

INSURANCE

IT STRENGTHENS YOUR CREDIT. IT KEEPS THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR. IT MAKES YOU SLEEP SOUND

Anderson & Garrithers

BRADY FIRE BOYS CONTRACT FOUR BENEFIT SHOWS

Frank Hurd, chief of the Brady Fire department, announces that the fire boys have signed a new four-months' contract with Julius Levy, for monthly benefit performances at the Lyric theatre, beginning with February and continuing through May. The benefit night, however, has been changed from Monday nights to the first Thursday night in each month. Accordingly, the first of these benefit shows will be given next Thursday night, Feb. 2nd.

Season tickets are now on sale for the four shows at the regular price of 25c per performance and sell, consequently at \$1.00. Through the sale of season tickets alone can the success of these benefit shows be assured, and no citizen should hesitate in the purchase of tickets for himself and entire family.

As it now stands, the fire boys cheerfully risk life and limb whenever the electric siren sounds, without hope of reward or thought of danger. Should a member be maimed or seriously hurt, they have no means of in any way offsetting him recompense. The only accident insurance available would cost the fire company \$75.00 per month, or \$900 per year. The fire boys now hope, partly through these benefit shows, to build up a bank reserve of \$1,000, which would be available in case of the serious injury of any member. Incidentally, also, it would be available in cases of damage to clothing or minor injuries. Needless to say, the fund would be a valuable asset to the fire department, and one which the fire boys richly deserve.

Read it in The Standard.

FURNITURE FOR SALE

All my household furniture is for sale. See me at once at J. F. Schaeg residence or the Wilensky store.

H. WILENSKY

BRING YOUR

KODAK FILMS

TO

DAVIS & GARTMAN
MUSIC SHOP AND STUDIO
(Formerly St. Clair's Studio)

BRADY, TEXAS

Box 143.

ANOTHER WEEK OF SWEETS

Beginning Friday, January 27th, we are going to offer our customers Guth and Liggett's Chocolate Candy at the low price of

55c per pound.

35c for half pound.

We offer only the highest quality of Candy—you get the benefit of something extra for the extra low price of ONE POUND, 55c. Sale closes Sunday, February 5th. No longer time on this sale.

TRIGG DRUG CO.
The Rexall Store

INTERSCHOLASTIC TRACK MEET HERE NEXT MAR.

The McCulloch County Interscholastic Track meet will be held at the Dutton City park in Brady the latter part of March, according to announcement made by County Superintendent W. M. Deans. With interest growing in school athletics and competitive work in all branches of study, the meet this year is certain to attract great attendance from all parts of the county, the more especially since McCulloch county schools rank 100% in interscholastic league membership. Last year, a crowd estimated at 1,500 attended the track meet on the Brady high school athletic grounds. This year an attendance of between 2,500 and 3,000 is promised.

The meet will occupy two days, Friday being taken up with elimination contests, and the literary meets, the latter including Junior and Senior Spelling, Debating and Essay Writing. The finals in athletics and track events will be held on Saturday.

With the exception of the basketball championship won last Saturday by Rochelle, all finals of the league will be had at the track meet in March.

A committee is expected to canvass the town for the purpose of raising funds for the purchase of medals, and it is hoped that the business men will respond liberally. The bringing to Brady of several thousand spectators, many of whom will remain here over Friday night, is also a big event, and Brady citizens should prepare for the care and entertainment of the visitors. Brady citizens should open their homes, and should see to it that everyone coming here carries away with them the recollection of Brady's hospitality upon this occasion.

GOVERNMENT REPORT ON COTTON GINNINGS PRIOR TO JAN. 16TH 7,913,971 BALES

Washington, Jan. 23.—Cotton ginned prior to Jan. 16 amounted to 7,913,971 running bales, including 123,569 round bales, 32,363 bales of American-Egyptian and 3,110 bales of sea island, the census bureau announced today.

Ginnings to Jan. 16 last year were 12,014,742 running bales, including 204,507 round bales, 73,695 bales of American-Egyptian and 1,525 bales of sea island.

Ginnings by states to Jan. 16 this year were:
Alabama 585,143, Arizona 38,387, Arkansas 785,278, California 26,687, Florida 12,117, Georgia 818,502, Mississippi 813,567, Louisiana 282,202, Missouri 67,980, North Carolina 790,800, Oklahoma 476,700, South Carolina 775,253, Tennessee 296,224, Texas 2,421,161, Virginia 16,349. All other states 8,621.

The final ginning report of the season will be issued in March.

Infant Son Dies.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Davenport of Calf Creek have the sympathy of all in the loss of their little son, Cecil, who passed away Wednesday morning at 6:30 o'clock at the local sanitarium. The little fellow had been puny for several days, but was taken seriously ill only Tuesday night. Following the summoning of a doctor, he was brought to the Brady sanitarium, but was so weak that he failed to respond to treatment. Cecil was the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, and would have been two years old the 14th of next June. Funeral services were conducted at the family residence at Calf Creek yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, the Rev. E. L. Springer conducting, and interment was made in Calf Creek cemetery.

Pure Ribbon Cane Syrup, made by F. M. Phillips, for sale at J. H. Behrens' store.

If good quality of shoe work is what you want, come and see us, for we have a first-class mechanic doing ours. EVERS & BRO.

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

THE GOVERNMENT ESTABLISHED BY THE CONSTITUTION

The Brady Standard's Americanization Series

The Constitution of the United States deals in the main with essentials. There are some non-essential directions such as those relating to the methods of election and of legislation, but in the main it sets forth the foundations of government in clear, simple, concise terms. It is for this reason that it has stood the test of more than a century with but slight amendment, while the modern state constitutions, into which a multitude of ordinary statutory provisions are crowded, have to be changed from year to year. The peculiar and essential qualities of the government established by the Constitution are:

First, it is representative. Second, it recognizes the liberty of the individual citizen as distinguished from the total mass of citizens, and it protects that liberty by specific limitations upon the power of government.

Third, it distributes the legislative, executive, and judicial powers, which make up the sum total of all government, into three separate departments, and specifically limits the powers of the officers of each department.

Fourth, it superimposes upon a federation of state government with sovereignty acting directly not merely upon the states, but upon the citizens of each state, within a line of limitation drawn between the powers of the national government and the powers of the state governments.

Fifth, it makes observance of its limitations requisite to the validity of laws, whether passed by the nation or by the states, to be judged by the courts of law in each concrete case as it arises.

Every one of these five characteristics of the government established by the Constitution was a distinct advance beyond the ancient attempts at popular government, and the elimination of any one of them would be a retrograde movement and a reversion to a former and discarded type of government. In each case it would be the abandonment of a distinctive feature of government which has succeeded, in order to go back and try again the methods of government which have failed. Of course we ought not to take such a backward step except under the pressure of inevitable necessity.

(Editor's Note—The articles appearing in the above space from week to week are taken from "Americanization" by Elwood Griscom, Jr. This excellent volume, which is a collection of articles upon the general theme of patriotism and good citizenship, is presented to the schools of Texas by the Bodies of Scottish Rite Masonry in Texas).

TAX PAYMENTS FALL FAR SHORT OF NORMAL REPORT OF TAX COLLECTORS

CITY AND SCHOOL PAYMENTS RUN ABOUT 50%; COUNTY PAYMENTS, 60% OF TOTAL—POLL TAX PAYMENTS JUST ABOUT 50%.

Tax payments, including poll tax payments, are falling far behind so far, according to reports of County Tax Collector H. K. Adkins, and City and School Tax Collector W. G. Joyce. County tax collections up to yesterday morning ran about 60% of the total, while city and school tax collections ran only about 50% of the total. Poll tax payments, both state and city, ran only about 50%. As is always the case, there will be an eleventh-hour rush staged by citizens during the remaining four days of the month to pay their taxes, and which will serve to increase the percentage of collections, but the tax payments nevertheless promise to fall short.

The situation, as regards the Brady schools, calls for prompt action upon the part of Brady citizens. Many forget that in addition to the 10% penalty added upon taxes delinquent after February 1st, there is a charge of 6% interest until such delinquent tax is paid. This, of course, serves to make quite heavy the penalty for permitting taxes to become delinquent. Citizens therefore can best serve both their own interests and that of city, school and state by making every sacrifice to pay their taxes before February 1st.

The City of Brady has rendition valuation of approximately \$2,500,000, with a tax roll of about \$20,000. Incidentally, the city has \$79,000 city bonds outstanding which consume \$4,200 of tax collections for interest alone.

The Brady Independent School district has rendition valuation of \$3,250,000, which gives a total roll of about \$16,000. So far as the school district's sinking fund is concerned, that is in healthy condition, but the available funds are practically exhausted and the schools must depend upon present tax payments if they are to be continued as they now are.

Have one set of Good Harness left. C. H. ARNSPIGGER'S Sec. Have new selection of latest Brunswick Records. O. D. MANN & SONS.

Tanlac is purely vegetable and is made from the most beneficial roots, herbs and barks known to science. Trigg Drug Co.

SCHOOL BENEFIT. Entertainment at the Methodist Tabernacle, Friday, January 27th, at 7:30 p. m. Admission: Adults, 35c; High school and Seventh grade children, 25c; Central school children, 15c. Auspices Parent-Teachers Association.

DIXIE LYCEUM IS CONTRACTED NEXT WINTER

The Dixie Lyceum course has been contracted by the Parent-Teachers association for the coming winter, and the success of the course is virtually assured by reason of the fact that in addition to the Parent-Teachers association, the entertainment course has been underwritten by about 70 citizens, 20 of whom are business men, and the balance Brady ladies interested in the providing of high-class entertainment for our children and for ourselves.

The next winter course is arranged by the Dixie Lyceum bureau of Dallas, M. C. Turner, manager, and which is affiliated with all other lyceum bureaus, both national and international. By means of this affiliation, not only is each city or town assured of the very best and highest class of entertainment, but the various lyceum bureaus are enabled to avoid overlapping one another's programs and territory. Long jumps from one section of the country to another are also avoided, thus assuring dependable service and schedules.

The matter of signing the contract for the Dixie lyceum course was presented last week to the Parent-Teachers association by Mrs. Bessie Camp of Brownwood to such good purpose that not only did the Parent-Teachers association decide to sponsor the presenting of the course here, but the contract was further underwritten, as above stated, by seventy citizens.

The Dixie course will consist of six numbers, the first of which will be presented the latter part of September, and successive numbers will be given at intervals of about six weeks, the final number being presented sometime in March of 1923. The numbers will be arranged with especial view to meeting the local demand for entertainment that is at once interesting and instructive. There will be one number in magic and sleight of hand, besides various vocal and musical numbers, readings and similar entertainments.

The long list of signers to the contract virtually assures the financing of half the entire course, besides the good moral effect such spontaneous endorsement offers.

The Parent-Teachers association has worked faithfully and untiringly to assure the success of the lyceum course now being presented, and while they have funds on hand sufficient to pay for the next number, yet they are desirous of building up this fund to a point where they can say that the entire course has been financed. With this end in view, they will tonight (Friday) present a home talent entertainment at the Methodist tabernacle. Nominal admission prices will

ROCHELLE BASKET BALL TEAM CO. CHAMPIONS

In defeating Lohn last Saturday at Brady, the boys' basket ball team of Rochelle won the county championship. The game was by far the best exhibition of the sport played in the county this season.

Lohn's team under the management of Geo. Sallee as coach, showed decided improvement over their previous work and in the first half the score stood 9 to 13 in Rochelle's favor, but in the last half the fast work of the winning team proved too much for their opponents and the final score rolled up was 38 to 19. Rochelle won the championship last year and this year, with their team strengthened by the addition of Karl Price, formerly of Melvin, as one of the best guards "ever seen in action." Also the developing of Edwin Boyd into a handy man at the goal. Playing ten games this team has met with not one defeat, winning besides all games played in the county, one with Richland Springs and one with San Saba.

The winners of the county championship will compete in a district meet which will probably be held at Comanche about February 15th. The line-up of the Rochelle team is as follows:

Ollie Clair, captain.
Wesley Gainer, center.
Edwin Boyd, right forward.
Karl Price, left forward.
Ollie Clair, right guard.
Raleigh Neal, left guard.
Subs: Mark Mitchell, Arch Gainer, L. Cottle.

Games played as follows:
Rochelle 35 Lohn 17
Rochelle 17 Eden 4
Rochelle 36 Mercury 6
Rochelle 2 Mercury 0
Rochelle 46 Montgomery 8
Rochelle 48 Brady 6
Rochelle 27 Rich'd Spgs. 12
Rochelle 34 San Saba 11
Rochelle 25 Lohn 8
Rochelle 38 Lohn 18

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express sincere appreciation to neighbors and friends for their assistance, sympathy and condolence during the brief illness and in the loss of our dear baby, Cecil. We thank you all from the bottom of our hearts, and pray God's blessings upon you.

Mr. and Mrs. C. DAVENPORT.

be charged. The entertainment will be presented by the school children, and is certain to be interesting and entertaining. It is to be hoped that the citizens of Brady will give appreciative attendance.

Read it in The Standard.

MATTRESSES

People wanting Mattresses made between now and September 1st will please let me have their order before February 1st, as I am leaving Brady Feb. 1st and will not be back until September 1st.

E. R. CANTWELL
MATTRESS MAKER AND RENOVATOR

\$10.00 Gold Crowns - \$5.00
Bridge Crown \$5.00

For Thirty Days

Plates Made by My New Methods Guaranteed to Fit Any Mouth. Pyorrhea and All Diseases of the Gums Successfully Treated.

Teeth Extracted Painless

All Work Guaranteed Lady in Attendance

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

111 One eleven Cigarettes



Three Friendly Gentlemen

Made to Suit Your Taste

We have for years catered to the cigarette smokers of America.

With this experience, we created One Eleven—"111"—"Made to Suit Your Taste," of the world's three greatest cigarette tobaccos—

- 1—TURKISH, for Aroma
- 1—VIRGINIA, for Mildness
- 1—BURLEY, for Mellowness

We named them One Eleven—the address of our home office. We are proud of their success.

Have You Tried Them?

15¢ for 20

The American Tobacco Company
★ 111 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

CALF CREEK NEWS.

A Good School Needs a Good Building—Construction Started.
(Too Late for Last Week).
Brady, Texas, Jan. 17.

Editor Brady Standard:
Well, I will come again with a few items. It is so dry and times so dull, I can't gather much news.

They have started on the new school building. We have a good school and we need a good building.

Our school is progressing nicely with our good teachers, with Mrs. M. L. Stallings, principal, Miss Ella Baxter, intermediate, and Miss Ernestine Latham, primary.

Bro. E. L. Springer, the Baptist missionary will preach here Saturday night and Sunday, and everybody is urged to come.

Mr. Rubin Bradshaw and Mr. Oliver Williams have returned home from Mexia.

Miss Ella Baxter and Miss Ernestine Latham visited home folks at Fredonia Friday and Saturday.

Mr. J. H. Williams is putting in a larger windmill at his home, since they got so much more water in their well they had to have a larger mill. It is good that some of the people have plenty of water during this dry spell.

Mrs. Donaldson spent Tuesday with Mrs. Zed Bingham.

All the young folks enjoyed the singing at Mr. Zed Bingham's Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Williams entertained.

A TWICE-TOLD STORY.

DON'T RISK NEGLECT.

Don't neglect a constant headache, sharp, darting pains or urinary disorders. The danger of dropsy or Bright's disease is too serious to ignore. Use Doan's Kidney Pills as have your friends and neighbors. A Brady case.

Mrs. J. Coopender, says: "I was annoyed by kidney complaint for some years. My condition was diagnosed as uric acid poisoning. I always felt heavy and depressed and had bad attacks of rheumatic trouble. I was very nervous and frequently headaches came on. I used different remedies for this trouble but can honestly say that Doan's Kidney Pills gave me far better results than any other." (Statement given April 29, 1915.)

On May 15, 1919 Mrs. Coopender said: "Doan's Kidney Pills gave me a cure that has been lasting and I am now enjoying the best of health. My opinion of this medicine is the same as it ever was."

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

tained the young folks Saturday night by giving a candy-breaking and a party.

Mrs. J. O. Barnett visited Mrs. Tom Wright Tuesday afternoon.

Claude Knight spent Saturday night with Edd Goldman, at Nine.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam D. Petty are rejoicing over a new boy at their house which made his arrival January 13.

Mr. Julius Dasey and Mr. Cafford Bingham left Saturday for Mexia.

Mrs. J. W. Attaway and Mrs. Cafford Bingham called on Mrs. G. E. Bridge Saturday afternoon.

"DAISY."

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

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

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

Both remedies are packed in one carton and the cost of the combined treatment is 35c.

Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

Remember the fact that it is economy to have shoes repaired, no matter whether new shoes are cheap or high. EVERS & BRO. SHOE SHOP.

See the nice new Dressers at C. H. Arnspiger's New and Used Store.

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, West Side Square.

For the common everyday ills of mankind there is nothing to equal Tanlac. Trigg Drug Co.

FIFE FINDINGS.

New Mexico Visitors Report Intermediate Territory All Dry.
Fife, Texas, Jan. 23.

Editor Brady Standard:
I tried very hard to rain here all day Monday, but nothing doing. We have just about decided that we can do without rain till Spring.

Prof. J. M. Young and Misses Trixy and Lute Baldrige visited friends at Melvin Sunday.

D. H. Martin and Ed Mitchell were at Brady Saturday on business.

Carmolete, the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Guyton has been very sick with pneumonia the past few days, but we are glad to report her improving at present.

Jno. R. Winstead and Marion Holland of Waldrip were visitors here Monday. Jno. R. says since the river

started running again he actually gets all the water he can drink. Wish we all had a river.

Miss Blanche Lawson of Melvin is visiting friends and relatives here this week.

J. J. Wright was interviewing the tax collector at Brady Saturday.

A. M. Long is improving his farm place by putting in a cistern to catch that million dollar rain when it comes.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Bradley and children visited at Mrs. Bradley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Walker at Marion Sunday.

Miss Knola King, our efficient primary teacher, attended a meeting of the Interscholastic League, at Brady, Saturday.

Carl Doyle was a business visitor at Lohn Saturday.

E. D. and H. T. Baldrige returned Friday from a trip to Clovis, New Mexico. They report the country between here and there as dry as this.

Pete Lembke was a visitor here Saturday night on business.

"E. Z."

COAL! COAL!
The best grade McAlister Deep Mine Coal. BOWMAN LUMBER CO.

Robinson's Daily Reminder—the handiest note book on the market. Extra pads in stock, too. The Brady Standard.

Have one nice new Library Set—must be seen to be appreciated. C. H. Arnspiger's New and Used Store.

Don't venture too far into the new year without having your shoes repaired. There is danger of taking cold feet. We fix 'em just right. H. P. C. EVERS & BRO.

Habitual Constipation Cured in 14 to 21 Days

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

EAST SWEDEN ECHOES.

"Mulligan Stew" Party at School House—Benefit Ladies Aid.
(Too Late for Last Week).
Brady, Texas, Jan. 18.

Editor Brady Standard:
Here I come again after several weeks' absence.

Miss Gladys Engdahl entertained a number of her friends Saturday night. All who attended report a very nice time.

The Ladies Aid society met at Mrs. D. A. Hurd's home Thursday evening. Misses Davie Dial and Marjorie Galloway visited Miss Vivian Samuelson Sunday.

There was a mulligan stew party at the school house Friday night, for the benefit of the Ladies Aid.

Mrs. Welsh and granddaughter, Lottie Frances Hurd, left Thursday night for Waco, where they will visit relatives.

Miss Grace Engdahl visited Mrs. Irvine Hurd Saturday.

Miss Sallie Watts from Bastrop, is visiting the family of her aunt, Mrs. Ira Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Galloway and son, and Everett Salter visited at the Carl Johnson home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Williams were visitors at the C. J. Coggin home Sunday.

"TOPSY."

CLARK "CUTAWAY" DOUBLE ACTION HARROWS.

The original Clark "Cutaway" Double Action Harrow acknowledges no equal for pulverizing the soil, for saving time, for saving horses and for giving long service. Every farmer should realize the importance of stirring and pulverizing the soil so that the sun, air and moisture can reach every particle. Thousands testify as to the Clark "Cutaway" being the light draft harrow that gives the above results. Its rear discs cut half-way between the front discs.

The Clark "Cutaway" Double Action harrow not only saves one man, but in addition the load is close up to the team and the draft is light. You will never want any other harrow once you have tried this. Before you buy, let us show you the Clark "Cutaway." Its improvements and superior advantages recommend it at sight.

O. D. MANN & SONS.

Steel Army Cots. See them at C. H. Arnspiger's Second Hand Store.

Brunswick Records, 10-inch, Series 2,000, black label, former price 85c, now reduced to 75c.
O. D. MANN & SONS.

GOOD VALUES IN REBUILT CARS

REBATE ON FEBRUARY 1st, 1922

On Any

REBUILT Dodge Brothers Motor Car purchased before February 1, 1922, we will refund the same amount as the drop in price on the new cars which will be announced on February 1, 1922.

We invite you to come in and see our very good Rebuilt Dodge Brothers Motor Cars.

With all the business integrity which assures Dodge Brothers value, we are able to substantiate our assertion that these Rebuilt Cars are exceptional values.

SEVERAL BARGAINS IN STOCK

F. R. WULFF

Phone 30 Brady, Texas

WONDER WORDS.

"Pigs Is Pigs"—But "O. I. C." Says Cross-Breeds Are Better Pigs.
Wonder, Or., Jan. 18.

Editor Brady Standard:
I trust your readers will pardon me for my failure to mention the swine subject in my last letter. I had forgotten it until "A. Citizen" mentioned it in The Standard I received today. He states that he sold a hog to Mr. Burns that at the age of two and one-half years, weighed 900 lbs. That is a mighty big hog "tail!" Here is one that came out in our county newspapers in November:

"J. T. Roberson of Wonder, recently butchered one of his twelve-months' old Perfect-Cross pigs that after being dressed tipped the beam at exactly 300 lbs. Can you beat it? Can it be done?"

Yes, "Mr. A. Citizen," I still say that my fifty years' experience at raising fine hogs of all the best varieties, including the big-bone Poland, Berkshire, Improved Chester, Duroc or Jersey Red, etc., I have fully decided from my own personal experience and close observation that with the same care and attention that people give to a hog for which he pays a high price, a perfect cross-bred hog is far superior! At least, I have found it so. At the rate of growth my pig was making had I kept him 18 months longer with a natural accelerated increase in growth as he grew older, he should have been larger than the one you sold to Mr. Burns. I butchered a mate to my pig ten days later which dressed 318 pounds and I have another of the same bunch that will now dress more than 400 pounds. I have a spotted sow that is seven feet long and large in proportion. When I butcher her I will write you what she dresses out. Some people tell me that I ought not to let them get so large. I tell them that I just can't help it. They will grow in spite of me as long as they get plenty to eat. I have to keep them till cold weather, else if I butcher in summer the meat will spoil. And it will not do to sell only a few hogs to the packing houses, for they will not pay you as much as you can get for your home-made sugar-cured meat, which is far superior to packing house product, if you know how to do it. And you can. I have a standing offer to all those who are prejudiced towards pure breeds. I offer to take a pig of my cross-breed and let the other fellow take

one of his thoroughbred and have him registered a dozen times if he wants to—the more times the better! and at any age from six months to four years have them weighed, and if his outweighs mine, I will give him a hog, but if mine is the heavier, then I am to have his. No one has yet been so game as to take me up.

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

ROCHELLE RUMBLINGS.

Two New Arrivals Recorded—Rochelle Wins Championship.
Rochelle, Texas, Jan. 23.

Editor Brady Standard:
At last we have a change in the weather. Since last Thursday morning, day and night, and the day following the weather was fierce and for the most of the time below freezing; such a chill and shock—following so much nice weather, and this morning is still cold, with a fine mist, but not sufficient to even dampen this old dry, dusty earth of ours. But I feel sure we will have plenty rain in time that the farmers can plant small grain and they will surely welcome the time when they can begin to turn the soil and get busy, for at present there is nothing doing—idle men and idle teams, the latter having to be fed and kept stout for use when it does rain.

The test game in basket ball was played last Saturday at Brady for championship between Lohn and Rochelle. Lohn lost to Rochelle two to one, and of course it is useless to say we are proud of our team, and still wish for their success in every effort, and with continued home practice we feel sure they can hardly be beaten.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Rodgers, on the Brook ranch are the proud parents of a tiny little Miss, who took up her permanent abode with them on January 14th. Besides the parents, is Grandfather and Grandmother Rodgers, who are rejoicing over the arrival of this, their first granddaughter and quite naturally they think she is about the only. Mother and babe doing very nicely, and also Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Waddell appreciate the arrival of this, their second great-granddaughter and motored over to pay the young lady a call on Sunday; also her auntie from Brady, Mrs. Allen McShan, came over for a peep at her niece, taking along her first son; also the first grandson; and the first great-grand son. He is a

fine fellow, weighing about 18 pounds at three and one-half months.

Mr. Buss Price and wife are the proud possessors of a 10-lb. son in their home since Sunday 22nd.

Mrs. O. E. Rice, one of our teachers, was taken with pneumonia last night, and we hope for her a speedy recovery.

Best wishes to all.
"AMOS KEETER."

When you have Hides, Furs, Poultry, Eggs or Produce for sale, we will appreciate a part of your business. We are also in the market for several hundred bushels of wheat; if you have any for sale, see the man with the fur collar. SPILLER & KIRKLEN, across alley from Rohde Market.

We are making some attractive prices on Lily Darling Cook Stoves to reduce our stock. Better look us over before you buy.
O. D. MANN & SONS.

Lasts a Lifetime
Costs Only 50c

WAHL EVERSHARP
No. 151
Enameled Pencil

The last word in pencil economy. Carries 18 inches of lead—many months' supply. Extra fillings cost 15 cents a box.

Ideal for use in office, shop or school. The exposed eraser is always ready for service.

Mechanically perfect, just like all EVERSHARPS. Its rifled steel tip grooves the lead and holds it firmly.

Comes in black, blue or red. Three colors—one quality. Step in and get yours today.

The Brady Standard

But Tomorrow You May---

You may not want to buy anything today—but tomorrow you may.

And you will want to know where to go to get the most for your money, and approximately the price you will have to pay.

Read the Advertisements in this paper.

Read them to know what's in the shopping district.

Read them to save steps—to save money—to save disappointment.

Read them Because they set before your eyes the current history of business progress.

Read them to keep informed.

Read them regularly.

When you have Hides, Furs, Poultry, Eggs or Produce for sale, we will appreciate a part of your business. We are also in the market for several hundred bushels of wheat; if you have any for sale, see the man with the fur collar. SPILLER & KIRKLEN, across alley from Rohde Market.

Banish that awful insomnia that worries you every night. Let your sleep be restful and refreshing. Tan-lac does it. Trigg Drug Co.

Heartless Reply.
"Good morning," said the boarder to his landlady. "Did you ever see anything so unsettled as the weather has been?"
"Why, yes. There's your board bill, Mr. Skinner."

And get in on our next shipment. Phone 295. MACY & CO.

Perfection, Florence and Red Star oil cook stoves and heaters. O. D. MANN & SONS.

Opportunity.
With doubt and dismay you are smitten,
You think there's no chance for you, son?

Why, the best books haven't been written,
The best race hasn't been run,
The best score hasn't been made yet,
The best song hasn't been sung,
The best tune hasn't been played yet;
Cheer up, for the world is young!

No chance? Why the world is just eager

For things that you ought to create;
Its store of true wealth is still meagre,
Its needs are incessant and great;
It yearns for more power and beauty,
More laughter and love and romance,
More loyalty, labor and duty,
No chance—why there's nothing but chance!

For the best verse hasn't been rhymed yet,
The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers aren't spanned;
Don't worry and fret, faint-hearted,
The chances have just begun,
For the Best jobs haven't been started,
The Best work hasn't been done.
—Berton Braley.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Hall's Catarrh Cure has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Poison from the Blood and healing the diseased portions. After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Cure for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Cure at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

But He Wasn't Intoxicated.
"Your Honor, I was not intoxicated."
"But this officer says you were trying to climb a lamp post."
"I was, Your Honor. A couple of cerise crocodiles had been following me around all day and I don't mind telling you that they were getting on my nerves."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Marjorie Gains a Man's Soul

By MARTHA McWILLIAMS

©, 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

The wind was subtly reminiscent—Marjorie tingled under its kisses, her spirit glowing opalinely, recalling yesterday. Life had burst in flower then from a desert of other yesterdays, drab and desolate, monotonous beyond expression.

The great adventure had befallen, taking her wholly unawares. She did not live it over, rather sensed it as one sense's music in a dream. The peace of summer lay softly about her—here or there a dropping bird-note accented the stillness. The notes wove themselves through her consciousness, undervolving the new rhythms of pulses and breath. Lapped in peace, she smiled at the smiling world, the embodiment of joy inarticulate.

A blur of sounds broke through the soft silence—the purr and hornblast of a swiftly coming car, with shrill gay voices and Homeric laughter, rising in staccato chorus, as it halted at the steps.

"Here at last, Mariana in the moted grange! Been watching long!" one voice said as a man, lithe, leonine, tawny, flung himself up the steps and darted at Marjorie with hands outstretched. She overlooked the hands, saying absently as she rose, "I had forgotten you were coming—almost," shrinking a little as she spoke. "Impossible! Mustn't tell fibs," the man said, touching her filmy frock, as opaline as her soul. "Suppose it was our wedding rehearsal," this very low, "and the maid of honor sent her wits wool-gathering?"

"I never suppose the impossible," Marjorie answered in his own key, with the faintest possible shrug. He looked at her narrowly—his eyes predatory, making to lead her to the car. She hung back, saying with half a tremor: "Run along. I am coming with the Lestons—so as not to crush my frock—see? They are right behind you."

"So!" the man glowered. Before he could stay her Marjorie ran down the side steps, gained the Leston car and



The Race Was On.

waved a triumphant hand to him, smiling from her billowing tulle like a rose from thick mist. Mrs. Leston patted her arm softly—the squire growled over his shoulder as they swung past the first corner: "Minister of what not; Ruel Hadden is a handsome beast—so handsome, so beastly, I'd like always to see him in a cage."

"No, I say vestments. All the girls think he's divine in full canonicals," Mrs. Leston flung back.

"Do you?" the squire shot at Marjorie, who shook her head, yet blushed unaccountably.

She dared not speak—her voice might betray her. She was thrilling more and more with each yard of the way. In ten minutes, in five, in two, she would see him again—the mate foreordained for her, yet until yesterday unknown. There must be a fate in it—else how should the chosen best man have broken his collarbone and so sent a stranger in his place?

"Just same as me myself—only double as good every way." He had written to Bridegroom Tom, who was Marjorie's cousin and who had thrust the stranger and Marjorie merrily together, saying: "Since you are bound to fight over everything, make haste and get hostilities out of the way."

There had been no fighting—instead looking and loving and lingering in a dusking garden, where eyes said "I love you" and lips swiftly echoed the saying, and where under the first stars the pair had kissed and parted.

The memory flamed between them as they stood together, a little apart, trying to heed the cross commands of the bride's eldest sister and the groom's rich aunt. The strife of tongues suited ill the damp religious coolness of the tiny Gothic church, outside whose windows slender pine whispers as softly as lovers. Ruel Hadden in full canonicals was a distinguished figure. Vestments subdued his exuberant high-

colored vitality, much as the shadowed interior subdued the lights through stained glass. He looked priestly, almost noble, indeed—yet his teeth set hard as he noted Marjorie's illumined eyes and Job's Kenton's face openly adoring. It was impossible—they scarcely knew each other's names—yet actually—of that his heart, hot with jealousy, hate, left him in doubt. And all the six months since he came to the parish he had looked upon her as his to take or leave at will.

Until now he had not been sure he loved her. She had seemed but half alive, a flower blossoming away from sunshine. No wonder—living as she did in a gray old house, with gray elders for company, and lacking even the stimulus of ungratified wishes. Her money had not tempted him—he was too vital to be mercenary, withal far from needy. Now, lit with love's fine fire, she was wholly adorable, wholly desirable. Have her he must and would, despite this pestilent outsider.

A born actor, he masked his anger under a seeming of jolly fellowship—before the wedding, the going away and other frivolities had ended he had scraped a remote college acquaintance with Kenton and all but compelled him to come and share the bachelor freedom of the rectory. Here the weather helped him—it had turned suddenly torrid after a single day of freshets that sent streams out of banks. They were small but many, running down to the mill pond, which stretched broad, silent, silvery, for two miles above the big mill. The rectory abutted the pond—so did Thornway, Marjorie's home. Consequently she swam like a mermaid, and loved nothing better than a water race before sunrise in the heat of summer.

Ruel Hadden had been her competitor many times, but not always victor. Her adroitness offset his greater strength. Commonly they went midway the pond in a canoe, steadied by a mooring in deep placid water, leapt overside and spent blissful minutes in clear, cold water almost ocean blue at its depths.

Kenton swam only moderately well, mainly through lack of practice. Still he did not love the water. Yet between the water's enticement, Hadden's challenging eyes and Marjorie's radiant face at mention of a water race he could not hang back. He would lose it, of course—but he could afford to lose.

She was his betrothed—he waited only upon such lapse of time as would seem to the elders sufficient to claim her in face of daylight. So through the ashen rose of a stirless dawn the canoe shot mid-stream, was anchored and the race was on. Up current the three swam at first—Kenton incautiously shooting ahead instead of saving his strength. He was half blown when the turn down stream began—then Marjorie led, with Hadden a yard behind. It was heavenly to catch breath, going with the current, now floating for a breath's space, now sinking to the chin folded lovingly in the water's sliken embrace. But suddenly something caught him, whirled him half about, sucked him under for a second, then as he came up panting bore him resistlessly away from the others.

He heard Hadden shout, "Back! For your life! The mill race has been opened!" but it sounded far off. The whirling current tossed him, buffeted him—took its will of him—he fought it with set teeth, with laboring breath to the end of strength and stay. Then with blackness about him he felt a clutch upon his shoulder—his head was above water—Marjorie was beside him, doing her best to draw him into calmer water, with Hadden crying huskily, "Marjorie, this way! I'll save you or die!"

"Save both!" Marjorie called clearly, clinging to Kenton's shoulder. Hot touch brought new strength—somehow they drew from the wildest rush, though not to safety. Hadden met them—together the three were swept toward the bank, where a giant sycamore dropped a huge half-broken branch within clutching distance. Blue-lipped, barely conscious, Kenton could not clutch it. Hadden had shouted for help—a skiff was racing toward them from the upper pond. But—it would come too late unless—Marjorie looked up at the branch already parting under their combined weight. "Hold his head!" she said faintly to Hadden, unclasping her hands as she spoke. "Save yourself the guilt of the murder you planned. You knew the race was to be opened."

Hadden looked into the eyes of an accusing angel, then wearily at the boat. It seemed to stand still, despite frantic rowing. He tore the handkerchief from about his throat—deftly, swiftly he bound Kenton's wrist to the dipping branch—then loosed his own hold, and with one word, "Forgive," let the water bear him where it would.

Miraculously it spared him, sweeping him in toward a jutting rock, whence he was rescued, senseless, bruised and broken. He was hopelessly scarred and halted badly in his gait, but Marjorie Kenton knew that in losing a man's strength and comeliness she had gained a man's soul.

Pick Out Your Own Moral.

He read advertisements that always showed pictures of bitter, shabby, unhappy old men with sunken cheeks, taking orders shrinkingly from mere boys with happy, arrogant faces and dude clothes. He gathered from these that to work with one's hands at physical toil was a deep disgrace and absolutely out of the possibilities for a respectable young man. So, when he was confronted with the alternative of doing actual labor or stealing, he—didn't do the actual labor. Who was (at least partly) responsible?—Retail Leader Philadelphia.

SWEET CLOVER IS ADAPTED TO TEXAS AND IS VALUABLE TO LAND

White-flowered sweet clover grows wild in all counties between Fort Worth and Texline which shows its wide adaption to varying climatic and soil conditions. These wild growths show that it thrives in hard soil and in waste places; also that it can make its way even when growing among all kinds of woods and grass. Sweet clover is also resistant to drought else it could not thrive in such places as it is often found.

Many farmers have been watching these wild growths for the last year or two and a few have been experimenting with it in a small way. These observations and experiments have created genuine interest and farmers all along the Denver road counties are planning to make a seeding of sweet clover this winter.

The hardy habits of sweet clover have caused farmers to realize the possibilities of getting it established on rough pasture land or in waste places thus converting much unprofitable land into good grazing that will return a profit.

Sweet clover will probably prove more profitable when used as a pasture crop than when used as a hay crop. However, sweet clover hay is almost equal to alfalfa hay in feeding value, and it will grow on many farms where alfalfa will not grow.

Many good stands of sweet clover have resulted from seed being scattered on top of hard ground along road sides. Seed have been blown into pastures from nearby fields and there settled into the ground, germinated and grew. This is mentioned to show that sweet clover seems to thrive on a hard seed bed. On the other hand many farmers have carefully prepared a loose seed bed and had very poor results in getting a good stand. Often times they failed.

So, if one contemplates seeding sweet clover on cultivated land it should be prepared in such a way as to keep the soil as compact as possible or in the case of loose or sandy soil some means should be used to settle the ground as thoroughly as possible. Perhaps disking shallow and rolling would do this best. For pasture land, a shallow disking would be all that is necessary. Then sow when there is plenty of moisture in the soil and cover as lightly as possible. The seed bed must be compact. This is essential.

Sweet clover seed are very hard and do not come up quickly unless they are scarified. Scarified seed are those that have been mechanically scratched so that the seed coat is roughened thus permitting them to absorb moisture, which hastens germination. Better stands result from using scarified seed, although they cost more per pound (about 8 to 12 cents). The rate of seeding with scarified seed is about 10 to 12 pounds per acre. Unscarified seed should be sown at the rate of fifteen pounds per acre. These will sell for 1 to 2 cents less per pound. Unhulled seed are still cheaper but it will take 12 to 20 pounds of seed per acre. They, of course, are not scarified.

In nature sweet clover seed mature in the summer, fall to the ground, gradually absorb moisture, freeze and thaw, then germinate early the next spring. This absorption of moisture and freezing and thawing softens the hard seed coat and causes most of them to germinate the next spring. For this reason winter seeding is better than March or April seedings. Seed should be sown in December or January. On the plains seeding may be postponed until February or even the first of March.

One man at Memphis, Texas, has already bought seed for forty acres. He has been experimenting with it for two years. In Wise county many farmers are going to plant sweet clover. In Montague county several men will sow from ten to forty acres. Donley county farmers are going to sow some. In Dallam county sweet clover grows so luxuriously in a wild state that farmers have become interested and some will make a seeding this winter.

No doubt sweet clover will become a common crop within two or three years or as soon as it has proven its value as a pasture and hay crop.—By M. B. Bates, Agricultural Agent, Denver Road.

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or digest the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

Go West, You, Woman.
"The film companies keep going to California."

"Westward the course of vampire takes its way."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



There is Lots of Head Room in a Buick Four Sedan

—and there are many more equally important features that make this Sedan the logical choice for an all-season comfortable car that's economical to buy, to run and to maintain.

The Buick Four Sedan provides closed car comfort at an open car price.

BUICK SIXES		BUICK FOURS	
22-Six-44	\$1365	22-Four-34	\$895
22-Six-45	1395	22-Four-35	935
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22-Six-47	2165	22-Four-37	1395
22-Six-48	2075	All Prices F. O. B. Flint, Mich.	
22-Six-49	1585	Ask About the G. M. A. C. Plan	
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BRADY AUTO COMPY

B. A. HALLUM, Mgr. Phone 152 Brady, Texas
Member McCulloch County Retail Merchants' Association

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT,
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

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

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

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

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

BRADY, TEXAS, Jan. 27, 1922.

HONEST INJUN.

Before the last day of January, 1922, is torn from the calendar, every citizen of Brady and McCulloch county should do three things:

- The first is: Pay Your Poll Tax!
 - The second is: PAY YOUR POLL TAX!!
 - The third is: PAY YOUR POLL TAX!!!
- This is election year.

A DUTY WE OWE.

Scarcely anything is impossible to man, if man wills it must be done.

This editor is not so old, by half the years, as many of our readers, yet we can recall the day when we were told by learned professors that it would never be possible to fly in a heavier than air machine. We recall the day when the discovery of the X-Ray was first proclaimed to the world. Wireless telegraphy was then an undreamed of possibility, and wireless telephony a myth. In the short span of little more than a generation all these impossibilities have come to pass. Which merely demonstrates that nothing is impossible, if man but sets his mind to accomplish a certain thing.

All of which is merely a prelude to calling attention of McCulloch county citizens to the fact that (counting today) but four days remain in which to pay taxes and qualify as a voter. Many persons are permitting their taxes to go delinquent, under the plea of necessity. It must be remembered that delinquent taxes carry not only ten percent penalty, but 6% interest as well; consequently it is well worth making a real sacrifice to pay your taxes. Aside from this fact, there are certain duties every citizen owes to his community, his town, his county, his state and his nation.

We complain about the heavy burden of taxation; yet we live and enjoy life in the grandest and freest nation on the face of the earth. We pay taxes, it is true, but in return we are given the advantages of the highest form of civilization; we are provided with courts of law; our children are educated and trained for useful citizenship; we are provided with markets; we are placed in touch with sources of supply and demand. These and a thousand and one other benefits accrue to us because of the government, for the maintenance of which we pay taxes. Let every man in the nation cease paying taxes; the nation would crumble overnight. Our property would be worthless; our money mere bits of metal and paper; our schools would close; our civilization would be placed in the scrap heap.

Placed against all this, our taxes,

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.
- Effective July 1, 1920.

no matter how high; how hard they may seem to pay; how distressing the times and our individual circumstances, are a mere bagatelle. Every citizen is a unit in the great machinery called "government." Every unit should perform his duty, in harmony with all other units. Only through such means can the greatest good be returned to all.

Not a one of us would exchange places with citizens of Soviet Russia; not a one would want to be one of the starving, naked, freezing specimens of humanity that inhabits the Far East. We want to be ourselves—true, loyal and patriotic Americans, and, as such, we should all be ready and willing to make every sacrifice to pay our taxes upon which foundation rests that great and immortal structure we call the American government.

Nothing is impossible; not even the paying of taxes.

POLL TAXES: A WORD TO THE LADIES.

It will be well for the ladies to bear in mind that the time limit for the payment of poll taxes expires at midnight Jan. 31, and that no extension can be granted. Neither will there be any bargain days, in poll tax receipts. Each and every voter, male and female, twenty-one years old and less than sixty years old, must pay \$1.75 to the state and county tax collector and those residing within the limits of the cities of Temple and other incorporated municipalities must pay one dollar for a city poll tax.

Persons who will become twenty-one years of age before the second Tuesday in November of this year may obtain an exemption certificate from the tax collector for the state and county which will entitle them to vote in the primaries and other elections during the year. Persons who have reached or passed the age of sixty years also may obtain an exemption certificate without the payment of any sum.

But, remember, all must have either a poll tax receipt or an exemption certificate in order to exercise the privilege of voting. The mere fact that one is over or under age does not entitle him or her to vote without an exemption certificate.

The tax assessor, under instructions from the comptroller, backed by an opinion from the attorney general, is enrolling in his assessment blanks for tax returns for 1922 by husbands rendering taxes the names of their wives and the poll tax will be levied and collected with other taxes. This is done whether the wife wants to vote or not. In other words the state proposes to force the wives to qualify for voting regardless of their attitude towards the exercise of the suffrage by women.

There has been remonstrance and objection to this procedure but the assessor is powerless to change the ruling and all wives, within the legal ages, must have their names enrolled upon the assessment form and will be taxed. So, also, the county and state tax collector is this year collecting from all tax payers \$1.75 for the poll tax of the wife.

It looks as if the ladies will have the voting privilege thrust upon them and it is just as well to wait up and settle early and avoid the rush. There will be rush during the closing days of this week and the two days of next week within a bargain day rush, attending with all a bargain day rush's crowding and congestion but without any reduced prices as an inducement or reward for those who finally with clothing awry and temper spoiled, reach the collector's window. Pay early and vote early and every time you get the chance but not more than once in the same election.—Temple Telegram.

READ YOUR HOME TOWN NEWSPAPER.

The Fort Worth Record is one of the Texas newspapers with a distribution that is statewide. It is one of the publications commonly termed "state papers" because its influence and its circulation is not confined principally to the city of its publication. One of the chief foundations for Fort Worth's progress towards supremacy in the great Southwest is the fact that this city has had two "state papers." This is not true of all the other large cities of the state. But, despite the fact that The Record is proud of its large and growing statewide influence, it does not wish to secure that desired end at the expense of the local newspapers published in the smaller cities and towns of Texas.

Co-operation with the newspapers in other Texas communities, that the prosperity of the "state paper," and the local paper may grow together and that the scattered communities of this far-flung commonwealth may grow as Fort Worth grows—this is The Record policy and will remain its policy no matter how powerful this paper may become.

Chief among the assets of any community is the newspaper which chronicles its happenings which leads in civic movements and then backs them up, which contributes of its space and effort and often scanty funds to every good cause and to everything that will build and develop the town or city or county. If newspapers were paid at space rates for their contributions—aside from legitimate news—to civic movements and undertakings all newspaper men would long ago have crowded the leaders of Wall Street off the financial map.

The "state paper" is a necessity in every Texas home. It brings in generous measure the news of the

world, its full leased wire service, its special writers, its large capacity for gathering and printing news and features, its comics, its magazine and other offerings bring the substantial equivalent of the most metropolitan journalism to the Texas home with the spirit of Texas running through the whole. The "state paper" takes us out of our isolated localism and gives us the statewide, the national viewpoint, so essential to progress.

But the "state paper," though it covers the more important happenings in the various cities and towns of the state cannot enter into the intimate life of each community. There are hundreds of items arising each day in the individual town and city that cannot appear in the "state paper." The local daily or semi-weekly, or weekly performs this service alone and performs it well. The "state paper" comments editorially on international, national, state and sectional matters; it cannot live with the local problems, it cannot see every local need, it cannot wield the local influence and be the intimate town developing factor that the local paper can—except in its own home city, where it is the local paper.

Every Texas home should have its "state paper." Most can afford more than one so that varying viewpoints and varying features can be seen. But in addition every home should have the local newspaper, its intimate comrade in the development of the community in which that home is situated. There are many fine local papers, some of them with infinite reaching out over large areas. Many of the dailies have substantial wire and feature services, many are typographically and editorially journals of distinction and credits to the profession. The semi-weeklies and weeklies, likewise number many of the best publications of their class in the country.

The Record aspires to become the great state paper of Texas. It is being built carefully and steadily with that end in view. It seeks to have the wide viewpoint, the independence of editorial expression, the reliability of news service, the excellence of features, and the careful and "balanced" editing that will bring about the result sought. But it does not want to supplant the local paper, it wants to come into Texas homes with the local paper, each supplementing the other. The concentration of the press of the nation into a few great journals would be a calamity subversive of the best interests of the republic. The combination of a wide-viewed "state paper" and the intimate local newspaper will benefit both the home and the community and will strengthen state and union.—Fort Worth Record.

GOD'S PLAN FOR DISARMAMENT

(Reprinted from The Rockdale Reporter.)

The Vision.
Many nations shall come, and say: Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the House of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths.

And he shall judge among the people and rebuke strong nations afar off and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.
But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid; for the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it.—Micah iv. 2-4.

The Omnipotent Ruler.
Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end.

I am God, and there is none else. Unto me every knee shall bow.—Isaiah ix: 6, 7 and xv: 22, 23.

The Law of Love.
We have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you. Matthew v: 43-44.

The Benediction.
The God of Peace make you perfect in every good work to do his will.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

DE OLE OMANS KIN-FOLKS
GINALLY FETCHES LONG
A PECK O' TATERS WEN
DEY COMES T' VISIT
WE-ALL - EN DEN DEY
STAYS LONG 'NOUGH T'
EAT UP A BUSHEL!



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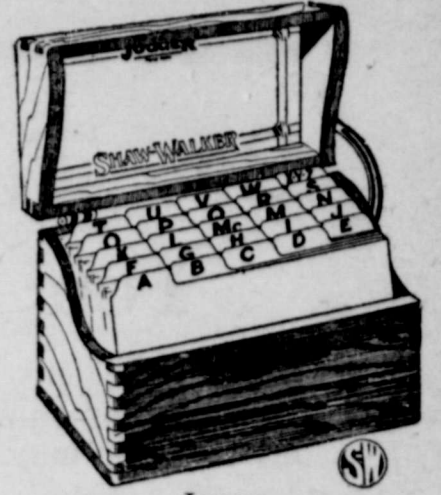
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JOGGERS AND CARD TRAYS for both 3x5 and 4x6 Cards—with and without Tops.

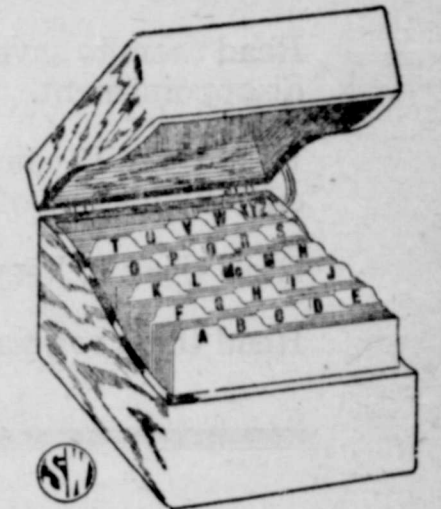
Shaw-Walker Wood Furniture is Made in the Ever-Popular Light-Oak Finish



Jogger



Two-Drawer Card Index Section



Card Tray with Cover

The Brady Standard

PHONE 163

BRADY, TEXAS

working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight.—Hebrews, xii: 20-21.

HOW YOU CAN HELP.

The following was clipped from Trolleygrams, issued by the Dallas Railway Company:

You can help by taking care that you do not endanger the lives and property of others by your thoughtless action. If you drive an automobile, be careful. The right of way may be yours, but you may be a long time dead if you take it. Use good judgment. Don't be a glutton for punishment. If you are a pedestrian, observe traffic signals. They are for the walker as much as for the driver. It has been said that Dallas people must be the most religious people in the world because they court death daily on the streets without even a disturbing thought. All people of Dallas now may be divided into two classes: (1) The quick and (2) the dead. Under existing conditions the second class threatens to catch up with the first. Let's create a third class, (3) the thoughtful, and see if we can't cut out No. 2.

Better use care or you are liable to be the chief attraction of that ceremony where flowers sweetly scent the air and after which, to the tune of slow music, a procession of vehicles keeps within speed limits until the return trip.

Completed the Job.
A hard-hearted chauffeur from Maine Ran over a chap in the rain.
Looking 'round he said "Gracious! Of life he's tenacious."
So he backed up and hit him again.
—Boston Transcript.

Our idea of the simon pure vegetarian is the one who refuses to eat animal crackers.—St. Joseph News Press.

"Trade Relations With Russia." Here is a chance to work off our poor relations.—Baltimore Sun.

Reciprocity with Canada may get to mean that we'll have to return the bottles.—Burlington News.

"Recipes for Late Suppers" is the title of a new booklet. What is needed more is a booklet containing alibis for them.—Kansas City Star.

The New York Herald says that in his home town the new Senator from Pennsylvania is regarded as the salt of the earth. A Salt and Pepper combination cruet, as it were.—Nashville Banner.

Three million dollars was spent for

FOUR DAYS OF CONTINUED MISTY WEATHER FAIL TO PRODUCE DESIRED RAIN

Four days of almost continuous misty weather have failed so far to produce the desired rain. True, the mist has condensed and settled upon Mother Earth with a slippery and sloppy effect, but the entire precipitation over the four-day period has amounted to less than one-tenth of an inch, and an hour's sunshine or wind will be sufficient to remove all trace of the damp weather.

Continued misty weather and a promised rising temperature may combine to conspire a rain; however, this is not a prediction, but rather a hope expressed.

divorces last year, which must be added to the sum the disarmament conference says it will cost to insure peace.—Schenectady Gazette.

If Henry Ford buys all the navy will be offer Truman H. Newberry a job as his admiral.—Portland Press Herald.

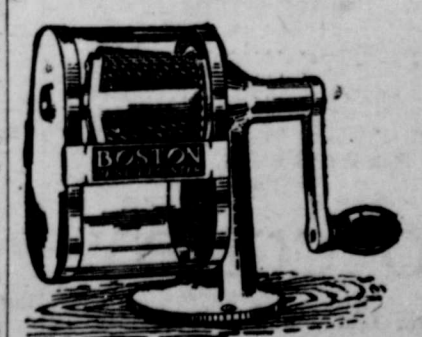
Daily Health Hint—When trying to beat a train to a crossing—succeed.—Pittsburg Press.

Colds Cause Grip and influenza
LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets remove the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." E. W. GROVE'S signature on box. 30c.

Completed the Job.
A hard-hearted chauffeur from Maine Ran over a chap in the rain.

Looking 'round he said "Gracious! Of life he's tenacious."
So he backed up and hit him again.
—Boston Transcript.

BOSTON PENCIL POINTER



TWO MODELS

No. 1.\$1.25

No. 2.\$1.75

OFFICE SUPPLY DEPARTMENT
The Brady Standard

NOTABLE PROGRAM OF ATTRACTIONS SIGNED FOR LYRIC—SHOW 2 NIGHTS

Julius Levy, proprietor of the Lyric theatre has just signed contracts for some notable productions in filmdom, all of which are true "big city" pictures, and each of which has had long runs in all the metropolitan theatres. Among the number contracted are "Over the Hill," "Queen of Sheba," "Connecticut Yankee," "Shame," "Perjury," "Foot Falls," "Thunderclap" and "Lost Trail."

The great expense attached to the securing of these films, each of which cost a young fortune to produce, makes necessary their being shown for at least two nights. Consequently, Mr. Levy announces that each of the above list will be shown on two successive nights, and he feels certain that their reputation for excellence will assure packed houses on both occasions.

Mr. Levy states that there is a constantly growing demand everywhere for pictures of the highest class, and that the Mack Sennett and other leading producers are sparing no expense in the elaborate staging of plays of the highest character and worth. These super-features can only be secured by such theatres as can assure a two-nights' stand, as the cost otherwise would be prohibitive.

Announcement of the dates for showing these great films will be made in the near future.

Attention, Mr. Briggs.
"I can not," replied the lad to old Mr. Washington "tell a lie. I felled it with my little hatchet. "But," he added with a thriftiness that helped make him Virginia's richest man, "inasmuch as I did fell it, I should like to sell the motion picture and cartoon rights to the felling incident, under the title, 'When a Feller Needs a Friend.'—Life.

Against the Scriptures.
The minister was giving a talk on kindness.

"And do you know," he said, "I actually once heard of a boy so cruel that he cut off a cat's tail? Can any one give me a quotation from the Bible that shows how wrong it is to do a thing like that?"

One little fellow was called upon, and whatever verse the clergyman had in mind, he forgot it completely when the boy quoted:

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."



Forty-Two Club.

The Forty-Two club held a most enjoyable meeting last Friday afternoon with Mrs. Edd Broad, members attending being the following: Mesdames C. P. Gray, J. E. Shropshire, N. A. Collier, J. F. Davis, Henry Hodges, A. B. Cox, W. J. Day; Miss Mozelle Glenn. Guests were Mesdames J. P. Jones, Tom Jones, Arthur Wood, Edwin Broad, T. Gray, Ernest Searly, Henry Tipton; Miss Fannie Jones.

Refreshments consisted of a salad course, served by the hostess.

The club met this week on last night, Mrs. Hodges entertaining, and the gentlemen being guests of honor.

PROGRAM FOR MEETING OF PARENT-TEACHERS ASSOCIATION AT HIGH SCHOOL FEB. 15

The Brady Parent-Teachers association will, on Wednesday February 15th, at 3:30 p. m., have the following program at the High school building: Song—Girls' Glee club.

"Imagination and Truthfulness"—Mrs. W. B. Anderson.

"Is the Imaginative Faculty A Means of Development?"—Mrs. C. A. Trigg.

"How Great A Part Does Imagination Play in the Part of Successful People?"—Mrs. Wm. C. Jones.

COUPLE FROM McCULLOCH CO. FAIL TO GET LICENSE TO WED AFFAIR HAPPILY CULMINATED

Last Saturday a young couple from McCulloch county showed up at the court house in this city and visited Clerk Lee's office, where they asked to be sold marriage license, but a 'phone call from the young lady's parents had beaten them here and the request was refused. Sheriff Leslie had been instructed to take charge of the couple upon their arrival and hold them until the parents arrived, but was later advised to instruct the run-aways to return home and be married, if they must marry. The couple gladly took heed to the instructions and left immediately for their home.

It is said the young lady's name was Perry and the young man's name was Dodd.—Mason News.

The romance mentioned above was happily culminated on Monday, the 16th, when Ova Dodd, accompanied by the young lady of his choice, Miss Montie Elizabeth Perry, were united in holy bonds of matrimony at the Baptist parsonage, the Rev. J. H. Taylor officiating at the ceremony. Incidentally, to make the occasion all the more happy, both bride and groom carried with them the parental blessings and good wishes.

Mr. Dodd is a young man of excellent character and most likable nature, and is highly esteemed by all who know him. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Dodd of the Dodge community. His bride is one of our most attractive and charming young ladies, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Perry, also of Dodge community. It happened that, although the young couple were very much attached to one another, they were both under age, and so were refused marriage license when they first applied at the local county clerk's office. After their journey to Mason, they learned that the parents of both had no objection to the match, and so they returned, obtained consent and, as they say in the story books, "were married and lived happily ever afterward."

Not Fussy.

The magistrate gazed sternly at the youthful delinquent. "You come from a good family," he said. "When you stole this watch, didn't you know it was wrong?" "Sure," said the prisoner nonchalantly, "but it was only about five minutes out of the way, so I swiped it anyhow."—American Legion Weekly.

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS.

Two-color ribbons for No. 9 Oliviers, Woodstock and standard typewriters, just received. Also copying ink ribbons and purple and black record ribbons for all makes machines. The Brady Standard.

CARTER'S INX AND ADHESIVE.—You see them advertised in the Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, System and other national magazines. Nationally known; nationally used. We have Carter's complete line on sale. THE BRADY STANDARD.

Pyrex Glass, Cooking Ware. O. D. MANN & SONS.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

A burning flue at the E. B. Ramsay residence near the Central school building about ten o'clock Wednesday morning caused an alarm to be sounded. The fire boys responded, but found nothing to do, as the tearing off of a patch of shingles disclosed no fire, aside from the burning soot, which had spouted from the flue and had given rise to the alarm.

Oscar Turner, who has gone in for the raising of fancy hogs and chickens, Tuesday received a fine Barred Rock rooster, which he will place at the head of his flock. The bird was purchased at Plainview, where it captured the blue ribbon at the Plainview Poultry show. Oscar says The Brady Standard's classy-fi-ads have proven that they can sell all the surplus fine stock he raises, and so he is going the limit on raising hogs and chickens.

The Rev. S. C. Dunn returned Tuesday from Austin, where he had conducted a very successful 10-day meeting at the Hyde Park Methodist church, of which the Rev. L. N. Myers is pastor. Although the carpenters were still at work upon the handsome new brick church, the meeting was held therein, large crowds attending every service in spite of the unfavorable weather. Some thirty-three or four additions to the church were had as a result of the meeting.

Dr. and Mrs. Jack Ragsdale returned Sunday afternoon from Brownwood, where they had been to attend a family reunion at the home of the doctor's parents, Mr and Mrs. P. C. Ragsdale, and which was participated in by all the children and grandchildren, and in addition, by several cousins, uncles and aunts, to the number of twenty. A feature of the feast that marked the happy reunion, was the 40-lb. turkey sent by Fred Ragsdale, one of the sons, from Port Arthur, and which was the biggest any member of the family had ever seen. Despite the twenty attending the feast and celebration, Dr. Ragsdale says but half of the immense bird had been consumed at the time of the departure for Brady of himself and wife.

Face all aglow with a heavenly smile, F. A. Knox, popular East-Side confectioner, this week let it be known among his friends that he had a new boy—at his confectionery. The "boy" proved to be the mechanical wonder atop Mr. Knox's brand, spanking new peanut roaster and popcorn popper, and whose chief duty on earth appears to be the endless turning of a crank which revolves a cylinder-shaped, glass container, thereby exposing to view about a \$1.50 worth of Bill Gilder's superior roasted peanuts, thereby attracting attention to the aforesaid popper and roaster and its products which are served hot at all hours of the day and the early night. This is a free ad for said profit-producing popper, and which free ad should entitle the editor to free popcorn-peanut service upon occasions of his East-Side visits.

Avery Bill Planters and Joy Rider Cultivators. O. D. Mann & Sons.

One good Range, practically new. A real bargain. C. H. Anspiger's Second Hand Store.

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And a point for every word. No lost lead or lost time with Eversharp. Always sharp—never sharpened. Always writes smoothly and easily. One filling lasts many months. Costs only a quarter to reload—enough for another quarter million words—ten thousand words one cent!

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Eversharp sells for \$1 and up. We have various designs in stock for pocket, chain or lady's bag—all beautiful. Built with jeweler precision for life-long service. Come see Eversharp—today.

THE BRADY STANDARD

Down the Bay at Dawn

By DORA MOLLAN

The summer colony was dance mad. Even the bathing hour had been changed to come after lunch, since winding up the dances with "breakfast" in the early morning hours had become quite a matter of course. Four o'clock; five o'clock; at one hilarious party it had been six before Carol Hall arrived home—to tumble into bed with her soft black hair streaming over the pillow and seeming alive like the seaweed which tugs in the current, though fast to the rocks. For a month, now, Carol had followed this life as though to be madly, noisily gay were the very aim of her existence.

It was Bill Sisson, the lobster man, who one early afternoon all unwittingly spoke the words which brought Carol to a sudden decision not to attend the Nortons' party that evening, though she assured herself many times that the real reason was a nagging headache.

Sisson was on his way to the Hales' back door to deliver a wriggling mass of his prey.

"Going to be a good day, did you say, miss? Best part of the day's gone, 'cording to my way of thinking. Take it just before sun-up, now; about the time I get started down the bay to pull my pots. Then you get the day when it's fresh and unhandled, so to say, and there ain't a lot of folks a-buzzing around in the way." Carol ribbed her forehead and wished she had not spoken to the lobster man.

But Bill hadn't finished. "There's one fellow hereabouts," he continued, "that knows how a man was meant to do with the day—eat it fresh, like you got to do with these here critters, so to say. That Merrick, now; he's down the bay right early every



He Cooked the Bacon and Fish.

morning. Got the sense of a native, that man has!" Bill Sisson could pay no greater compliment. He passed on his way.

Carol's mind echoed with it. "That Merrick, now; he's down the bay right early every morning." Her head ached. She worked hard at becoming enthusiastic over the gown just arrived from the city for the "Black-and-White" dance at the Nortons' that evening—the Brookses were giving a breakfast for a select few afterward. "That Merrick!" Why, almost a month must have passed since she had spoken with Stanley Merrick—and then they had quarreled. Oh, why couldn't a woman be honest, even with herself? It was two days over a month—two days and one hour. She ought to know.

Oh! Her head ached so! She couldn't go to that dance; she wouldn't. She phoned to Phil Tracy not to call for her.

Carol retired early that night for the first time in more than a month. She wouldn't be able to sleep, she assured herself. "Down the bay right early"—what time did that mean? Five o'clock? More likely four. And with four o'clock on her mind Carol drifted into sleep; at four precisely she awoke.

Her head did not ache. Instead, she felt curiously refreshed, alive. She arose and went to the window. The air was cool and fluid; there was no sign of dawn. She would dress and go down into the garden. It seemed strange to be so wide awake at this hour, instead of wearily stupid and longing for sleep.

Carol walked through the garden down to the shore. There was no moon, nor yet a single star, but it was a diluted darkness, and she could make out the outline of her canoe as it lay on the float. To paddle just a bit through the dim, moist, sharply chilly air—just off their own beach—it would be a new experience. Offshore lay a thick blanket of mist; Carol could feel rather than see it. She pushed the bow of the canoe into it. She couldn't go far out, she promised herself.

It was mysterious and, oh, so restful! Just the rhythmic dip, dip of the paddle; no jarring colors, no fussy detail. One could think here! But she didn't want to think. Unconsciously Carol piled her paddle swiftly and swifter.

Of a sudden the canoe quivered, came to a dead stop. Yet there was no jar of impact. Carol peered anxiously into the mist. Close ahead she made out a bulk, indistinct, formless save for the dim outline of a foggy arm which surprisingly terminated in a strong brown hand grasping the prow of her craft.

It was a man in a boat, of course, and he had put out a hand in time to prevent a collision. But why didn't he speak? There was something familiar about that hand—but supposing it wasn't?

"Who is it? Why don't you say something? Let go, please." There was a slight quaver in Carol's words. "Only a lone fisherman," came the answer. Then, after a moment, "Oh! As to letting you go—when the sun rises the mist will lift; until then it is not safe for you to paddle around alone."

It was Stanley Merrick, of course. Why play with herself at being surprised, when it was the very thing she had hoped would happen! But now, when what she had longed for had come to pass, Carol perversely determined to spoil it all. She would not answer. When it grew lighter she would just paddle away with a murmured "Thank you." Then it would be over—and she would have to contrive another chance to see him. What was it she was saying? She would do no such thing!

The mist was thinning. The figure of the man in the boat took shape. He held a fish-rod in his other hand, with a thumb on the reel. His eyes were on his line. Grasping her paddle, Carol thrust it into the water. Perhaps if she were to start ahead suddenly that hand must perforce loosen its grasp and she would be free. But her muscles refused to work.

Then there were two hands on the rod and none on the bow of the canoe. Nevertheless Carol sat motionless. "Perhaps it's clear enough now for you to get around without bumping into the other boats on the bay," said the man.

Stung by a fancied insinuation in Merrick's words, the girl's paddle was poised, when again the brown hand grasped her canoe. "Had your breakfast?"

The tone was casual, as though he were asking this thing for the first time.

As though she had not refused to accompany him many times on such a trip. "Why not join me? Have my coffee pot along, and some bacon. Caught a couple of fish before you came."

Carol was sure afterward that she did not answer, yet she found herself being helped into the skiff and her own craft was made fast to its stern. They landed at a flat rock, and Stanley built a fireplace of stones, and in it a fire of little sticks. He cooked the bacon and fish and made coffee in a battered pot. They sat close together and ate. Surely nothing on earth or in heaven ever tasted better than that breakfast!

The mist cleared, to disclose the sun some distance above the horizon. Its golden light turned the tide-stained rock a mellow brown as Carol somehow found her hand in one that matched the rock in color. Then the owner of the sun-browned hand turned his eyes from the sun-drenched waters of the bay into the dark wells of Carol's eyes and meditated on the mysteries of the deep—those concealed by the waters of the earth and by a woman's eye.

"Why," he began, "did you—" But he got no further. A robin singing in a tree top and a slight pressure of the hand he held was answer enough for any question.

Cork Oak.

The cork oak grows plentifully in Spain, and the peasants make use of the bark to light their houses at night. The bark is placed in a kettle, from which protrudes a spout; and when it is hot enough it gives off a gas which burns with considerable brilliancy. If the family sit up late, several kettles of cork bark are used during the evening; but the lighting is not expensive, and the peasant is careful to save the carbonized cork refuse, for he can sell it, as it is known commercially as "Spanish black," one of the intensest black-browns known among pigments.

Gastronomic Problems.

A man who likes to "try everything at least once" wants to know how one eats a pomegranate. He is aware of the fact that Arnold Bennett once said that you can tell what sort of upbringing a man has had, or words to that effect, when you see him eat an artichoke. The man has tried eating artichokes and thinks he could pass an examination, even by Arnold Bennett, but has not had the courage yet to tackle eating the pomegranate. He is thinking very seriously of writing to the agony column to find out, and in the meantime is practicing on Japanese persimmons.

Shoes of Historic Interest.

One of the pet hobbies of Queen Helena of Italy is collecting curious and historic footgear. Among the historic items of her collection are the shoes worn by Mary, Queen of Scots on the scaffold, a pair of rough wooden shoes which once belonged to Joan of Arc, and a pair of dainty shoes once worn by the beautiful and ill-fated Marie-Antoinette.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. Duke Mann left Monday night on a combined business and pleasure trip to Dallas.

Henry Zweig is a visitor at the St. Louis markets, where he is purchasing the spring lines for the Hub and Fair stores.

Mrs. Tom Elliot and daughter, Miss Minna, are visiting in Breckenridge, guests of Mrs. Elliot's daughter, Mrs. Claud Baker, and family.

Mrs. R. A. King, accompanied by her son, John Irvin, arrived last Saturday from Eldorado for a visit with her newest grandson, who arrived last Friday at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Granville.

Oscar Westbrook is again on the force at the local postoffice, after a month's vacation which he spent at Waco and Galveston. Sidney Meers has been assisting at the postoffice during Mr. Westbrook's absence.

SHERIDAN COPPER MINES TO REOPEN WITH ADDITIONAL MILL

Burnet, Texas, Jan. 20.—A. Robinson and W. A. Wilder, here in connection with the Sheridan copper mines, say the mines are soon to be put into operation on a larger scale than ever. An additional mill is to be installed, together with a reducing system that will double the present capacity.

C. H. VINCENT STORE TO UNDERGO EXTENSIVE REMODELING AND IMPROVEMENT

Work was begun this week upon a series of improvements at the C. H. Vincent dry goods store, which will include the remodeling of practically the entire interior. The first of these improvements which was begun this week by E. B. Ramsay, is the enlargement and extension of the mezzanine floor, which will be enlarged from 24 ft. to a depth of 30 ft., and which will be extended along either side of the building for about two-thirds the length of the store, the entire deck forming a great horseshoe curve. Each of the wings will be nine foot in width.

Aside from the additional floor space, which this enlargement will make available, the appearance of the store will be greatly enhanced by the ornamental mezzanine. Incidentally, the office will be moved to the center of the store, and directly under the bend of the horseshoe, where it will be raised so as to enable supervision of all departments of the store. This will be further accomplished by the lowering of the center shelving.

The mezzanine Mr. Vincent proposes to give over entirely to a ladies' ready-to-wear and a toy department. The ready-to-wear will occupy the east half, and by means of display cases especially built for the purpose, will be arranged and displayed to exceptional advantage. The toy department, occupying the west side, will be enlarged so as to make of it a veritable fairyland for the little folks, and will easily rank with those of metropolitan cities.

The foregoing is but the beginning of Mr. Vincent's improvements, and as soon as this work can be finished, and the two departments above-mentioned; arranged, a complete remodeling and rearranging of the downstairs departments will be had.

Mr. Vincent is determined to give Brady a store that will compare with the cities' best, both in departments and in quality of merchandise.

Steel Army Cots. See them at C. H. Arnspiger's Second Hand Store.

Buy a DeLaval Cream Separator and a Safety Hatch Incubator and make some sure and easy money this year. O. D. MANN & SONS.

EAGLE "MIKADO" Pencil No. 174

For Sale at your Dealer. Made in five grades. ASK FOR THE YELLOW PENCIL WITH THE RED BAND. EAGLE MIKADO. EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK.



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CLOCK—GUN—PHONOGRAPH
and GENERAL REPAIRING
RAMSAY BUILDING

IN RELIGIOUS CIRCLES

Catholic Church.
Mass will be said on the third Sunday of each month at 10:00 a. m. by the Rev. Francis Hudon.

Netice.
Owing to the revival at the Baptist church beginning next Sunday, we will not have service at the Methodist church Sunday night.

S. C. DUNN.
Christian Church.
Service for next Sunday, January 29, 1922.

The subject for Sunday morning at 11 o'clock will be: "The Restoration of An Erring Christian." The human heart is prone to sin. This is true of the man in the church as well as the man outside of the church. What must the erring Christian do to secure the forgiveness of wrongs committed? What is the duty of the church towards the erring Christian? Hear this message next Sunday.

There will be no service Sunday evening, due to the fact that the Baptist church begins a revival meeting next Sunday. All are invited to attend the services at the Baptist church Sunday evening.
G. T. REAVES, Pastor.

Revival at Baptist Church.
The Baptist revival will begin at the Baptist church next Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock, at which time the Rev. W. R. Hornburg of Brownwood will have charge of the services. Rev. Hornburg is pastor of the Coggin Ave. Baptist church at Brownwood, and has been instrumental in building that church wonderfully. You will all enjoy his sermons, and he will be here to assist the pastor all through the week or ten days of the meeting. Come; you will be helped by this meeting. The pastor wishes to express appreciation to the editor for calling his attention to the making of this announcement through his paper.
J. H. TAYLOR, Pastor.

Methodist Church.
Announcement for next Sunday, January 29th.

We are proud to be home once again, and the joy is mine, anticipating the day of worship together next Sabbath. Come strong, one and all; let's have a bumping big Sunday school, and a house full at church services, for I want to tell you about Hyde Park Methodist church at Austin, and about the great meeting we had there. Hear this report!

I have selected for my subjects next Sunday morning and night, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. respectively: "Humanity's Great Need," and "The Hand That Feeds the World."

Our great Co-Operative revival will begin the first Sunday in June. Dr. Theodore Copeland, evangelist, and Mr. Percy Brown, his singer, are to be here. May the whole town begin now to pray for this great effort and that our whole town and county may be reached for the Lord. Dr. Copeland is one of the strongest evangelists in the South; his singer is widely known, and will give us a feast in song.

Remember the Sunday school meets at 9:45 sharp and we are looking for you on time. Epworth League meets at 6 p. m. each Sunday. Outline your program for Sunday and be with us at each service.
S. C. DUNN, Pastor.

Hotchkiss Stapling Machines. The Brady Standard.

Wall Paper

Have a nice line of new patterns in Wall Paper, and am selling them at very reasonable prices. Repaper your house during the holidays.

E. B. RAMSAY

"Mr. Jackie Jones, the cook lady says tell the master to order more Kellogg's Corn Flakes right away, because they ain't no more in the whole house. Everybody's eating Kellogg's—they're so awful good!"



Don't wait another day to know the deliciousness of Kellogg's Corn Flakes

How Kellogg's Corn Flakes appeal to the most fastidious appetites! What a wonder-picture they make—all joyously tumbled and jumbled in a big bowl; sunny-brown, oven-fresh—the gladdest good-to-eat cereal you've ever tasted—or looked upon!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are a revelation—palate-ticklers that bring the sunshine right into the breakfast room and get the day going all right! Never was such flavor as you'll find in Kellogg's; never was there such all-the-time crispness! And Kellogg's are never leathery or tough or hard to eat!

Your happiness will know no bounds when you see the little folks come back for "more Kellogg's, Mother, please!" Kellogg's win everybody—they're so delicious!

Insist upon KELLOGG'S and you'll get KELLOGG'S—the original Corn Flakes in the RED and GREEN package!



Don't forget, KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes are made by the folks who gave you the JUNGLELAND Moving Pictures. Coupon inside every package of KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes explains how you can obtain another copy of JUNGLELAND.

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

Also makers of KELLOGG'S KRUMBLER and KELLOGG'S BRAN, cooked and krumblered

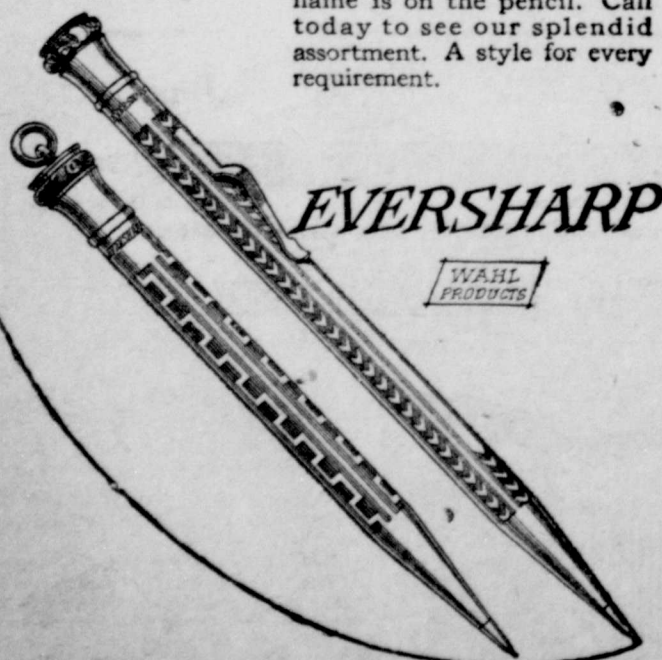
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THE BRADY STANDARD
Office Supplies

CONDENSED CLASSICS

ABBE CONSTANTIN

By LUDOVIC HALEVY

Condensation by
Charles E. L. Wingate



Ludovic Halevy, French author, was born in Paris on the 1st of January, 1834. His father was a clever, versatile writer of verse, prose, vaudeville and drama; his uncle, Fromental Halévy, was for many years associated with the opera; hence the double and early connection of Ludovic with the Parisian stage. At the age of 6 he might have been seen playing in that "Foyer de la Danse" with which he was to make his readers so familiar. At eighteen he joined the ranks of the French administration and occupied various posts. In the spring of 1860, being commissioned to write a play for the manager of the Varieties, Halevy asked the collaboration of Henri Meilhac, and the proposal was immediately accepted, thus beginning a connection which continued for more than 20 years. The joint work of the two authors had a great vogue, but Halevy is best known to more recent readers by his "L'Abbe Constantin," published soon after the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian war. Halevy died in Paris on the 8th of May, 1906.

WITH a step still valiant and firm the old Abbe Constantin walked along the dusty road of the little village where for more than thirty years he had been the cure. At the entrance of the castle of Longueval he stopped and mournfully regarded the big blue posters fixed on the pillars.

They announced the sale of the castle, the former home of the cure's dear old friend, the marquis, who had recently died.

And the result of the auction? The great estate bought by two entire strangers!

"Do you know who they are?" asked Madame de Lavardens.

"Yes, Mrs. Scott is an American possessing a colossal fortune. Ten years ago Mrs. Scott begged in the streets of New York, they say. They are rich parvenus who amuse themselves by throwing handfuls of gold out of the window, and who will turn up their noses at us and care nothing for our traditions or our life."

Such was the story. But when young Mrs. Scott and her beautiful sister arrived, to take possession of the castle and called immediately upon the abbe, he learned a different tale. Religious, generous, amiable and lovable they proved.

And they were certainly beautiful, particularly the younger sister, Bettina Percival.

At the cure's little home they met Jean Reynaud, the son of that gallant doctor of the village who, while advancing with the soldiers in the war of 1870 to carry on his work of mercy side by side with his dear old friend the abbe, had suddenly been struck by a bullet and killed on the spot. Jean inherited the noble traits of his father, was beloved by the whole village.

But he was poor while the American sisters were immeasurably rich.

As acquaintances and friendships grew, very pleasing it was to the gentle, lovable old cure to learn that his new parishioners were most anxious to extend their benefactions among the poor in the hamlet, asking him indeed, to be their medium.

They had, indeed, been poor until an inherited silver mine made them fabulously rich. Now, they had hosts of admirers—Mrs. Scott because she was frankly flirtatious; and Bettina because, as she realized, the fortune hunters—thirty-four of them she counted, including a French duke and a Spanish noble—sought her wealth.

And when, one day, they all went over with Jean to visit the little church, and Bettina at the organ played a reverie of Chopin, good gentle Abbe Constantin's heart was filled with such joy that the tears came to his eyes.

But all this left a deep problem in Jean's mind—"Which of the two sisters is the prettier?" At first he was convinced that it was the coquettish Mrs. Scott who charmed him the more; then he would see Bettina, smiling and blushing amid the sunlit clouds of her floating hair, and he would declare to himself "I was mistaken, the prettier was Miss Percival."

The days went on and Jean and Bettina were often thrown into each other's company. What resulted is best pictured in Miss Percival's own remark to her sister when one day she exclaimed:

"He is the first man, positively the first, in whose eyes I have not read 'Oh, how glad I should be to marry that little body's millions!'"

And then as Mrs. Scott went upstairs to kiss her sleeping children, Bettina remained long leaning on the balustrade of her balcony.

"It seems to me," said she, "that I am growing to be very fond of this abbe!"

One day when Jean's expectations of probability that he should find back to the little house through his father's, as an old colonel on half pay, she exclaimed:

"Always quite alone?"

"Why quite alone? I certainly hope not."

"You intend to marry?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Yet you have refused several good opportunities. Tell me why."

"Because," he replied, "I think it best not to marry rather than to marry without love."

"And I think so, too."

She looked at him; he looked at her and suddenly, to the great surprise of both, they found nothing more to say—nothing at all.

But now Jean is no longer tranquil with impatience and at the same time with sorrow he sees the moment of his departure approach. Yet how could he stay and resist the temptation of Bettina's charm?

As an honorable man Jean felt for Bettina's money horror, positive horror.

In Bettina's mind the sensation of love had come at the same time that it had to Jean's. But, while he, horrified, had cast it violently from him she, on the contrary had yielded in all the simplicity of her perfect innocence to this flood of emotion and of tenderness.

As Bettina grew more tender, Jean became more gloomy. He was not only afraid of loving; he was afraid of being loved. He felt he ought to remain away, but he could not; the temptation was too strong.

He tried to avoid Bettina at receptions and even to leave without saying good-bye.

"If I touch her hand," he thought, "my secret will escape me."

His secret! He did not know that Bettina read his heart like an open book.

When Jean descended the stairs these words were upon his lips:

"I love you, I adore you, and that is why I will see you no more!"

But he did not utter them; he actually fled into the darkness.

Bettina standing in the hall door and taking no notice of the rain driving across her bare shoulders, watched him go.

"I knew very well that he loved me," she thought, "but now I am very sure that I, too—oh! yes! I, too—"

Meanwhile Jean hastens to his dear old friend the cure to tell him that he is going away immediately to Paris to seek exchange into another regiment, to leave the little hamlet forever.

And then in his emotion he confessed to the abbe that he adored Bettina.

"It is a madness which has seized me," he exclaimed. "Ah! if she were only poor!"

"Do you know what I think, Jean?" exclaimed his good friend. "Jean, I believe that she loves you."

"And I believe it, too; but that is the very reason I must go. Her money is the great obstacle."

At that moment someone knocked gently at the door.

It was Bettina.

Going directly to Jean she cried, "Oh, how glad I am you are here."

Then she took both his hands in hers and addressing the cure she said, "I have come to beg you, monsieur le cure, to listen to my confession."

And to herself she was saying, "I wish to be loved! I wish to love! I wish to be happy and to make him happy! And since he cannot have the courage to say it, I must have the courage for both!"

"I am rich, monsieur le cure," she continued, aloud, "very rich, but I love money most for the good which it allows me to do. So I have the care of this money, and I have always wished that my husband should be worthy of sharing this great fortune in order that he should help me make good use of it. I thought of another thing, too—He who will be my husband must be someone I can love! There is a man who has done all he can to conceal from me that he loves me, but I do not doubt that he loves me. You do love me, Jean?"

"Yes," said Jean in a low voice, his eyes cast down, looking like a criminal, "I do love you."

"I knew it very well, but I wanted to hear you say it. And now, Jean, I say to you, 'I love you!' Do not come near me, yet. Before I came here I thought I had a good stock of courage, but you see I have no longer my firm composure of a minute ago. And now, monsieur le cure, I want you to answer me, not him. Tell me, if he loves me and feels me worthy of his love, should he not agree to be my husband?"

Jean, said the old priest gravely, "marry her, it is your duty."

And as Jean took Bettina in his arms the girl continued, "You have often told me, monsieur le cure, that Jean was almost like your own son. Now you will have two children, that is all."

A month later Bettina, in the simplest of wedding dresses, entered the church. The old cure said mass. Jean and Bettina knelt before him. He pronounced the benediction. Then floated from the organ the same reverie of Chopin's which Bettina had played the first time she had entered that village church, where was to be consecrated the happiness of her life.

And this time it was Bettina who wept.

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NOT EASY TO CRIPPLE CRAB

Nature Has Provided That Lost Leg or Claw May Be Replaced in a Short Time.

"For you yourself, sir, should be as old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward." True, Hamlet, true, but a crab can also walk forward and sideways. At the bottom of warm salt water, where he likes to take his leisure, the crab walks slowly about on the tips of legs, and then as you may see, he walks backward, forward and sideways, though he seems to prefer the sidewise gait. Generally he folds his heavy claws, or pincers, and works his paddles with a lazy sidling motion to assist him on his walk.

One of the many remarkable things about the crab is his ability to throw off or drop his legs and claws and grow them again. The scientists call this "autotomy," or "the automatic throwing off of appendages of the body and then renewing them." If a crab is seized by a leg or claw in the water, it often throws it off and escapes, and at the place where he breaks off his own leg nature has furnished an arrangement which prevents excessive bleeding. This phenomenon is common among crustaceans, of which the crab is one.

As an example of "autotomy" the United States bureau of fisheries has the record of a crab which was kept under observation in a small cage beneath salt water. When put in the cage the crab had lost its left claw. Day by day a new claw grew and the rate of growth can be had from the fisheries bureau. At the end of 51 days the left claw had been restored and was the same size as the right.

GOOD AND BAD WEDDING DAYS

Many and Varied Are the Superstitions That Have to Do With the Marriage Altar.

The superstitions that cluster round the altar are as many and as mysterious as the ways of a maid with a man.

May has always had a bad name as a wedding month since far-away Roman days, and Lent has been in equal bad odor. But why should June be considered the luckiest month of all the year for a trip to the altar, with October a good second? And why should special happiness await those who wed when the moon is at the full, or when the sun and moon are in conjunction?

Friday is the most unlucky day of all the week to set the wedding-bells a-ringing, except, curiously enough, in Scotland, where it seems to be held in special favor. On the other hand, for some obscure reason, Sunday has been a day of good omen for wedding couples, ever since (and no doubt long before) Shakespeare made Petruchio say to Katherine, "Kiss me, Kate; we will be married 'o' Sunday."

Gratitude in Strange Garb.

Bishop W. R. Lambuth in his interesting book, "Medical Missions," tells of a native of India whose wife went for treatment to a mission hospital. On her return he wrote as follows to the woman physician in charge of the hospital:

"Dear Sir: My wife has returned from your hospital cured. Provided mates are allowed in your bungalow, I would like to do you the honor of presenting myself there this afternoon. But I will not try to repay you; vengeance belongeth to God."

Another, whose wife did not survive, expressed himself thus:

"Dear and Fair Madam: I have much pleasure to inform you that my dearly unfortunate wife will be no longer under your kind treatment, she having left this world for the other on the night of the 27th ultimo. For your own help in this matter I shall ever remain grateful. Yours reverently."

Hawaiian Islands.

A Spanish navigator first discovered the Hawaiian Islands in 1555 but his country laid no claim to them and they were practically forgotten. The British Captain Cook visited the Hawaiian group in 1778 and named them the Sandwich Islands. Still the islands were practically unknown. Then, following the close of the American Revolution, American ships began to sail the seven seas in growing numbers, and in 1780 the first ship flying the Stars and Stripes—from Boston—visited the Hawaiians. It was the first of many from the same port, carrying traders, whalers and adventurers; and soon the natives had learned of the republic on the continent to the east, and came to consider "United States" and "Boston" synonymous.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Times for Silence.

The value of silence depends altogether on its relation to time, place and circumstances. Scripture says, "there is a time to speak, and a time to be silent." There are occasions when to be silent is cowardly and criminal. And there are other occasions when it is a mark of character and discrimination to keep a bridle on the lips. When your friend's reputation is being defamed unjustly, not to defend him openly is a mean betrayal. On the other hand it is honorable to practice a friendly reticence when you know the charge against him is probably true and you feel you cannot in justice to yourself defend his innocence.—Exchange.

The Gray-Haired Woman

By WINIFRED DUNBAR.

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"Come here, girl; don't look at me as if I were a dragon!"

Elsie went forward and looked at Miss Ingleby with an expression of so much mingled hatred and admiration that the elder woman flashed her white teeth and her eyes twinkled exactly as they did in the posters with which almost every billboard in the United States had been decorated at one time or another.

She went forward defiantly, but a moment later somehow she found that she was crying upon Miss Ingleby's shoulder, while the singer caressed her and patted her hair gently.

"So I have stolen her beau away from her and she wants him back!" whispered Miss Ingleby. "Isn't that so, dearie?"

Elsie raised her head. "I shouldn't mind if—if you meant to marry Tom," she sobbed.

"How old are you, child?" inquired Miss Ingleby.

"Twenty," said Elsie defiantly.

"And Tom?"

"Tom is twenty-five. And you must be nearly thirty," said Elsie. "So I know you don't mean to marry Tom. And we were to be married at Christmas, and now—now he won't speak to me."

The match between Elsie Lennon and Tom Banks was approved by all Kentville, for Tom was a rising young business man of the town and Elsie's father, old Major Lennon, who kept the summer hotel, had been one of the first settlers. And they had been sweethearts for years.

"Never you mind; you shall have your Tom again," whispered Miss Ingleby encouragingly.

But it seemed a harder problem than Miss Ingleby had expected. She had not meant to lead Tom on. But a woman of the world often forgets that the light interchange of repartee and badinage may be the cut and thrust of mortal earnest to an inexperienced young man.

It was Tom who furnished her with her opportunity that evening when they sat together on the piazza.

"Miss Ingleby," he said, "I want to tell you something. You are going away on Thursday—but I don't want you to go out of my life. You have made me love you—"

"Love you!" she exclaimed. "Why, you are nothing but a boy!"

"I am twenty-five," he answered sullenly. "I know you may be a year or two older than I am. But where love exists age does not count. I—"

"Mr. Banks, listen to me," said the singer. "Do you think it the part of an honorable man to make love to one woman when you are engaged to another?"

"No, I don't," he cried. "But how can one help whom one loves?"

"On Thursday morning I will give you my answer," she answered.

Elsie dreaded the evening meal. There were but three other guests at that season; her father and herself sat at a table facing Miss Ingleby, and Tom, who had boarded at the hotel ever since their engagement.

The door opened and a woman came in. A gray-haired woman, with wrinkles round her eyes and mouth, and pallid cheeks. She was dressed in a plain black suit of antiquated cut; she was just a motherly looking body of forty-odd years. The major looked up and stared hard.

"Who is that, Elsie?" he whispered, as she seated herself at Tom's table.

"Miss Ingleby!" stammered the girl in amazement.

The rest of the meal was passed in absolute silence. Elsie's eyes took in every detail of the incident. She saw the expression of amazement that crept into Tom's eyes, saw him attempt to speak, choke, and at last rise and hurry from the room. And Miss Ingleby, brave Miss Ingleby who had stripped herself naked of her little artifices to save another woman, sat there unconcerned, the cynosure of all eyes, making a courageous show of eating until the last course was served. Then she went to her room.

There Elsie found her afterward. She understood that the elder woman had made atonement for her offense.

"Why did you do it?" whispered Elsie.

"Because," answered Miss Ingleby slowly, "I was young once, and sweet and innocent—like you."

She kissed her good-by and none of them saw her again. But on the piazza Elsie found Tom, walking like a madman. When he saw her he came humbly up to her.

"Elsie," he said, "you know what sort of a fool I have been. I suppose we can never be the same to each other again, but if you will give me a chance—"

"Perhaps we can be more, Tom," she whispered. And she knew that from that moment hers would be the stronger soul; that the innocence of youth had yielded to the knowledge of maturity; that the sheltering love she bore Tom was immeasurably stronger than the girlish adoration which was gone forever.

Prose and Poetry.

"A great man leaves footprints on the sands of time." "That is beautiful poetry," replied Senator Sorghum.

"But the man who is really useful is liable to be digging in a garden instead of tramping around the seashore."



Ford Retail Sales Go Over Million

Show Increase of 105,000 Cars and Trucks Over Previous Year.

Retail sales of Ford cars, trucks and Fordson tractors have again exceeded the million mark for the year 1921, according to a statement given out today by the Ford Motor Company.

The Ford factory and assembly plant production figures reached a total of 1,050,740 cars, trucks and tractors for the year, with retail sales by dealers approximating 1,093,000, which in the United States alone surpassed the 1920 retail sales record by 104,213 Ford cars and trucks!

The Ford Company says the outlook for 1922 is decidedly optimistic. In fact, concrete evidences already exist in that car and truck retail sales for December 1921, exceeded December 1920 sales by almost 25 per cent, and Fordson tractor retail sales for the same periods show an increase of over 100 per cent for December 1921, as well as an increase over the total tractor sales for the month of November.

These facts seem to indicate that not only are the farmers buying more freely, but that the general public is becoming more responsive and receptive.

Another point brought out by a comparison of production figures for the past two years shows that Ford enclosed cars are gaining in popularity, as 23 per cent of the 1921 production were Sedans and Coupes as against a total of 18 per cent for the year previous.

Recent reductions in Ford car and truck prices brought them to a new low level. The Touring car now sells for \$348, the Runabout for \$319, the Coupe for \$580, the Sedan for \$645, the Chassis for \$285, and the Truck for \$430, all F. O. B. Detroit.

This is the fourth price cut in the past sixteen months. During that time the price of the Touring car alone has been cut from \$575 to \$348, a reduction of 40 per cent. Reductions on some of the other types have been even greater.

The Ford Company believes that this reduction, while not a large one, is especially important at this time as it should go a long way towards stabilizing market conditions.

Ford is giving employment at present to approximately 40,000 men in his main plant at Detroit, the importance of which is emphasized when consideration is given to the fact that nearly 20 per cent of the city's population is directly dependent upon the Ford Motor Company.

W. H. HILL

Ford Authorized Sales and Service

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CARTER'S INX

An Advertisement Without Words



The Brady Standard

PHONE 163

OUR YOUNG MAN WILL DELIVER THE GOODS

BRADY, TEXAS

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

WINTER SLEEPERS.

Billie Brownie had still many of his calls to make in order to say good-winter to his friends who were going to sleep for the winter.

As you know the creatures who sleep for the winter, wish each other a good-winter just as we wish each other a good-night and a pleasant sleep. For they are going to sleep for the whole winter.

"Good-winter, Billie Brownie," said Willie Woodchuck as he saw Billie coming from out of the woods, away from Brownieland.

"Good-winter," said Billie Brownie. "I'll have one, never fear," said Willie Woodchuck.

"Once I roll myself up in my little home in the ground and shut off my other rooms which I use in the summer time, I never wake up until the warm days come.

"When the mild days begin to appear I show myself above the ground.

"But not until then, as I'm much too great a hater of the cold weather to do any differently.

"Glad to have seen you, Billie Brownie, and it was kind of you to come and say good-winter to me."

"Not at all, not at all," said Billie Brownie. "Well, I'll see you in the spring. Good-winter."

"Good-winter," said Willie Woodchuck.

"Good-a-room, goog-a-room, goog-a-room," said Grandpa Frog from the



"Good Winter to All."

near-by pond, "come little frogs, come all, and sleep in the beautiful mud. The cold weather is coming.

"It was bitterly cold last night, little frogs."

Then he saw Billie Brownie.

"I was just urging the children to come to bed. But I don't believe they will need much urging," Grandpa Frog said.

"It was cold last night, and they didn't like it any better than I did."

"I didn't think you'd be around very much longer," said Billie Brownie, "so I came around to wish you all a good-winter."

"Good-winter," croaked Grandpa Frog.

And the toads and the frogs all squealed and croaked.

"Good-winter, Billie Brownie, good-winter!"

Then Billie Brownie went to call on the Jumping Mice.

"That frost last night was a hard one," said little Miss Julia Jumping Mouse. "I'm going to bed to take care of my mouse beauty sleep."

"Ha, ha," laughed Miss Jenny Jumping Mouse, "who ever heard of a mouse going to bed early to get her beauty sleep?"

"I can't stop to talk it over with you, I'm too sleepy," said Miss Julia Jumping Mouse.

"Good-winter to all of you," said Billie Brownie.

He walked about then and called on all his other friends and wished them a good-winter.

Then he went back so as to tell the other Brownies that one by one, all those who went for the winter were starting now to go to bed, or at least were talking of doing so within a very short time.

But as he walked away from all his friends, who were going to sleep for the winter, he said to himself:

"Sleep is all very well for a night, but for a whole winter—no, no, no! How glad I am I'm not a toad, or a frog, or a bear, or a woodchuck, or a meerkat, or a chipmunk, or a prairie dog."

And then he sang this song as he was getting near Brownieland:

"To sleep for a night is quite all right. But to sleep half a year is really quite queer. But of course we're all different. As different can be, and what is natural to you? Might seem very queer to me!"

He drew conclusions.

Jack went to school for the first time. And mother anxiously waited for his return. "Did you like it, dear?" she asked the minute he came into the living room.

"No!" he returned shortly.

"Why, didn't you have a nice teacher?"

"She didn't know nothin'," came the disgusted response. "She asked more questions than Baby Ruth does."

Anxious.

"Now, children," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still, so that you can hear a pin drop."

In a minute all was silent, then a little boy called out: "Let it drop."

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

By BLASCO IBANEZ

Condensation by Alice G. Higgins, Boston Athenaeum.



Vicente Blasco Ibanez was born in Valencia, Spain in January, 1867, the son of a proprietor of a dry-goods shop. He attended the University of Valencia and received a degree in law. He was against the established order from his college days. As a result he received the first of a series of imprisonments when he was eighteen—for a sonnet against the government. He has passed periods of exile at Paris and in Italy, alternating with stays in prison. One of his protests was against the measures pursued by the government in suppressing the Cuban insurrection. He founded a republican newspaper, of which he was editor, reporter and reviewer. He established a publishing house to introduce to Spain the great works of European literature at popular prices; this was but one of the attempts he has made, sometimes at the risk of his life, to bring his country into the current of modern thought. He was elected to the Cortes, and became the leader of his party. He devotes his time at present entirely to literature.

In his novels he began in the usual Spanish way with pictures of local provincial life with the types and the pictures of which he was familiar. But he deals not merely with pictures; his stories all have an object in which their strenuous author is greatly interested. He lacks restraint, his passion for independence is without bounds, he carries his admiration for the realism of Zola to limits which shock our more restrained habit of mind, but despite the opposition which he has encountered at home and abroad, the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is rapidly becoming one of the most widely read of living writers.

IN 1870 Marcelo Desnoyers was a lonely lad of nineteen years living in Marseilles. A popular manifestation in favor of peace, at the first news of war with Prussia, influenced him to leave the country and he made an unforgettable trip to South America, where after many failures and a laborious existence, he became an employee of Madariaga, the centaur.

Don Madariaga's fortune was enormous. He had gained his first money as a fearless trader, and with his earnings had bought vast tracts of land, devoting them to the raising of cattle. Though he had a capricious and despotic character he nevertheless felt a certain fondness for his new French overseer. One morning Desnoyers saved his life.

"Thanks, Frenchy," said the ranchman, much touched. "You are an all-around man and I am going to reward you. From this day I shall speak to you as I do to my family."

Desnoyers soon married Luisa, Madariaga's elder daughter, while a young German, Karl Hartrott, a recent arrival at the ranch, married Elena, her younger sister. Seated under the awning on summer nights the ranchman surveyed his family around him with a sort of patriarchal ecstasy.

"Just think of it, Frenchy," he said. "I am Spanish, you French, Karl German, my daughters Argentinians, the cook Russian, his assistant Greek, the stable boy English, the kitchen servants natives, Galicians, or Italians, and among the peons are many castes and laws . . . And yet all live in peace. In Europe, we would have probably been in a grand fight by this time, but here we are all friends."

Julio, the son of Desnoyers, was the favorite grandchild of Madariaga. "Ah, the fine cowboy! What a pretty fellow you are!" he would say. "Have a good time, for grandpa is always here with his money."

One evening the patron's horse came slowly home without its rider. The old man had fallen on the highway, and when they found him he was dead.

The Hartrotts moved to Berlin at once and the Desnoyers went to Paris, each household in possession of an enormous fortune. Besides establishing his family in an ostentatious house in Paris, Desnoyers bought a castle, Villeblanche-sur-Marne, a mixture of palace and fortress, where he could put his rapidly accumulating purchases of paintings, furniture, statues—all those things which he carried away from the auctions which it had now become his habit to frequent.

The only disappointment in Desnoyers' new life came from his children—his daughter Chichi because of her independence and Julio because of his aimless existence. Julio has had to make a trip to South America in order to realize on a bequest from his grandfather so that he might marry the fascinating and frivolous Marguerite Laurier, with whom he had become infatuated.

Suddenly the cloud of war cast its shadow over this family. The self-sufficient Dr. Julius von Hartrott said to his cousin: "War will be declared tomorrow or the day after. Nothing can prevent it now. It is necessary for the welfare of humanity."

On the eve of mobilization Tchernoff, a friend of Julio's, had a vision in

which he saw the Apocalyptic Beast rising out of the sea. Four terrible horsemen preceded the appearance of the monster, and these scourges of the earth, Conquest, War, Famine and Death, were beginning their mad, desolating course over the heads of terrified humanity.

Julio, being an Argentinian, was exempt from military service and had hoped to continue his life as though nothing were happening. His inamorata, however, from a woman infatuated with dress, was gradually transformed by her desire to serve. The war had made her ponder much on the values of life, and her sense of duty to the husband whom she so greatly wronged sent her back to his side when she heard that he had been severely wounded. To Julio she said, "You must leave me . . . Life is not what we have thought it. Had it not been for the war we might, perhaps, have realized our dream, but now! . . . For the remainder of my life I shall carry the heaviest burden, and yet at the same time, it will be sweet, since the more it weighs me down the greater will my atonement be."

The vanquished lover said good-by to Love and Happiness, but this repulse gave him a new impetus to fill the vacuum of his empty existence.

When Paris was threatened and refugees told of the wholesale sackings of their homes, Don Marcelo began to fear for his castle, and went to Villeblanche, arriving in time to witness the discouraged exhaustion of the French army's retreat. Closely following were the invading Germans shouting joyously, "Nach Paris!"

Villeblanche became the camping ground for a regiment and its bewildered proprietor was subjected to innumerable indignities, saw his most choice possessions looted and was the powerless witness to the murder of prominent civilians of the village. A young officer arrived who introduced himself as Captain Otto von Hartrott. He explained with true German callousness the ruin and plunder of his uncle's castle by saying to him, "It is war . . . We have to be very ruthless that it may not last long. True kindness consists in being cruel, because then the terror-stricken enemy gives in sooner, and so the world suffers less."

For four days Don Marcelo lived through a period of stupefaction slashed by the most horrible visions. The village was reduced to a mass of ruins before his eyes, and his household suffered unspenkably from the bestiality of the cravering officers. A war hospital was established on the estate, but moved on under the stress of battle, though the banner of the Red Cross remained to deceive the French about the artillery which was installed in the park. When a French airplane discovered this piece of treachery Don Marcelo found himself in the heart of a furious battle. The cannonading of the Germans and the bursting of French shells terrified him until at last he saw at the foot of the highway near his castle several of the attacking columns which had crossed the Marne. They rushed forward unmoved by the deadly fire of the Germans, and he realized his beloved French were driving back the Teutou horde.

Only ruins of his once beautiful estate were now left to him and he said farewell to Villeblanche. After his return to Paris a young soldier of the infantry called to see him. It was his son Julio, never so distinguished looking as in this rough, ready-made uniform. Their reconciliation was complete.

With his son on the battlefield Don Marcelo lived through months of anxious suspense. Through the influence of a friend he was able to see the young hero. It was a tortuous journey through the zigzags and curves of the trenches, while bullets buzzed like horseflies through the air, and on through dark galleries and subterranean fortifications until he reached the outer intrenchment line.

Desnoyers hardly recognized his son on account of his changed appearance, but in spite of his hard life Julio had found content in comradeships such as he had never known. For the first time in his life he was tasting the delight of knowing that he was a useful being. As his father left him, hope sang in his ears. "No one will kill him. My heart which never deceives me tells me so."

Julio became a sergeant, then a sub-lieutenant and for his exceptional bravery received the Croix de Guerre, the military medal, and finally was among those proposed for the Legion d'Honneur. One afternoon during the Champagne offensive, Desnoyers, still cherishing the fond illusions of hope, returned to his home in gay spirits to find the dreadful news awaiting him. Julio, his son, lay dead on the field of honor.

When he went to the burial fields to find his son's last resting place he recalled Tchernoff, the dreamer, and the four terrible horsemen riding ruthlessly over his fellow creatures whom he saw in his vision, and the prophecy which he then made:

"No, the Beast does not die. It is the eternal companion of man. It hides, spouting the blood forty . . . sixty . . . a hundred years, but eventually it reappears. All that we can hope is that its wound may be long and deep, that it may remain hidden so long that the generation that now remembers it may never see it again."

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New Spring Dresses

ADVANCE STYLES

--IN--

Silks and Crepes

C. H. Vincent
DRY GOODS

SOUTH SIDE

Member McCulloch County Retail Merchants' Association

\$50,000,000 WAS SPENT DURING YEAR 1921 ON TEXAS HIGHWAYS IS REPORT

Austin, Jan. 25.—More than \$25,000,000 was spent on the designated highways of Texas during 1921, more than twice as much as had been spent during the four years prior to 1921, according to D. K. Martin, a member of the State Highway Commission.

This amount was spent on State roads under the direct supervision of the Highway department, and does not include the amount spent by individual counties, which is estimated at between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000 additional, making an approximate total of \$50,000,000 spent on the highways of Texas during 1921.

State and Federal Aid.

"Of the \$25,000,000 spent under the direction of the Highway department," continued Martin, "there was \$2,485,854 State aid and \$5,972,440 Federal aid, making a total of \$8,458,295 State and Federal aid, about 35 per cent of the total amount involved."

"Up to Jan. 1, 1921, there had been only \$4,165,000 State and Federal aid paid out; whereas up to Jan. 1, 1922, there has been \$12,623,306 paid out, which leaves \$13,391,859 State and Federal Aid available, a little more than half of the original amount. However, all this amount has been allotted and most of it is now under contract."

"During the calendar year 1921 the total disbursements of the Highway department were \$8,728,399, of which amount there was \$5,972,440 Federal and \$2,485,854 State aid paid out on completed roads, while the balance, of course, was for the operating expenses of both the engineering and registration division of the department."

Much Money Unexpended.
"Up to Jan. 1, 1922," added Martin, "there was an unexpended balance of \$13,391,859 State and Federal aid and the department's share of the registration fees for 1922 is estimated at \$1,750,000 over and above operating expenses, which means that there will be more than \$15,000,000 available for 1922 and future road construction."

"The total amount already has been allotted and at least \$7,000,000 is under contract at the present time. The allotments were made early in order that the various counties might get their work under way as soon as possible and at the same time help relieve the unemployment situation in Texas. The \$15,000,000 State and Federal aid represents about 35 per cent of the total amount that will be expended, making approximately \$50,000,000 available for future road work under the present road building program."

Needs Are Outlined.

"There never will be a satisfactory system of State highways in Texas until the highway department is given actual charge of construction and maintenance of all roads going to make up the State highway system," declared Capt. J. D. Fauntleroy on his return Wednesday from Austin, where he conferred on his appointment to succeed State Highway Engineer R. J. Windrow, resigned. He will take up his new duties Feb. 14, remaining to clean up his work in this district until that date.

The need for a State highway system is the main thing the United States Bureau of Public Roads now has to get before the people, Fauntleroy declared, adding that it is his belief the cost should be borne by the State and Federal governments and

not by the counties. For the expense of building and maintaining the State highway system, he declared, Texas should provide a revenue of at least \$10,000,000 a year.

"We are doing very satisfactory work now, co-operating with the counties and using county funds," Fauntleroy explained, "but three years from Nov. 9, 1921, unless the State can raise sufficient funds to meet the Federal Government dollar for dollar, and also provide funds for the maintenance of all roads in the State highway system, then co-operation with the Federal Government must cease."

INTERSCHOLASTIC LEAGUE, ORGANIZED DEC. 1910, NOW EMBRACES 4095 SCHOOLS

What is known as the University Interscholastic League was organized December, 1910, at the State Teachers' meeting at Abilene. For the first year the league's activities were confined to debates among high school students. From year to year the league has advanced. Contests in various other activities have been added, until in 1921, a total of 4095 schools had joined the league. The purpose of this organization is to organize and direct desirable school activities, and thereby assist in preparing pupils for citizenship.

In the league there are contests for developing the boys and girls, both mentally and physically. Our boys and girls of today are the men and women of tomorrow who are going to take hold and run the affairs of the nation. Are they going to be developed mentally and physically? We should do our part to make them so thus making them more efficient.

Each county has a preliminary meet to try out for winners. The winners go to the District meet and prove their ability; from there the winners go to the Final State meet at Austin. The schools of McCulloch are one hundred per cent membership and are ready for work in the league.

The committees are working hard, trying to "put it over" and they need the full support of every school and every patron of McCulloch county.

The object of the league is to foster in the school of Texas the study and practice of public speaking, to assist in organizing, standardizing and controlling athletics in the schools; to promote county, district and state interscholastic contests in debate, declamation, spelling, essay writing and athletics.

FAUNTLEROY IS APPOINTED AS NEW ROAD ENGINEER

Austin, Jan. 23.—Capt. J. D. Fauntleroy, Federal district engineer in Texas for the last five years, was late today appointed State highway engineer by the State Highway Commission to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Rollen J. Windrow. The appointment of Captain Fauntleroy becomes effective February 14. Windrow will remain here until that time when he goes to St. Louis, where he becomes connected with the Missouri State Highway Department. Captain Fauntleroy will receive \$9,000 a year, the same salary paid to Windrow.

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores vitality and energy by purifying and enriching the blood. You can soon feel its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. Price 60c.

Myself.

I have to live with myself and so I want to be fit for myself to know. I want to be able as days go by, Always to look myself straight in the eye;

I don't want to stand, with the setting sun.

And hate myself for things I've done. I don't want to keep on a closet shelf

A lot of secrets about myself, And fool myself, as I come and go,

Into thinking that nobody else will know

The kind of a man I really am; I don't want to dress up myself in sham,

I want to go out with my head erect, I want to deserve all men's respect;

But here in the struggle for fame and self

I want to be able to like myself. I don't want to look at myself and know

That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I can never hide myself from me; I see what others may never see;

I know what others may never know. I never can fool myself, and so,

Whatever happens, I want to be Self-respecting and conscience-free.—

Edgar A. Guest.

Formal Announcement.

Kitty, aged six, had been naughty and her father had to administer vigorous correction before going to business. That an impression had been made was apparent when, on his return in the evening, Kitty called upstairs with rigid politeness: "Mother, your husband's home."

Again the Double Standard.

"Oh, I'm in such a perspiration!" cried a high school girl, as she fanned herself with her tennis racket.

"Miss Frankland," rebuked the austere professor, "I hope I shall never again hear such an expression. Kindly remember that oxen sweat, men perspire, but young ladies glow."

Speaking a Mixed Language.

Fifty years ago, when the joint high commission to arrange the Treaty of Washington was sitting for the settlement of the Alabama claims, the President gave a luncheon at the White House to the commissioners, the chairman of whom was Earl Grey.

The White House butler especially instructed the colored waiters to say "My lord" when spoken to by his lordship. All went well until the earl asked what a certain dish handed to him to partake of was.

"It is cold salmon, my God," said the colored waiter.

Feminine Limitations.

Mrs. Jarkinson was much perturbed to learn that her nine-year old hopeful had been engaged in a pitched battle with the bad boy down the street. Therefore she summoned Horace for an accounting.

"When," she demanded, "that awful boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come to me and tell me, instead of throwing back at him?"

"Tell you, mother?" said the boy, with unfeigned astonishment. "Why what good would that have done? You couldn't hit a barn door!"

Married at Midnight.

At the home of the bride's parents, Dr. Pepper and wife, Miss Ice Cream Pepper and Mr. Milk Chocolate were united in marriage, Rev. Hop Ale officiating. Among those present to greet the happy couple were Misses Orange Julep, Claret Mist, Cream Soda and Milk Shake, and Messrs. Coco Cola, Root Beer, Pine Apple Soda and King's Candy. The happy couple left on their honeymoon, which will be spent at the Palace of Sweets. All our competitors wish the happy pair a bright future.

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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.

FOUND

FOUND—Pair of school child's gold-rimmed and bowed glasses. Owner may recover by paying for this notice.

FOUND— Between Melvin and Eden on upper road, auto casing with rim and rack. Owner may recover by paying for this ad at Standard office.

WANTED

FAT HOGS Wanted. See O. D. Mann, Brady.

WANTED—Roomers and boarders. See or phone MRS. W. F. DUTTON.

WANTED— Load of clean, bright Johnson grass hay. Apply at Brady Standard office.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two places of 90 acres each. For further information, see or write J. F. CAWYER, Mercury, Texas.

FOR TRADE

FOR TRADE—18 fine coming 3-year old mules; will trade for house in town or small farm and pay difference in cash, if there is any. A. J. PRIDDY.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Classy-Fi-Ad space in The Brady Standard.

FOR SALE — \$5,000 Vendor Lien first notes. If interested, call at Brady Standard office.

FOR SALE—Buick Six, in A1 mechanical condition. Priced right, for cash. MANN-RICKS AUTO CO.

FOR SALE— Two registered Poland China Sows with pigs. Sell for cash, or take good note. G. C. KIRK, Brady.

WATER MELON SEED—Improved Halbert Honey, 14 years since left hands of originator; extra early, thin rind, but very tough. Dark blue in color, oblong in shape, fine for hauling or shipping. Meat, dark red, very tender. One of best melons that grows. Try some and be convinced. This is first time these seed have ever been offered for sale. Cannot be bought from any Seed House. One-half lb., 60c; 1 lb., \$1. ARTHUR BAXTER, Katemey, Texas.

MISCELLANEOUS PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING.

Don't forget I am still painting and papering, both in and out-of-town, and want a chance to do your work. First-class work guaranteed. H. W. MILL-SAP, Brady. Box 527.

NEW GARAGE OPENED IN WILLBANKS BUILDING BY MYRICK AND THORNBLOOM

Joe Myrick and Arthur Thornbloom are the latest to enter Brady business circles, they having engaged in the garage business under the firm name of Myrick & Thornbloom, and being located in the Willbanks building in the southeast part of the business section.

Joe Myrick is an old-timer in automobile repair work, having worked in a number of the local garages, and being known to a majority of automobilists. Arthur Thornbloom has also had considerable experience in the automobile repair business, and the two should make a splendid team.

Realizing the stress of the times, Messrs. Myrick and Thornbloom state they will offer guaranteed workmanship at a price any auto owner can afford to pay, and no one should longer delay in getting needed repairs.

SAN ANTONIO-BRADY BUS LINE

Via Fredericksburg and Mason. Cars leave San Antonio at 6 a. m. from Union Bus Station; arrive in Brady at 4 p. m. Fare—\$9.00. Round Trip—\$15.00. Leave Brady, from Queen Hotel at 9 a. m.; arrive at San Antonio Union Bus Station at 6 p. m.

TELEPHONE SERVICE

West Texas Telephone Company service is universal. It reaches all sections of your community. It also, by means of its long distance lines, reaches practically all points in this State as well as most points in other states.

The party you want is no further away than the telephone in your residence or your place of business.

It saves time and money.

Our rates are reasonable.

West Texas Telephone Co.

FIREMEN'S BENEFIT SHOWS

AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

The first Thursday night in February, March, April and May has been set aside as Firemen's Benefit nights at the Lyric Theatre, the firemen assuming the expense of the picture on these nights and receiving all returns.

Help Make These Benefit Shows a Success by Buying Season Tickets

First Show Next Thursday Night, February 2nd

Season Tickets Good for Four Benefit Shows \$1.00

BRADY FIRE DEPARTMENT

FRANK HURD, Chief

MANN BROS. & HOLTON SHOW NEWEST IN HAT AND CAP DISPLAY FIXTURES

There is "something new under the sun," and a visit to the Mann Bros. & Holton store will convince the most skeptical. As you enter this store, you will be at once struck by the attractive display of hats and caps in a spanking new display case, which, with its light oak finish, is itself most attractive. Every style and color of hat is to be seen at a glance upon the racks in this big glass-doored, dust-proof case, and the customer is thereby enabled to pick out his size and the preferred color and style, with ease and dispatch. The glass doors automatically lock as they are closed, protecting the contents to the nth degree, and upon being opened, the doors disappear within the case—out of sight and out of harm's way.

Still more novel are the cap drawers in the center of the case. Here, therefore, the display of caps, in their boxes of assorted sizes, has been more or less of a task. The display drawers, with glass front, enable the sorting of caps according to size. You find your size, and behold the various styles and colors. Presto! No trouble at all to find a fit.

The rearranging of the store fixtures to give more prominence to the hat and clothing departments is one of Mr. Holton's present efforts, and patrons of the store are certain to be pleased with the increased effectiveness secured thereby, as well as the improved showing of both lines.

When you have Hides, Furs, Poultry, Eggs or Produce for sale, we will appreciate a part of your business. We are also in the market for several hundred bushels of wheat; if you have any for sale, see the man with the fur collar. SPILLER & KIRKLEN, across alley from Rohde Market.

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

Army Goods

--AT--

W. I. Myers

SOLID CARLOAD CHICKENS, FIRST TO BE SHIPPED FROM BRADY TO NEW YORK

Another new record for this section has been set by the shipment last Tuesday of a solid carload of chickens from Brady to New York, it being the first of its kind ever to be sent from Brady. Turkey shipments by the carload, and mixed turkey and chicken carlot shipments have become somewhat commonplace, but the assembling of 5,000 chickens at one time to make up a solid carload is a new achievement. The Mayhew Produce Company, which hung up this new record, is now dressing out another big lot of chickens, but it is not likely that the carload feat will be repeated soon.

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.

Every-Ready Flash Lights. O. D. MANN & SONS. If you need any Furniture, C. H. Arnsperger has a house full. Free and New Home sewing machines. O. D. MANN & SONS. If you need any Furniture, C. H. Arnsperger has a house full.