 3300 feet of inky black cavern where the darkness is absolute. It may be added parenthetically that Mr. Rowley in all his travels through the marble halls has never come across any animal life. In his opinion the animal eye, like the human eye, is totally incapable of piercing that total blackness of the earth's interior, and a bear or a cougar would be entirely lost in the caves, once the animal proceeded a few paces from the entrance.

In order to demonstrate the utterness of this cave darkness, later on when we were a matter of 1600 feet underground, the guide ordered all of the lights extinguished. It was then that we literally "felt" the darkness, it weighed upon us, oppressed us, made us want to call out, and sent a panicky feeling up and down our spines. This circumstance, however, did not occur until we had reached the upper caves.

After the Beehive in the lower caves, old Rain-in-the-Face was the chief feature. This is a limestone portrait, carved by the good hand of nature, and those familiar with the look of the Indian chief who killed Custer in the memorable last fight will attest that the picture is faithful and true. The Bottomless Pit is a deep dark hole from whose brink mankind shrinks. One look down the abyss is enough. We are ready to go onward through whatsoever dark passages nature has provided, shabby over sharp ledges, scot down grimy alleys, but deliver us from the terror of that walled up cavern without bottom.

The guide suggested that at this moment a little music would be of comfort to shaken nerves, got out his jack-knife and, leading us forward, began some xylophone melody which savored of the tinkling of sweet bells and the mellow cadence of various woods. This harmony was occasioned when the guide tapped limestone icicles, down-hanging from the ledges. This concord so near to the unmeasured and uncanny pit was a strange contrast, indeed.

Climbing up a flight of ladders we now reached the upper caves, or the caves proper. The following features we saw and examined in order: The Cathedral Arch, Whale's Jaw, the White House, the Coral Garden, Old

Nick's Bedroom, Niagara Falls, the King's Palace, Neptune's Grotto, the Queen's Dining Room, the Queen's Reception Room, the Petrified Forest, Grand Column, the Bacon Slab Room, the Graveyard, Washington's Statue, Joaquin Miller's Chapel, Washington's Monument, the Twin Sisters, the Garden of the Gods, Mt. Shasta, Icy Lake Michigan, Atlantic Ocean, Ripply Beaches, Old Nick's Slide, Cudjo's Cave, the Garden of Eden, the Ghost Rock, Paradise Lost, the Melting Glacier, the Hanging Slabs, the Yosemite Falls, Dante's Inferno, the Sisters, then through the winding, long and steep Wiggle Hole to the main corridor, and thence out at the upper entrance.

The intricacies of the Oregon caves can be somewhat imagined when it is explained that the guide led us through several different networks and avenues around and around the big Ghost Room. The Ghost Room is itself over 66 feet high, and you painfully climb up a series of ladders bearing your candle and peering into many an unknown passageway. And there is a third cave entrance and a corridor now partly stopped up, which, when excavated, will lead three miles underground. Through this entrance a great river once rushed, boiling and seething, as may well be seen by the soil which is strewn along the avenue, and by the ripple marks on the walls.

That the Marble Halls of Oregon are one of the chiefest of the world's wonders cannot be doubted. It is a fact they are little known, but the reason for that is there is no automobile road leading to Cave Camp and the cave entrance. From Grants Pass, which is the nearest route, the distance is called 37 miles, with five miles of that distance to be hiked.

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.

NINE NEWS.

Nine Folks Attend Church at Calf Creek—Personal Items.

Brady, Texas, Aug. 9.

Editor Brady Standard:

Quite a number of the young folks attended a party Tuesday night at Mr. Pennington's of Dodge.

Miss Vivian Smith returned home Tuesday from Winchell and was accompanied home by her cousin, Miss Jora Currie.

Walter Smith and family of Sour Lake, are visiting his sister, Mrs. Ben Smith.

Mrs. S. A. Mauldin and children spent Wednesday with Mrs. D. C. Blauvelt.

Alvin Spivey spent Wednesday night with Marl Mauldin.

Mrs. John Spivey spent Monday with Mrs. S. A. Mauldin.

Ramas Wright is visiting his brother, John Wright.

Mrs. D. Harkrider and daughters, Wina and Pet, called on Mrs. D. C. Blauvelt last Sunday afternoon.

A. F. McCoy and wife and Eldon Deland and family, spent from Thursday until Saturday night on the San Saba river.

Wesley Giddings and family of Coleman county spent Saturday and Sunday at D. C. Blauvelt's.

S. A. Mauldin and family and D. C. Blauvelt and family and Wesley Giddings and family, and Henry Miller and Alex Maltzberger called at the home of John Sprvey Saturday night.

Mrs. Ben Smith and little daughter, Martha Deane, went to Winchell Saturday night.

Several of the Nine people went to church at Calf Creek Sunday.

Mrs. Ben Smith spent Monday night with Mrs. D. C. Blauvelt.

Misses Vivian Smith and Flora Currie and Melvin Combs called at the homes of John Spivey and S. A. Mauldin Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Josie Wright and daughters, Mary Spivey and Bettie Mae, spent Thursday at John Spivey's.

Most everyone at Nine was at the reunion Friday.

Horace and Marl Mauld'n and Alex Maltzberger spent Sunday with Enoch Spivey.

Alpha, Delia, Mary and Elbern Blauvelt spent Monday afternoon at Sid Mauldin's.

"SUNSHINE."

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

HE COULD NOT LIFT LEFT FOOT FROM HEAD

Prominent Texas Lawyer Was Almost Down and Out—Said He Now Feels Just Fine

"I don't think I ever spent any money in my life to as much advantage as that I spent for Tanlac," said F. W. Graf, a successful planter who makes his home at 3420 Lyons Ave., Houston, Tex. Mr. Graf enjoys the reputation of being a man of few words and of strong convictions, and his word is considered as good as his bond by all who know him.

"I tell you Tanlac's fine. It certainly has proved its merit in my case, and, while I do not care for publicity, I am willing to make a public statement, for I think everybody ought to know about a medicine that does what is claimed for it. When I started on Tanlac I was almost down and out from indigestion and rheumatism. Nothing I ate agreed with me and I had such pains in my left arm and shoulder that I couldn't lift my hand to my head.

"This was the condition I was in when I began to take Tanlac, and inside of two weeks it has made a new man out of me. I eat anything I want and have absolutely no gas or distress of any kind afterwards. I sleep like a log every night and am more active and energetic than in years. I am entirely free from all signs of rheumatism and have been even able to stop the use of laxatives, a habit I had for years. This medicine is simply fine—by far the best I ever tried—and I want to be enrolled as one of its strongest friends. I used to think the statements I read about Tanlac were exaggerated, but since I have tried the medicine with such remarkable results I am willing to vouch for it, too."

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.

WONDER WORDS.

Wonder, Or., July 29.

Editor Brady Standard:

It is truly surprising to contemplate the vast number of million here, ass-tocracy who are at the present time joy-riding in unpaid-for automobiles, burning gas, at somebody else's expense. Going at a dangerous speed and no business to transact when he gets there!

Here is what the parcel contained. In this morning's mail came a parcel from my good old-time friend at Blythe, Texas, Prof. C. P. Taylor. When he was a boy we always called him "Pat" for short; and in my estimation he still stands pat. Here is what the parcel contained:—Five the prettiest white onions I ever saw. The largest one weighed exactly one pound, and the other four were only a trifle smaller.

Last week I received a sack of nice okra from my sister who lives in Brady, Mrs. V. Armstrong.

I am sending the headlines of an article in the Portland, Or., Telegram, showing the amount of taxes we Oregonians have to pay. Can you beat it?

"O. I. C. U. R. RIGHT."

Oregon's Taxes Greatest in State's History; Per Capita Rate \$88.20.

Levy Aggregates \$69,195,457, of Which Federal Share is \$27,978,089; Average Family Pays \$441.00.

(Editor's note—The Telegram today prints the first of a series of articles by Mr. Hansen on taxation. It is a long exploded theory that taxes can be localized on any one group or class. The burden is invariably passed on by the taxpayer to the people with whom he does business and the average person finally pays the bill in higher rents, higher clothing and higher food. The average person has been conscious of the heavier burden he has been forced to carry since the war but as to just how great the burden is and to what extent the county, state and federal government are responsible, he has no definite and ready information. It is in the belief that it is rendering a timely service to the average reader that The Telegram publishes Mr. Hansen's analytical stories.)

A Voice from the Dead.

A reporter was misinformed, and the obituary of a live man appeared in the Daily Tribune. Of course, the man was more or less indignant about the error, and rushing to the phone, called the editor. "I see in your dirty old sheet that I am dead," he snorted. "Yes," replied the editor. "Where are you speaking from?" — Candy News.

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.



FARM BUREAU NOTES.
POSITION OF CO. DEM. AGENT AS RELATED TO EDUCATION OF RURAL COMMUNITIES

Many of our good citizens have a somewhat biased idea as to the real position of the county agent and the role he plays in the every-day life of our rural as well as urban citizenship. The county agent, if he be wide-awake and on his job, has a many-sided proposition to handle and will be found to be a very busy man, if one will take the time and trouble to keep in touch with him for a while. His field of operation lies over the whole of the county and in the towns as well as in the fields. Our business men in the towns and our business men on the farms are two separate and distinct groups, and yet, one depending to a greater or less extent upon the other. It is a fact that our business men as we commonly speak of the merchants, bankers, etc., cannot get along without our farmers, and no more can our farmers get along without our business men. Therefore, in order for a community to prosper, the business men and farmers of that community must work in harmony, and it is the duty of the County Agent to see that they do work in co-ordination instead of setting up two hostile camps, which, if set up, will sooner or later mean a retrogressive instead of a progressive community.

The County Agent's idea grew out of the effort of Dr. S. A. Knapp, who some twenty years ago, undertook, with the co-operation of the Federal Department of Agriculture, to find some means of controlling the boll weevil which was playing havoc with the cotton crop in South Texas. Dr. Knapp then had only two or three forward-thinking farmers working with him and having a large territory to cover they went from place to place on free passes issued to them by the railroads. On these trips they induced the more progressive farmers in different sections to try out different varieties of early maturing cotton and also to try different cultural methods, etc., in order to ascertain the effect towards lessening the destruction wrought by the boll weevil. The farmers became interested in the work being done and soon the force of workers had to be increased. About this time the Anti-Pass Law went into effect and cut off the means of free transportation and then Dr. Knapp conceived the idea of stationing one man in each county where most needed and furnishing him with a horse and buggy to get about in. So from this start the County Agent work grew until in 1914 the Federal Smith-Lever Act was passed placing the Extension Work on a firm basis.

The Extension Department, as we have it today, is divided into three branches. The first and primary branch is the experimental, under which we have the main research and experiment station at the A. & M. College, and thirteen sub-stations situated in various sections of the state and making a principal study of the crops best adapted to their immediate territory. For instance, at Spur, we have a sub-station making a study of grain sorghums; at Beaumont they are studying rice production principally; at Angleton, cotton and forage crops adapted to the Gulf Coast regions; at Troupe, truck, etc.; at Denton, wheat and small grains, and so on down the line. So we see that the Experiment stations find the projects, work them out and thoroughly test their worth before passing them on to the other branches of the service.

We then come to the Agricultural Department of the A. & M. college

where these proven theories and facts as related to agriculture are taught to those young men who are fortunate enough to have an opportunity to attend that institution in person.

Last, but by no means least we have the County Agent Department where technically trained men and women are sent out to the farmers, in the fields and to the farm women in the rural homes to teach them improved methods of farming and better rural home life conditions.

A county agent isn't supposed to be a know-all, but should be technically trained and with an alert mind capable of the conception of problems as he meets them and of finding a solution for same if there be one. Agriculture covers a vast field, and we find men who have made a life study of a single insect and yet they do not claim to know all there is to be learned about this particular bug. Therefore, in order to conceive the correct relationship between the farmer and the county agent, we must look at the latter as a medium between the farmer in the field on the one hand and those theories and practices on the other, which have been thoroughly studied and tested out by our experiment stations and live progressive farmers in the fields. The County Agent being in direct touch with these Experiment Stations and farmers can get the desired information more readily than can the average farmer. The county agent is then the man who brings the A. & M. College to the man who has to toil in the fields and since it is a physical impossibility for a county agent to reach every farmer in the county personally, it therefore becomes necessary that in order to reach the greatest number of them, his work be done thru community instead of individual demonstrations as much as possible.

Signed, **GEO. E. EHLINGER,**
 County Agent.

BRADY REUNION HIGHLY PRAISED BY VETERANS RETURNING TO BROWNWOOD

Confederate Veterans J. C. Allcorn and G. W. Brewer of Bangs, and I. B. Smith, T. A. Witcher, E. L. Kirksby, and others of Brownwood, who attended the old soldiers' reunion at Brady last week, returned loud in their praise of the entertainment given them by the Brady people. Mr. Allcorn says that in the way of solicitous care and interest taken in the old soldiers by the Brady people it was the most successful reunion of fair ever given in this section of the state. About 150 old soldiers were present, Mr. Allcorn said, and the Brady people saw to it that every man of them was made comfortable and afforded a good time. Sheriff Wall, an old timer himself, had much to do with the old soldiers' entertainment, and he left nothing undone in their behalf. The attendance at the barbecue and reunion was not large, but it was a most enjoyable affair for everyone. Railroad Commissioner Earl Mayfield of Austin, candidate for U. S. Senator, was the principal speaker.—Brownwood News.

ZISTABAND COMES TO COLEMAN NEXT YEAR—ORGANIZATION HISTORY

A Waxahachie dispatch, July 16, says: "The Zistaband reunion ended here this morning with the selection of Coleman as the 1922 meeting place. Officers were elected as follows: Russell H. Carlyle, Illinois, president; Frank A. Reese, Comanche, first vice-president; Stanley M. Raub, New York City, re-elected second vice president; R. Vaughn Ray, Wichita Falls, secretary; E. R. Andrews, San Antonio, treasurer, and Dr. J. W. Ragsdale, Brady, re-elected editor and musical director.

History of Organization.
 Zistaband was created to promote and preserve the friendship formed between the members of the 21st Field Artillery Band of the Fifth Division A. E. F. during the World war. The first meeting of Zistaband was held on the station platform at D-John, France, April 20, 1918. The initial meeting was adjourned rather hurriedly in order that the men might lead their luggage on the train. The meeting was again started in a third class German passenger coach in the railroad yards at Is Sur Tille, France, when officers were elected and Brownwood chosen as first meeting place on or about the first July 4th that the members would be in the United States. The next meeting was held in the band room in a school house in Dudelange, Luxembourg, July 4, 1918, at which time the name Zistaband was chosen.

Twenty-five of the entire Zistaband membership of forty-six are Texans—Coleman Democrat-Voice.

TWENTY-FOUR CARS RECOVERED THROUGH PRETTY LITTLE CLUE

San Angelo, Tex., Aug. 6.—Twenty-four automobiles, which investigation indicated have recently been stolen in various parts of West Texas, are being held in the following places: San Angelo, Ranger, Breckenridge, Baird, Llano, Pontotoc, El Dorado and Christoval. These machines are held for inspection by persons who have machines missing, it was announced here today by Frank Duckworth, sheriff of Tom Green county.

Reports of many thefts led officers to believe that the machines were being taken into Mexico until five cars from which the original motor numbers had been shaved off and new numbers stamped on were re-registered at Goldthwaite. The use of the figure "4" in restamping no longer employed at the Ford factory, furnished Duckworth the clue which led to the discoveries.

S. H. Rouse of San Angelo is in jail at Goldthwaite facing a charge of automobile theft. He and Drew Garrett each have furnished \$1,000 bail here on similar complaints. Many owners are enroute to the various towns to inspect the supposed stolen cars.

PROGRAM RENDERED AT DAVIS SCHOOL AUGUST 6, BY AGRICULTURAL CLUB

The Agricultural Club of Davis school met August 6, 1921 and rendered a program for the seventh time this year.

We received one new member, making fifteen (15) on our enrollment. We now have every child old enough to join in our community.

We had a house full of visitors, all cheering loudly after each recitation. The secretary read a very interesting program for September 2, 1921, all members seeming to be more interested now than before.

Another important feature of the afternoon was the explaining of our secretary book by the club leader, which was enjoyed very much, especially by club members.

Each and everyone reported a nice time and say they are coming again. I shall run along and give space for another club report.

—Reporter.

NEGRO BASE BALL AT FAIR THIS YEAR—TO BE NEW SAN SABA FEATURE

There will be a morning base ball game each day of the fair, August 16 to 19, between two of the best and most evenly matched negro teams in West Texas. These are the Lampasas Oil Burners and the San Saba Black Buffalos. Come out and see the clown coach lightning strike. The games will be called promptly at 9:30.

This is a new attraction for the fair and will be well worth the patronage of the fair visitors. John Adams is manager of the home team and has his aggregation whipped into a fine working machine.—San Saba News.

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

GOING! REGARDLESS OF COST—J. F. SCHAEG'S LEATHER GOODS.

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

Give me a trial with your next roll of films. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's. Swat the rooster—and bring us your eggs. **BRADY BROKERAGE CO.**
 Coin Mailing Cards. The Brady Standard.

SAN SABA MERCHANT, T. C. HENRY, CLOSES BUSINESS AS BANKRUPT

T. C. Henry closed his houses at San Saba and Richland Springs last Saturday and filed bankruptcy proceedings in the federal court at Austin. The heavy slump in cotton last year was more than could be tided over. Mr. Henry is known in every nook and corner of the San Saba trade territory. He has been in the mercantile business in San Saba for some 30 years and during this time has been closely associated with the progress and development of the town.—San Saba News.

HISTORIC GROVE IN MEXICO NOW BEING CUT FOR FIREWOOD

El Paso, Tex., July 11.—"Peace Grove," a historic little clump of cottonwoods on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande about a mile west of El Paso and three miles northwest of Juarez, is being desecrated for firewood. In this grove General Francisco I. Madero agreed to an armistice which foreman the close of his revolution and the downfall of Porfirio Diaz.

Of the 20 or 25 trees originally in the grove more than half have been consumed in the Mexican huts for firewood.

The name "Peace Grove" was won in 1911 when Madero, encouraged by many successes, led his troops against the federal garrison at Juarez, then commanded by General Juan J. Navarro. While his troops were waiting west of Juarez, General Madero met General Navarro on Sunday, April 23, 1911, in the grove and signed with him a five days armistice. Each side agreed that neither would advance during the time specified during the armistice and that military operations should cease.

The five days passed without accomplishment. A second armistice of five days was agreed upon and when that expired, a third was signed. Both sides awaited the arrival of Judge Francisco Carbajal, who was to represent Diaz.

It was determined on May 3 to hold the first conference the next day in Peace Grove. None but the commissioners should attend. Ropes were stretched at a distance from the grove and guards were placed to keep away all intruders.

On the morning of May 4 the conference met. They adjourned at noon, resumed session in the afternoon and planned to meet again the following day. The armistice expired at 1 p. m. on May 5 when General Madero announced that his demands for General Diaz' resignation had not been answered.

After a three-day battle, Juarez fell to Madero. He proceeded to organize a "provisional government" with himself as president and with Juarez the capital. He appointed a cabinet.

On May 17, Diaz announced his resignation, clinching the Madero victory. Peace was signed on May 22 and on May 26 General Madero left Juarez on a special train for Mexico City.



Low Cost Mileage For the Big Car

Every Fisk Tire is a guarantee that you will get mileage at a low cost.

For satisfaction, safety and economy you buy a "sure thing" when you buy Fisk Tires.

You are safe when you buy a known and reputable product at a low price

Sold only by Dealers

Mann-Ricks Auto Co
 Sell Fisk Tires Phone 57 Brady

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.
 Send your films to a good finisher. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.
 To Cure a Cold in One Day
 Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets). It cures the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 30c.

Radcliffe Chautauqua



BRADY Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
AUGUST 15---16---17
Six Great Educational Entertainments
Season Tickets: Adults - \$2.00 School Children - \$1.00

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, Aug. 12, 1921

HONEST INJUN.

Wanted—More light on the subject, the "subject" in this case being Brady streets.

SINGERS, ALL.

The Brady Standard has a correspondent who signs his name as Amos Keeter. The Brownwood Moskeeters don't write, but they are mighty good singers.—Brownwood Bulletin.

The Brady Standard Moskeeters are singers, too—they sing the praises of McCulloch county at all times—good or bad.

Let's take the hobbles off of Brady! Hand in hand with an abundant supply of water, we should have better lighted streets, better improved streets, more miles of sidewalk, more beautiful homes, more attractive home surroundings. Let every citizen go to work with a good will, and in less than five years we will have doubled our population and will have put Brady in city class—with emphasis on the "class."

ORGANIZING AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION.

This issue contains an interesting account of the discovery of a ring of auto thieves, who have been operating over a wide scope of country in this section of the state, and who have been making a clean get-away with stolen cars through the simple ex-

pedient of shaving off factory numbers and the substitution of other numbers. Two alleged members of the gang are now under arrest.

Which suggests that McCulloch county automobile owners should form an Automobile association for mutual protection against thieves. Only thru such means will the wholesale thievery of cars ever be brought to an end. Such an organization would perform the same service as has the cattlemen's and other similar organizations. Drastic and quick punishment of all auto thieves would be assured were the organization to get behind the officers of the law and support them in their efforts—and that would serve to quickly break up any lawless gangs organized to prey upon careless or unfortunate automobile owners.

A GREAT DAY FOR BRADY.

It was a great day for Brady when an unlimited supply of pure, soft water was struck in the new Brady water well!

It means the beginning of a new era.

It means that we are removed from the shadow of fear of a water famine, each time a few months' drought is at hand.

It means that in future no citizens will be lost to Brady because of Brady's inadequate water supply.

It means that Brady is blessed with an abundance of pure, cold, soft water—as fine as nature ever poured from her bosom.

It should mean that Brady will soon have a water rate sufficiently low to enable the citizens to use water in ample quantities to water their lawns, trees, shrubbery and flowers, which in turn will enable Brady to become a city of beautiful homes and home surroundings.

The assuring of water in unlimited quantities is the beginning of a new day. No city can have too much water. No city can boast of a greater asset than an abundance of pure water. And no city in Texas can claim better water than Brady now has.

THE MOST USEFUL CITIZEN.

An Oklahoma paper is running a series of advertisements stating that a substantial prize will be offered on a certain date to "The Most Useful Man" in that city. Just how the decision is to be made is not stated, but at least it sets one to thinking. For instance, who is the most useful man

in Brownwood? Is it a certain preacher, a lawyer, doctor, banker or newspaper man? In what does usefulness consist? Would you consider the man who has made the most money, the most useful? Or is it the man who is always willing to do his bit, whether by way of contribution or work, to help the town prosper? Different people have different ideas as to what constitutes usefulness. Making it personal however, what are you doing to make yourself a useful citizen? Are you one of the kind who is ready to sit back and let "George do the work" while you prosper by his labor and efforts? Can Brownwood count on your assistance in every forward movement? Are you always ready to criticize what others are doing and yet have no constructive policy to substitute? In brief, would you like to live in a town where men of your character, habits and disposition predominated? —Brownwood Bulletin.

The present drought may be regarded as a benefit rather than detriment to the farmers of Central West Texas. It does not require an elastic optimism to maintain this view. A favorable season this year would have produced a large cotton crop when the price is low, and it would have produced conditions that would have caused a large crop of weevils to be carried over into next year. Under drought conditions, which will have an influence upon the present cotton market, a better price will be paid for the small crop that will be raised, and prospects are that few weevils will be carried through the winter to harrass next year's crop, and next year will doubtless see much higher prices offered for cotton. Wet weather and weevils have reduced this year's cotton production all throughout Southern and Eastern Texas. Farmers in those sections of the state have large fields of cotton, immense in foliage, but without a boll on it, and they are carrying over a crop of weevils to burden their cotton raising efforts next year. Farmers of Brown and adjoining counties are much more fortunate with their weather adversity. The drought has brought them a very short cotton crop, but the drought will make conditions very favorable for a good cotton season the coming year.—Brownwood News.

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.

Transfer Binders. The Standard.

Don't fail to call around and see those handsome New Rugs just received at C. H. Armspiger's New Wand Used Store.

STAFF OFFICERS AND LADIES APPOINTED BY COMMANDER J. O. FRINK

The following is the list of staff officers and ladies appointed by J. O. Frink, commander of the Mountain Remnants, 5th Brigade, U. C. V., at the close of the reunion last Friday in Brady:

L. Ballou, Adj't.-Gen'l and Chief of Staff.

Chester Harison, Ass't-Adj't.-Gen'l. O. F. Spring, Inspector Gen'l. Rev. W. B. Gray, Chaplain.

Dr. E. G. Magruder, Surgeon-Gen'l. N. M. Newsom, Flag Lieut.

Mrs. Lillie Palmer, elected Matron for life.

Mrs. E. G. Magruder, Brigade Historian.

Mrs. C. R. Fields, Daughter of Brigade.

Miss Katherine Ballou, Sponsor of Brigade.

Quartermaster General to be named later.

R. D. Dyer, Brigade Orderly.

Olfert Striegler, re-elected Colonel 1st Regiment.

Z. I. Williams, re-elected Colonel 2nd Regiment.

Ike Smith, re-elected Colonel 3rd Regiment.

H. R. Melnis, re-elected Colonel 4th Regiment.

BRADY LOSES GAME AT BROWNWOOD 10 TO 4 IN FAVOR ELKS-K. P. TEAM

Brady dropped the game played at Brownwood Wednesday by a score of 10 to 4 in favor of the Brownwood team made up of the pick of the crack Elks and Knights of Pythias teams. Robertson and Lane furnished the battery for Brady. The Brownwood Bulletin gives the following account of the game:

Brady's crack baseball team was suffering from the heat Wednesday afternoon, and Brownwood walloped the visiting outfit 10 to 4. The game was what sport writers call a "hectic" affair, Brownwood landing freely on the offerings of young Robertson, star McCulloch county twirler, for 12 safe swats and taking six free passes to first base during his wilder moments.

Cobb pitched a steady game for Brownwood, shutting out the visitors for seven innings. In the eighth Bill Ingram let a long keen fly get away from him with two men on the bags and Brady counted twice. In the last

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

When your Battery needs distilled water, don't forget our service is FREE and we are glad to Test and Water your Battery. And when it needs Recharging or Repairing, we will do it at a reasonable cost and furnish you a rental battery while your battery is with us. REMEMBER WE SPECIALIZE ON STORAGE BATTERY WORK.

Standard Battery Comp'y

R. J. GARTMAN J. D. GOODRICH
(Morgan Bldg., 1 door North Hardin - Jones Lumber Company)

inning the whole Brownwood defense loosened up a bit and two more runners were made by the visitors, for a total of four. Robertson held Brownwood scoreless for four innings, but in the fifth five runs were counted and in the sixth inning three more scores were chalked up. Two additional tallies for good measures were taken in the eighth, making the Brownwood score 10.

The game was replete with long hits, two baggers being made by Cobb, Ingram, White, Atkins and Clegg, the latter getting a pair of two-baggers and a home run in his five trips to the plate. Cobb struck out eight batters and Robinson whiffed six; two free passes were issued by Cobb during the game.

NEW BUSINESS INSTITUTION TO OPEN IN BRADY—DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, MEAT

Behrens Bros. Meat market and J. H. Behrens, General Mercantile establishment, is the newest addition to Brady's institutions, which will shortly open for the public in the Henderson building on the north side of the square, and adjoining The Standard building on the east. The building is now being remodeled, renovated and refitted in readiness for stocking. While the building will be occupied jointly, the two firms will operate independently, Albert and Will Behrens conducting the meat market, and Julian H. Behrens conducting the mercantile establishment.

The Messrs. Behrens announce that they will kill their own choice beef exclusively, and expect to serve the public with the very highest class of meats at economical prices. They

are fitting up a neat and attractive place of business, and promise a service that will leave nothing to be desired. Both are prominent and substantial citizens of the south end of the county, and their wide acquaintance and general popularity will prove a big factor in getting their business established.

Julian Behrens is this week preparing to move his mercantile stock from Lohn, where he has been located the past couple years, back to Brady. In re-establishing here, Mr. Behrens relies upon his wide acquaintance and general knowledge of the trade to attract a large and profitable clientele. In addition to handling a general line of dry goods, Mr. Behrens will stock both staple and fancy groceries, and will carry the best lines, such as he has demonstrated to his full satisfaction. A line of shelf hardware will also be carried by Mr. Behrens.

The establishment of these two business institutions in Brady will prove another good drawing card, and will serve to attract trade from widespread points in the Brady trade territory.

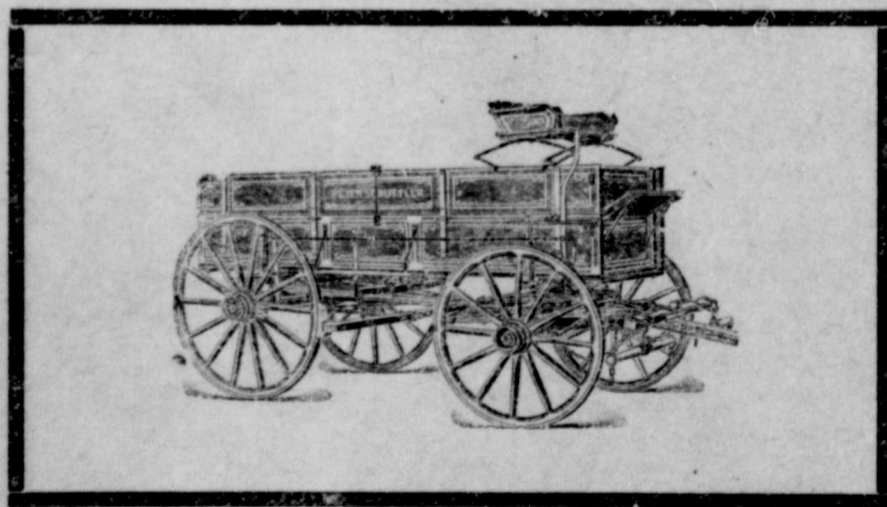
We are now located on the West Side of the Square, where we will be glad to welcome you. We are still rendering the best of service in our repair department; also carry a line of the best in jewelry. A. F. GRANT, Jeweler.

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

HOUSE NOTES.

House Party.
Miss Cleone Deaver entertained very charmingly with a house party during the reunion. Among the guests were Misses Daisy Lee Taylor, Frances Harris and Elizabeth Holcomb of San Saba, Erin and Monita Stobaugh of Rockwood, Adeline Bevans of Brownwood, and Imogene Deaver of Fort Worth.

House Party.
Miss Cleone Deaver, accompanied by her guests, Miss Imogene Deaver of Fort Worth and Miss Daisy Lee Taylor of San Saba, will leave Sunday for San Saba to join in a house party given there by Miss Taylor. Incidentally the party will attend the San Saba Fair.

Dinner Party.
Miss Carmen Anderson entertained on Tuesday evening at 7:30 with a delightful three-course dinner for a small party of friends, included among whom were Misses Katharine Ballou, Marjorie McCall, Bernadine Stokes of San Antonio, Cleone Tatum of San Angelo; Messrs. Jack Gartman, Aubrey Jones, Jack Hampton, Jack Robertson, Leslie Townsend. The table was very prettily decorated, cut flowers and ferns forming the centerpiece. Place cards were used. As souvenirs crepe paper caps were presented to the guests and were worn during the dinner.
Following the dinner, games and dancing were enjoyed during the evening.

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

J. M. PAGE, BRADY'S ORIGINAL SECOND HAND MAN, IS AGAIN SERVING THE PUBLIC

J. M. Page, Brady's original second hand store man, is again in business—back at the same old stand and back in the same line as of old. Mr. Page is this week restocking the building just at the rear of Moffatt Bros. & Jones grocery, and will carry a large line of second hand goods for the trade. Incidentally, he will also resume his repair business, in which line he built up a large trade prior to retiring from business a year ago.
Mr. Page's retirement was occasioned by ill health, and he has spent the greater part of the past twelve months seeking relief at various sanitariums and health resorts. He states that he finds himself much improved, and again able to attend to business. All his many friends will be glad to learn of his again becoming identified with Brady's business interests.

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.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Collier are spending a vacation period visiting relatives in Coleman.

Mrs. N. H. Williams of Hammond, La., arrived this week for a visit with her mother, Mrs. E. R. Sayle, and relatives and friends.

Messrs. Joe, Ike and Bill Myers, accompanied by their mother, Mrs. Ida Myers, and Mr. and Mrs. Davis, drove to Coleman for a visit Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Pierson and children of Austin are guests of the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Eklund, while enjoying a couple weeks' vacation.

Chas. (Red) Gould, who has been at Camp Travis, where he is in infantry service, is spending a couple weeks' furlough here visiting with relatives and friends.

E. P. Lea is enjoying visits from his daughters, Mrs. A. B. Walker and children of Teague, and Mrs. J. W. Germany and daughter, Mira, of Grand Saline.

Miss Myrtle Wall, accompanied by her friends, Misses Alix Bowen and Ruth Rather, are here from Temple to spend a two-weeks' vacation visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wall.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Seymore were here from Waco the past week to attend the reunion and also to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Seymore, who were guests of relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Squyres left Monday night for Brownwood, where his mother, Mrs. J. T. Squyres of Mercury, is under treatment at a sanitarium for a very serious illness.

Mrs. Perry Neal has been in charge of the hemstitching machine at the Singer Sewing Machine shop, during the absence of Mrs. George W. Henderson, who is visiting in San Angelo and Miles.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Danielson and family were here during the reunion, coming from Fort Worth for a visit with the family of W. A. Baker. They also visited in Mason before returning home.

Mrs. Leonard Kirk and children, and Misses Katie and Jennie Woodward of Waco, came in Friday to visit their mother, Mrs. W. W. Butler and sisters, Mrs. Curtis Benson and Rocket Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Rual Sipe and children, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Goodner and family, left Wednesday for their home at Hamlin. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sipe are former McCulloch county folks, who are now engaged in Jones county.

John Parker, San Angelo's efficient fire chief, accompanied by Mrs. Parker and two children, passed through the city Wednesday on their return home from a pleasant ten-days' visit with Mr. Parker's sister, Mrs. R. A. Johns, and family, of Pontotoc.

Mrs. R. H. Long is here from San Antonio for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Paul Calvert, and children, the visit proving a most enjoyable one, especially since it is the first since the family removed from Brady something like eight or nine years ago.

Mrs. J. S. Anderson and daughter, Miss Carmen, drove to Menard Wednesday for a visit. They were accompanied by Mrs. Walter Russell and Mrs. Fred Ellis and children, who were returning to their home following a visit here and attendance upon the reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Smith drove to Brownwood Wednesday, being accompanied by their niece, Miss Cleone Tatum, who had been their guest, and who met her aunt in Brownwood enroute to San Angelo, where they will visit. Mr. and Mrs. Smith returned to Brady Wednesday evening.

Messrs. J. C. and John Wall and sister, Mrs. Lee Morgan, enjoyed a visit from their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Sam K. Seymore of Columbus, during the reunion, and also Mrs. Agnes Garner and daughter, Miss Willie. R. E. Dunn of Muldoon accompanied the Seymores here, he being an old-time friend of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan. Mrs. Garner and daughter are continuing their visit here, the rest of the party having returned to their homes the first of the week.

To Stop a Cough Quick

take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a cough medicine which stops the cough by healing the inflamed and irritated tissues.

A box of GROVES' O-PEN-TRATE SALVE for Chest Colds, Head Colds and Croup is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. The salve should be rubbed on the chest and throat of children suffering from a Cold or Croup.

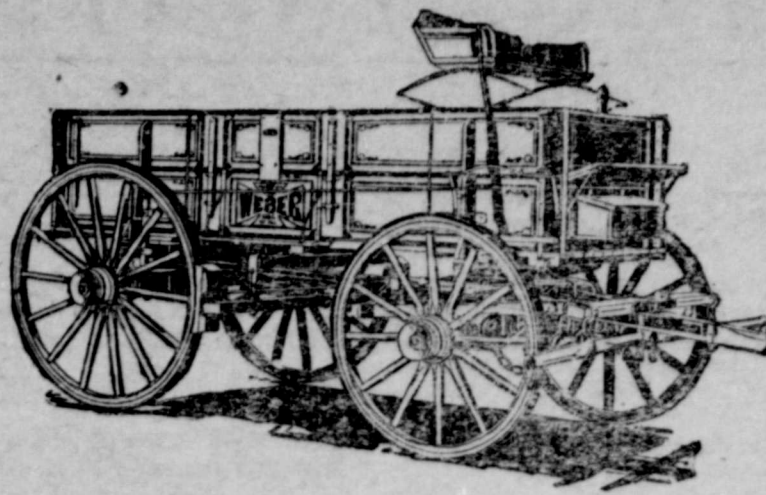
The healing effect of Hayes' Healing Honey inside the throat combined with the healing effect of Groves' O-Pen-Trate Salve through the pores of the skin soon stops a cough.

Both remedies are packed in one carton and the cost of the combined treatment is 25c.

Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

Ledger Sheets for Loose Leaf Ledgers. The Brady Standard.

WAGON TIME



We have in stock Weber and Springfield Wagons, with regular beds or cotton frame beds. No better wagons are made than the Springfield and Weber. Figure with us.

**Everything in Harness
Broad Mer. Co.**

FIRE DESTROYS 4000 ACRES GRASS IN FREDONIA SECTION RECENTLY

Fire broke out in the Williams pasture near Fredonia last Thursday and spread rapidly into the pasture of Riley Latham. The smoke from the fire was easily seen at San Saba, a distance of nearly thirty miles. It is reported that nearly a thousand people saw the smoke and gathered to help fight back the flames. Report also has it that in the neighborhood of 4000 acres of grass was destroyed before the fire was under control.

The extreme hot, dry weather has parched the grass and it burns almost like powder.—San Saba News.

COMING TO BRADY FOR THE SCHOOLS?

If you want to buy desirable Brady property for a permanent home, we have it for you. For further information, apply at Brady Standard office.

Rubber Bands at The Standard office.

BAY & SON
CONTRACTORS — BUILDERS
BRICK AND CEMENT
We Specialize in Pebble Dash Work. Estimates and Blue Prints Furnished. Will Appreciate a Share of Your Business.
Office Phone No. 241 Brady

16-oz. Duck for Covering Cots and Hacks at Evers' Saddle, Harness and Shoe Shop.

NOTICE!
I have opened a
Sign Shop
Over Trigg Drug Co.
SHOW CARDS and SIGNS
Satisfaction Guaranteed
F. M. Page

**---NEW---
FALL MILLINERY**

We are now showing the Newest Eastern Styles in Ladies' and Misses' TRIMMED HATS. Every Hat in the house a specially trimmed model. No two alike. Handsome combinations, and very moderately priced.

*Come and Look Them Over.
We Are Glad to Show Them*

The Hub Dry Goods Store

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.

**O. D. MANN & SONS
BRADY, TEXAS**

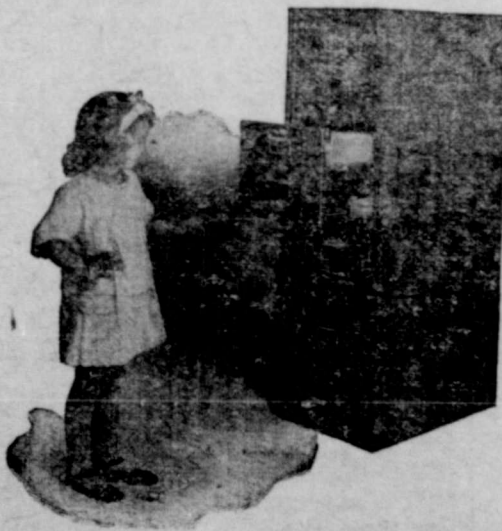
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UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS**

MODERN AUTO HEARSE IN CONNECTION

Day Phone, 4

Night Phone, 195

**Why the No. 2070
Excels**



Built by Shaw-Walker.
Has no nuts, bolts or screws.
It's rigid.
The drawers open and close easily and smoothly.
The slide is progressive. It's a well-made, durable slide.
The drawers are 25 1/2 inches deep. This gives you eight or ten more inches filing space per four drawers than you secure in other low-priced files.
So this case gives you the essentials—rigidity, big capacity, easy operating drawers.
Of course, it's not as good a case as the No. 1070. Have to sacrifice somewhere. Lighter gauge of steel, steel hardware, and a slip-in follower block save money, yet detract little from the file's actual usefulness.
May be had in olive green or mahogany, with or without locks.

The Brady Standard

PHONE 163

OUR YOUNG MAN WILL DELIVER THE GOODS

BRADY, TEXAS



The proportions of the Buick Four are exceedingly generous and you will find the new-Four big in comfort, big in fuel and tire mileage.

It will be a favorite among owners who prefer cars of its type. For, like the Buick Six, it has been built to fill a need in the motoring world and it will bear its share of the responsibility of maintaining Buick prestige.

PRICES

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

BRADY AUTO COMPANY

Phone 152 B. A. HALLUM, Mgr. Brady, Texas

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Pungent Paragraphs.
The new definition of gold is: A foot and mouth disease.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.
Perhaps the man who reads movie titles aloud isn't allowed to talk at home.—Rock Island Argus.
Still, Lord Northcliffe need not want for a meal ticket or a place to sleep.—Chicago Daily News.
A prison where the inmates are made to manufacture things is one closed shop that all will approve.—Nashville Banner.
Some husbands have quit staying home at night because they hate to be alone.—Omaha Daily News.
A magazine writer says retired officeholders enjoy loafing in Washington. The enjoyment isn't limited to the retired ones.—St. Louis City Journal.
The knows have it.—Jefferson City Capital News.
"Trained hogs to sample booze" is the latest scheme of the dry agents. But where will they find the hog born a hog, that will touch it.—Atlanta Constitution.
Lima Beane says the bill collector may not have a handsome face but his back looks beautiful.—Toledo Blade.

Save money and be sure of your winter fuel by placing your coal order with us now. Phone 295. MACY & CO.

COW CREEK CALLINGS.

Brady Praised for Reunion Barbecue Dinner and Ice Water.
Lohn, Texas, Aug. 7.
Editor Brady Standard:
We will try to bring the news this week, as we failed to write last week.
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Woods and daughter drove over to Rochelle Saturday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Young attended church at Fairview Sunday.
Roy Wyres went to Millersview Sunday.
The Apostolic folks had baptizing Sunday morning at Mr. J. S. Wyres' tank; one man from Rochelle was baptised. We failed to learn the name.
E. W. Turner, wife and baby went to Katemcy Friday.
Miss Velma Hill of Lohn visited Lora Killingsworth Sunday.
Rev. and Mrs. Frank Anderson of Fort Worth are visiting friends here this week.
There were quite a lot of the Creek folks attended the reunion at Brady and all report a nice time in spite of the hot, dry weather. We must give Brady the praise for the nice dinner and plenty of good ice water to drink.
Roy Wyres, Mrs. Killingsworth, son, and daughter, went to Millersview last Wednesday and there they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shield, son and daughter, also their son, Fred, of Doodle, and Miss Helen Teten of Lohn, and from there they went to the Llano river and spent several days fishing and also visited

the 700-springs on the Llano; returning home they all report a most pleasant and long-to-be-remembered time.
Mrs. R. F. Shield and daughter, Miss Jeanette, accompanied them home to attend the reunion Wednesday evening and at night, returning to their home Thursday.
Prayer meeting at E. W. Turner's was attended by a very large crowd, and all report a nice time.
D. G. Baker of Winters came in last Friday to visit his sister-in-law and family, Mrs. E. W. Woods. Mr. Baker reports that it is hot and dry with them and cotton almost a failure.

"WILD FLOWER."

VOCA VOICES.

Voca Plays Ball With Field Creek and Wins, 3 to 0.
Voca, Texas, Aug. 8.
Editor Brady Standard:
Here I come again after a week's absence.
Bro. Chandler filled his regular appointment here Sunday.
We are proud to hear Bro. Mayo was able to attend church Sunday.
Miss Grace Clevenger and Miss Edna Fleming spent Sunday with Miss Cora Pinson.
Mr. Henry Behrens made a business trip to Brady Monday.
Miss Myrl Mayo spent Sunday with Mrs. Lois Lemons.
Mrs. Sneed of Brownwood is visiting Mrs. Pinson this week.
Mrs. Metz, from Waco, is visiting her son, Gus Ziriak at present.
Bro. Buckner, from Dallas, is here and is going to organize a B. Y. P. U. Everybody is taking interest in the proposition.
Miss Myrtle Mae Birk spent Sunday afternoon with Miss Jewel Westerman.
Mr. Tom Spiller's pasture caught on fire, but help came and the damage was slight.
Voca and Field Creek had a ball game Saturday afternoon. The score was three and nothing in favor of Voca.
Mr. Leddy made a trip to Brady Monday.
Well as news is scarce I will ring off for th's time.

"BROWN EYES."

HILLSBORO BALL TEAM CANCELS DATES FOR GAMES AND DISBANDS

With three games scheduled for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in Brownwood, the Hillsboro baseball team this morning telegraphed the Brownwood management cancelling the games and stating that the team had disbanded. The cancellation came after the local players had been assembled for the three game series and was distinctly disappointing.
Arrangements are being made today for a game Wednesday with Brady, and a tentative agreement has been made to bring the Rogers team here Thursday and Friday. Meeting these teams will be a combination Pilks and Knights of Pythias team which is expected to prove unusually strong. More definite announcement as to the coming games will be made as contracts have been closed.—Brownwood Bulletin.

Pin Tickets. The Brady Standard.

REPORT OF BRADY WATER & LIGHT WORKS

To Consumers of Brady Water and Light:
I beg leave to submit the following as my report for the Brady Water & Light Works, month of July, 1921:

RECEIPTS	EXPENSES
Revenue on water... \$2045.67	Salaries... \$ 645.00
Rev. on light-power... 1275.70	Fuel... 115.00
Time and material... 504.60	Maintenance-repair... 60.00
	Office expenses... 40.00
	Car expense... 35.00
	Lub Oil... 50.00
Total revenue... 3825.97	Total expense... 945.00
Net profit... \$2880.97	

W. O. KIRCHNER, Superintendent.



The name "TEXAS SPECIAL" means A FAST, SOLID STEEL, DEPENDABLE TRAIN EQUIPPED FOR YOUR COMFORT—GIVING OVERNIGHT SERVICE BETWEEN TEXAS POINTS and ST. LOUIS—KANSAS CITY MAKING EXCELLENT CONNECTIONS FOR ALL POINTS WEST, NORTH AND EAST

For further information write W. G. Crush, Passenger Traffic Manager, MK&T Ry., Dallas, Texas.

Subscription Bargain!!

For New Subscribers

The Standard From Now to Jan 1, 1922, for Only

50c

(To Points Beyond Brady Zone 1, Only 75c)

Every business in the country is experiencing a slump, and there is universal demand for bargains. The Standard is meeting this demand with the above bargain offer. For a short time only this offer will be in effect. The sooner you take advantage of it the bigger will be your bargain. All subscriptions taken on this offer will expire Jan. 1, 1922.

Our subscription price is \$2.00 per year in McCulloch county and \$2.50 per year to distant points out of the county. During this bargain offer the paper will be sent until Jan. 1, 1922, for 50c in McCulloch and adjoining counties, or 75c to more distant points.

This offer will last only a few weeks. Take advantage of it NOW. Give your order to your Postmaster, your R. F. D. Carrier or bring or send the money to this office. Cash must accompany offer, and the paper will stop when the time is out.

Think Of It--Six Months Fifty Cents

The Standard is now running in serial form every Friday, the great story

THE CLAN CALL

This story is one of the newest "best sellers," and in book form retails at \$2.00 per volume. Don't fail to read the opening chapters next Friday.

In addition we are now publishing in serial form in our Tuesday issue, the thrilling novel--

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This is another popular seller at \$2.00 per volume. If you haven't read the opening chapters, ask for back copies at this office.

In these two great serials alone, you are getting the value of a year's subscription twice over.

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The Brady Standard BRADY TEXAS

The CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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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 idleness 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—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

CHAPTER III—Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Ball, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and they fight. Dale whips the bully, though badly used up. He arranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

It had been the meanest thing in the world, McClaurin's acting as best man for me. There was friendship for you! I couldn't take from them their one chance of happiness. . . .

"I couldn't see anything else to do, so I ran. I went home, pulled off my wedding rig and put on the clothes I'm wearing now, threw some things into a bag and hurried down to the union station. I found that I could have my choice between a flier for Atlanta and the—train that brought me here. I bought passage to Atlanta, but I never meant to use it; I meant to take the other train and pay a cash fare. In doing that, I had to lose myself from them. I had to go unblinded to some country where I wouldn't be considered a—savage, y'know.

"I went out to the train-shed, and I hadn't been there a minute when Bobby McClaurin came. I asked him how he knew where to find me. He said: "I thought you wouldn't care to stay here after doing what you did, and I wanted to say good-by, Bill. He always called me that, and it made me feel like a man. Then I put my bag down and took him by both shoulders and told him this: "Look here, Bobby, I'm going to give you some advice, and you take it. You steal Pat and marry her. Steal Pat and marry her if you have to live in a hole in a hillside. You're as good as any of them, and lots better than most of them. You can work your way to a better salary. You see, I told him, 'we get about what we deserve in this world. Most of us don't deserve much."

"I asked him if mother was badly cut up. He said she was; that she had fainted. Dad swore alone, he said, there in church. I told Bobby good-by and got aboard the train without saying anything about where I was going—but I didn't know myself where I was going, at the time.

"Now you've heard it. Every word was truth. If you'll trust me with the coal, I'll make this land my land, your people my people. I'll suffer with you when you suffer, and be happy with you when you're happy; and when you fight, I'll fight with you."

The Moreland chief arose, and Bill Dale arose. The hillman put out his hand, and Dale gripped it. "I believe in ye, Bill," said John Moreland. "Fo' another thing, I've seed ye fight. You can work the coal."

He looked toward the closed inner door and called, "Oh, Addie; you and the boys can come back now."

Out of the night a face appeared at one of the small windows. It was a feminine face and handsome rather than pretty. Two slender, sunburned hands gripped the window-ledge nervously. The face pressed closer to the glass, then disappeared. Soon afterward the outer door of the guest's room opened, and Ben Littleford's daughter entered. Her skirts were dripping wet.

Mrs. Moreland arose and went toward the young woman. She knew that only something of great importance could bring a Littleford into her home in this fashion.

"What's the matter, Babe?" Babe Littleford gave no attention to Mrs. Moreland. She went on to Bill Dale, walking softly on bare feet. "Black Adam is a-goin' to kill you tonight, Bill Dale."

"That so?" Dale's smile was rather grim. "How did you find that out, Miss Littleford?"

"I found it out, all right. As he went off from the river this mornin', I made fun of him; and he patted the stock of his rifle and said he'd git you through a window! He was at our house this evenin' to help fix pap's gun, and when he left he started this way, a-goin' by the blow-down scythe. I waded the river at Blue Cat shoals to beat him here. I thought you might want to know about it. So's he

could maybe save other folks the trouble o' makin' a funeral fo' ye."

She backed toward the door, her eyes never leaving Dale's face. Another second, and she was gone.

They were all on their feet now. John Moreland gripped Dale's arm. "Over thar aside o' the chimney, Bill!" he ordered, his native drawl for the moment absent. "Out, Addie, honey! Luke, bring my rifle and hat—jump keen! Cale, bring water and drownd this here fire!"

It was done. Moreland took his hat and the repeater and went alone into the night.

When some fifteen minutes had passed, there came to Dale's ears the sound of shooting. There were ten shots in such rapid succession that they made almost a continuous roar. Then came echoes and reverberations, and then silence. Soon John Moreland let himself into the dark room.

His wife's voice was low and filled with anxiety: "What happened, John?"

A dull thud came through the darkness as her husband's rifle-but struck the floor.

"This is what happened, Addie: As I passed the cawner of the house, I got down that thar old oxwhip to take along. I went across the road and into the meadow, and thar I seen Adam Ball a-comin'. I bid, and when Adam was about to pass me, I jumped up and jerked his rifle from him—and busted it ag'in a rock. Then I lights in and thrashes him with the oxwhip o'ntel he broke and run. And 'en this here happened, Addie:

"I was a-watchin' to see if Adam had reely went off, when I seed a—a-comin' toward me fast. I thought it was Ball, o' course. So I up and tells him to show me how fast he can run and commences a-shootin' over his head to skeer him. But it didn't happen to be Adam Ball—it was Ben Littleford! He was a-follerin' Babe to see what she was up to, o' course."

"How do ye know it was Ben, pap?" Caleb asked.

"How do I know?" growled John Moreland. "When I got through a-shootin', he hollers at me and says: 'Tomorrow, John Moreland, he says, 'we'll have a little Gettysburg o' our own! And I might mind ye, Cale, 'at he keeps his word the same as I do."

"And Littleford meant a—begon Dale.

"That the'll be a big fight tomorrow," said Moreland. "Bill Dale, in a-makin' this land yore land and these people yore people, I'm a-feard ye're a-goin' to git more'n ye expected, mebbe more'n ye can handle. Do ye want to back out of it and let the coal go."

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"And Littleford meant a—begon Dale.

"That the'll be a big fight tomorrow," said Moreland. "Bill Dale, in a-makin' this land yore land and these people yore people, I'm a-feard ye're a-goin' to git more'n ye expected, mebbe more'n ye can handle. Do ye want to back out of it and let the coal go."

"My goodness gracious drive! You think so of ye could hear 'em! Yought to hear pap cuss John Moreland!" She shrugged her pretty shoulders, lifted the small end of her rod to its proper place, and went on. "I never did see pap half as mad as he was when he got home last night from a-follerin' me."

"Mad at you?" asked Dale.

"No, but he would ha' been of he hadn't ha' had all his madness turned ag'in them Morelands. You knowed about pap's trouble on yan side o' the river last night?"

"Yes, I knew about that," Dale answered slowly. "But John Moreland thought your father was my antagonist of yesterday."

"An—antagonist?" Babe muttered inquiringly. "What's that?"

"I mean Adam Ball, y'know."

"Oh, that's what I told pap. But pap he wouldn't believe it, and he won't never believe it—'cause he don't want to believe it. I told him 'at John Moreland wasn't a-shootin' to hit, and he wouldn't believe that, neither. Pap's as hard-headed as a bridle cow, when he gets a fool notion on him. What—what did them Morelands say about their guns a-bein' gone?"

Dale straightened. "How did you find that out?"

"Don't matter how!" She smiled almost saucily. "I knowed about it afore you did, Mr. Bill Dale. Don't you think whoever done it done a kind thing?"

"To disarm the Morelands so that when the enemy comes they will have nothing with which to defend themselves?" Dale didn't know much about these hill feuds. "No, Miss Littleford, I can't say that I think it was a kind thing to do."

Miss Littleford arose and faced Dale. Her cheeks were flushed. "Has the inemy come?" she demanded lily.

"No, but—" "All right," the young woman broke in sharply. "If the inemy hadn't come, what're you a-kickin' about?"

Her brown eyes were full of fire. They defied, and they withered, and Bill Dale suddenly felt that he was smaller and of less account in the scheme of things than that uneducated, wildly superb creature that stood before him.

"I beg pardon," Dale said evenly. "I didn't mean to offend, y'know."

His quick contrition struck the girl. Her mouth quivered. She dropped her fishing-rod, and began to toy absently with the end of her long, thick plait of brown hair.

"I've seed so much o' this fightin'," she murmured tremulously, "that it makes me go to pieces. I ought to beg yore pardon, mebbe, and I do. . . . I've seed a good many fine, strong men brought home dead or a-dyin' from the Moreland bullets. And the Littlefords has killed Morelands, too. One side about as many as t'other, I reckon. I'd be glad to give my life to stop it!"

"I'll help you, if I can," Dale told her. "Perhaps we can make friends of the Morelands and your people."

"You don't know what a hard thing it'd be," she replied tearfully. "The two sets has hated each other ever sence I can rickollect. And you won't be here very long, I reckon."

"Is it the coal?" inquired Babe.

"Partly—yes, it's the coal. I'm goin' to develop it for the Morelands."

Babe looked at him with a tiny herald of hope in her eyes. Before she could speak again there came from somewhere back in the meadow the sound of her father's voice—

"Babe! O-oh, Babe!"

"Comin'!" cried the girl, half turning. "We'll try to make 'em friends; we'll try. Old Major Bradley, he'll be up here afore long to spend the summer, and he'll help us. He's a mighty good man; you're shore to like him. He generally stays with us when he's here. You go easy with John Moreland! But when ye git him, ye'll have 'em all. I'll work on pap. The ain't no danger o' trouble right now, anyways. Goodby, Bill Dale!"

"One moment, Miss Littleford," and he took a step after her. "Are you sure there's no danger right now?"

Babe halted, faced about nervously, and smiled a little.

"Don't call me 'Miss' no more," said she. "It makes me feel odd. Call me what everybody else calls me, of ye

Dale narrowed his eyes. "Are they—or making a noise? And what about?"

don't mind, way, every one o' the Littlefords lost their rifles last night the same as the Morelands did! Meet me here at sundown, and I'll tell ye about it. Goodby, Bill Dale!"

"Goodby, Babe!" he smiled.

CHAPTER V.

At the River Again. John Moreland met Dale at the gate. "What did ye find out?"

"I learned," was the answer, "that the Littlefords all lost their guns just as the Morelands did."

"The devil!" The mountaineers began to crowd about Dale.

"And who," asked their leader, "do ye think done it?"

Bill Dale shook his head slowly and threw out his hands.

"How should I know?" He went on: "Babe told me about the Littleford guns disappearin'. I saw her down at the river; she was fishing."

"Did she say anything," pursued John Moreland, "at sounded like she knowed whar them guns went to?"

"She told me," said Dale, "she would give her life to stop the fightin'. She seemed rather badly worked up over it."

From the cabin's front doorway came a woman's sorrowful voice:

"And me, too; I'd give my life to stop this here fightin'. I had a boy, a big, strappin' boy—"

John Moreland frowned toward his wife and interrupted, "Now, Addie, honey, don't do that."

It ended the talk.

Mrs. Moreland dried her eyes on a corner of her freshly ironed gingham apron, and announced the noonday meal. The mountaineers dispersed. Grandpap Moreland went away clanking at his long white beard and grumbling over the loss of his beloved old Lancaster.

An hour later Dale cornered the Moreland leader on the vine-hung front porch and suggested that they look over the coal property that afternoon. He was eager to go to work, eager to be doing something worth while, he told Moreland. The hillman stood very still for what seemed to the other a very long time, and had no word to say. Evidently the feud had all his mind now.

When he did speak, he said simply: "All right, Bill."

After half an hour of fighting their way through thickets of blooming laurel and ivy, they drew up before an old and mildewed cabin at the north end of David Moreland's mountain. Moreland led the way in and pointed to a spot under a small, paneless window.

"Thar," said he, "is whar we found my brother David."

The two men turned for the point at which the coal vein ran out to the light of day.

Dale picked up a piece of the shining black stuff. Judging by the little he knew and the great amount of description he had heard, the vein was very large and the coal itself of the finest grade.

"It was a big find," he told his companion, "a big find. It was a pity to let it lie here untouched for so long; and yet it's worth more today than it was ever worth before."

His enthusiasm ran warm, and Moreland caught it quickly. Together they hastily planned out the little railroad that was to wind its way through the wilds and connect with the big railroad at the Halfway switch.

"I know I'm a-doin' right about it," the mountaineer said twice for the benefit of his conscience. "I know pore David he would want me to do this if he could know."

"I'm sure of it," agreed Dale. "I'll start for Cincinnati tomorrow. I've got enough money to take me there and back. I have a very wealthy friend there—his name is Harris; I think I can borrow enough from him to finance the beginning of this thing. And I'll buy a locomotive and cars, and all the other necessary machinery, while I'm in Cincinnati—unless I fail to get the money from Harris. When I get back, which should be within eight days, we'll start the work. At a guess, I'd say we'll need twenty men. Can we get them?"

"Shore," nodded the mountaineer. "And all Morelands at that."

They turned homeward. At last Bill Dale was happy. He had something to do now—an aim in life. He had difficulties to overcome, obstacles to remove, barriers to surmount—it was his big chance!

It was almost sundown when Dale returned from his visit to the coal vein—Big Pine mountain hid the sun at a little after three in the afternoon. He borrowed a fishing rod and a minnow-pail, which made his going to the river seem proper enough to John Moreland, and set out to meet Babe Littleford. He was glad that nobody expressed a desire to accompany him.

He found Ben Littleford's daughter where he had found her twice before—sitting on a stone the size of a small barrel. She was fishing with an unbalanced hook, which was equal to fishing not at all, and she seemed pleased when she saw him coming. He sat down on the stone at her side. She moved over a little shyly, and tried to cover her feet with her calico skirts.

"Needn't bother to hide them," laughed Bill Dale. "They're pretty enough. Most feet, y'know, are necessary evils, like chimneys and rain-spouts"

"I want to tell ye some other things fust, so's ye'll understand better when I come to the part about the rifles." Babe began, looking thoughtfully across the water to where a kingfisher sat in watchful waiting. She continued slowly, choosing her words carefully. "I was brought up to hate them Morelands, but—I don't think I do. My people is just like the Morelands. The biggest difference ye can find is that one side mostly has grey eyes like you and t'other side mostly has brown eyes like me. All but their everlastin' fightin', they're good people, Bill Dale."

"Each side, ye see, is brought up to hate t'other side. I'm ashamed to tell it, but—I understand the fust plain words my Uncle Saul Littleford's last baby said was these here: 'D—n John Moreland!'" It started a long time ago, and it started 'ver nothin'. Grandpap Littleford and John Moreland's pap got in a dispute over whether Kaintucky was in Virginny or Nawth Carolina, and went to fightin' about it. Purty soon my Uncle Saul and Abner Moreland happened along, and they went to fightin', too. Thank goodness, it was on Sunday, and none of 'em didn't have their rifles with 'em. Wherever else we are or ain't up here, Bill Dale, we gen'ally respects the Sabbath to keep it holy. . . ."

"I see," Dale muttered sympathetically. "I've seen my own mother set down in the floor and take her boy's head in her lap—oh, such a big, fine boy he was!—while the blood run through her dress from a Moreland's bullet. He died with mother's arms and mine around him. It was all we could do fo' him, was to love him. I've seen sisters watch their brothers die from Moreland bullets, and young wimmen watch their sweethearts die, and wives watch their husbands die. . . ."

"I tell you, Bill Dale, them Morelands never misses when they have even half a fair shot. You'd be perfectly safe in a-lettin' any of 'em shoot dimes from atween yore finger and thumb all day. And it's the same way with the Littlefords. They're fighters, too, every one, and they don't give in any more than the Morelands does."

"Addie, Moreland knows what it is to take her dyn' boy's head in her lap, whilst blood run through her dress to her knees. His name was Charley, and he was bad; he'd drink, and once he shot up Cartersville. But Addie, she allus loved him better'n Cale or Luke. Wimmen like her allus loves the worst boys the best; 'cause they need it the most, the worst boys does."

"It's the wimmen that pays, Bill Dale, when the's fightin'. The wimmen o' this valley is right now on needles; they're afraid the men'll find their rifles. You can guess whar the girls went to now, can't ye? The wimmen hid 'em last night after the men had gone to sleep! By good luck, they had almost a whole night fo' it. You must be shore to keep it to yourself—but I know ye will. Addie, Moreland, she started the idee. She got Granny Moreland to spread the word amongst the wimmen o' my people. When the fightin' fever sort o' dies down the guns'll all be brought back and put whar they belong."

She arose and stood there smiling down upon him. "He was staring at the swirling water without seeing it at all."

"Her voice brought me to myself. "What're you a-follerin' about, Bill Dale?"

Dale went in like a man who says that she was sane.

"I was thinking," he said, "of the difference between you and some other women I know."

Her clear brown eyes widened. "And I reckon I seem purty no 'count, don't I?"

"No, not at all. It is—er, quite the opposite, Babe. You make them appear unreal, artificial."

Babe Littleford's countenance brightened. She did not doubt that he meant it. He was not of the sort that flattered. She began to like Bill Dale at that same moment.

And Bill Dale told himself as he went homeward that he was beginning to like Babe Littleford. He did not fight the feeling, because it somehow made the world seem a better place.

Early the following morning Dale made ready for his journey to Cincinnati. Having learned the evening before that he was going, by Heck had come to accompany him to the Halfway switch.

The two set out. They had three hours in which to cross David Moreland's mountain before the arrival of Dale's train, and they walked leisurely.

They had not gone a dozen rods when there came from somewhere down near the river the sound of a rifle shot. Both stopped and faced about quickly.

"I'll be daddummed if the Littlefords ain't found their weapons!" exclaimed by Heck. "They have, 'gods, as shore as dancin'!"

"How do you know?" Dale's voice was troubled.

"I shore know," and Heck narrowed his gaze. "At was Ben Littleford's old 45 Winch. I'd know that gun if I heered it at the north pole. The bar! it's been cut off, and it don't sound like other Winchesters."

"Caleb Moreland was down near the river cleaning out the springhouse ditch," Dale muttered, facing his companion. "I think we'd better go back."

Together they went back to the cabin. John Moreland and his wife and their son Luke were standing at the weatherbeaten front gate, with their eyes turned anxiously toward the river. Caleb was coming up through the meadow, and he carried his hat in his hand.

"Who fired that shot?" asked Dale. "Ben Littleford," John Moreland answered readily.

"(Continued Next Friday)



"Mad at You?" Asked Dale.



Moreland's Eyes Were Steady and Cold.


or are ye one o' these fellers who chaws what they bites off of it's a boss's head?"

"I'll stick," Dale's voice came firmly in the darkness. "I'll stick."

CHAPTER IV

The Mystery of the Rifles. An hour after John Moreland had sent his ten rifle bullets whirling over the head of Ben Littleford, every Moreland and every Littleford in the valley knew of the declaration of war. And each man of them oiled his weapons and put them in better working order.

When Dale went to bed, there was too much on his mind to render sleeping easy for him. Tomorrow he would have to help in the fight against the Lit-



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MALONE & RAGSDALE

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Word from Coleman is that the Coleman team lost the first of the series of games with Rogers by a score of 14 to 0; won the second by a score of 2 to 0, and lost the third by a score of 4 to 3.

J. B. Miller is nursing a badly injured hand as a result of getting stabbed with a row binder needle while attempting to make some adjustments Saturday a week ago. The sharp needle made an ugly hole in the palm between the second and third fingers of the right hand, and which will require some time to heal.

Z. I. Williams, Colonel of the Second Regiment, Mountain Remnants 5th Brigade, writes from San Angelo that he left his memorandum book under his pillow at the camp, and requests the finder to return it to him care of general delivery at San Angelo, Texas. The book contained papers of value to Mr. Williams, but no money.

Whew! But it's hot! Do you know just how hot? Well, the thermometer at 2:35 yesterday afternoon registered 118 degrees Fahrenheit in the sun, and 111 degrees on the shady side of the post—or just one degree less than fever heat. In shaded, drafty doorways the mercury has been registering around 102 degrees and better every afternoon.

Word received here from Coleman the past week announced the arrival of a fine son at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. Shapiro on Friday, August 5th. Mrs. Shapiro is a sister of Messrs. Joe, Will and Ike Myers of Brady. Local members of the Jewish denomination are anticipating a great celebration a week from Sunday at which time Rabbi Fromm of Dallas will perform the ceremony of circumcision at the residence of Ike Myers.

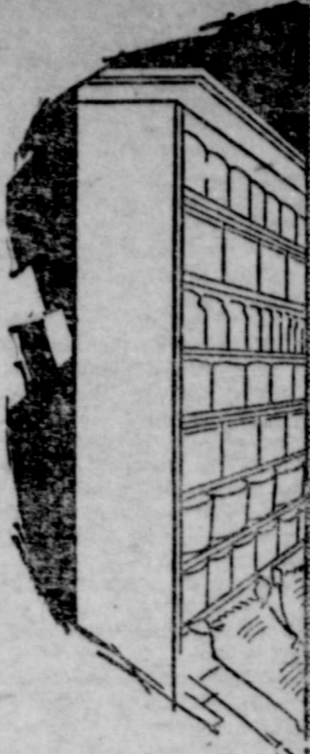
The Brownwood News reports the first bale of Brown county cotton as having been marketed there last Saturday—the same time Brady's first bale was brought in. The bale was raised by T. O. Spert of Bangs, who raised the first bale the year before, and was two weeks earlier than in 1920. The bale weighed 560 lbs., was classed as good middling and was bought by R. W. Lee, representing A. L. Wolff & Co. of Dallas for 12 1/2¢—about one cent above market. A premium of 3/4¢ was also made up.

The many friends of Wallace Price, former McCulloch county business man, and who recently removed from Rochelle to Miles, will be pleased to learn that he has located himself and family there and is well pleased in their new home. Mr. Price has purchased an up-to-date tailor shop at Miles, and in addition, has added a line of gents' furnishings, which places his business in the rank of the most complete in this section, and one that any town would be glad to claim.

Word received from Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Hughes this week was that they were enroute from Denver to Salt Lake City, having just completed the scenic trip along the Royal Gorge route. From Salt Lake City they will go to Los Angeles, and other points in California, where they will spend a couple weeks, returning home about September 1st. According to the Hughes, they have had lots of rain in Colorado, but the weather is almost insufferably hot, and all tourist complain there is no such thing this year as "Cool Colorado."

J. E. Bell, enterprising and hard-working secretary of the San Saba County Fair, was in Brady last Friday, as one out of several carloads of San Saba folks coming for the reunion. In truth, Mr. Bell was just on the last leg of a trip covering the major portions of San Saba and McCulloch counties, and upon which he did some effective advertising and boosting for the San Saba fair. The San Saba fair has the reputation of the biggest and most successful county fair in the state. It has a bunch of live wires behind it, and is deserving of its reputation and the continued support of the citizens of San Saba county and neighboring counties as well.

One of the features of the closing day of the Confederate Reunion was the activity displayed by R. Kolb of San Saba. Mr. Kolb is just 82 years young. He was born in the Republic of Texas, was an old Indian fighter and served with distinction during the War of the States. In spite of his 82 years, he is as spry as a cricket and danced the square dance with all the zest of a youngster. He said it was the first time in half a century



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FOR SALE—Some good milk cows; priced right. See CHAS. ROBERTS, Brady.

FOR SALE—One hollow-wire lighting system with four drops, 800-candle power each. Fine for church or country store. See OSCAR GALLOWAY, Brady.

FOR SALE—1 buffet, 4 dining chairs, dining table, 2 leather-bottom rockers, Princess dresser, Singer sewing machine and five 48-inch window shades. Phone 345 or see O. F. WOODARD at Curtis Benson residence.

—FOR SALE—

Four-room house two blocks south from Central school building. Recently been painted. On good lot 100x100 ft. Price \$1250.00. Part cash, balance good terms. Good title and all taxes paid up including this year 1921. See H. Meers, Owner.

WANTED

WANTED—Position as book-keeper; three years experience, good references. Address left with Brady Standard.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—One 7-room house, close in. E. B. Scarborough, Brady.

FOR RENT — Two furnished rooms for light house-keeping. See E. B. RAMSAY, at Planing Mill.

LOST—

LOST—Cameo brooch, set with pearls; on reunion grounds Friday night. Reward for return to Brady Standard office.

LOST—Wednesday morning on streets of Brady, new 30x3 Stephens Casing. Finder please notify Standard office and receive reward.

MISCELLANEOUS

REX SUN SHADES.
Make Auto Driving a pleasure. Can furnish shades for any make of car. J. D. BRANSCUM, over Brady National Bank.

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NOW is the time to PLACE YOUR ORDER for all kinds of Nursery stock. I can always serve you with the very best quality. See me in my office at the courthouse.
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SUCCESSFUL REVIVAL JUST CLOSED AT PEAR VALLEY BY BAPTIST PASTOR GARRETT

The most successful revival ever had in the history of the Pear Valley Baptist church has just closed. It was conducted by our dear pastor, E. B. Garrett of Comanche, and a much-loved former-pastor, L. S. Richardson, of Brownwood. The good singing, led by Hal Daddoch of Richland Springs was a great help. Bro. Richardson did most of the preaching. He is truly "a man sent of God." His strong gospel messages were so plain and clear that sinners could not help but realize their undone condition, and then seek salvation the Bible way. As a result there were twenty-two conversions, twenty additions to the church by baptism, three by letter and statement, and three reclamations.

Our church was greatly revived and we are indeed thankful to God for sending Bro. Garrett and Bro. Richardson, our way.

—Church Reporter.
Pear Valley, Texas, Aug. 8, 1921.

"My Soldier Dad,"
Perhaps you have a Daddy—
Who will march this year, tho' old;
If so, you're lucky, Laddie,
He's worth his weight 'in gold.

That dear old grizzled fighter,
Uphe'd a cause so grand;
That we feel our grip grow tighter,
As we clasp him by the hand.

We want to hug and kiss him,
As his stooped old form goes by;
And tell him how we'll miss him,
When he answers "here!" on High.

Take off your hats and bellow,
Ye men of Southern birth;
There's not a streak of yellow
In these men of priceless worth.

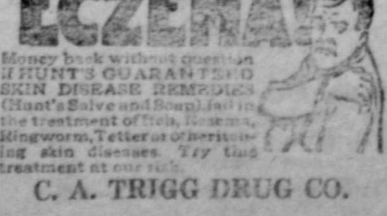
My Daddy was a soldier
In the War of Sixty-One;
And lives today, tho' old and gray—
I'm proud to be his son.

The patriotic blood is mine,
I'll keep it clean and red;
And down the years thru smiles and tears,
I'll do what Daddy said.

He said: "My son, 'd'ashonor,
Is a word you must not learn;
And 'Cowardice' and 'yellow'
Are two more you always spurn."

"Democracy" and "freedom,"
"Truth," "liberty" and "right"—
These are the ones
America's sons
Should foster day and night.

Hurrah! for this Reunion—
Hurrah! for Brady's part;
For by God's good grace—
No other place,
Could show a bigger heart.
EVANG. CAMPBELL.



ECZEMA

Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEE SKIN DISEASE REMEDY does not cure your Eczema, Itching, Swelling, Stinging, or any other skin disease. TRY THIS treatment at once.

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that he had had a partner at a dance. Just to show that square dancing was but one of his accomplishments, he did the buck and wing with such spirit and vigor that the fiddlers were called to a halt for fear the old veteran would give down under the strain and the excitement.

Just as an example of the value of organization, may be cited the work accomplished by the Boy Scouts during the reunion. The scouts were in charge of Scoutmaster Clarence Snider and Assistant Scoutmaster Evans J. Adkins, and their efficiency and valuable service was to be observed upon all hands. In addition to performing notable service as traffic officers, the scouts formed themselves into a bureau of information, served as guides for the veterans, and maintained a watch and general supervision over the reunion grounds. A scout tent and equipment was maintained, with telephone accommodations, the telephone being provided through courtesy of J. B. Whiteman, local manager of the West Texas Telephone Co., and the boys installing the line and wiring. The tent also served as a ticket-registration booth. In return for their valuable service, the scouts were given free a tub drink privilege by the reunion committee, which received a liberal patronage, and from which the boys derived a neat return.

What makes the wild-cat whistle wild, boys? Well the "wildness" of

the electric siren yesterday afternoon was attributable to a "short" in the wiring, which made the whistle long. The long call of the siren followed shortly after the alarm had been given for a fire, and aroused apprehensions as to a second and, perhaps, a more serious fire. The trouble was finally located, and the blaring of the siren brought to a stop. The original alarm was occasioned by a grass fire south of the Brady cemetery, where about an acre of grass was burned before the fire could be stamped out with wet sacks.

SAN SABA SCHOOL MAINTENANCE TAX CARRIES BY LARGE MAJORITY

The friends of education went over the top in San Saba last Saturday. In the special election on the proposition to authorize a maintenance tax not to exceed \$1.00 on the \$100.00 valuation won by a handsome majority. There were 152 votes for the proposition and only 97 votes against it. This means that the school board will plan for and give the children a nine-month school next year. Last year the public school closed with less than seven months of the session. The people of the town went down into their pockets and ran the school on to the eight months period. This vote Saturday means distinctly that the people of this town believe in education. They are proud of their public school. The school is now affiliated in the A1 rank with the Univer-

sity of Texas and all the colleges and universities of the United States.

For the past five years the school has been running with mathematical precision. According to the reports of state inspectors' standard work is being done in all the grades and departments. Supt. Hart has the school organized to perfection, the school board is back of the organization and the people are back of the board.

The bond propositions for the erection of a high school building and for purchasing additional lands for play grounds were both defeated by small majorities. The small majorities on these two propositions does not necessarily mean that the people are against them. It is more likely that the voters are merely asking for a little more information before taking on anything new. There was a complete break down in the campaign for the issues until the very last minute. When it dawned on the people that the life of the school was in danger they rallied nobly to the maintenance issue and to a certain extent lost sight of the building proposition. The building bonds issued last by a vote of 115 for and 127 against; the play grounds issue lost by a vote of 110 for and 131 against. —San Saba News.

Give the republicans their dues. They propose to put skeletons on the free list and to reduce the tariff from 50 to 40 per cent ad valorem on poker-chips.—Dallas News.

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Next time you buy a tire, try this test.

Put on a Gates Super-Tread or a couple of them opposite any other tires you may choose—regardless of price.

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