

A Few More \$10.00 SHOES at \$5.00---MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

CHAUTAUQUA OPENING PROGRAM ENTERTAINING

A program of interest and entertainment opened the Brady chautauqua yesterday, both afternoon and night programs being thoroughly enjoyable. The two lectures by Mr. Tomlinson, the first upon "The Value of the Individual," delivered in the afternoon, and "America's Political Ideal," given at the night session, proved both timely and interesting. In the former, Mr. Tomlinson gave some splendid thoughts as to why an individual's worth to his community is not measured in terms of dollars and cents, but rather in the development of the best that is in him, for the general good of the community. At night, Mr. Tomlinson dwelt upon the fact that the United States, as the world's greatest democracy, should have the spirit of democracy more deeply instilled into her citizens. The good old democratic rule of abiding by the will of the majority should be carried out in practice, and every citizen should pledge his support to the choice of the majority. The address was replete with timely thought and opinion, and brought frequent applause from the audience. Among other things advocated by Mr. Tomlinson was that every citizen, man or woman, should express his or her opinion at the polls.

The Oakley Concert Company gave two very pleasing programs, the company being accomplished musicians and entertainers. Their program included solos, duets and trios with piano accompaniment, and solos upon the cello, violin and trombone. Their musical sketch in costume was highly appreciated and won applause. The readings and child interpretations rounded out a program of great excellence.

This afternoon a varied program is presented, and will include a lecture upon "A Community Program," by Dr. Carson, chautauqua director; a concert by the Emerson Winters Company; a program of entertainment by M. Gustave Milburn, magician, and a story-telling hour for young and old by Miss Marybelle La Hatte, who will also have charge of the opening of a Junior Citizenship campaign, and the Playground period.

Tomorrow's program, both afternoon and night, will be the crowning feature of the chautauqua. In addition to two splendid lectures upon timely subjects by Harry Hibschan, L.L.D., there will be a program of entertainment by a group of soldiers from the Recruit Educational Centers of the U. S. Army. Nine months ago most of these soldiers were illiterates. Those born in the U. S. could neither read nor write, while those born in foreign countries could neither read nor write English. This does not mean that these foreign-born soldiers were all illiterates, however, for at least one of the number could command four different languages; however, the American language was not one of the number. These men will tell in their own words the wonderful transformation that has been wrought in their lives by the recruit educational centers. They have a program of exercises, songs and entertainments that will hold your attention every second they are on the stage. You will want to see them.

Program starts at 3:30 every afternoon, and at 8:00 o'clock at night. General admission is 50c for adults, and 25c for children.

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

E. R. CANTWELL
MATTRESS MAKER
New location, 3 doors East
Brady Sentinel office

REDISTRICTING IS PASSED BY SENATE—McCULLOCH COUNTY IN 25TH DISTRICT

Austin, Texas, Aug. 9.—The Senate took up and passed finally today the Senatorial redistricting bill, but with an amendment that, in the opinion of Senator Bledsoe of Lubbock, chief sponsor for the bill, throws its constitutionality in doubt.

This amendment, which was offered by Senator Wood of Williamson county, provides that the act shall not go into effect until April 1, 1924.

The bill finally passed was the committee substitute for the House bill by Hill of Wheeler. Before passage, it was amended in several particulars—some counties being shifted from one district to another. The new districts as they stand in the bill as finally passed are as follows:

1. Tifus, Dowie, Marion, Cass, Morris.
2. Harrison, Gregg, Rusk, Panola, Shelby.
3. Cherokee, Nacogdoches, San Augustine, Angelina, Sabine, Newton, Jasper, Tyler.
4. Orange, Jefferson, Hardin, and Liberty.
5. Grimes, Montgomery, Trinity, Leon, Houston, Polk, Madison, Walker, San Jacinto.
6. Navarro, Henderson, Anderson, Freestone, Kaufman.
7. Camp, Wood, Upshur, Smith and Van Zandt.
8. Lamar, Delta, Franklin, Hopkins, Red River.
9. Cooke, Grayson and Fannin.
10. Rockwall, Collin, Hunt, Rains.
11. Dallas.
12. Johnson, Hill, Ellis, Hood, Somerville.
13. McLennan, Falls, Limestone, Milam.
14. Bastrop, Lee, Burleson, Washington, Brazos and Robertson.
15. Fayette, Lavaca, Colorado, Austin, Waller.
16. Harris.
17. Wharton, Fort Bend, Matagorda, Brazoria, Galveston, Chambers.
18. Wilson, Atascosa, Karnes, De Witt, Victoria, Goliad, Live Oak, San Patricio, Bee, Refugio, Aransas, Calhoun, and Jackson.
19. Blanco, Hays, Comal, Caldwell, Guadalupe, Gonzales.
20. San Saba, Lampasas, Llano, Burnet, Williamson, Travis.
21. Bell, Erath, Bosque, Hamilton, Coryell.
22. Montague, Jack, Wise, Denton, Palo Pinto, Parker.
23. Hardeman, Foard, Knox, Wilbarger, Baylor, Wichita, Archer, Young, Clay.
24. Scurry, Fisher, Jones, Haskell, Shackelford, Stephens, Eastland, Callahan, Taylor, Nolan, Mitchell, and Throckmorton.
25. Comanche, Mills, Brown, Coleman, McCulloch, Mason, Menard, Concho, Runnels, Coke, Tom Green, Schleicher, Irion and Sterling.
26. Kerr, Kendall, Bexar, Bandera, Medina.
27. Maverick, Zavala, Frio, McMullen, La Salle, Fitts, Webb, Duval, Jim Wells, Kennedy, Nueces, Kieberg, Willacy, Brooks, Jim Hogg, Zapata, Starr, Hidalgo, Cameron.
28. Tarrant.
29. El Paso, Hudspeth, Culberson, Reeves, Loving, Winkler, Ward, Ector, Midland, Glasscock, Reagan, Upton, Crane, Crockett, Sutton, Kimble, Edwards, Real, Kinney, Valverde, Terrell, Brewster, Presidio, Jeff Davis, Pecos, Gillespie, Uvalde.
30. Bailey, Lamb, Hale, Floyd, Motley, Cottle, Cochran, Hockley, Lubbock, Crosby, Dickens, King, Yoakum, Terry, Lynn, Garza, Kent, Stonewall, Gaines, Dawson, Borden, Andrews, Martin, Howard.
31. Dallam, Sherman, Hansford, Ochiltree, Lipscomb, Hartley, Moore, Hutchinson, Roberts, Hemphill, Oldham, Potter, Carson, Gray, Wheeler, Deaf Smith, Randall, Armstrong, Donley, Collingsworth, Palmer, Castro, Swisher, Briscoe, Hall, Childress.

Another highly successful meeting has just been brought to a close at Dodge, the Baptists having Sunday night concluded a week's revival service with about twenty conversions, sixteen of whom joined the church, and thirteen of the number joining by baptism. Four conversions marked the closing service Sunday night. The meeting was opened by Rev. J. H. Taylor of the Brady Baptist church, who preached Saturday night and Sunday afternoon and night, following which the meeting was taken in charge by the Rev. J. M. Bean, who has been pastor of the Dodge church since February. Bro. Bean is the first pastor had since the beginning of the war, and his efficient services have won him the warm commendation of members of the church.

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.

Letter Clips—various sizes. The Brady Standard.

BRADY'S NEW PUMPING OUTFIT NOW EN ROUTE—LOADED SAT'DAY AT CHICAGO

OUTFIT INCLUDES TWO-STAGE SULLIVAN AIR COMPRESSOR WITH COMPLETE PUMPING OUTFIT, WITH CAPACITY OF 150 TO 300 GALLONS PER MINUTE.

Advice received by wire Saturday from factory headquarters announces the loading out of the new well pumping machinery at Chicago on last Saturday, according to Alderman B. Simpson, chairman of the well committee. This, then, should put the machinery in Brady within the next week or ten days. The shipment included the two-stage Sullivan air compressor with a complete pumping outfit, and which was by the water well committee of the city council at San Antonio.

Arrival of the new pumping outfit is being eagerly awaited by the local committee, and the citizenship in general as well, as its installation means not only the assurance of an abundant supply of water, but of a supply of the purest, soft water that nature can boast. It is anticipated that about ten days or two weeks will be required to place the machinery and get it in operation, following its arrival, which should assure the new well water being turned in the mains before the middle of September.

The new pumping outfit will have a capacity of from 150 to 300 gallons per minute, depending upon the depth at which the pumping will be required. According to present plans, 4-inch pipe will be used, and the pumping will be from a depth of 350 ft., at which level it is anticipated that fully 300 gallons per minute can be had. The water at this depth pumps clear and cold.

Bodner & Conaway, the contractors who drilled the Brady well, still have their big Star 30 machine on the well site, pending signing up of a contract to drill a well at some other location. If the machinery arrives in time before the rig is torn down for removal, the placing of the pumping apparatus will be undertaken by this firm.

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL MEETING IS CLOSED AT DODGE—BAPTIST CONVERSIONS, 20

Another game has been matched and will be played next Saturday afternoon at the Dutton City park, when East Sweden will cross bats with the Calif Creek team. Everyone is invited to come out and see the farmer boys play real ball.

EAST SWEDEN COMMUNITY DEVELOPING TEAM OF FAST BALL PLAYERS—ARE 100%

The East Sweden community boasts of the only 100% winning ball team in the county, the club having played two games so far and winning both. The most recent game was played Saturday at Rochelle, the opposing nine, Corn Creek, being taken down by a score of 9 to 6. Tom Edwards and Walter Hurd formed the battery for East Sweden, and did effective work.

Another Explanation.

First Critic: "You don't attach much importance to the applause the actors are getting."
Second Critic: "Not much. There is bound to be applause. You can't expect an audience to sit still the whole evening and do nothing."

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

The Book of Memories.
Youth writes the book of memories for the old, and the years be long, the pages gold, with joys recorded from the long ago, and glad adventures when the heart was bold. Here are the sweet romances all retold; before her raven tresses caught the song; how fair life was, but then we didn't know.

We live it thru, dreaming that we should hold forever to the laughter and the song; then sorrow came with all her flood of tears, but even thru the lonely days and long, the faith which has sustained us bright appears. Now in life's fading light we read it o'er, and find our peace in what has gone before.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

JEFF MEERS AND FAMILY TO MOVE TO SAN ANGELO—BUY RESIDENCE THERE

Jeff Meers spent Sunday and Monday here with home folks, returning to Concho county Monday evening, where he is superintending the drilling of the Texas-Meers test well near Shultz well No. 2. The many McCulloch county friends of the family will learn with regret that they are preparing to move within the next two weeks to San Angelo to make their home there, Mr. Meers having just completed the purchase of a splendid \$15,000 home, centrally located, in that city. Mr. Meers has been located in McCulloch county since 1907, and during his residence here has been a consistent and persistent booster of the oil game. He is still firm in his belief that a big pool of oil will some day be uncovered in this vicinity, and meantime is demonstrating his faith by continuing his operations in our neighbor county.

While regretting their departure, Brady citizens join in commending Mr. Meers and family to the good graces of San Angelo, and wish for them an abundant measure of success.

New Banking Law.

(Adopted since the Republican administration brought the country back to normalcy.)
Hereafter the following holidays will be observed in addition to those that have been legalized by an act of congress or the Texas legislature: St. Patrick's Day, April Fool Day, the birthdays of John L. Sullivan, Sitting Bull and Pancho Villa.

The banks will remain closed all days above mentioned. And no loans will be made except on these holidays.

No man will be allowed to herd the active vice-president for more than one hour at a time.

Funny jokes will be appreciated by the officers of the bank but owing to an over-production of this commodity no advances can be made on them.

Ice water will be furnished all customers, who are asked not to get hot under the collar, if the cashier is obliged to say "so" oftener than he would like to.—Exchange.

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

Headache In the Morning

Don't Feel Good Anyway

"Not very well when you were taken," and feel worse as the days go by. ALL BECAUSE YOUR LIVER AND KIDNEYS ARE WRONG. Keep your liver right, and the world will look bright. Get a bottle of REXALL LIVER SALTS and LITHIA TABLETS. Use them according to directions and you will feel fresh and fine.

—GET IT TODAY!

Trigg Drug Company

THE **Rexall** STORE On the Corner

PUGET SOUND TO GULF MEET SOON AT MASON OR FBG

The 1921 convention of the Texas division of the Puget Sound-to-the-Gulf Highway Association will likely be held early in September either in Mason or Fredericksburg, according to Thomas F. Owen, secretary of the Board of City Development here.

As corresponding secretary of the association, Mr. Owen has opened correspondence with J. R. Lowrie of Lamesa, president; F. H. Barmeister of Jourdan, vice-president, and with Carl Runge of Mason, secretary-treasurer, for the purpose of setting dates and designating a place for the meeting. No session was held last year, heavy rains and resultant muddy roads preventing delegates from twenty-three counties from reaching Mason.

The annual convention of the Kiwanis Clubs of Texas convenes in San Antonio on Monday, September 5, for a two days' session and Amarillo, Plainview, San Angelo, San Antonio and Corpus Christi are five big towns on the highway which have Kiwanis clubs and will likely send delegates to the San Antonio meeting. It is Mr. Owen's idea to hold the highway session either in Mason or Fredericksburg one or two days before or immediately after the Kiwanis convention in order that persons may attend both sessions on one trip. Friday, September 2, is the date Mr. Owen has suggested.

Officers of the highway association within a few days will reach a decision as to the time and place of the 1921 convention. The Puget Sound-to-the-Gulf route through Texas is known as State Highway No. 9. It enters the state at Texline and extends through Dalhart, Amarillo, Plainview, Lubbock, Big Spring, Sterling City, San Angelo, Paint Rock, Brady, Mason, Fredericksburg, San Antonio, Pleasanton, Campbellton and George West to Corpus Christi. The route is the shortest from Denver to the Gulf, the distance being only 1,204 miles, and is heavily traveled by tourists. Blue and red signals designate the route all the way.

The Puget Sound-to-the-Gulf Highway Association is affiliated with the National Highways Association and at its 1921 meeting will lay plans to secure federal aid in road building under appropriations now being considered by congress. Connecting some of the most popular health and pleasure resorts in the South and West, penetrating regions offering diversified scenery and climate and roads that are passable virtually the year 'round.

The association was organized in San Angelo in 1914 and since then none of the annual sessions has ever been held here. Tom Owens plans to invite the body to come here next summer. The 1919 meeting went to Big Spring. Since that time, many of the twenty-three counties between Dallam in the Panhandle and Nueces on the Coast have voted good roads bonds and many miles of permanent highways have been built.—San Angelo Standard.

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

Lucky Dog.
"The only friend Withers has in the whole world is his dog."
"Yes, and it is beginning to tell on him."
"What, on Withers?"
"No, on his dog."

Compensation.
Hilda: "A woman has a worse time of it than a man."
Eddie: "How do you make that out?"
"Why, look at poor Flo. She had to spend a month in a dentist's chair to get rid of some crooked teeth. A man could have grown a mustache."

Paneled Cards and Wedding Stationery. The Brady Standard.

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

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

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

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

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

BRADY, TEXAS, Aug. 16, 1921

HONEST INJUN.

It has been suggested that if subjects like "American Ideals" fail to draw a crowd, the lecturer might discourse upon "The Relativity of Jazz to Choir Music," which would be most certain to pack the house from cellar to garret.

KIND WORDS.

Tollie Cave said that Brady did not fall down on their reunion last week. He said that the entire citizenship vied with each other in making it pleasant for the old veterans and for the visitors, and in the front ranks of the busy entertainers were found editors Schwenker and Sellers. Of course in a big gathering like that if one is making a special effort they can find something to criticize, but Tollie was there to enjoy himself and he describes the eats as being as good as any he ever partook of. The dance by the old timers, he said, was real amusing.—Eden Echo.

DRY EXHIBITION.

In addition to prohibition, dry weather and dry rivers, Texas seems to have an over-abundance of dry check artists, who have been preying upon the unsuspecting merchant in every village and hamlet. More often than not, the dry check artist is a neighbor and friend (?) of the storekeeper, whose efforts to accommodate the said friend (?) is rewarded by accepting the change given on the check as a free gift.

At Comanche, among other towns, some merchants have adopted the method of pasting these dry checks on their show windows, and removing them only when they are made good. This method, no doubt, results in the getting of kale from some of the tender-foot artists, and again it leads to trouble, as, for instance, when the dry-check artist chances to be a big bully. Nevertheless, the method, if universally adopted, would have a tendency to stop the present-day tendency to speculate, both upon the future and upon the merchant's credulity, and as such deserves more than passing note.

A great many would-be dishonest folks fear the lime-light of publicity, and if publicity will keep a man in the straight and narrow path, then publicity is the thing.

A SLOW GO.

In the midst of our gratification over the successful outcome of the great U. C. V. reunion just closed, and the bringing in of a fine water well, so badly needed, and the holding of the McCulloch County Exhibit in the no-distant future—

In the midst of all these things, let us not forget that Brady is still blessed (?) with a Santa Fe train service that would make the slow train through Arkansas look like a cannonball express. In swapping double-daily train service over the Frisco for one-time-a-day Frisco service and this Santa Fe mixed service, for which Brady paid some several thousands of dollars bonus, everyone must admit that Brady picked a lemon. For a system like the great Santa Fe to maintain a mixed train service, compelling passengers to ride behind smelly cattle cars, over a decade of years, seems almost unbelievable. But that is just what the Santa Fe has done, and, perhaps, for the reason that very little protest has been made in the matter.

One of the speakers at the Brady reunion wrote stating that his great objection to accepting the invitation to come to Brady and address the veterans was because he would be compelled to "spend five hours and twenty-five minutes to go 66 miles

from Lometa to Brady."

The citizenship of Brady, and of the whole Santa Fe Lometa-Eden extension for that matter, should ask themselves if this service is what they desired when they subscribed a huge bonus, not to mention right-of-way and depot facilities, for the Santa Fe extension. At that time the rallying cry was an outlet to the Gulf Coast. Yet, 90% of the passengers desiring to go to the Gulf Coast would prefer to route themselves via Fort Worth, or else travel by automobile to San Antonio in preference to accepting the accommodations offered by the Santa Fe.

Just as long as Brady citizens raise no protest over the abominable service, so detrimental to our town's interest and growth, just so long will this self-same service be continued.

BRADY DAY AT SAN SABA FAIR.

The Standard editor acknowledges receipt of a season pass to the San Saba County Fair, which is being held for four days, beginning today and continuing over Friday. In this respect, the San Saba fair directors have always shown both home and visiting newspaper men every courtesy and attention, which is, perhaps, why the San Saba fair always receives kindly mention from the newspapers of this section, and which it so richly deserves. The San Saba County fair has been developed into the greatest county fair in the state of Texas, merely because it has men of forethought, vision and discrimination at its head.

Thursday is Brady day at the San Saba County fair, and while up into the hundred of Brady citizens are already in attendance, it is more than probable that some three or four hundred visitors from Brady will be at the fair grounds Thursday to represent Brady and to exchange neighborly greetings with our friends in San Saba county.

All success to the San Saba County fair—it is a great institution and is deserving of the fullest measure of success.

Speaking of progressive municipalities—there's Tahoka, which has just completed its municipal light plant at a cost of \$22,000, and which is now engaged in completing one of the best waterworks systems in the U. S. Then, note also, that Tahoka's business district has just erected street lights, giving that city one of the best "white ways" in that section of Texas. 'Pears that we can sit up and take lessons from even our small-town neighbors.

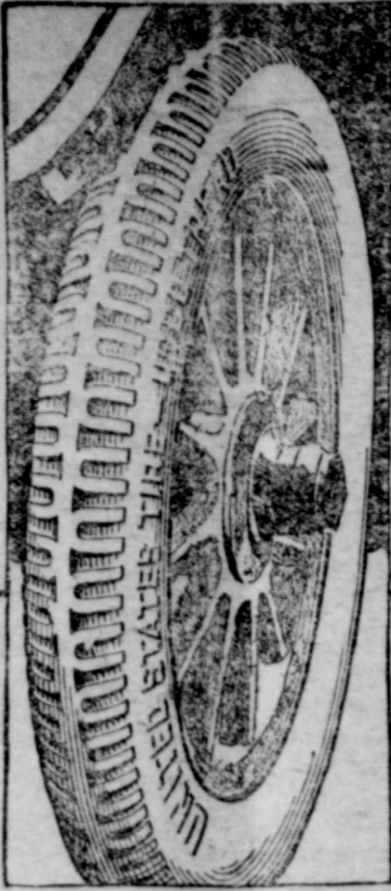
Paint Rock recently voted the \$1.00 school tax limit, with only three voters dissenting from the majority opinion. Perhaps those Brady citizens who so vigorously opposed the school tax increase at the recent election, and who are now engaged in verbal warfare with the school board of equalization over the raising of tax renditions, now realize that there is more than one way to kill a cat besides choking him on butter, and that the way they chose is not all sunshine and happiness.

REWARD OFFERED FOR F. W. BADER—ESCAPED CONVICT AND MURDERER

Local officers have received notice of reward for the arrest of F. W. Bader, an escaped convict, who was serving a fifty year term in the penitentiary for killing Constable Connelly at Lometa in 1915. Bader will be remembered as a bad man in Ballinger, a chase after him here following the murder at Lometa arousing the entire city and surrounding country. Bader's wife was operating a rooming house in Ballinger at the time of the murder, and he slipped in here and secreted himself in the ceiling of the building, where he was located by officers and a posse smoked him out at the point of a gun; the man escaped down the gutter and got away with the posse within a few feet of him. He was later arrested and tried and sent to the pen for fifty years. He made his escape after serving about five years, escaping from the Furgason farm on July 31.—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

You Never Can Tell.

Guest (upon approaching his host's home in the suburb)—"Ah, there are some of your family on the veranda. See if I can guess who they are. The girl in short dresses is your daughter, the young man in riding breeches is your son, and the lady in the—er—tea-gown is your charming wife."
Host—No, you are all wrong. The girl in short dresses is my grandmother; the young fellow in riding breeches is my wife; and the lady in the tea-gown is my ten-year-old daughter who likes to dress up in her great-grandmother's dresses."



THE U.S. USCO TREAD

Here is the U. S. Usco Tread, with a long-established standard of service among motorists who have an eye to value, as well as to price. While selling for less than the other tires in the U. S. Fabric line, the Usco has earned a reputation for quality and dependable economy which is not exceeded by any tire in its class.

United States Tires are Good Tires

- U. S. USCO TREAD
- U. S. CHAIN TREAD
- U. S. NOBBY TREAD
- U. S. ROYAL CORD
- U. S. RED & GREY TUBES

United States Tires
United States Rubber Company

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

Dean & Shield, Doole
A. L. Graham, Melvin
Lohn Garage, Lohn

From the makers of U.S. Royal Cords to the users of Fabric Tires



"Giving to the fabric tire user fresh, live tires. Being made now. Being shipped now."

In all of modern merchandising the biggest conundrum is the fabric tire situation.

Around 70% of all car owners use fabric tires.

Their instinct for quality is as strong and insistent as any one else's.

Why, then, are they offered such hodge-podge stocks of "discount tires," "odd lots," "seconds," "retreads" and other so-called bargains of uncertain origin?

Sooner or later the public always seeks out quality. As a matter of self-protection—if for no other reason. The out-and-out opinion in favor of U. S. Fabric Tires has spread more this year than it ever did.

People have gotten very close to the U. S. policy. Felt it. Benefited by it. And passed the word along.

It's a policy settled to one standard for all U. S. Tires. Whether fabrics or cords. Small sizes or large.

Giving to the fabric tire user fresh, live tires. Being made now. Being shipped now.

All the original U. S. vitality and service comes through when you buy a U. S. Fabric Tire.

"Usco," "Chain," "Nobby." Three different treads.

Built by the same brains, the same policy, the same quality ideals that have made U. S. Royal Cords the standard measure of tire worth.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Full-blood White Leghorn Cockerels. BEN MOFFATT, 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.

If you want to locate in Brady account school beginning, buy my home near Central school building. Four rooms, bath, and large glassed-in sleeping porch. Lot 100x100 ft. Nice shade trees in yard. Bargain if sold in next three weeks. JAMES E. NEAL, Box 325, Brady, Texas.

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

FOR RENT

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

WANTED

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

LOST—

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

LOST—Black horse, about 14.3 hands high; with white skin on left eye; branded U on jaw and Z on left shoulder. J. E. White, Brady.

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

MISCELLANEOUS

TREES—TREES—TREES.
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.
J. COORPENDER.

REX SUN SHADES.

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

ICE CREAM SOCIAL.

A Lawn Social will be held at the A. J. Johnson residence on Brownwood road Friday night of this week. Ice cream and cake will be served. Everybody invited.

MUSIC CLASS.

Mrs. J. B. Smith will begin classes in piano, at music room near Central school, also at residence near High school, Monday, Sept. 12. Phone 154.

WATER WELL DRILLING.

Having finished the city water well, we are now ready for new contracts. Will drill wells from 500 to 3000 ft. depth. BODNER & CONAWAY, Brady, Texas. Phone 318.

Same Old Stuff.

Pastor—"I shall speak on 'Married Life' at the morning service, and 'Eternal Punishment' in the evening."
Voice from the rear—"Aw, don't repeat yourself."

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head

Because of its tonic and invigorating effect, T. A. V. ACTIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 30c.

MARTIN'S SCREW WORM KILLER.

Kills worms with one application. Heals wounds and keeps off flies. More for your money, and your money back if you want it. Ask Trigg Drug Fountain Pen Ink. The Brady Standard.

Victory!

On the day after the armistice that ended the not-so-late war a Southern mountaineer, driving down from the hills on one of his rare visits to town encountered a whiskered squirrel hunter.

"What was that thar racket, down to the Forks last night, stranger?" he inquired. "Red lights and fireworks and schlick. Sounded like it might be some sort of a celebration."

"It shore was," said the other. "Didn't ye hear 'The war's over.'"

"It is? Say, did we—did we win?" "We shore did."

"Hooray! shouted the mountaineer. "It took a little more time than I expected but I never had a doubt for one durn minute but what we'd finally lick them danyanks."

Cautious.

Robert, age 8, ran in to his father with his nose bleeding.

"What have you been doing?" demanded his father as he rendered first aid.

"A boy hit me," was the answer. "Well, and did you hit him back?"

"No, father; you see, he was smaller than me."
The father's heart glowed.

"And besides he was a poor boy." The parental face beamed with pride.

"And," added the boy, "you can never tell, father, how strong those poor boys are."

CONTENTED COWS GIVE MORE MILK.

Fly pestered cows are not contented. "Martin's Fly Spray" keeps cows contented and free from flies. Satisfaction guaranteed by Trigg Drug Co.

The MYSTERY OF THE SILVER DAGGER

BY RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE CASE OF CAVENDISH"
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—In a New York jewelry store Philip Severn, United States consular agent, notices a small box which attracts him. He purchases it. Later he discovers in a secret compartment a writing giving a clue to a revolutionary movement in this country seeking to overthrow the Chilean government. The writing mentions a rendezvous, and Severn decides to investigate.

CHAPTER II.—Finding the place mentioned in the writing apparently deserted, Severn visits a saloon in the vicinity. A woman in the place is met by a man, seemingly by appointment, and Severn, his suspicions aroused, follows them. They go to the designated meeting place, an abandoned iron foundry.

CHAPTER III.—At the rendezvous Severn is accepted as one of the conspirators and admitted. He meets a stranger who appears to recognize him.

CHAPTER IV.—The stranger addresses Severn as Harry Daly. The incident plays into Severn's hands and he accepts it. His new acquaintance is a notorious thief, "Gentleman George" Harris. Convinced, Severn hears the girl he had followed address the conspirators. She urges them to hasten the work of revolution.

CHAPTER V.—Leaving the crowd to discuss the message she had brought, the girl discloses Severn listening. She accepts his explanation of his presence and makes an appointment to meet him next day. He tells her his name is Daly. Harris informs him of a scheme he has to secure a sum amounting to \$1,000,000, the revolutionary fund, and offers to "split" with him. Severn accepts the proposition.

CHAPTER VI.—Severn learns it was his new friend and a "Captain Alva" who had lost the box which started him on the trail. Harris tells him the woman is Marie Gessler. He arranges to meet Severn next day at Tom Costigan's saloon. Leaving the building, Severn notices a stalled automobile a few blocks away. Investigating, he finds the body of Captain Alva, stabbed to death with a hatpin dagger. Securing it, he remembers having seen it, or one like it, in Marie Gessler's hat.

"Your mockery does not change my mind."

"I had no expectation that it would; neither does it bring me a salary. But, seriously, forget all this rilly to you, and remember only that you are with Marie Gessler. Whatever her purpose may be, you are to be loyal only to her."

"I am, absolutely," I replied with a conviction my voice was unable to disguise. She turned her face quickly, and in the dim light our eyes met. "You said that very earnestly. You make me believe I judged you right, Philip Severn. Here is my hand."

I clasped it tightly, the firm pressure of the warm fingers sending an instant thrill through every nerve of my body. It was not withdrawn, and we walked so closely together I could feel the slight pressure of her form, almost resting against mine.

"Where are you taking me?"

"To Perond's French cafe—have you ever heard of it?"

"No, I think not."

"I have been there with slumming parties once or twice, with a plainclothes man along, of course, to show us the sights. It is not very respectable, I believe, although really I never saw anything particularly dangerous. Interesting and unconventional, of course, but I anticipate no trouble, unless we care to make it ourselves. You see the cluster of lights at the next corner. That's Perond's."

As I gazed forward, she drew her hand from my grasp, and her form straightened.

"What am I to do when we arrive?"

"Merely be the attentive escort—but not too attentive, please. Have you dined?"

"No, I was going to ask you."

"You need not ask me—I am famished, and this place is really famous for its meals."

Perond's was really underground; at least you descended a broad pair of steps to attain its entrance, and the glass in windows and doors fronting the street was heavily draped, preventing any view of the interior from without. What was overhead could not be determined in the darkness, my eyes merely discerning the outlines of a tall building, without a gleam of light showing anywhere from top to bottom. The front of the restaurant, however, was brilliantly lit, and a colored man in uniform promptly held open the door as we began descending the stairs.

against the farther wall, on a raised high stage, two cabaret singers were noisily entertaining the crowd. Altogether it was a stirring and attractive scene, bearing to my mind no resemblance of any preconceived notion of the underworld. I could have easily imagined that we had entered, rather, the restaurant of an ultra-fashionable hotel the other side of Broadway.

Nor did our entrance create the slightest interest, beyond awakening the attention of the head waiter, who met us smilingly.

"A table for two, M'sieur?"

"A booth, please; have you one near the center?" and I slipped a bill into his hand, which closed it instantly out of sight.

"Ah, certainly; the very thing, M'sieur. I will show you, Francois, the central booth for the gentleman. Ah, see, M'sieur—bien, tres bien!"

It was indeed a cozy spot, with the heavy curtains held aside. A divan of soft plush across the end, a table covered with snowy linen, and already glistening with silver and glass, in the center, and three exceedingly comfortable chairs.

"It is very fine, M'sieur," I said. "Quite to my satisfaction. You might lower one of those curtains, if you will. Yes, that is much better. Is Francois our waiter?"

"Oui, M'sieur; you would be served? The table de hoit, Francois. These dishes are ready—but, M'sieur, we serve quickly whatever you wish."

He spread his hands expressively, glanced swiftly about to assure himself all was well, and backed out, still politely bowing, leaving the attentive Francois beside me, pad in hand. At my suggestion the lady gave the order, using discretion, I thought, while I supplemented with a bottle of wine, in spite of the energetic negative conveyed to me across the table. As the waiter departed I surveyed my companion, realizing as never before how extremely attractive she was. She must have read something of this in my eyes, for her own smiled wisely.

"What is it you were thinking about?"

"Perhaps I had better not tell."

"Another secret? Well, then, answer this—what do you think of Perond's?"

"Actually I am unable to realize where I am," I answered honestly. "The contrast from those dark streets, suggestive of crime, to this brilliancy is altogether too sudden. It has left me dazed; my mind refuses to function."

"It affected me that way the first visit. I could not convince myself of the true nature of the place; it seemed—well, altogether too respectable. I always associated the underworld with roughness and poverty, police surveillance, and all that. But look out there; it is like a big hotel dining-room after the play. Those women—some of them, at least—are really elegantly dressed, and in excellent taste, and there is no more noise, no more coarseness, than I have witnessed at the Waldorf. The men are not bad-looking, either, do you think?"

"Well, there are all grades here, now that I look about; yet, as you say, the average is not bad. Probably they will grow louder later in the evening, when they take the lid off."

"I don't believe they ever do—that is, entirely. Mr. McLaughlin, the detective who came with us, said this was really the most dangerous place in town from the police viewpoint. Its very surface quiet made it a special menace. Nothing was ever permitted to occur here which would give the department any excuse for a raid. If there was a fight, or even a murder, it was hushed up instantly, and the victim hidden away, before even the patrolman on the block could hear about it. He mentioned several cases; and said the waiters were especially selected to take care of any rough house."

"Perhaps that is what makes it popular with the class they cater to."

"Safe, you mean. Yes; he said they could spot any criminal of reputation in the country at Perond's, if they only waited long enough; that half the big jobs in New York were plotted at these tables."

"I begin to comprehend," I said faintly. "Why I was received as a distinguished guest. The headwaiter must have recognized me as an old pal—my face is my fortune."

"He may have mistaken you for Daly," she admitted soberly, "but more likely it was your tip which made him so attentive. You are some spender, Mr. Severn."

"That depends on who I am with; this is an unusual occasion."

BACK A FOLD OF THE CURTAIN WITH ONE hand, so as to gain a wider glimpse of the large room without. A moment she remained motionless; then turned her face sideways toward me.

"Waldron is already here," she whispered warningly. "He is alone at that second table, against the pillar. Step around this side and you can see; the man with gray, bushy hair."

I could not easily have mistaken the fellow; his appearance was too emphatically that of the Russian Jew of a certain type to enable him to conceal his birthright. His back was toward us, yet as he occasionally cast his eyes about over the faces of those around him, I had a glimpse of a beaked nose, and a shallow, dull complexion, which seemed to blend naturally into a scraggly beard of no perceptible color. His hair though was iron-gray, apparently uncut for weeks, and thrust back from an unusually high forehead, so as to give the man a ruffled, unkempt appearance far from pleasing. He was big all over, strangely burly for a Jew, with broad shoulders and large hands, thickly covered with hair.

I moved back around the table as Francois appeared, and resumed my seat, keeping silent until the waiter again vanished, and left us alone.

"And now that you have located the fellow," I asked curiously, "what do you propose doing—go out and talk with him?"

She shook her head.

"I have reason to believe he expects to meet some one here," she explained. "I do not know who; that is one thing I desire to find out. From what you have told me tonight I rather think now it may be Harris."

"No one arrived yet?" I inquired.

"The Jew still there?"

"He remains alone eating. Ah! my guess was right—isn't that Harris, who has just come in?"

It was "Gentleman George" beyond the shadow of a doubt. He had evidently located Waldron the moment of entering the room, and with no other thought in his mind headed straight toward where the letter sat. The Jew glanced up, saw him approaching, and drew partially back from the table, the knife he had been using still gripped in his hand.

His posture was that of defense, of one who anticipates possible attack. Nor did Harris' expression and manner render this improbable. The latter pushed his way forward with angry strides, until he reached the man he sought, leaning over the table to front him, his face black with passion, his first words plainly audible to us above the din of a jazz band.

"Say, where the h—l have you been?"

"H—l, if they ain't both of 'em here! Say, this is rich. So you two are in cahoots, hey? Thought you'd play me for a d—n fool, did you, Daly? Well, I'll show you what you're up against—you and yer girl. Come now, where's that hoodler?"

"I know nothing about it, Harris."

"You're a liar. This dame went away with Alva in his car. I saw her go out with him. You cough up, both of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here without a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad bull rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, my hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, brute strength and ferocity. The bottle was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted; I know we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I know the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one fist square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift uperent, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangleing, arms outstretched and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were thrust violently aside, and the head-waiter, backed by a half dozen subordinates, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.

"What is this, a double-cross, Waldron?"

"What you mean?" ejaculated the other. "By Gott! It is rather you I should ask why you—not tell me the truth?"

"Tell you! What the devil have I got to tell you? Don't get funny with me. You sent me a note this morning, didn't you?"

"Sure I did."

"Well, then, why didn't you meet me? D—n it, I've been hunting you all day long. What's the idea? Come, blurt it out, before I wring your d—n Jew neck."

with our own course, owing us to appear indifferent to the quarrel raging beyond the curtains. Both men would have lowered their voices, for our ears caught nothing of what was said. It seemed to me the waiter was unusually slow in rearranging the table.

"There, that will do, Francois," I broke out, at last, impatiently. "We will want nothing else at present. When I need you again I will ring. That is the bell, I presume."

"Oui, M'sieur."

"All right; then leave us alone for a while."

Neither one of us touched a thing, the coffee growing cold in the cups, as we endeavored to distinguish what was going on at that second table out in the main dining room. I came around beside her, to where I could peer out also beneath the curtain fold, and thus gain glimpses of the two men. They were talking earnestly, but had lowered their voices, until they were nearly inaudible amid the din of the place. The anger and threat had gone out of both voices; but only occasionally could we weave together words into an understandable sentence; these came to us detached, unrelated, as the surrounding noise ceased suddenly, or the music came to a pause.

"You didn't get it! Then who the h—l did? Me, I should say no; why! I never knew the old man had even slipped him the dough. That d—n girl rode down with him. Of course I do; I saw them go out together; that's why I thought I was playing safe to keep away. Somebody has played us for suckers. If you had kept your d—n mouth shut we'd a-had it easy."

Waldron broke in, stung by this last taunt into elevating his voice.

"What you mean, I keep my mouth shut? So help me, Moses, I tell nobody."

"The h—l you didn't! You blabbed the whole thing to Daly. He told me so himself. That's what I was doing last night, bluffing him out."

"I tell Daly? Where you got that stuff? I ain't seen Daly for three years. Was he in the deal? Why you not tell me of Daly before?"

"Tell you! I never knew it until he told me."

A waiter brushed past him, bearing a tray, striking against one shoulder as he passed. Harris glanced up with a snarling oath, and, before I realized the danger, his eyes must have caught a glimpse of me beneath the draped curtain. Instantly the fellow was on his feet, all else forgotten in a swift wave of passion.

"There's the guy now!" he burst forth. "He's hiding in that booth; I saw him. Come on, and we'll have the stiff cough up yet!"

I drew back swiftly, pushing the girl behind me. There was no place in which to hide, no chance for escape. Perhaps I could explain, but, if not, then I must fight. The two came plunging through the opening and faced up, the heavy curtains dropping behind them and shutting out all view beyond. Harris, inflamed by drink, glared about as though doubting the evidence of his own eyes, but his expression was that of savage hatred.

"H—l, if they ain't both of 'em here! Say, this is rich. So you two are in cahoots, hey? Thought you'd play me for a d—n fool, did you, Daly? Well, I'll show you what you're up against—you and yer girl. Come now, where's that hoodler?"

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"Sure I did."

little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See here, M'sieur," and I thrust the first bill I could reach into his hand. "Hush this up, will you, and let the lady and me get out of here."

He dashed about frantically, wringing his hands and gesticulating.

"Oui, oui! Eet shall be so. There ees to be no trouble, no police. Ze men attack you, M'sieur Daly—I see eet all; you protect ze Madame. There be no noise, no peestal—bien! Francois, Jules, you will help ze lady an' ze gentleman to go—quick."

The two waiter-guardians held back the curtains for us to pass through. The main dining room was not as disturbed as I anticipated it might be. As we came forth and made our way down the aisle under escort, we were gazed at curiously, but no demonstration followed.

A group of waiters stood before the outer door, evidently collected there to prevent any alarm from reaching the outside. To the signal of Francois these stepped aside, permitting us to pass through into the vestibule.

I assisted my companion into her coat, and then hastily struggled into my own. She was pale, but her eyes met my own bravely, and her hand touched my arm as we went up the steps. Above, all remained quiet and dark.

"What next?" I asked.

"I believe there are taxis around the corner."

"Good; I would prefer riding to walking, myself. Where do you wish to be taken?"

"Back to the hotel, please."

In the semi-darkness of the cab I felt her hand touch mine gently, as though half afraid.

"Oh, I was so frightened—so sorry to have brought you there. It was all my fault. The Russian had a knife."

"Yes, I know; I caught a glimmer of it, but he went down and out for the count before it could be used. There is nothing to worry over now."

"They did not get the money?"

"No, that is clear enough. Somebody got the bulge on them, and they are very properly sore. You heard Harris swear you left with Alva."

"Harris knows nothing about it; you must believe me."

"I intend to—certainly as against Harris."

She may not have been altogether pleased with my answer, for she said no more until we drew up at the hotel entrance. She waited while I settled with the chauffeur, and we crossed the wide pavement together.

"It may be best for you not to come in; one never knows."

"This is not a final parting, I hope?"

"Perhaps so, perhaps not. You do not wholly trust me. Some day I mean you shall. Good-night."

I felt her hand in mine, just for a moment; then the doors opened and closed, leaving me alone.

CHAPTER X

The Proof of Murder—The Back Room of Costigan's

I watched her through the glass doors until she vanished among the crowd in the lobby. I could not permit her to go away like this; to get beyond my sight and knowledge—yet I hesitated too long, until she had merged into the swirling crowd and was lost.

It was indeed a strange feeling of loneliness which swept over me in that moment. Never before had I felt such depth of interest in a woman, or experienced such regret at parting. With no apparent effort, seemingly utterly indifferent, she had nevertheless become intertwined with my life, her presence a necessity for my happiness. The soft pressure of her body, the touch of her hand, was intoxication; the glance of her eyes sent the warm blood pulsing through my veins. She had become to me an inspiration, a memory to dream over, a hope no longer to be resisted.

This was strange, so strange as to be beyond understanding. I argued it with myself, but to no result. The fact would not be denied. Here was an unknown woman, original and beautiful, to be sure, yet one whose very identity was shrouded in mystery. To all appearances she was actively engaged in conspiracy against the government of Chile, in a crime against human life. She was unquestionably the authorized agent of a gang of revolutionary plotters—I had witnessed their reception of her as one of their own, and could not doubt the evidence of my own eyes. She had borne them instructions, and stood in their midst, in secret conclave, speaking as one having authority. More than that, even, she had refused to deny this connection, to reveal her name, or acknowledge any other purpose. She had used me to further her ends, whatever they might be, preying upon my personal interest in her, and yet refusing to lift a single fold of this curtain of mystery.

In my heart I hungered a question—answered. If she was honest, square, actuated by some worthy purpose, why did she still refuse to confide in me? Surely I had been sufficiently tested—and she knew who I was. If she was the sister of a classmate whom I knew and loved, what necessity remained for the concealment of her name? What, indeed, except shame at the part she was playing in this sordid drama of life? Some of my earlier suspicion had been eradicated, for now it was clearly demonstrated that it could not have been her knife which had pierced Alva's heart. Whatever else I might believe against her, this evidence no longer existed, for she still wore the dagger in her hat. Peculiar as the design was, the weapon locked in my valise, which I had picked up blood-stained on the floor of the car, was not hers; it had been welded in its deadly work by some other hand. But whose? Did she know? Did she even suspect the assassin? Was she even now endeavoring to conceal his identity? These questions were unanswerable; I could only partially drive them back by memory of the girl herself; it was impossible to recall her vividly to mind, and yet associate her with so foul a crime.

I was still immersed in such thoughts, mentally struggling for her honor, and my own justification, when I finally attained the quiet of my room. I was squarely up against a stone wall; there was no light perceptible anywhere. Neither Harris nor Waldron was guilty of this crime; they were obliterated from further consideration. These two worthies had undoubtedly done their best, but had been outgeneraled by some one else; and, whoever that other might be, he had made a clear get-away, leaving not even a lurking suspicion behind him. It was the job of a master-thief, an expert in crime—or else had been accomplished through the blind luck of some one whose very identity cloaked any possibility of suspicion.

My glance wandering about the room aimlessly fell upon the valise in one corner. It was just where I remembered leaving it when I went out, yet I saw something which surely resembled a slash in the leather. I crossed over, and bent down; it was a slash, the clean cut of a knife, running from end to end, penetrating through both leather and cloth. Whoever had done the deed had been unable to operate the lock, and had used the blade as a last resort, slitting the entire bag wide open. I inserted my hand and felt within; nothing seemed missing, or greatly disturbed. I explored to the bottom, and then sprang to my feet in startled amazement—the dagger I had concealed there was gone!

Good God! What could be the meaning of this? She had worn that ornament in her hat openly, purposely, to fool me into believing her innocent. There could be no other explanation. She had confessed being at the hotel, seeking to locate me, and the number of my room. What would prevent her coming up here unobserved, then, while I was out, and gaining entrance? And who else would have any reason to thus search through my things, and abstract this important evidence of crime!

Yet how did she know I had it? How did she even suspect I was the first to discover the dead body, and bear away with me the tell-tale weapon with which Alva had been murdered? I had no means of knowing how—only she alone had special reason to regain possession of that knife. And she had even dared later to flaunt it in my very face, to show it to me in her possession, just as though it had never passed out of her hands! Here was revealed a depth of duplicity, a criminal audacity, not to be expressed in words; this soft spoken girl, this woman to whom I knew I had given my heart, stood revealed now in all her hideousness—a murderer, a thief, a scheming criminal, coolly concealing the trail of her crime, and using her very charms of face and manner to conceal from me her true nature.

Perhaps she would see me again—perhaps! The lie was yet warm upon her lips. She had gone away laughing at the simpleton who had believed her, the dupe who had so easily been deceived by her smiles. The chances were she had disappeared already, vanished, left the city, assured that no evidence now remained behind to ever connect her with this terrible affair. She cared nothing for me—I had been a mere tool, plant in her hand—I remained merely in her memory as something to laugh about, another victim, a blind, groping fool, with whom she had played to her heart's desire.

I sat with my head in my hands staring at the mutilated bag, racked with anger and misery. I had been easy, a mark of derision and ridicule; a mere screen for her to hide behind, while her accomplice, if she had one, escaped with the spoils. Then the reaction came; the thought that perhaps I had not read the story wholly aright; the faint hope that it might not prove exactly as I had pictured in my first wild burst of passion. It was too infamous, too unthinkable. Why, if she was guilty, should she have remained in New York? Why should she have sought me out, or listened so intently to the quarrel of those two men at Perond's? What could she possibly gain by thus overhearing the tale of their failure, if she already knew who was the murderer of Alva, and what had become of the spoils?

Continued Next Tuesday.



What is This, a Double-Cross, Waldron?

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"What you mean?" ejaculated the other. "By Gott! It is rather you I should ask why you—not tell me the truth?"

"Tell you! What the devil have I got to tell you? Don't get funny with me. You sent me a note this morning, didn't you?"

"Sure I did."

"Well, then, why didn't you meet me? D—n it, I've been hunting you all day long. What's the idea? Come, blurt it out, before I wring your d—n Jew neck."

BRADY WALKS BROWNWOOD'S LOG IN A TEN-INNING BALL GAME FRIDAY AFTERNOON

The Brady ball team won a ten-inning contest from the Elks-K. P. consolidated team at Brownwood last Friday afternoon, by a score of 5 to 2, thereby getting revenge for the defeat sustained Wednesday afternoon and incidentally getting the Brownwood sport's goat. In reporting the game, the Brownwood Bulletin sports writer made no mention of the fact that the Brownwood team was evidently "suffering from the heat," but simply credited the Brownwood team's "hetic" playing to errors. Also there was a conspicuous absence of any reference to "landing freely upon the offerings of young Robertson." The writer did credit Robertson with thirteen strike-outs, but failed to credit him with a clean hit. He says the Brownwood pitcher "pitched brilliantly," without admitting that Robertson outshone him at all stages of the game. He made no mention of the fact that in the ninth inning, when Brownwood had a man on second and another on third and no outs, and when almost the entire Brownwood bunch of fans left the grand stand to crowd around home plate and the third base line to see the winning score run in by Brownwood, that Robertson struck out two men, and let the third down with an easy pop up.

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JOE ADKINS
 LAWYER
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EVANS J. ADKINS
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
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 Office in Court House

DR. WM. C. JONES
 DENTIST
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forms broke down enroute to Brownwood and arrived late, causing players on the Brady team to don Richland Springs uniforms. The Bulletin writer seizes upon this to show that it was not the Brady team they played, but the Richland Springs team with three Brady players, forgetting at the same time that in writing up the Wednesday game he stated that Brady played the "pick of the crack Elks and Knights of Pythias teams." The pick of two teams—why holler? Did it hurt that bad?

Aside from this, the report, printed below, and copied from Saturday's Brownwood Bulletin, is an absolutely correct and colorless account of the game.

The winning runs in the tenth inning were made when Harris, Brownwood's "brilliant" pitcher, let Murray get a two bagger, and followed up by giving Penny a pass, and then letting Brown hit safely for two bags, which scored Murray and landed Penny on third. Harris then pitched a high and wide one to Jones, who lammed out the third two-bagger for the inning, scoring Penny and Brown. Lane the next man up, flew out to right field for the third out.

The Bulletin's account of the game: The Brownwood-Brady baseball series was evening Friday afternoon when the visitors took the big end of a 5 to 2 score in ten innings. The Brady team had been materially strengthened since the game of Wednesday which was won by Brownwood, all of the visiting players being from Brady except six who wore Richland Springs uniforms. An airtight infield was behind young Robertson, Brady pitcher, and the visitors got through the ten innings without an error charged against them. Brownwood gave "Slim" Harris the poorest kind of support, the infield repeatedly booting the ball at critical moments.

The first two innings were scoreless. In the third inning two bad pegs to second and third gave the visitors an unearned run and in the fourth Brady got another runner across the plate through errors by Brownwood. The count was tied in the seventh frame when Clegg poled one over left field fence for a home run and Ingram was scored on Parnell's hit after putting a two bagger over right field fence. With the count two and two the game went into the tenth inning, when the visitors landed on Harris for a walk and three two-bag swats which netted three runs. Harris struck out three batters in the ninth inning, and thru-out the game pitched brilliantly. He deserved to win by a fat margin. Robertson, pitching for the visitors, whiffed thirteen batters and each pitcher gave up eight hits.

The attendance at yesterday's game was good and the interest of the fans was noteworthy. Free admission is granted to ladies at each game on the local diamond. At least four games will be played here next week, the first two being with Coleman on Monday and Tuesday.

The Box Score.

Brownwood—	AB R H PO E
Peoney, 2b	4 0 0 0 0
Low, rf	5 0 1 2 0
Ater, 3b	4 0 1 1 2
Clegg, 1b	4 1 3 15 0
Ingram, lf	4 1 1 0 1
Dossey, c	4 0 0 0 0
Paulus, ss	4 0 0 1 2
Parnell, cf	4 0 2 0 0
Harris, p	3 0 0 11 0
Total	36 2 8 30 5
Brady—	AB R H PO E
Murray, rf	5 1 2 2 0
Penny, 3b	4 2 2 0 0
Brown, W., 1b	5 1 1 9 0
Jones, cf	5 1 2 0 0
Lane, c	5 0 1 2 0
Wooseley, lf	5 0 0 2 0
Taylor, 2b	4 0 0 2 0
Brown, ss	4 0 0 0 0
Robertson, p	4 0 0 13 0
Total	41 5 8 30 0
By innings:	
Brownwood	000 000 2000—2
Brady	001 100 0003—5

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 LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets remove the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." F. W. GROVE'S signature on box. 30c.

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"From the time I was a boy I couldn't sit down and eat a meal without being in misery afterwards from indigestion. During all these years I was afflicted with rheumatism, too. It was all over my body, but especially bad in my feet and legs and at times I couldn't get from my bed to my chair without help. I was almost a nervous wreck from all these years of suffering and could not half do my work. I hoped for nothing more than temporary benefit from Tanlac, as I believed it impossible for any medicine to give me entire relief, but this is exactly what Tanlac has done.

"For the first time since I can remember I eat anything I want and digest it without trouble. I haven't an ache or a pain and have put on eighteen pounds in weight. I just feel good all over and enjoy life as I never did before. Having put Tanlac to the test I do not hesitate to say that it is the greatest medicine of the age for stomach trouble and rheumatism."

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

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THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any Constable of McCulloch County—Greeting: You are hereby Comanded that you summon G. W. Ryley by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in McCulloch County, Texas, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not then in the nearest County where a newspaper is published, once in each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day of this citation, to be and appear before the District Court of McCulloch County, Texas, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden at the Court House in Brady, Texas, on the Third Monday after the last Monday in August 1921, the same being the 19th day of September 1921, then and there to answer the plaintiff's original petition filed in a suit in said Court on the 11th day of April 1921, wherein Mattie E. Ryley is Plaintiff and G. W. Ryley is Defendant, the file No. of said suit being No. 2974, and the nature of plaintiff's demand and her cause of action is a suit for Divorce and said petition alleging that plaintiff and defendant were legally married in McCulloch County, Texas on or about the 11th day of August, 1915; plaintiff prays for custody and control of two minor children and costs of suit.

Herein Fall Not, but have you before said Court, on the first day of the next term thereof, this Writ with your return thereon showing how you have executed the same. Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Brady, Texas, this 6th day of August, A. D. 1921. P. A. CAMPBELL, Clerk of the District Court, McCulloch County, Texas.

The APPEARANCE

of your printed Stationery reflects the character of your business

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LOCAL BRIEFS.

The Queen hotel and Polk's barber shop is now resplendent in a new and attractive coat of brown, which W. J. Day has just completed. The new paint adds materially to the good appearance of these buildings.

A post card received from S. A. Benham states he is having a good time in Chicago, where he is at market for the Benham store. He reports lots of rain and cool weather, and everything to make the visit enjoyable.

Elo Burger, who has been living in the Pasche community the past number of years, has sold out his crop there and moved last Friday to his own farm a few miles west of Brady, and which he purchased a year or two ago from E. W. Cabe and J. T. Brady.

Mr. and Mrs. James Turman are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a fine 9 1/2-lb. boy on last Saturday, August 14th. Mother and son both reported doing nicely at the local sanitarium, and Father Jim is gradually getting down to earth once more after walking in the clouds for several days following the happy advent.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bauhof returned the first of the week from Dallas, where they had been on a business trip. Mrs. Bauhof going to market to purchase her fall and winter millinery stock. She reports having struck market at a most opportune time and that she was successful in purchasing a large stock of especially desirable millinery for the early fall trade, which she has already received and is now placing on display.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee King and daughters returned Thursday from an auto trip and vacation spent in Arizona and Colorado. In the former state they visited Mrs. King's brothers, the Messrs. Yoast, while Lee tried his hand at bear-hunting, without bringing back a pelt to show the success of the hunt. They report having found delightfully cool weather in the mountains of Colorado, although the valleys were very hot. The southern part of Arizona was dry and hot, but in the northern part the rains had

been more abundant, and the climate accordingly very pleasant upon the whole.

Contractor Chas. Horn is this week completing the laying of a cement walk for F. W. Henderson fronting his buildings on the north side, and which include the business houses of Behrens Bros., Julian H. Behrens and Simpson & Company. The laying of this walk replaces the last stretch of wooden walk about the square with one of permanent construction. The completion of this walk will be followed by the construction of a street crossing, connecting the Simpson corner with that of the Commercial National bank.

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