

## Just Arrived New Fall Suits, LATEST STYLES AND PATTERNS Mann Brothers & Holton

### FIRST NUMBER LYCEUM COURSE SAT'DAY NIGHT

The first number of the lyceum course signed up last Spring by the Parent-Teachers association, will be given next Saturday night, the Gerhardt Concert Co. being scheduled for the opening number. The concert will be held in the auditorium of the courthouse and will commence promptly at 8:00 o'clock.

In signing up this lyceum course, the members of the Parent-Teachers club were actuated by the sole desire to benefit the schools. There is so much that can be accomplished for the schools and the pupils through the Parent-Teachers association, and the need of funds is so great, that it is hoped through a splendid lyceum course to secure an attendance that will put a neat sum in the association's treasury.

The numbers that make up the lyceum course include entertainment features of the highest order. The first number is the Gerhardt Concert Co., an organization of national fame and which has a program that will appeal to old and young alike. This company will appear next Saturday night, October 29th.

The second number will be a lecture by Dr. A. M. Reitzel. This is Dr. Reitzel's second appearance in Brady, and those who recall his first coming here, and his wonderfully interesting lecture, are looking forward to his return on December 9th.

The third number will be presented by the Columbia Musical Club on January 13th, and the fourth on February 16th will be given by Margery Helen Graham, a reader and violinist of wide reputation.

The closing number of the series on March 21st will be presented by the Parker-Sennely Duo, and will be a pleasing musical number.

An active ticket-selling campaign is to be put on this week by the Parent-Teachers association, season tickets selling at \$2.00 for adults, and \$1.00 for school children. Individual admissions to each of the numbers will be 50c for adults and 35c for children.

Inasmuch as the course is being given for the benefit of the Brady schools, every citizen and patron of the school should buy a season ticket, and help in every way possible to start the series of entertainments off with a packed house.

### SHROPSHIRE CAR CASE TO COME UP FOR TRIAL HERE NEXT SATURDAY

No cases in county court have come up so far this week, the jury having been dismissed Monday. The case, in which W. S. Shropshire seeks to recover possession of the car stolen from him some months ago, was postponed by agreement until next Saturday.

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

### BRADY HIGH TAKES WELL-PLAYED GAME FROM COLEMAN SATURDAY, 7 TO 0

After witnessing the Brady High school eleven administer defeat to the Coleman high team, Brady fans say it is a mystery how Coleman ever won the first game, a week previous, by a score of 14 to 0. The Brady team out-played their opponents at every turn. Brady's forwards broke up Coleman's play at every turn of the game, and Brady almost continually had the ball on Coleman's territory.

The first and only score of the game came in the first few minutes play of the second quarter. After a series of punting, Brady got the ball on the middle of the field, and then with a series of end runs and line bucks, advanced the ball to the ten-yard line. Here the Brady team executed a perfect off-tackle buck and Captain Royston Taylor carried the ball third for a touch-down, and then kicked goal. Throughout the game, the home boys showed wonderful improvement in team work, getting more first downs by far than their opponents, and while Await, Adkins, Strickland and Taylor showed up to advantage, all credit for the way the game was carried on does not fall to the backs, as the line men played their part well and broke up Coleman's formations with ease.

The second half of the game was a series of line bucks and punting, Brady keeping the ball well on Coleman's ground. At one stage, Brady stood well to score a touch-down, but failed to take advantage of the opportunity.

The Coleman aggregation was accompanied here by quite a crowd of boosters, and their yells were a big feature of the game. At that, the Brady girls, with Boyd Commander as cheer leader, proved themselves equal to the occasion, and their yells were appreciated both by the crowd and the players.

The Brady team goes to Mason next Saturday for a return game with Mason, to whom they administered defeat in the first game of the season.

### Mother Died in Iowa.

O. S. Macy received the sad news of the death of his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Maria Macy, at her home at Adel, Iowa. The news was contained in a brief message received Monday from his brother, and which announced that she had been laid to rest at 2:00 o'clock that afternoon. Particulars were to follow by mail.

Mrs. Macy's death, which occurred at the advanced age of 88 years, followed that of her husband, who passed away just a month earlier. Active all her life, in the last few years she had practically lost her eye-sight, and in addition her strength had failed to the extent that she could scarcely get about without assistance. For some time it had been realized that she was not long for this world.

Nevertheless, news of her death came as a shock to relatives here, and in their hour of grief they have the sympathy of a host of friends.

Red Letter Bibles and New Testaments. TRIGG DRUG CO.

### A FINE OLD HOME PAPER

Tune—"A Fine Old English Gentleman."  
+ These magazines with gravures and all these works of art,  
+ Are very well for city forks who live by dint of mart;  
+ But give me first and foremost, I hold it is the prime—  
+ That fine old home town paper—one of the good old time.

+ The printin' isn't perfect, the ink's not uniform,  
+ The type is set by hand, perhaps—considerably overworn,  
+ The dear old press—I know it well, it's covered o'er with grime—  
+ But it prints that old home paper—one of the good old time.

+ I look for it each week as regularly it comes,  
+ And when the postman brings it in, I drop all other chums,  
+ I drink it in, from start to fin, ridiculous and sublime,  
+ That fine old home town paper, one of the good old time.

+ Smith's cat may have some kittens; Jones is putting in new pumps,  
+ My girl cum has got married and the kids have got the mumps.

+ Jack Wiltsey's built a lean to, Johnson's roses upward climb

+ Oh! I love the old home paper, boys, one of the good old time.

+ P. S.—"Subscribe for Your Home Town Paper Week," November 7-12th.

### ELIJAH F. ALLIN POST, AMERICAN LEGION, ORGANIZED FRIDAY NIGHT

#### THIRTY SIX CHARTER MEMBERS ENROLLED AT ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING OF WORLD WAR VETERANS—JOEL A. HOLTEN ELECTED POST COMMANDER.

Elijah F. Allin Post of the American Legion was organized at an enthusiastic meeting held at the Odd Fellows hall Friday night by McCulloch county veterans of the World War. The meeting was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in this section of Texas, and thirty-six charter members were enrolled. Joel A. Holton was elected Post Commander, and, with the other duly-elected officers, was installed in office with due ceremony by Commander Jos. Clifford of John R. Lapp Post at Eden. Refreshments marked the close of the meeting.

The meeting was called to order by J. A. Holton, who stated its object and explained the ideals and purposes of the American Legion. Evans J. Adkins was the speaker of the evening, and made a rousing talk on "One Hundred Percent Americanism," in which he extolled the great ideals upon which the American Legion was founded; told of the great work it was doing to aid ex-service men and their families; recounted various incidents showing the need of a local post, and in conclusion asked the assembled veterans to band themselves together to keep our flag spotless and to promote an Americanism that should be 100% pure.

The rules of membership were read and explained by Commander Clifford following which a call for membership was made, with the result that every veteran present entered his name upon the roll. The body then proceeded to the election of permanent officers, Evans J. Adkins presiding over the meeting as chairman. The following were the officers elected:

- Joel A. Holton, Post Commander.
- Dr. J. G. McCall, Vice-Post Commander.
- Joe T. Ogden, Post Adjutant.
- O'Farrell B. Craddock, Post Finance Officer.
- Willie Hurd, Post Historian.
- Eric D. Robertson, Post Chaplain.
- Louie Glenn, Post Sergeant-at-Arms.

The following were named to form the executive committee: Thomas Jones, chairman; W. S. Pence, Chas. W. Hawkins, M. A. Gainer, Roy Barton.

Elijah F. Allin Post was the name unanimously adopted for the organization, honoring one of McCulloch county's first heroes to make the supreme sacrifice. Allin's death occurred on the field of honor on October 13, 1918. Although physically disqualified for service, yet he pleaded to be allowed to go to war, and was sent as one of the sixty men forming the second increment from McCulloch county in the draft.

Following the election of officers, impressive and interesting installation ceremonies were held, Commander Clifford being in charge.

The local post voted 50c monthly dues, and it is proposed to secure suitable quarters for the club and reading rooms for the members, and as well for visiting members. The local dues are in addition to the State and National fees of \$1.25 each, and which pay for affiliation with the State and National organizations until January 1, 1923. An active campaign for membership will be made by the local post, and it is hoped to reach a total of 100 members in the next few weeks.

The close of the work of organization was marked with a most enjoyable social and get-together meeting, all present being served with delicious sandwiches, bottled goods and ice cream.

With such an auspicious beginning, it is safe to say that Elijah F. Allin post is destined to become one of the greatest forces in this part of Texas in promoting the ideals of true democracy, for which the members fought and faced death during the period of the great World War.

- Following is the list of members of the local post, in addition to the officers heretofore named:
- S. A. Wooten, Brady.
  - R. E. Parrish, Brady.
  - Will Allen Jones, Brady.
  - W. S. Pence, Brady.
  - L. C. Barton, Lohn.
  - T. A. Cobb, Doole.
  - H. J. Snodgrass, Stacy.
  - J. C. Garrett, Doole.
  - M. A. Gainer, Rochelle.
  - J. C. Garrett, Doole.
  - M. A. Gainer, Rochelle.
  - Thomas P. Haddow, Rochelle.
  - Albert O. Turn, Brady.
  - Roy F. Barton, Rochelle.
  - Lit Walker, Brady.
  - Henry C. King, Brady.
  - Chas. B. Hawkins, Rochelle.
  - Lee C. Taylor, Brady.
  - J. A. Wilson, Rochelle.
  - Cyrus Horn, Brady.
  - Arthur Carlson, Brady.
  - J. T. Seliman, Rochelle.

### FIRE LAST NIGHT DESTROYED TROYS W. O. KIRCHNER RESIDENCE AND SHEDS

Fire last night at about 9:20 o'clock completely destroyed the residence occupied by W. O. Kirchner and owned by S. A. Benham, and which was located just across the alley from the Lyric theatre. Origin of the fire is unknown, and when first observed, clouds of smoke were pouring from the rear of the building, and the flames burst through the walls a few minutes later. By the time the fire boys got a stream of water on the fire, the house was already doomed, and their efforts were largely devoted to saving adjoining property. A shed and barn just north of the residence was also consumed in the flames, and the rear of the Lyric theatre suffered damage from the blaze, being badly charred and scorched.

Mr. Kirchner and his family were at the show at the time, and had not been home since shortly after supper, at which time a light fire had been built in the kitchen wood stove. It is thought that either a live coal from the fire, or else defective wiring caused the blaze. The house burned like tinder, and so rapidly did the flames spread that only a dresser, a baby bed and a few other articles of furniture were saved. Mr. Kirchner places his loss at \$1200, with \$500 insurance. The house was a well-built frame structure and had just recently been repaired and improved. Mr. Benham estimates his loss at about \$1500, with \$700 insurance.

By a peculiar co-incidence, a picture of a burning house was just being shown at the Lyric theatre, the film lacking only about 100 feet of being finished, when someone cried "Kirchner's house is on fire." The alarm caused a near-stampede, but fortunately most of the audience kept their heads, and the theatre was emptied without anyone being injured in the rush. A line of hose was laid directly through the opera house by the fire boys, the plug being located directly in front of the theatre, and the burning residence directly at the rear.

- Walter Hurd, Brady.
- E. J. Miller, Brady.
- Ben Moffatt, Brady.
- Doc Strickland, Brady.
- Hubert K. Adkins, Brady.
- W. Carl Sheppard, Brady.
- Hubert K. Adkins, Brady.
- Evans J. Adkins, Brady.
- A. B. Carrithers, Brady.

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.

### TURKEYS, TURKEYS. We pay the highest price. WILLIAMS PRODUCE CO.

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

Now is the time to buy your Sweaters, Underwear, Gloves and lots of things to keep you warm. Kirk. Nuf Sed.

### W. T. CONFERENCE ASSIGNMENTS—DUNN RETURNED

Members of the local Methodist church are greatly pleased with the news coming here that the Rev. S. C. Dunn has been returned to the local pastorate for another year. The assignment was made at the close of the sixty-third annual session of the West Texas Conference, Methodist Episcopal church, South, held the past week at San Antonio. The announcements were read Sunday night. J. T. King will again be presiding elder, and Otto Martinson, pastor of the Swedish Methodist church, was given the Eden appointment.

The following are the appointments in the San Angelo district:

Presiding elder, J. T. King; Barnhart, to be supplied; Brady, S. C. Dunn; Eden, Otto Martinson; Eldorado, F. G. Clark; Junction, R. L. McIntyre; Menard, J. R. Robinson; Merton, H. P. Owens; Midland, W. A. Smith; Miles, O. E. Moreland; supernumerary, C. W. Hardon, Ozona, W. A. Dunn; Paint Rock, J. H. Clark; Rochelle, W. L. Wall; San Angelo, First Church, F. B. Buchanan; Chadbourne Street, J. P. Watson; Sonora, L. C. Mattis; Sterling City, O. M. Cole; Watervally, C. R. Brewster, supply.

### McCULLOCH COUNTY MERCHANTS TO ORGANIZE RETAIL CREDIT ASSOCIATION

A Retail Merchants Credit association is in process of being formed in Brady this week. The action follows a meeting of local business men held last Friday afternoon, at which the purpose and plan of operation of such an organization was fully set forth by State Organizer Hillan. The plan received hearty endorsement from the merchants present, and twenty-two members have already been signed up.

The campaign for members is being continued this week, and it is expected to get every merchant in the county signed up. The local organization will be affiliated with the state and national organizations. Wherever Retail Merchants Credit associations have been organized, they have played an important part in establishing credit for those who deserve credit; in aiding in the prompt settlement of accounts and in assisting the retail merchants to avoid heavy financial losses through bad accounts.

### NOTICE TO FARMERS. The Brady gins will operate only two days this week, on Friday and Saturday, October 28th and 29th, for the last time.

Fresh, home-raised and killed beef, pork and mutton at money-saving prices. We will appreciate a trial and a share of your business. BEHRENS BROS., North Side Square, Brady.

LADIES! See those new Wool Hose at Kirk's. Plain, and with Clox also. Nuf Sed

**WHEN YOU THINK OF BUYING MILK**  
Phone the Old Reliable Dairy  
My Cows are Tubercular Tested and Milk Guaranteed Pure.  
**PHONE 126**  
**C. L. ROBERTS, BRADY**

**MATTRESSES! MATTRESSES!!**  
Come in and see the new line of mattresses and get the new low prices on mattress making and renovating. The best of workmanship and material assured you by the label that each mattress bears. Not genuine without the label; look for it. It signifies quality and means money to you. "If this ad says it so, it's so."  
**E. R. CANTWELL**  
MATTRESS MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER  
New Location Two Doors East Sentinel Office

**Our Big Rexall One Cent Sale**  
takes place  
**Thurs., Fri. and Sat. Nov. 3, 4 and 5**  
**TRIGG DRUG CO.**

**THE BRADY STANDARD**

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

**ADVERTISING RATES**

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

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

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

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

BRADY, TEXAS, Oct. 25, 1921.

**HONEST INJUN.**

There are a lot of folks who want to vote Texas wet—but not intoxicatingly so.

**MORE ABOUT GOOD ROADS.**

When we hear and read of all the road improvement work that is going on in counties adjoining and near McCulloch county, the thought comes that by no means can McCulloch county afford to sit still and do nothing. We might as well acknowledge it now as later—McCulloch county roads are one of the weak links in the chains of highways that traverse this county in every direction. Not that McCulloch has no good roads, but that she has some terribly bad stretches of road, and that these bad stretches serve to counterbalance all the good roads she has.

The time is now ripe for action. The Federal government has promised Texas \$4,000,000 aid in building highways. The federal governments requirements are stricter than ever before; they require that the good roads built, must be maintained. This is the safeguard that good road building has always needed. We must not only build good roads, but we must provide for their maintenance. The time is ripe for a county-wide good roads bond issue. There is no notable opposition to the building of good roads through a bond issue, but there is opposition to any plan that does not provide for the building of good roads from county line to county line. In other words, our citizens have realized the folly of building short stretches of good roads. No chain is stronger than its weakest link and to be classed a highway, a road must contain no bad stretches however short.

Mason, Gillespie and innumerable of our neighbor counties have set the pace. Can McCulloch do ought but follow and join the hand they stretch out to us. Let's build good roads—and let's be thorough in the task.

Let our motto be nothing short of first-class highways through the county in every direction and from county line to county line.

**AN APPEAL FOR THE QUAIL.**

The following is an appeal made in behalf of the quail by Will Ellebracht of San Antonio, and well-known as a former Mason citizen. Mr. Ellebracht terms the quail the greatest of all boll weevil exterminators. The article herewith reprinted from the Cotton and Cotton Oil News:

"About half of the good gin owners in this good Lone Star State know

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

**THE BRADY STANDARD**  
Published Semi-Weekly  
Tuesday - Friday  
Brady, Texas

To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$2.00 per year  
SIX MONTHS \$1.00  
THREE MONTHS 65c

Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 25c per month. To postoffice more than 50 miles from Brady \$2.50 per year

SIX MONTHS \$1.25  
THREE MONTHS 75c  
Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy, straight.

the writer, and at times I have promised to write as an old ex-ginner to the ginner's paper, and will surprise you by writing my first letter on the following subject in which I am sure you will all be interested.

"Bob White, the Texas Quail."

"The farmers best friend and the boll weevil's worst enemy. Why not save the quail from the destructive hunters, and thereby destroy the so destructive boll weevil? Last year among four quails killed, one had eleven and the other seventeen boll weevils in their craws. The writer has watched and studied the quail for many years, and I venture to say that if you turn loose 500 to 600 of them in a one-hundred acre cotton field, they would practically destroy all boll weevils in that cotton field. Who destroys the quail? Not the farmer. You well know, and he is now stronger than ever fortifying himself with dog and gun for a destructive war against the Bob White family. Now my good ginner friends, why not ask your farmer customers to protect the quail, your best friend, and he will, in turn, protect your cotton from the destructive boll weevil"

**TOURIST CAMPING GROUNDS.**

From the Temple Telegram we reprint the following editorial, originally appearing in the Los Angeles Times, and which emphasizes the needs and requirements which go to make an attractive tourist camping grounds. It will be noted that primarily the need is for a camping ground—most any kind of a ground, where tourists may camp—but secondarily, and really of equal importance, is the necessity for making the grounds as attractive as possible. The Times' editorial reads:

"The city has taken due cognizance of the fact that there is a real need for auto camping grounds for those thousands of people who journey from long distances to Los Angeles by motor and for whom inexpensive accommodation is hard to find. So they have established certain places where these motorists can camp free of charge, where there are water and other essential facilities.

"So far so good—but these camping grounds are peculiarly dreary, unlovely spots, the one near Lincoln Park in particular possessing none of the charms for which this city is famous. It is just a large, dusty lot near the roadside, with the minimum of comfort and scenic charms, giving the impression of having been hastily selected as a makeshift, where people are huddled together much as they might be after some unexpected calamity.

"Yet these unattractive camping places are well patronized, showing that they are likely to become increasingly so during the coming tourist season.

"It should surely be possible, since they are to be a permanent need for some time to come, to make them more attractive and supply them with greater comforts, especially in sanitation. It would cost very little to beautify them in this country where beauty is so responsive. And it is not out of the way to consider equipping them with sleeping tents which could be rented at a small charge, by which the camps could become self-supporting. In fact, there is an urgent need for a tent city for these automobile tourists, something on the lines of those at Catalina and the beaches.

At present whole families, often with little children, are forced to camp out under the most unsuitable, unsanitary and unattractive conditions, without any of the charms which are supposed to go with picnicking. True, their sojourn is only temporary, and those who intend making their homes here start house-hunting right away. But, as we well know, this house-hunting is a dreary, discouraging task these days and they often have to patronize the camping grounds much longer than they expected. In any case, it would be a much better advertisement for Los Angeles if these free camping grounds were more hospitable, more attractive, more sanitary—and more picturesque."

**GATHER UP, SAVE.**

Winter is just around the corner, figuratively speaking. Have the repairs been made on the out-buildings, the sweet potato house been provided for, the shelter for the pig pen made, the cow sheds and horse stalls been made comfortable? What about the fuel supply for the winter? Were the implements gathered up, painted and put away under shelter? These things mean more to successful farming than most of us believe.

Suppose every farmer had been supplied with farm machinery during the period of high prices. He would be in much better condition financially today than he is. — Stephenville Tribune.

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**

Japan favors the open door in China—made just big enough to admit a Jap.—Elmira Star-Gazette.

The best treatment for that run-down feeling is to bring suit against the owner of the automobile.—Hartford Times.

An American diplomat is a rich man sent abroad to rent a costly house for his country.—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

**CLASSIFIED ADS**

The Standard's Classy-FI-Ad rate is 1 1/2c per word for each insertion. Where advertiser has no monthly account with us, cash must accompany order. Count the words in your ad, and remit accordingly.

**LOST**

LOST—Thursday morning, gold rimmed spectacles in black case. Finder return to W. J. YANTIS.

LOST—On Friday, October 21, on Voca road short distance from Brady, ladies purse containing \$31.50. \$30 in bills and balance in silver. Also deposit slip bearing owners name. Finder return purse or leave information at this office.

**WANTED**

WANTED—Soft, clean rags, suitable for wiping machinery. Will pay 5c per pound. The Brady Standard.

**FOR SALE**

FOR SALE—Flock of thoroughbred Black Minorca chickens. Will sell part or all. See E. R. CANTWELL at Mattress factory.

FOR SALE—Red, Rust-Proof cleaned Seed Oats, free from Johnson grass or any weed seed. See ED BURGER, Brady.

FOR SALE—Two Mares, 5 and 6 years old, fifteen hands high, gentle to ride and work; one second-hand Wagon and Harness. See F. M. Campbell, Brady, or Ed Campbell, Pear Valley.

**MASON COUNTY STOCKMEN AND LAND OWNERS PLACE BAN ON DEER HUNTING**

Mason, Oct. 19.—More than one hundred land owners and stockmen of Mason county met at the court house in Mason Saturday afternoon for the purpose of organizing a Protective Game association for this county. The purpose of the organization is to protect the pastures and live stock of ranchmen and the small amount of game that exists here.

The forming of this organization was brought about because of the report that appeared several months ago in the daily papers, stating that the deer were eating up the crops in this county leading the public to believe that Mason county needed some assistance in killing the deer here. The stockmen realizing that such a report would bring numerous hunters here from other counties this season, have organized that they might be in a position to keep non-residents from hunting or trespassing upon their property.

It is the intention of the association to hire a sufficient number of game wardens and deputy sheriffs to ride the range and keep the hunters out during the entire season. All pastures are to be posted, and it will be the duty of the officers riding, to arrest all trespassers. In order to finance the organization, each land owner will be assessed a certain amount per acre, and with the funds so derived and with the co-operation of the ranchmen, it is believed hunters can be kept out of Mason county.

**Catarrah Deafness Cannot Be Cured**

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrah deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrah Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrah, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrah Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Circulars free. All Druggists, 75c. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Now is the time to buy that new Fall Suit, and I have what you want, from \$25.00 to \$50.00. Society brand and others. Kirk's Quality shop. Nuf Sed.

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

Do your children cry and fret? Feed them some Liggett's bulk Chocolate. Get it at TRIGG'S—The Rexall Store.

**TURKEYS, TURKEYS.**  
We pay the highest price. WILLIAMS PRODUCE CO.

Buy Walk-Over Shoes, because they are better. KIRK, Nuf-Sed.

**HOUSTON MAN IS OUT WITH FACTS ABOUT HIS CASE**

"My only regret about Tanlac is that I didn't get hold of it sooner. I am firmly convinced it would have saved me years of suffering," said Joe Szydliek, 3215 Main St., Houston, Texas.

"Rheumatism had me in its clutches for eight years and was especially bad in my arms and legs. For days at a time my fingers would be cramped and doubled up and I couldn't straighten them out. I couldn't step out with my left leg at all, would just have to drag it after me. I took a month's treatment at Marlin but it did me no good.

"I can say for Tanlac that it has gotten every bit of rheumatism out of my system, and I am more active and feel better than I have in ten years. It certainly has done a good job for me."

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.

**Getting Acquainted.**

A new foreman took charge of the shop this particular morning, and many of the men had not as yet met him. About the middle of the forenoon he was making a tour of the buildings to familiarize himself with the layout, when, on passing a small enclosure he saw two workmen inside who were sitting down smoking. Before he had the opportunity to speak one of the men said: "Hello, what are you doing stranger?"

"I'm Dodgen, the new foreman," was the reply.

"So are we; come in and have a smoke."—Forbes Magazine (N. Y.)

**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.

Still doing the best Cleaning and Pressing to be had. Kirk, the Tailor. Nuf Sed.

**M'COLLOCH COUNTY RURAL STATISTICS**

The Director of the Census announces, subject to correction, the following preliminary figures from the Census of Agriculture for McCulloch County, Texas.

Farms and Farm Acreage	Jan. 1 1920	Apr. 15 1910	Percent Increase or Decrease
Farms.....	1,207	1,545	-21.9
Operated by—			
White farmers...	1,205	1,531	-21.3
Colored farmers...	2	14	
Operated by—			
Owners and Mgrs.	584	718	-18.7
Tenants.....	623	827	-24.7
Land in farms—			
Total, acres....	466,579	557,627	-16.3
Improved, acres..	131,795	121,126	+8.8
Farm Values—			
Value of land and buildings.....	\$12,542,011	\$13,302,715	\$760,704 -5.7
Domestic Animals—			
Farms reporting domestic animals	1,169	1,536	
Animals reported:—			
Horses.....	4,692	6,978	
Mules.....	2,129	2,806	
Cattle.....	25,710	34,744	
Sheep.....	17,447	17,786	
Swine.....	6,155	4,421	
Goats.....	12,072	1,537	

Principal Crops—	Acres Harvested	Quantity Harvested
Oats, 1919.....	19,725	622,414 bu.
Oats, 1909.....	30	380 bu.
Corn, 1919.....	7,508	213,132 bu.
Corn, 1909.....	5,037	40,379 bu.
Wheat, 1919.....	5,160	104,343 bu.
Wheat, 1909.....		
Cotton, 1919.....	57,332	32,968 bales
Cotton, 1909.....	65,229	13,595 bales

The figures for domestic animals in 1910 are not very closely comparable with those for 1920, since the present census was taken in January, before the breeding season had begun, while the 1910 census was taken in April, or about the middle of the breeding season, and included many spring calves, colts, etc.

**Evolution of a Name.**

"I thought your wife's name was Elizabeth?"  
"So it is."  
"Then why do you call her 'Peggy'?"  
"Short for 'Pegasa."  
"What has that got to do with it?"  
"Why, Pegasa is feminine for 'Pegasus.'" "Well?"  
"Well, Pegasus is an immortal steed."

"Sh! Not so loud. She's in the next room. You see, an immortal steed is an everlasting nag, and there you are!"—Vancouver Province.

**NOTICE TO FARMERS.**

The Brady gins will operate only two days this week, on Friday and Saturday, October 28th and 29th, for the last time.

Bibles and New Testaments. TRIGG DRUG CO.

**Special Offer to New Subscribers**

**Free! Two Months Subscription to The Brady Standard**

EVERY new subscriber to The Brady Standard at our regular subscription rate of \$2.00, will receive FREE subscription to January 1st. In other words, all yearly subscriptions received during the balance of 1921 will be dated to January 1, 1923.

**For \$2.00**

**You Get The Brady Standard Twice-a-Week for 14 Months.**

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SYNOPSIS.

PART ONE.

Proud possessor of a printing press, and equipment, the gift of Uncle Joseph to his nephew, Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen, the fortunate youth, with his chum, Henry Rooter, about the same age, begins the publication of a full-fledged newspaper, the North End Daily Oriole, Herbert's small cousin, Florence Atwater, being barred from any kind of participation in the enterprise, on account of her intense and natural feminine desire to "boss."

heroert's mood at once chimed with this unprecedented filial melancholy. "No, you don't, Henry. That's what I often think about, myself. No, sir, a fellow doesn't have his father and mother to advise him our whole life and you ought to do a good deal what they say while they're still alive."

"That's what I say," Henry agreed gloomily; and then, without any alteration of his tone or of the dejected thoughtfulness of his attitude, he changed the subject in a way that painfully startled his companion. "Have you seen Wallie Torbin today, Herbert?"

"What?"

"Have you seen Wallie Torbin today?"

Herbert swallowed. "Why, what makes—what makes you ask me that, Henry?" he asked.

"Oh, nothin'," Henry still kept his eyes upon his gloomily scuffing toe. "I just wondered, because I didn't happen to see him in school this afternoon when I happened to look in the door of the Eight-A when it was open. I didn't want to know on account of anything particular. I just happened to say that because I didn't have anything else to think about just then, so I just happened to think about him, the way you do when you haven't got anything much on your mind, and might get to thinkin' about you can't tell what. That's all the way it was; I just happened to kind of wonder if he was around anywhere, maybe."

Henry's tone was obviously, even elaborately, sincere; and Herbert was reassured. "Well, I didn't see him," he responded. "Maybe he's sick."

"No, he isn't," his friend said. "Florence said she saw him chasin' his dog down the street about noon."

At this Herbert's uneasiness was uncomfortably renewed. "Florence did? Where'd you see Florence?"

Mr. Rooter swallowed. "A little while ago," he said, and again swallowed. "On the way home from school."

"Look here!" Herbert was hurried to the point of panic. "Henry—did Florence—did she go and tell you—did she tell you—?"

"I didn't hardly notice what she was talkin' about," Henry said, doggedly. "She didn't have anything to say that I'd ever care two cents about. She came up behind me and walked along with me a ways, but I got too many things on my mind to hardly pay the least attention to anything she ever talks about. She's a girl what I think about her the less people pay any 'tention to what she says the better off they are."

"That's the way with me, Henry," his partner assured him earnestly. "I never pay any notice to what she says. The way I figure it out about her, Henry, everybody'd be a good deal better off if nobody ever paid the least notice to anything she says. I never even notice what she says, myself."

"Don't either," said Henry. "All I know about is what my father and mother say, because I'm not goin' to take their advice all the rest of my life. They're dead. If they want me to be polite, why, I'll do it and that's that there is about it."

"It's the same way with me, Henry. If he comes flappin' around here talkin' and blabbin' how she's goin' to be somepin' to do with our news- paper, why, the only reason I'd ever let her would be because my family say I ought to show more politeness to her than up to now. I wouldn't do it in any other account, Henry."

"Neither would I. That's just the same way I look at it. If I ever begin to treat her any better, she's got my mother and father to thank, not me. The only reason I'd be willing to let her in, if she comes around here like she's liable to."

"Well," said Herbert, "I'm willing"

I don't want to get in trouble with the family."

And they mounted the stairs to their editorial, reportorial, and printing rooms; and began to work in a manner not only preoccupied but apprehensive. Now and then they would give each other a furtive glance, and then seem to reflect upon their fathers' and mothers' wishes and the troublous state of the times. Florence did not keep them waiting long, however.

She might have been eager to bear had her manner of arrival been less assured. She rumped up the stairs; came skipping across the old door, swinging her hat by a ribbon, flung open the gate in the sacred railing, and flounced into the principal chair, immodestly placing her feet on the table in front of that chair. Additionally, such was her riotous liveliness, she affected to light and smoke the stub of a lead pencil. "Well, men," she said heartily in a voice assumed to be that of a tall, powerful man—"I don't want to see any loafin' around here, men. I expect to have a pretty good newspaper this week—yes, sir, a pretty good newspaper—and I guess you men got to jump around pretty brisk to do everything I think of, or else maybe I guess I'll have to turn you off and get some new ones that'll be more obedient. I don't want to haf to do that, men."

The blackmailed partners made no reply, on account of an inability that was perfect for the moment.

Florence made it clear to them that henceforth she was sole editor of the North End Daily Oriole. (She said

spired organ of feminism, made its undeniably sensational appearance. A copy, neatly folded, was placed in the hand of Noble Dill, as he set forth for his place of business, after lunching at home with his mother. Florence was the person who placed it there—without charge. She came hurriedly from somewhere in the neighborhood, out of what yard or alley he did not notice, and slipped the little oblong sheet into his lax fingers. "There!" she said, breathlessly. "There's a good deal about you in it, this week, Mr. Dill, and I guess—I guess—"

"What, Florence?"

"I guess maybe you'll—" She looked up at him shyly; then, with no more to say, turned and ran back in the direction whence she had come—and was gone. Noble walked on, not at once examining her little gift, but carrying it absently in fingers still lax at the end of a dangling arm. There was no life in him for anything; Julia was away.

Away—and yet the dazzling creature looked at him from sky, from earth, from air; looked at him with the most poignant kindness, yet always shook her head! She had answered his first letter by a kind little note, his second by a kinder and littler one, and his third, fourth, fifth, and sixth by no note at all; but by the kindest message (through one of her aunts) that she was thinking about him a great deal. And even this was three weeks ago. Since then, from Julia—nothing at all!

But yesterday something a little stimulating had happened. On the street, downtown, he had come face to face, momentarily with Mr. H. I. Atwater, Senior, Julia's peculiar old father; and for the first time in Noble's life this Mr. Atwater nodded to him pleasantly. Noble went on his way, elated; Was there not something almost fatherly in this strange greeting? There had been an easement of the pain of absence; and he glowed with thoughts of Mr. Atwater.

The glow faded somewhat from Noble when he reached a telephone. He called up his mother, and she said there was no recent news of Julia current in the Atwater family connection that she could hear of; none of them had word that she was coming home. However, Noble did not descend all the way into the cellar of his soul; some of his glow remained and kept him a little more cheerful than he had been for several weeks. The kind greeting of Julia's father had stirred his imagination. An event so singular might be interpreted in the happiest way: What had Julia written her father, to change him so toward Noble? And Noble was still dreamily interpreting as he walked down the street with the North End Daily Oriole idle in an idle hand.

He found a use for that hand presently, and, having sighed, lifted it to press it upon his brow, but did not complete the gesture. As his hand came within the scope of his gaze, leveled on the unfathomable distance, he observed that the fingers held a sheet of printed paper; and he remembered Florence. Instead of pressing his brow he unfolded the journal she had thrust upon him. As he began to read, his eye was lusterless, his gait slack and dreary, but soon his whole demeanor changed; it cannot be said for the better.

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"Miss Julia Atwater of this City is visiting friends in the South. The family have had many letters from her that are read by each and all in the family.

"Mr. Noble Dill of this City is in business with his Father.

"From letters to the family Miss Julia Atwater of this City is enjoying her visit in the south a great deal.

"Miss Patty Fairchild of the 7 A of this City, will probably not pass in Arithmetic -ness some improvement takes place before Examination.

"Miss Julia Atwater of this City wrote a letter to the family stating while visiting in the South she has made an engagement to be married to Mr. Crum of this City. The family do not know who this MR. CRUM is but it is said he is a widwer though he has been divorced with a great many children.

"Subscribe Now 25c. Per Year Adv. 45c. up.

"Atwater & Co. Newspaper Building 25 Cents Per Years."

It may be assumed that the last of the news items was wasted on Noble Dill, and that he never knew of the neighborhood improvement believed to be imminent as a result of the final touches to the ditch at the Mr. Henry D. Vance backyard.

PART THREE

Throughout the afternoon adult members of the Atwater family connection made futile efforts to secure all the copies of that week's edition of the North End Daily Oriole. It could not be done.

It was a trying time for "the family." Great-aunt Carrie said that she had the "worst afternoon of any of 'em," because young Newland Saunders came to her house at two and did not leave until five; all the time counting over, one by one, the hours he'd spent with Julia since she was seventeen and turned out, unfortunately, to be a Beauty. Newland had not restrained himself, Aunt Carrie said, and long before he left she wished Julia had never been born—and as for Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Junior, the only thing to do with him was to send him to some strict military school.

Florence's father telephoned to her mother from downtown at three, and said that Mr. George Plum and the ardent vocalist, Clairdyce, two of the suitors, had just left his office. They had not called in company, however, but coincidentally; and each had a copy of the North End Daily Oriole, already somewhat worn with folding and unfolding. Mr. Clairdyce's condition was one of desperate calm. Florence's father said, but Mr. Plum's agitation left him rather unrepresentative for the street, though he had finally gone forth with his hair just as he had rumpled it, and with his hat in his hand. They wished the truth, they said: Was it true or was it not true? Mr. Atwater had told them that he feared Julia was indeed engaged, though he knew nothing of her fiance's previous marriage or marriages, or of the number of his previous children. They had responded that they cared nothing about that. This man Crum's record was a matter of indifference to them. All they wanted to know was whether Julia was engaged or not—and she was!

"The odd thing to me," Mr. Atwater continued, to his wife, "is where on earth Herbert could have got his story about this Crum's being a widower, or divorced, and with all these children. Do you know if Julia's written any of the family about these things and they haven't told the rest of us?"

"No," said Mrs. Atwater. "I'm sure she hasn't. Every letter she's written to any of us has passed all through the family, and I know I've seen every one of 'em. She's never said anything about him at all, except that he was a lawyer. I'm sure I can't imagine where Herbert got his awful information; I never thought he was the kind of boy to just make up unpleasant things."

Florence, sitting quietly in a chair nearby, with a copy of "Sesame and Lilies" in her lap, listened to her mother's side of this conversation with an expression of impersonal interest; and if she could have realized how completely her parents had forgotten (naturally enough) the details of their first rambling discussion of Julia's engagement, she might have felt a little alarm as she showed.

"Well," said Mr. Atwater, "I'm glad it isn't our branch of the family that's responsible. That's a comfort, anyhow, especially as people are reading copies of Herbert's manifesto all up and down the town, my clerk says. He tells me that over at the Cole company, where young Murdock Hayes is cashier, they only got hold of one copy but typewrote it and multigraphed it, and some of 'em have already learned it by heart to recite to poor young Hawes. He's the one who sent Julia the three five-pound boxes of chocolates all at the same time, you remember."

"Yes," Mrs. Atwater sighed. "Poor thing!"

"Florence is out among the family, I suppose," he inquired.

"No," she's right here. She's just started to read Ruskin this afternoon. She says she's going to begin and read all of him straight through. That's

very nice, don't you think?

He seemed to muse before replying. "I think that's very nice, at her age especially," Mrs. Atwater urged. "Don't you?"

"Ye-es! Oh, yes! At least, I suppose so. Ah—you don't think—of course she hasn't had anything at all to do with this?"

"Well, I don't see how she could. You know Aunt Fanny told us how Herbert declared before them all, only last Sunday night; that Florence should never have one thing to do with his printing-press, and said they wouldn't even let her come near it."

"Yes, that's a fact. I'm glad Herbert made it so clear that she can't be implicated. I suppose the family are all pretty well down on Uncle Joseph?"

"Uncle Joseph is being greatly blamed," said Mrs. Atwater primly. "He really ought to have known better than to put such an instrument into the hands of a boy of that age. Of course it simply encouraged him to print all kinds of things. We none of us think Uncle Joseph ever dreamed that Herbert would publish anything like this, and of course Uncle Joseph says himself he never dreamed such a thing; he's said so time and time again, all afternoon. But of course he's greatly blamed."

"I suppose there've been quite a good many of 'em over there blaming him?" her husband inquired.

"Yes—until he telephoned to a garage and hired a car and went for a drive. He said he had plenty of money with him and didn't know when he'd be back."

"Serves him right," said Mr. Atwater. "Does anybody know where Herbert is?"

"Not yet."

"Well—" and he returned to a former theme. "I am glad we aren't implicated. Florence is right there with you, is she?"

"Yes," she said. "She's right here, reading. You aren't worried about her, are you?" she added.

"Oh, no; I'm sure it's all right. I only thought—"

"Only thought what?"

"Well, it did strike me as curious," said Mr. Atwater; "especially after Aunt Fanny's telling us how Herbert declared Florence could never have a single thing to do with his paper again—"

"Well?"

"Well, here's her poem right at the top of it, and a very friendly item about her history mark of last June. It doesn't seem like Herbert to be so complimentary to Florence, all of a sudden. Just struck me as rather curious; that's all."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Atwater. "It does seem a little odd—when you think of it."

"Have you asked Florence if she had anything to do with getting it?"

"This week's Oriole?"

"No, no; it never occurred to me, especially after what Aunt Fanny told us," said Mrs. Atwater. "I'll ask her now."

But she was obliged to postpone the intended question. "Sesame and Lilies" lay sweetly in the chair that Florence had occupied, but Florence herself had gone somewhere else.

She had gone for a long, long ramble, and pedestrians who encountered her, and took note of her expression, were interested; and, as they went on their way, several of them interrupted the course of their meditations to say to themselves that she was the most thoughtful-looking young girl they had ever seen. There was a touch of wistfulness about her, too; as of one whose benevolence must renounce all hope of comprehension and reward.

Florence, in fact, had about reached the conclusion that far from the likelihood of her receiving praise for her thoughtful circulation of the news concerning her aunt Julia, there was a strong probability that dire results, wordy and otherwise, would ensue. Hence her extreme thoughtfulness.

Among those who observed her unusual expression was a gentleman of great dimensions disposed in a closed automobile that labored through mud-holes in an unpaved outskirts of the town. He rapped upon the glass in front of him, to get the driver's attention, and a moment later the car drew up beside Florence, as she stood in deep reverie at the intersection of two roads.

Uncle Joseph opened the door and took his cigar from his mouth. "Get in, Florence," he said. "I'll take you for a ride." She started violently; whereupon he restored the cigar to his mouth, puffed upon it, breathing heavily the while, as was his wont; and added: "I'm not going home. I'm out for a nice long ride. Get in."

"I was takin' a walk," she said dubiously. "I haf to take a whole lot of exercise, and I ought to walk and walk and walk. I guess I ought to keep on walkin'."

"Got in," he said. "I'm out riding. I don't know when I'll get home."

Florence got in, Uncle Joseph closed the door, and the car slowly bumped forward.

"Don't know where Herbert is?" Uncle Joseph inquired.

"No, said Florence, in a gentle voice.

"I do," he said. "Herbert and your friend Henry Rooter came to our house with one of the last copies of the Oriole they were distributing to subscribers; and after I read it I kind of foresaw that the feller responsible for their owning a printing press was going to be in trouble. I had quite a talk with 'em and they hinted they hadn't had much to do with this number of the paper, except the mechanical end of it; but they wouldn't come out right full with what they meant,

'They seemed to have some good reason for protecting a third party, and said quite a good deal about their fathers and mothers being but mortal and so on; so Henry and Herbert thought they oughtn't to expose this third party—whoever she was. Well,



"Get In," He Said. "I'm Out Riding I Don't Know When I'll Get Home."

I thought they better not stay too long, because I was compromised enough already, without being seen in their company, and I gave 'em something to help 'em out with the movies. You can stay at movies an awful long time, and if you've got money enough to go to several of 'em, why you're fixed for as long as you please. A body ought to be able to live a couple o' months at the movies for nine or ten dollars, I should think."

He was silent for a time, then asked: "I don't suppose your papa and mama will be worrying about you, will they, Florence?"

"Oh, no!" she said quickly. "Not in the least! There was nothin' at all for me to do at our house this afternoon."

"That's good," he said, "because before we go back I was thinking some of driving around by way of Texas."

Florence looked at him trustfully and said nothing. It seemed to her that he suspected something; she was not sure, but his conversation was a little peculiar—though not in the least sinister. Indeed, she was able to make out that he had more the air of an accomplice than of a detective. Nevertheless she was convinced that far, far the best course was to persevere, during the next few days, would be one of steadfast reserve. And such a course was congenial to her mood, which was subdued, not to say apprehensive; though she was sure that her recent conduct, if viewed sympathetically, would be found Christian. The trouble was that probably it would not be viewed sympathetically. No one would understand how carefully and tactfully she had prepared the items of the Oriole to lead suavely up to the news of Aunt Julia's engagement and break it to Noble Dill in a manner to save his reason. Therefore, on account of this lack of comprehension, really the only wise and good thing to do was to claim nothing for herself, and allow Herbert and Henry to remain undisturbed in full credit for publishing the Oriole. This involved disappointment, it is true; nevertheless she decided to bear it.

She had looked forward to surprising "the family" delightfully. As they fluttered in exclamation about her, she had expected to say, "Oh, the poem isn't so much, I guess—I wrote it quite a few days ago, and I'm writing a couple new ones now—but I did take quite a lot of time and trouble with the rest of the paper, because I had to write every single word of it, or else let Henry and Herbert try, and 'course they'd just of ruined it. Oh, it isn't so much to talk about I guess; it just sort of comes to me to do things that way."

Like so many other young unweathed rehearsals, this one was never to be played for an audience. Adults are undependable. Thirteen attempts to exercise a great philanthropy, and every grown person in sight, with the possible exception of Great-uncle Joseph, goes into wholly unanticipated fits of horror. Cause and effect have no relation: Fate operates without reasonable sequence—like a monkey.

Continued Next Tuesday.

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Ads.

**Poor Son-in-Law.**

Speaking of marriage reminds us of  
what an old friend of ours down  
South said to the young man who asked  
for the hand of his daughter.

"I am confident you do not know  
who I am," said the young man after  
he had made his formal request when  
he noticed that his prospective fath-  
er-in-law hesitated perceptibly. "I am  
a director in the Y. M. C. A., I am  
superintendent of my Sunday school  
and personally teach a class. I am  
one of the local lecturers for the pro-  
hibition movement. I do not swear.  
I do not drink and have never taken  
a drink in my life. There is more I  
could say of myself, but these things  
are sufficient to let you know the  
kind of life I lead."

"Young man," replied our friend,  
"from what you tell me of yourself,  
I am now convinced you will make  
my daughter a mighty good husband,  
but you are going to make me a darn  
poor son-in-law.—Swiped.

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ing Cards are the most popular. The  
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**Co-Operative Birthday Celebration.**

One of the novel events of the year  
was the co-operative birthday cele-  
bration indulged in by Messrs. B.  
Simpson, Lee Jones, Virgil Jones and  
H. S. Sneyers, each of whom has a  
birthday anniversary on October 25.  
In order to appropriately celebrate,  
they summoned their friends to  
gather with them at the Jordan camp  
last Sunday, where a big barbecued  
feast was spread for some thirty or  
forty assembled guests. An oldham  
had been called into service, and had  
the goat barbecued to a queen's taste,  
and with great supplements of bread,  
pickles, coffee and all manner of eat-  
ables and drinkables, the feast proved  
the greatest of successes. Nor must  
it be forgotten that there were pies  
and cakes galore, and such pies and  
cakes as made everyone help them-  
selves to more. The only feature  
lacking were the birthday candles,  
however, none of the hosts would vol-  
unteer their age, and it is presumed  
that the candles required to represent  
their combined ages would too nearly  
resemble a young forest, and were,  
therefore, dispensed with.

Suffice to say, the occasion was  
thoroughly enjoyed, and everyone  
present extended congratulations to  
the honored four, and wished for  
them, many, many happy returns of  
the glad occasion.

Read it in The Standard.

**LOCAL BRIEFS.**

C. Davenport was in Brady Satur-  
day, disclaiming our report that he  
had been to Mexia. Mr. Davenport  
says two of his brothers went, but  
that McCulloch county suits him well  
enough.

J. A. Smith has been enjoying a  
visit from his sister, Mrs. Maggie  
Bridgers, of Lampasas, who arrived  
Sunday. Mrs. Bridgers is now 83  
years old, and has lived in Texas for  
67 years.

The many friends of Ed Burger are  
pleased to see him out of the sani-  
tarium once more. Ed broke his leg  
some time ago, and recently suffered  
a relapse, which sent him back to the  
hospital. He hopes now to soon have  
regained his health and strength.

August Bramberg is here from El-  
roy, greeting his many friends while  
looking after business interests.  
August says that of all places, he  
likes Brady and McCulloch county a  
little better than any he has seen, and  
he says he has burned no bridges be-  
hind him.

One of the most commendable  
pieces of work undertaken by the city  
in many a day is the re-grading of  
Blackburn street. This important  
thoroughfare had become very rough  
and bumpy in recent months. The  
street has been scarified, re-graded,  
and is now being rolled, putting it  
back into first class shape once more.

Thos. P. Grant is in Brady for a  
visit, and is greeting his friends with  
the same happy smile as of old. "The  
Parson" has been traveling about  
quite a bit since his last visit here,  
and, among other points of interest,  
he has visited Washington, D. C. His  
health has been greatly improved,  
and he is more robust and active than  
ever.

Ben Moffatt, in addition to being  
one of the most capable and accom-  
modating grocery salesmen, is a full-  
fledged stock farmer, having the past  
week moved out to the S. W. Espy  
place, a mile and a half out of town  
on the London road, where he pro-  
poses to devote all his spare time to  
raising flocks of white leghorn chick-  
ens, registered Jersey cattle and re-  
gistered Poland China hogs. For this,  
no place could be better suited or  
more conveniently located, than the  
one he occupies. Mr. and Mrs. Espy  
have moved back to their ranch.

County Agent Geo. H. Ehlinger re-  
turned last Friday from Dallas to  
which point he had gone in charge of  
the group of McCulloch county Agri-  
cultural club girls, who had been  
awarded a trip to the Dallas Fair,  
through courtesy of the McCulloch  
County Exhibit committee. Numbered  
among the county delegates were  
Misses Tempie Petty, Calf Creek;  
Gladys Bates, Lohn; Cletis Parker,  
Placid; Inez Lovelace, Mercury, and  
Lena Mae Penn, Mercury. The de-  
legates were shown many courtesies  
during their three-day stay at the  
Fair and had a very interesting and  
instructive visit.

Postmaster A. B. Reagan has the  
season's tallest yarn, which he relates  
in most convincing fashion. Here it  
is: Hearing a commotion in his chick-  
en yard the other night, Bob McClure  
went out to investigate, and found  
that an old hen, which had been placed  
in a coop, had cornered and driv-  
ing into a small box inside the coop, a  
pole cat. Dropping a plank over the  
opening to the box, Mr. McClure re-  
tired to peaceful dreams, secure in  
the thought that the skunk was a  
prisoner. The skunk, however, work-  
ed around and pushed the top of the  
board out in such manner as to per-  
mit his crawling out of confinement  
and making his escape. The next  
morning Mr. Reagan went to the  
chicken pen, found the skunk gone,  
but running about the pen he found  
a young 'possum, which he slaughtered  
without fear or favor. If this  
were hallow'en time, we would say  
the witches changed the pole cat into  
a 'possum, but since it's not, what's  
the answer?

Mart Williams was somewhat re-  
miniscent when he came to town this  
week, and remarked that if anyone  
had had occasion to wonder at the  
various and innumerable mounds of  
rocks, which dot the landscape down  
in one part of the Vocea community,  
he thought he could offer an explana-  
tion. He says back in '83, he car-  
ried the mail from Brady to Fredonia,  
traveling on horseback, and with  
the mail consisting of a few letters  
and scarcely any papers at all. He  
says the late Mr. Darley, father of  
Geo. Darley of Vocea, and who had  
emigrated here from England, was a

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**PERSONAL MENTION**

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McCarty were  
visitors in Brady from Mercury com-  
munity Saturday.

Messrs. Harry Irwin and W. H.  
Goodner have gone to the Mexia oil  
field to look over business prospects  
there.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Jones expect to  
go to Marlin this week, where Mrs.  
Jones will undergo treatment at the  
wells.

G. L. Hollon, Chas. Roberts and  
Bert Smith composed a party which  
left Sunday on a visit to the Mexia  
oil field.

Claude Thompson was here from  
College Station the past week to at-  
tend the funeral of his aunt, Mrs.  
Laura White.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Tabor have re-  
turned from Burkburnett, where they  
have been making their home the  
past year, and will spend the winter  
in Brady.

Mrs. J. H. Taylor leaves this week  
for Kossuth, Miss., where she has  
been called by news of the illness of  
her parents, the Rev. and Mrs. W. M.  
Henderson.

Mrs. S. S. Kirk, who had been a  
guest of her son, G. C. Kirk, and wife  
the past week, returned Sunday to  
her home in San Angelo, Mr. and  
Mrs. Kirk carrying her over there in  
their car.

Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Lindley and  
children returned Monday morning  
from Brownwood, where Mrs. Lin-  
dley and children had been visiting his  
mother, Mrs. Belle Lindley, for sev-  
eral weeks.

Mrs. W. D. Jordan and little  
daughter, June, returned Sunday  
from Fort Worth, where Mrs. Jordan  
was in attendance upon a Red Cross  
meeting. Incidentally she visited the  
fair at Dallas.

G. W. Tom, son, Ellison, and  
daughter, Miss Angela, who have  
been guests of his sister, Mrs. J. E.  
Thompson, have returned to their  
home at Stanton. They were called  
here by news of the death of Mrs.  
Laura White.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johanson re-  
turned the past week from Dallas,  
where they had been attending the  
fair. Incidentally they enjoyed a vis-  
it with Mr. and Mrs. Ike Rainbolt at  
Dallas and with Rudolph Johnson and  
other relatives and friends at Fort  
Worth.

Mrs. A. B. Carrithers enjoyed a vis-  
it the past week from her brother,  
S. W. McCulloch, wife and son, who  
were on their return to their home at  
Fullerton, Calif., from a trip to Bos-  
ton, New York and other points in  
the north and east. They left for  
California Monday morning. Mr.  
McCulloch is a typical Californian,  
and boasts the Golden West with al-  
most every breath.

great reader, and constantly request-  
ed Mr. Williams to bring him some  
papers so he could read to pass away  
the time. But, as papers were scarce  
then, Mr. Darley was forced to occu-  
py his time in some other fashion, so  
he hit upon the idea of gathering all  
the rocks in the pasture into mounds,  
explaining that he did so to make the  
grass grow, and incidentally to pass  
the time away. To this good day,  
these mounds remain in mute evi-  
dence of the industrious habits of  
this pioneer, long since gone to his  
reward.

Rubber Bands at The Stand-  
ard office.

Buy your Kelly Boots at  
Kirk's. He has the price right  
on them—just think, \$18.50.  
Nuf Sed.

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Concert Party on our Lyceum is Mrs.  
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loist. The company will give a won-  
derful program of music, both vocal  
and instrumental. Their program is  
a sketch, the audience is to be the  
jury—the verdict has always been  
"Fine!"

**MCCULLOCH COUNTY GIN-  
NINGS SHOW BIG COM-  
PARISON TO LAST YEAR**

McCulloch county's ginnings show  
up big in proportion to the ginnings  
of last year, according to the report  
of ginnings up to September 15th, as  
given out by the U. S. Bureau of Cens-  
us. McCulloch county's total gin-  
nings on September 15th this year  
were 9,271 bales, as compared with  
1,876 bales on a corresponding date  
last year. The explanation of this  
seeming wonderful showing is to be  
found in the fact that this year's crop  
is practically completed, while last  
year's crop was just beginning to be  
ginned on September 15th. It is now  
estimated that McCulloch county's  
ginnings will not total much beyond  
11,000 bales, while last year's total  
ran 32,965 bales.

The ginning report for neighboring  
counties of McCulloch for September  
15th, both this year and last, is as  
follows:

	1921	1920
Bell	16,283	36,065
Brown	3,799	1,959
Caldwell	23,399	26,169
Coleman	16,762	3,458
Collin	34,822	14,480
Comanche	2,219	1,549
Concho	3,890	1,246
Dallas	25,230	13,350
Ellis	59,793	40,258
Erath	2,578	1,151
Gillespie	3,219	1,530
Guadalupe	29,792	21,841
Hamilton	6,709	2,788
Hill	42,457	21,461
Hunt	22,294	12,698
Karnes	25,407	34,705
Kaufman	34,621	22,171
Lampasas	3,108	1,638
Limestone	20,476	35,489
McCulloch	9,271	1,876
McLennan	39,095	42,877
Milam	12,008	38,729
Navarro	34,889	37,756
Nueces	62,693	64,039
Runnels	17,350	3,283
San Saba	3,731	1,173
Tarrant	5,534	1,193
Tom Green	1,189	359
Travis	17,534	31,500
Willamson	40,722	75,958

Dr. G. F. Stevenson, Osteo-  
pathic Masseuse, will be in Brady  
for a while. Phone 161, or call  
on me at J. S. Abernathy's.

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Letter Bible or a New Testa-  
ment? See our splendid line.  
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