

THE BRADY STANDARD

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McCULLOCH COUNTY STAR Vol. III, No. 70

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BUY YOUR NEW SPRING HAT AT MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

ROCHELLE CARRIES ELECTION BY BIG MAJORITY

Rochelle Saturday carried her school election by a great majority, 94 voting for the two propositions submitted, while but 6 registered opposition. The election was for the purpose of voting a \$1,000 school tax, and also for a \$12,000 bond issue for a new school building and school improvement.

The Rochelle citizens plan to repair their present two-story brick building, converting the auditorium into class rooms, and will erect a new school building on the campus. Plans for the new building have been under consideration, but no definite decision has so far been announced as to the plan of building most favored.

Fairview Votes As One Man. Fairview citizens last Saturday voted unanimously in favor of a 50c school tax for that community, 12 voting for the proposition and not a single vote being registered against.

SAN ANGELO WILL VOTE JUNE 2ND, ON \$10,000 BONDS FOR NEGRO SCHOOL BLDG.

Notices of an election to be held June 2 to decide whether or not bonds of the City of San Angelo in the sum of \$10,000 shall be voted for the purpose of constructing a public school for negroes have been posted over the city by order of the City Commission.

The bonds, if voted, will be payable in twenty years and will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually. The Commission at present proposes, in the event the bonds carry, to handle them out of the sinking fund for the high school bonds, which total \$30,000 and will not mature until two years after the negro school bonds would fall due. This plan would make the proceeds from the issue immediately available and would permit the building of the negro school in time for the 1922-23 term of school, beginning in September. The old negro school building burned several years ago, since which time temporary quarters have been occupied. The building of a new school is mandatory upon the city, as the law provides that equal public school facilities must be provided for whites and negroes.—San Angelo Standard.

COAL!

Macy & Co. still handles best grade of Coal. If your bin is running low, let us replenish it for the balance of the winter's needs. Phone 295.

DEFINITELY DECIDE UPON CITY PROPERTY AT DAM FOR TOURIST CAMP GROUND

A meeting of the board of directors of the Brady Chamber of Commerce was called yesterday afternoon by Secretary Wm. D. Cargill for the purpose of considering two sites for the location of Brady's tourist camp grounds. The one was the city property of about ten acres, located west of and adjoining the municipal light and power plant and fronting on Brady creek at the site of the small dam. The other was the Dutton grove on Brady creek, and a few blocks north of the business section which was offered either to lease or for purchase.

A committee composed of B. A. Hallum, J. B. Whiteman, B. Simpson, F. R. Wulff and H. C. Samuel was named to inspect the two sites, the to make their report today.

This morning the committee reported favorably upon the city park site at the water works plant, and its report was adopted by the directors.

The committee also reported that the city had agreed to clear the lot, with the understanding that the Chamber of Commerce was to provide camp shacks and make the necessary improvements. Aldermen B. Simpson and J. H. Ogden were named a committee to represent the city in the matter of clearing the ground. Work on the camp ground is to be begun without further delay.

COLORADO BRIDGE AT WALDRIP IS DAMAGED BY APRIL RISE

The Colorado River bridge at Waldrip, owned jointly by Coleman and McCulloch counties, is reported in a damaged and dangerous condition as a result of the prolonged rise in the river which has undermined the concrete piers and left the bridge in a dangerous condition.

The steel structure was reported Tuesday morning to County Judge Mathews as being considerably creased and out of line, with a fresh 25-foot rise in evidence. If the river falls before further damage occurs, it is believed the bridge can be salvaged without heavy loss. Judge Mathews stated Tuesday that if no further damage occurred, hydraulic jacks could be employed and the bridge placed back in line and supported by new piers.—Coleman Democrat-Voice.

ELECTRIC VULCANIZER.

I have installed an electric vulcanizer, in connection with my vulcanizing plant. Tubes vulcanized while you wait. LEE MORGAN.

Tanlac makes people strong, sturdy and well by toning up the vital organs. Trigg Drug Co.

WM. D. CARGILL NAMED SECRETARY BRADY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE SAT.

STAMFORD MAN IN CHARGE OF CIVIC ACTIVITIES—OFFICE SECURED IN SYNDICATE BUILDING—TOURIST CAMP GROUND CLAIMS FIRST ATTENTION.

Wm. D. Cargill, recently of Stamford, was Saturday unanimously elected secretary of the Brady Chamber of Commerce by the board of directors, and was placed in immediate charge of the activities of that body. Mr. Cargill for the past year has been employed in the office of the Stamford Chamber of Commerce, and comes to the local organization not only highly recommended by that body, but with the strongest of personal endorsements by Homer D. Wade, secretary of the Stamford body, and acknowledged one of the liveliest secretaries in the State of Texas. An office has been secured in the Syndicate building as headquarters for the Brady Chamber of Commerce and where Mr. Cargill will be pleased to meet any and all citizens of all McCulloch County and this section.

The Brady Chamber of Commerce for the past two years has been without a secretary, but has continued to function by reason of the untiring zeal of its president, Wilson D. Jordan, who voluntarily took upon himself the duties of secretary. Incidentally, another item that speaks most creditably for the board of directors is that the funds of the organization have been maintained intact, so that it is now in splendid financial condition, and thereby enabled to function without call in the immediate future upon the membership for further funds. This healthy condition is all the more remarkable since it has been three years since a call for either subscriptions or dues was made.

As the Brady Chamber of Commerce is now constituted, the following are the officers and directors: Wilson D. Jordan, president; F. R. Wulff, vice-president; Wm. D. Cargill, secretary; Henry R. Hodges, treasurer; W. D. Crothers, B. A. Hallum, J. B. Whiteman, G. V. Gansel, G. B. Awalt, C. H. Vincent, A. H. Broad, H. C. Samuel, directors.

Aside from the splendid recommendations given, Mr. Cargill impresses everyone at first acquaintance as a man of exceptional ability, and being, as well, the possessor of both the foresight and the insight so requisite to the making of a success as a commercial secretary. Although he has been in Brady less than a week, he has already met a large body of the citizenship, has acquainted himself with the local situation from every angle, and has intuitively grasped the great possibilities that are presented to the citizens of Brady and McCulloch county. One of his first acts has been to take up

B. H. S. COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES NEXT WEEK—LARGEST CLASS EVER

SEVENTEEN GRADUATES—MISS ORA SHEPPARD VALEDICTORIAN. AND WILLIE GAVIT SALUTATORIAN—BACCALAUREATE SERMON SUNDAY MORNING.

Commencement exercises at the Methodist church on Thursday night of next week will mark the closing of one of the most successful sessions of Brady high school, and incidentally it will mark the graduation of what is one of the largest, if not the largest, classes that has ever completed the work in the Brady High school. There are seventeen graduates in the Class of '22. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached next Sunday morning at the Methodist church by the Rev. G. T. Reaves. The Commencement address to the graduates Thursday night is to be delivered by Dean Taylor of Howard Payne college at Brownwood.

The graduating class is composed of W. T. Sheppard. Miss Noreen Dunn daughter of the Rev. S. C. Dunn, won second honors. First honors among the boys was received by Willie Gavit son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gavit, and with the winning of this honor, he becomes salutatorian for the class. Mr. Gavit shares a like distinction as Miss Sheppard, he being the youngest boy in the class, and his winning of first honors speaks greatly to his credit.

Complete program of the commencement exercises will be published in the next issue.

Corn Creek School Closes.

The 1921-22 session of the Corn Creek school was brought to a successful close by the teachers, Misses Wilna Shropshire and Annie Cottrell on Friday, May 5th, with an all-day

AUTOMOBILE CRASH FRIDAY NIGHT ON SOUTHEAST CORNER SQUARE INJURES FIVE

Only a miracle prevented sudden death overtaking parties in two automobiles which crashed together Friday night about 9:30 o'clock. As it was, five sustained cuts, bruises and scratches, not to say a nervous shock from which they will not recover for some time.

Duke Mann was the driver of one car, his gray Overland Six, and was proceeding west from the Mann store. In the front seat with him was Mrs. J. E. Mays of Hall, Texas. Riding on the rear seat were Mrs. I. T. Morris and Miss Mary Lee Mays. As Mr. Mann crossed Blackburn street he observed the Roddie Pierce-Arrow car, driven by Jack Roddie, approaching and headed south in the direction of Blackburn street. That car was then about 40 ft. distant, and Mr. Mann figured he had ample time to clear the street, and that the driver of the other car would swerve to the left to give the Mann car right of way.

According to Jack Roddie, none of the occupants of his car, nor himself, saw the Mann car in the dusk of the night, on account of its gray color, until they were within a few feet of it. He attempted to swerve to the left and also applied the emergency brakes, but the momentum was too great, and the car hit the Mann car at about the rear door with such force as to knock it around at right angles to its original course, and leaving it facing north instead of west. The tearing off of the rear wheel of the Mann car undoubtedly kept it from being overturned. Those who heard the crash, state it sounded like two locomotives going together. The Roddie car careened off and was brought to a stop within a short distance.

The force of the impact was so great, that Mrs. J. E. Mays was thrown from the Mann car to the ground, and dragged several feet beyond the Mann car. She sustained several cuts about the face, neck and a deep cut on one limb from the broken windshield besides being bruised and shocked in the fall. Miss Jennie Barnister, who was on the front seat of the Roddie car, was also thrown to the ground, and bruised up considerably. Mrs. Morris, apparently was the most seriously injured, and has been suffering greatly with her side. The nature of her injury has not been definitely decided, possibly being a broken rib, with a chance of some internal injury. Mr. Mann received a badly bruised leg, and Miss Mary Lee Mays was also bruised and shocked. Misses Le-May Jordan and Arvie Wegner, who occupied the back seat of the Roddie car, fortunately escaped any serious injury.

Aid was at hand without delay, and the injured were taken to their homes and given medical attention. At last reports, all were getting along as nicely as could be expected.

The bumper on the Roddie car bore the brunt of the crash and to a great extent saved that car, which sustained a smashed fender, and possibly a bent frame. The Mann car lost one rear wheel, the frame was bent, fender mashed, and other damage resulted.

A great cloud of dust raised at the time of the accident is explained by the fact that the Mann car motor continued to run after the accident and the stubs of the spokes on the broken wheel dug into the dirt of the street.

The accident was a most deplorable one, and was greatly regretted by all and while the injuries sustained were quite serious, it is indeed fortunate that the accident did not have more serious consequences.

A basket picnic at the school house. A large crowd was in attendance, the feature of the occasion being a ball game between Corn Creek and Rochelle third teams. At about 2:00 p. m. the teachers served ice cream to the attending crowds.

The Corn Creek school had a most successful session, and patrons speak in terms of highest praise for the able work of the teachers, and also appreciate the delightful picnic had last Friday.

ELIJAH F. ALLIN POST WILL TAKE VETERAN CENSUS

The "unknown hero" who never received a splendid funeral, but is still alive and looking for a job, is the special object of the veteran census that began last Monday under the direction of Elijah F. Allin Post of the American Legion and its Auxiliary unit. The Legionnaires are going out to get the name of every man and woman who served in the World War, what their needs are; whether they have unpaid claims for compensation or not, and what their ideas are in regard to the adjusted compensation bill. They are especially anxious that every ex-service man realize that his name is wanted, whether he is a member of the American Legion or not.

The census is especially designed to bring to light all cases of suffering through war service that have not yet been remedied. All ex-service men and women are to be asked if they have suffered any disability through the war, and, if so, if they are securing adequate compensation. If they are in need of hospital treatment, the facts are to be listed, and also if they are entitled to vocational training. If they are entitled to free dental service and do not know it, it will be found out for them. They are also to be questioned regarding their war risk insurance, concerning which there is considerable confusion. Many do not know the terms under which they may reinstate their insurance after letting it lapse; others would like to change it into a permanent form of government insurance; others have the occasion to change the beneficiary of their policy. These matters are all to be taken up.

A matter of particular interest is the choice of ex-service men will make among the five forms of compensation bill. These include paid-up insurance, farm and home loans, and courses in vocational training. A great deal has been said and surmised about the general wishes of the ex-service people in this matter, but nothing has been actually known. The census will clear up many doubts.

Old, leaky, tin, composition or gravel Roofs Repaired. Also new Roofs built up. All work guaranteed. Write for prices. W. H. JOEKEL, the old reliable roof builder. San Saba, Texas.

COTTON SEED FOR PLANTING.

We have just received a car of Cotten Seed for planting. Farmers needing planting seed should let us know their requirements, so we can order another car at once, if necessary. BRADY COTTON OIL CO.

"The Sweet Girl Graduate"

Will be very much in evidence this month. We have many gifts for the Girl Graduates.

The Young Man Graduate of today should not be overlooked.

He, too, appreciates being remembered on this unusual event. Encourage the Boys. Remember them with a gift.

See Our Show Window—You'll Know the Rest.

Trigg Drug Co.

\$2500.00 Prize Contest

We want every poultry raiser in this community to get into this contest. Don't miss your opportunity to win one of the 300 valuable prizes (1st prize \$500 worth of "Reliable" Poultry Equipment).

Prizes are given for the best answers to two questions asked about Purina Poultry Chows:

- (1) Why can we guarantee double chick development from Purina Chows when fed as directed?
- (2) Why can we guarantee more eggs from Purina Poultry Chows when fed as directed?

See Us For Full Particulars

Try your hand. Get in the contest—aim high—and win. We will give you full information. Don't miss out on this. See us today.

MAYHEW PRODUCE CO., BRADY, TEX

Storm Country

Polly

by Grace Miller White

Illustrated by R. J. Livingstone

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Occupying a dilapidated shack in the Silent City, a squatter settlement near Ithaca, New York, Polly Hopkins lives with her father, small Jerry, and an old woman, Granny Hope. On an adjacent farm, Oscar Bennett, prosperous farmer, is a neighbor. He is secretly married to Evelyn Robertson, supposedly wealthy girl of the neighborhood. Polly alone knows their secret. Marcus MacKenzie, who owns the ground the squatters occupy, is their determined enemy. Polly overhears a conversation between MacKenzie and a stranger, in which the former avows his intention of driving the squatters from his land. The stranger sympathizes with the squatters, and earns Polly's gratitude.

CHAPTER II.—Evelyn Robertson discovers from her mother that they are not rich, as she supposed, but practically living on the bounty of Robert Percival, Evelyn's cousin.

CHAPTER III.—Polly learns from Evelyn that the sympathetic stranger is Robert Percival. Evelyn charges Polly with a message to Bennett, telling him she can give him no more money, and urging him to be patient. She already bitterly regrets her infatuation with and marriage to the innocent farmer.

CHAPTER IV.—Polly conveys her message, and Oscar makes threats. He insists Evelyn meet him that night. Polly has her father and Larry Bishop, a squatter who has befriended her, and Marcus MacKenzie, take an oath to do him no injury.

Robert brushed off his clothes slowly. The farmer still lay on the ground. "Get up," ordered Percival scornfully, touching the prostrate man with the toe of his boot. "Get up and make off if you don't want me to lick you again."

Oscar rolled over and crawled slowly to his hands and knees.

CHAPTER V.—Evelyn unsuccessfully tries to get money from her mother, which to buy off Bennett and induce him to leave the country, giving her her freedom. She is really enamored of Marcus MacKenzie. At the arranged meeting that night Bennett threatens Evelyn with exposure unless she procures money for him.

CHAPTER VI.—Polly meets Robert Percival, and they are mutually attracted. Polly's feeling being something like adoration.

CHAPTER VII.—Overhearing a conversation between Polly and Robert Percival, Bennett, really caring nothing for Evelyn and fancying himself in love with Polly, accuses the girl when she leaves Percival and accuses and threatens her. Percival returns and thrashes the farmer. He asks Polly in what way he can aid her and she begs him to help the squatters. Percival is rich and influential, though lacking the power of MacKenzie, but agrees to do his best. MacKenzie visits the Hopkins shack with an offer to the squatters through Hopkins to leave the vicinity, offering them a trifling sum of money. The offer is refused and MacKenzie threatens to burn their pitiful dwellings and leave them homeless.

CHAPTER VIII.—Polly visits Percival in the Robertson home in an effort to enlist his aid, and he is on the point of declaring his love for her when the girl, in a panic, flees. MacKenzie asks Evelyn to be his wife. The girl agrees to marry him after he has bought the Bennett farm and got rid of the squatters. Robert falls in an effort to secure the aid of Mrs. Robertson and Evelyn in a project to help the Silent City people.

CHAPTER IX.—Knowing Bennett's infatuation for Polly, Evelyn tries to induce the girl to promise to marry him, he having agreed to release Evelyn to secure Polly. In love with Percival, though scarcely realizing it, the girl refuses. Meeting Robert next day, he tells her he loves her, and she acknowledges a similar feeling for him. MacKenzie lays a trap for Hopkins and the latter is arrested.

CHAPTER X.—Polly goes to the Robertson home to enlist Percival's aid in freeing her father. MacKenzie jeers at her. He is also deaf to Robert's pleadings, and the latter, though assuring Polly of all the help he can give her, feels himself powerless.

A startled expression, smoothing away some of the hard lines, spread over Oscar's face. In the presence of death, which every squatter held in superstitious awe, Polly dropped down upon her knees beside the bed. Her own hurt had been overcome by the desire to help him if she could. And there, while the rain dashed its fury into the lake, and the wind shook the shanty, the three kept quiet vigil.

Large drops appeared on Bennett's brow; and Granny Hope lifted one withered hand and brushed them away.

"Love'll carry you over weary places, big dear," she wheezed. "It's all powerful, love is, sir."

Oscar's staring eyes lost something of the abject fear they had shown, as if he had heard and was comforted. Then over his face swept that look that comes but once to any man.

"Aw the Christ! help you, too, honey," Granny Hope went on again smiling.

Polly, weeping silently, bent forward and gazed hard at the dying farmer. Oscar wanted to stay a little longer. He was trying to speak; but she knew he could not. To help him through the valley of shadows and upward into eternal light, she thrust her head close to his.

"Jesus is givin' you rest, Oscar man!" she whispered.

Polly's sobbing voice penetrated into the young man's darkening sensibilities, and the ghost of a smile crept to his lips. Then slowly his eyes closed. The strained muscles relaxed from about his mouth, leaving it more boyish; and thus did the Storm country give back to Evelyn Robertson her freedom.

After that came dark days for Pollyop. Even the reproduction of The Greatest Mother in the World, which hung in its accustomed place on the shanty wall, failed to lift the heavy load that rested like a stone in her bosom. No more did she stand before it and dream—dream of a deep-toned voice telling her of love and a future, dream of Robert's arms about her and her head pressed against his.

Up and down she went through the Silent City, unable to smile, well nigh unable to speak a word of greeting to those she met. So sympathetic were her squatter friends that many a fish and pan of baked beans found their way into the Hopkins hut.

Several times Pollyop had made an effort to see Evelyn, but the rich girl never appeared as the little trill sounded just after nightfall in the Robertson garden.

In July came rumors that Evelyn Robertson was to marry Marcus MacKenzie; and that he had bought the Bennett farm of Oscar's heirs. Terrified whispers went from mouth to mouth in the settlement that he had boasted how he was going to clear the squatters from the Silent City before the coming of Christmas.

One night the dark messenger to whom no home is closed slipped into the Hopkins shanty and summoned Granny Hope. Although the absence of the old withered mouth made one less to feel, Pollyop missed the oft repeated assurance that somehow, some time, love would make crooked things straight.

Late one day, she took Jerry and the Billy goat and walked through the Silent City and on toward the Bad Man's Ravine. The picture she had grown to love in those long-ago spring days still gazed out at her from Marcus MacKenzie's fence.

There for a moment Polly halted and solemnly contemplated the beautiful face. When she had been happy, and that was ages past, she had not realized what the cull in the mother-plea meant. But as one after another, her loved ones had dwindled away, and none but Jerry was left, a clearer understanding took possession of her. The same cruel force had attacked her and the woman there. They were living in a warring world, trying by might and main to cling to their own. Pollyop and this giant mother. The woman asked aid for her vast army of sick sons; and Polly's sorrow, touched by her broad compassion, lightened a little.

Behind her she heard footsteps. Slowly she turned her head; and almost at the same instant the person stopped. Pollyop could not move or force a word of greeting from her tongue, for Robert Percival was looking at her, his serious white face holding no hint of smile or welcome. For a long minute they stared at each other; then the young man swung about swiftly and strode away.

Crushed almost into insensibility, Pollyop sank lower and lower until Jerry slid away from her shoulders to the ground. Her beloved had not spoken, nor had the pained lines about his mouth softened even a little bit!

Afternoon shadows began to stretch long over the lake and crowd down upon the Silent City, and still the squatter girl knelt and wept out her sorrow and loneliness with no one near but the large-eyed, sad little child, leaning across the thin back of Billy-goat Hopkins.

At length Pollyop arose, wiping her worn face on her sleeve. Then she hoisted Jerry to her shoulders and turned for a last look at the lofty mother of the world.

For a minute she gazed steadily. And then, through the gathering gloom, she thought she saw a smile hovering about the beautiful mouth. Pollyop went nearer by two steps. The woman was smiling at her, and the squatter girl, overwhelmed with a joy that hurt keenly like a knife's blade, smiled back, the first smile since Granny Hope had left her.

Holding Jerry by one arm, she thrust the other hand upward.

"Biggest an' beautifullest mammy in all the world," she faltered, "bless me an' Jerry an'—an' Daddy Hopkins away off up in Auburn prison."

Reverently she knelt with her clinging burden, and then, swiftly rising, went back to the shanty, her pale face radiant with a world-wide blessing.

CHAPTER XII

Midsummer was full upon them; and still Pollyop and Jerry held to their lonely tenure of the hut. A few heart-broken letters had reached the squatter girl from Auburn, and she had painstakingly answered them. Yet in spite of the daily predictions of the squatter folks that Old Marc would shortly begin again to harass them, Polly was happier. She could not have

explained, if she had been asked, why the agony of doubt had given place to a warmer glow about her heart when she thought of Daddy Hopkins. Away off up there in the gloom of the prison, he had received a mother's benediction; Polly believed this with all her soul. Jerry and she too had come in for their share; and this new confidence lifted the shadow from her eyes a little and lessened the stabbing hurt in her side.

The thing that tormented her most was Jerry's constant mourning for his father. Day by day she had racked her brains for ways to amuse him, but as soon as the novelty of the play had worn off, the old-time cry would begin:

"Want to play horse wif my Daddy Hopkins! Wee Jerry wants Daddy Hopkins!"

She was looking at him one morning after one of his spells of weeping, and wistfully considering if there might be a way to hurry him off to Auburn for a day, when Evelyn Robertson suddenly appeared in the shanty door.

For a long time Evelyn's conscience had made her uncomfortable. Even though her days were exceedingly busy, the remembrance of the squatter girl's pale, pleading face tormented her, and she was fearful Pollyop might not keep the promise she had made, and Marcus MacKenzie would be lost forever.

So astounded was Polly Hopkins to see the girl that she neglected to ask her in. Overlooking this, Miss Robertson stepped into the room in embarrassment.

"Pollyop," she began, catching her breath, "I just had to speak to you. I'm going to be married to Mr. MacKenzie, and I come to talk to you about it and—and to bring the baby some candy."

Her expression grave with surprise, Polly scrutinized her coldly.

"Jerry'd rather have his Daddy Hopkins than candy," she retorted, frowning.

Miss Robertson drew back a little, shaking her head.

"I couldn't manage that, I'm afraid," she said soberly, "but—"

Pollyop shifted uneasily.

"Mebbe you could get Old Marc to say I could take Jerry to Auburn, then?" she ventured. "Jerry'd die if he don't see his daddy. He's gettin' thinner an' thinner every day. He's been yellin' like mad all mornin'."

Evelyn pondered on this an instant.

"Yes, I could do that, I'm sure," she answered, smiling broadly. "I'd love to do it, too."

The forlorn droop at the corners of Polly's mouth disappeared.

"Mebbe, if I could get something to wear—" she hesitated.

It had never occurred to Miss Robertson how Pollyop managed for clothing. She had so much herself she was blind to another's need; but, as she had come to demand a favor, then perhaps she had better offer as much as she could.

"Polly," she ejaculated, "you've been awfully good to me, and you can have any one of my dresses you want, and keep it too. And I'll persuade Mr. MacKenzie to get you a permit to go to Auburn."

Polly felt her heart grow big. Then, after all, she could take Wee Jerry to his daddy.

"I s'spose—I s'spose," she hesitated, trembling, "you couldn't tell your cousin—"

Her throat caught in a sob but she cleared it, and went on, "just tell 'em Oscar wasn't my man?"

Evelyn Robertson had often lived over the horror of the minutes when the shameful secret of her marriage to Oscar Bennett was so nearly disclosed to Robert Percival. More than once had she congratulated herself upon the cleverness with which she had avoided that danger. To be sure her escape had been at the expense of Polly's reputation. She regretted the necessity but reasoned that a good name could not be much of a loss to a squatter.

"Of course I couldn't do that," she returned sharply. "Why—why should you want—"

The squatter girl's gaze lifted to the speaker's face, and tears welled over the fringed lids. Then Evelyn read the truth; and her eyes glinted and narrowed.

"Merciful Hoavens, you're in love with my cousin?" she exclaimed. "Is that what you mean?"

The brown head fell forward, and a flame-hot face was hidden in the chestnut curls.

"And he loves you, too," cried Evelyn, in disdain. "What a fool I was not to discover that before! How perfectly awful! That's what has been the matter with him for months."

She snatched Pollyop's arm and shook her.

"It's absolutely mad of you to think of my cousin in that way," she continued, her voice hoarse with fear. "Promise me again you'll never tell him about Oscar!"

Pollyop shook her head.

"I've never told nothin'; I've said I wouldn't," she replied thickly, almost sullenly.

Then Evelyn smiled. The dimples played hide and go seek at the corners of her lovely mouth. The steely-blue glint faded from her eyes, leaving them the color of heavenly tints. She was certain her secret was as safe in the breast of Polly Hopkins as it was in the heart of the dead Oscar.

"You shall see your father," she said, dropping her hand, "and you can have any dress I have to wear. Come up tonight, at seven. The folks will be at dinner; and I'll slip out and bring you in."

Then she went away, leaving Polly Hopkins alternately plunged into the depths of despair when she thought of

Robert Percival and singing with gladness over the joy in store for Wee Jerry and Daddy Hopkins.

It was still broad day when Polly Hopkins left Wee Jerry playing by the water's edge with some squatter youngsters and started for the Robertson home. True to her word, Evelyn met her in the grape arbor at seven and hastily led her up the back stairs to her bedroom.

"There are the closets," she said. "Take anything you like, Polly, but hurry. The cook's in the kitchen, and the other maids are busy. I'll go down for fear someone will come to find me. There's the dinner gong."

Once alone in the beautiful room, Polly's gaze swept its broad dimensions. It did not occur to her to covet the least of these gorgeous surroundings. She only wanted something to wear to Auburn, something to celebrate her visit and do Daddy Hopkins proud. She swung open a closet door and peered in.

The sound of laughter somewhere in the house sent a wave of terror over her. She snatched at the first gown under her hand, rolled it into a bundle and fled down the stairs. Until she was in the lane again, she did not breathe easily.

Once back in the shanty, Pollyop hid the dress beneath her bed without even daring to look at it. How Evelyn was to arrange the visit to Auburn, she did not know, but of one thing she was sure, she had a beautiful dress to wear.

After she had put the child to bed, and the door was securely locked, Polly drew the curtains tightly over the small windows. Even the corners of the room lost their shadows; and "The Greatest Mother in the World" seemed to stand out more plainly than ever when the sun shone.

Pollyop placed her warm cheek against the picture and smiled. She earnestly believed this wonder-mother was helping her to go and see Daddy Hopkins. She turned and looked longingly at the sick little man, then upward to the woman's face.

"You've done so much for me an' Jerry, ma'am," she whispered. "Mebbe sometime you'd make—him—smile just once at me."

Then she took the bundle from under her cot and spread out her treasure. It was a delicate shimmering silk and in it was the color of the sun just before he sailed over the western hill on his journey around the earth. There could not be such another beautiful gown in all the world, Polly thought. Then she slowly slipped from her own ragged dress and stopped a moment, contemplating Daddy Hopkins' big boots. Even to Polly's primitive mind they did not seem to be just the thing to wear with such a dress. So the boots, too, came off.

As if she had been handling eggs, she drew off the beautiful robe, her bare neck and forearms gleaming white in the candlelight.

Then back and forth she walked, entranced with its voluptuous loveliness. But twist and turn as best she might,

she could not see the whole of her golden glory; so she took down Daddy Hopkins' cracked piece of mirror which he had used when pulling out his shaggy whiskers with the tweezers. By the aid of it, she could get glimpses of her slim young figure and the graceful sweep of the skirt. Holding the glass higher up, she studied her slender neck where the sun had tanned it. But tan did not matter, for Daddy Hopkins loved her in spite of it.

All at once she heard a knock against the side of the hut. Hastily slipping out of the dress and folding it, she shoved it under her pillow. Then she put on her old dress and opened the door.

Larry Bishop was there, extending her a letter. Taking the note in amazement, she smiled and thanked him.

"Ain't you comin' in, Larry?" she asked. "Kinda chilly tonight, huh?"

The squatter stepped inside, his cap in his hand.

"Yep, too cold for summer, Polly," he returned. "Say, brat, how you gettin' on? Got 'nough beans left for a while?"

"Sure, more'n enough, Larry," she replied. "I writ Daddy in my letter vesterday how blessed good you'd all

been to me. I bet, when I get face to face with 'im, I'll tell things I can't scribble. An' now you go bringin' me this."

She tapped the letter with her fingers as a mysterious smile touched her lips.

The man shook his head grimly.

"You won't be seein' your dad very soon, Pollyop," he muttered, "not if I guess right!"

"Mebbe I will," she told him, fingering the letter.

She liked Larry Bishop very much, but she was eaten up with curiosity to know the contents of the envelope in her hand. Perhaps, oh, might it be—

"Where'd you get this, Larry?" she asked, holding it up.

"I was comin' down the lane," explained Bishop, "an' a feller asked me if I knowed where the Hopkins was. I says, 'Yep, I'm goin' there now.' He says, 'Take this letter to the Hopkins girl,' an' I says, 'Yep,' an'—an' I bring it."

He paused, hoping she would open it in his presence. Being persuaded she did not intend to, he went out. His footsteps had no sooner died away than Polly sprang to the door and barred it. Then she turned the letter over and over and looked at it. Her name was on it; so it must be meant for her to read. A thrill of pleasure ran over her. Perhaps Robert had sent her a word of forgiveness. He might have written that some day he would come again.

With sparkling anticipation she cut open the envelope and by the light of the candle spelled out its contents.

"Dear Polly," she read. "I couldn't manage that trip to Auburn. So sorry."

Polly looked dully at the paper, the words running into black smudged lines. Then she could not go to Daddy Hopkins after all; and Jerry might die! Old Marc had once more laid his powerful hand upon her. Overcome with grief, she wept a while. Then she took the dress from under the pillow, rolled it carefully in a clean cloth and put it away.

The shock of Evelyn's cold note brought back the shadows to Pollyop's brown eyes. As the days passed slowly by, and the rich girl did not come to the shack again, Polly lost all hope of seeing her father.

Her decision to go to Auburn in spite of Old Marc followed a letter that she received from Daddy Hopkins. He was very lonely, he said. He was counting off each day so many hours nearer the time when he could see his dear children. With the picture of Daddy's loneliness stamped in misery on her mind came the thought that no one had the right to keep Jerry from his father.

From the time she conceived this idea, it never left her thoughts. She had often stolen rides on the Lehigh Valley train from Ithaca to the Silent City and dropped off where the engine took a switch while the Buffalo Special dashed by. Why could she not steal a ride clear to Auburn?

While the squatter girl was making arrangements to carry out this mighty plan, preparations for the MacKenzie-Robertson wedding were going rapidly forward. Evelyn, happy in her new love, untroubled by sympathy for the dead Oscar, passed the days mostly at dressmakers and in the shops. Her contentment would have been complete if her cousin Robert had not looked so sad, or if she could have rid herself of the sense of responsibility for his unhappiness.

But hoping in her flippancy way that all would come out well after she was married, she gave little heed to him and none at all to Polly Hopkins.

Early one morning Polly hopped quickly out of bed and after a breakfast of bread and beans, began to dress Jerry in the best he had. The day was chilly, and a fine rain drizzled over the lake.

Pollyop wrapped Granny Hope's old shawl around the little boy and tied a warm rag about his head; and the child, satisfied with his sister's assurance that he was going to see his father, sat on the cot wide-eyed, watching her in silence.

Polly combed her hair and washed her face and hands. Billy-goat Hopkins was in his place at the wood-box eating a handful of oats she had gleaned for him along the roadside. Polly wished that she might take him, too, but as long as she could not, Billy should have a better feed than usual.

After everything else was attended to, she unwrapped the silken dress and put it on. Her bare feet showed from under the hem, but she had decided she looked better without the boots, and as she stood gazing at herself up and down, she regretted that she had not asked Evelyn for a pair of shoes too. Being careful not to soil her skirt, she knelt and allowed Jerry to climb on her shoulders.

The moment she stood outside the shanty in the rain, she shivered. The damp air nipped at her uncovered arms and neck. To travel the long distance to the station, so hilly covered, was out of the question, and the gown would be drenched through in a few minutes. She turned back into the shack and placed Jerry on the cot.

"Jerry wants to see Daddy Hopkins," the child whimpered. "Ain't we goin', Pollyop?"

"Yep, sure!" said Polly. "But sister's got to put on her boots. She can't go this way. It's too cold and the walk to Ithaca's too long, honey."

Her brow puckered into a frown as she drew on her father's heavy boots and slipped into his ragged coat. Then she tucked the dress into the top of the boots that it might show as little as possible and went out again.

It was a long climb to the boule-

vard; and the boy was neavy, but no was very quiet, and a sudden rush of tears almost blinded her as she turned toward the city. How delighted both Jerry and Daddy would be when they spied each other! Gulping down her tears, she shut out the thought that perhaps some one would catch her breaking the law and clap her in jail too.

Granny Hope and her toothless smile flashed before the eyes of her tortured soul.

"Ask and it shall be given thee," seemed to leap from the vision of old age.

"I did ask," Pollyop cried aloud, "but Old Marc said I couldn't."

In the past months which had taken away three of her loves, many of the lessons Mrs. Hope had taught her had been effaced. She had even given up the habit of asserting with utmost faith: "Underneath are the everlasting arms."

She was almost overcome with terror and fatigue as she neared the station. One thing seemed to clear her brow of wrinkles and lighten the load she was carrying. Not a soul was in sight. Even the station appeared to be deserted.

At the northern end of the Auburn car, which was waiting for the engine to pick it up, Pollyop halted. She walked around it stealthily, and then climbed up the steps. A little cry of joy leaped to her lips as the door opened under her touch.

Holding her breath, she shifted Jerry to her arms and crept slowly in.

Rapidly she examined every corner; but all the places large enough to hold them both were in plain sight of anyone walking through. At the extreme end she discovered the stairway; and when she went into it, a thankful feeling swept over her. It was as if that empty cabin, with its many dark places, had been built there just for them. Here she could stow Jerry away and hide her self out of sight.

Under one of the cross seats she placed the child, whispering a warning that he must be very quiet because, if a big man found them, he could not go to Daddy Hopkins. Then under the side seat that ran length-



She Was Almost Overcome With Terror and Fatigue as She Neared the Station.

wise, Polly crawled, and after she had completely secreted herself, she drew down the velvet half-curtain that hung from the seat. It seemed hours before she heard a sound. She hissed a warning to Jerry, then waited in nervous tension.

From the station platform voices seemed suddenly to rise up from every quarter. Pollyop closed her eyes, too confused to think of anything to dissipate the agony of mind she was undergoing.

A few minutes before train time a high-powered motor car drew up to the platform.

"We've got the drawing-room, Marc," explained Robert Percival, "and while you three are shopping, I'm going to dig around Auburn a bit."

"I suppose you're going to call on your friend, Jeremiah," taunted MacKenzie. "Bob, I'll give you a pointer. Drop that case! There's no power on earth that can open the prison doors for Hopkins."

To this Robert did not reply. In deep reverie he helped his aunt and cousin from the automobile and followed them to the car.

When Polly heard a number of people come into the station, she put one hand over her lips. She strained her ears to hear if Jerry had made a move. How she hoped the dear baby had fallen asleep, and that he would not wake up until they were in Auburn! As unexpected as the voice of one long dead, the sound of familiar tones came to her ears. The words were:

"Now, Mrs. Robertson, you sit there, and you too, Eve. Then you won't have to ride backward. Bob and I'll sit here."

The squatter girl's heart nearly jumped out of her mouth. There, within touching distance, was her powerful enemy. Her flesh tingled as if bees had stung her. Robert Percival and Evelyn too, were there. Pollyop shivered and wished that she had waited until tomorrow, or perhaps the day after.

(Continued Next Week)

TAKE NOTICE TO OUR SPECIAL PRICES

PRICES WILL DO ALL THE TALKING NECESSARY

THESE PRICES WILL START FRIDAY, MAY 12th, Up to and Include, SAT. MAY 20th

9-4 Pepperell Brown Sheeting, yard	42c	32-in. White Window Scrim, regular price, 12½¢; special price, yd.	81/3c	Mavis Talcum Powder, regular price 25c; for	20c	We have an extra value in first-grade White Plates, 9-inch; regular price \$1.50 per set; special	98c
9-4 Pepperell Bleached Sheeting, yard	48c	36-in. White Window Scrim, regular price 15c; special, yard	10c	Palmolive Talcum Powder, regular price 25c; for	20c	White Plates, 8-inch, regular price \$1.00 per set; special	78c
42-in. Pepperell Pillow Tubing, yard	38c	32-in. Brown All Linen regular price \$1.20; special price	75c	Palmolive Face Powder, regular price, 50c; for	42c	White ovide shape Cups and Saucers, regular price \$1.50, for	\$1.20
32-in. Dress Gingham, yard	20c	Flowered Mignonette Voil, regular price, 20c; special, yard	11c	Nadine Face Powder, regular price, 50c; for	42c	White St. Denis Cups and Saucers regular price \$1.50; special	\$1.20
Special in all regular 25c Dress Gingham, yard	20c	36-in. White Suiting, regular price, \$1.00, special, yard	63c	Palmolive Shampoo, regular price, 50c; for	42c	We will have a special price on all our White China Ware.	
Good grade of Apron Check Gingham, yard	15c	Men's Dress Shirts, with and without collars, our regular price, \$1.25; special	93c	Palmolive Vanishing Cream, regular price, 50c; for	42c	17-oz. Hoffman House Goblets, set	98c
An assortment of medium grade Gingham, yard	11c	Men's Dress Shirts, with and without collars, our regular price \$1.50; special	\$1.18	Palmolive Cold Cream, regular price, 50c; for	42c	25-lbs. Cane Sugar for	\$1.70
Our regular 20c yd. 36-in. Percale yard	161/2c	Ladies' closed Union Suits, special	48c	Palmolive Toilet Water, regular price \$1.00; for	84c	15c pkg. White Swan Coconut for	10c
Gaze Marvel Tissue Gingham—some get 75c, some 65c yd. Our special, yard	54c	Men's Nainsook Unions special	58c	Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, regular price 50c; for	42c	14-lbs. Blue Rose Rice for	\$1.00
40-in. Extra Value in Solid Color Organdie, our regular price 75c yd; Special price, yard	58c	Don't overlook our Lace Insertion and Embroidery Insertion; big assortment; yard	2c	Jergen's Lotion, regular price 35c; for	28c	6 Bars Laundry Soap for	25c
44-in. Transparent White Organdie, \$1.25 value; special, yard	90c	You will lose by not coming around, for we will have Special prices on other merchandise we have not listed.		Palmolive Soap, regular price 10c; 3 for	25c	All small size Can Milk for	5c
36-in. No Fade Dress Shirting, regular price 35c; special, yard	26c			We have a good Hand Soap for	5c		

A. R. HOOPER

"Everything From a Pin to a Locomotive"

A. M. MARTIN, FORMER BRADY CITIZEN, SHOWS INTERESTING MOVIE FILM

A. M. Martin, erstwhile citizen of Brady and for several years manager of the Brady Water & Light works, while it was owned and operated by the White interests, spent Monday in Brady greeting his many old-time friends, while in this section looking over business and crop prospects for the firm of Anderson, Clayton & Co., cotton exporters of Houston, Texas, with whom he has been associated for the past four years. Mr. Martin reports his son, Herbert, now located at Eldorado, Ark., where he is operating in the oil fields. His other son, Marion, is at Amarillo, where he is assistant manager of the Texas Willite Road Construction Co. Mrs. Martin did not accompany Mr. Martin on his western trip, but expects to visit here later in the year.

While here, Mr. Martin showed a two-reel movie of the Anderson, Clayton & Co. cotton warehouse at Houston, and also views of gins and the compress operated by this firm. The picture was shown to only a few citizens who had been invited to the office of White & Co. for that purpose.

Various interesting views of the immense fire-proof warehouse, with its automatic fire-extinguishers, were shown, and the information given that because of the excellent protection afforded, a fire insurance-rate of but 13c was had, as compared with the rate of about \$2.50 on cotton out in the country, with no fire protection.

The views also showed the modern equipment in every department of the firm—cotton samples being carried by means of endless belt conveyors to all who classed or inspected it, thereby avoiding any necessity of walking back and forth; overhead trolleys carried the bales from one part of the warehouse to another etc. The wonderful shipping facilities afforded by the Houston ship channel were also shown, this feature making Houston the greatest inland cotton port in the world.

The high density compresses used by Anderson, Clayton & Co., and the

round bale gins, operated by the company, were the subject of much interest. The round bales, in addition to being more easily handled, since they weigh but half the square bale, also afford much better protection to the cotton, which is completely encased by the bagging, and with the heads protected. As a result, Mr. Martin stated, cotton in round bales commanded a premium of 2c per pound over the square bale.

The projecting machine carried by Mr. Martin was but little larger than an ordinary traveling case, but it was of fireproof construction and every protection from fire or explosion was afforded the films, in compliance with the strict government regulations.

Needless to say, the scenes showed in the film proved quite a revelation to the audience, and were greatly enjoyed and appreciated by all.

Read The Standard's Classified Ads

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Several good Jersey cows. See J. F. SCHAEGER, Brady.

FOR SALE—50 English White Leghorn Hens, from my breeding pens. LEE MORGAN, Brady.

FOR SALE—A car in good shape; priced reasonably. For further information apply at Brady Standard office.

FOR SALE—Four lots, each 50x150 ft., directly west of the M. L. Stallings' residence. Apply to Dr. J. S. Anderson, or Mrs. Emma Campbell, Brady.

FOR SALE—70-acre farm, mostly in cultivation; or will trade for mules, horses, cattle, good automobile, or good resident property in Brady. Located 7½ miles northwest of Brady. V. L. BRADLEY, 8 miles northwest of Brady.

FOR RENT

TO RENT—Large south room, unfurnished. Apply to MRS. GEO. EDWARDS, North Side.

MISCELLANEOUS

I will stand my Catalonian Mammoth Jack at father's (J. D. Benson's) place ten miles north of Brady. Season \$7.50; Insured \$12.50. J. C. (Curtis) BENSON.

SOUTHWEST TRAIL CONVENTION TO BE HELD IN COLEMAN NEXT MONTH

Initial steps in the formation of a Southwest Trail Association were taken at a meeting of good roads advocates here Friday when a tentative organization was formed, officers elected, and the route designated. Plans were also laid for a general meeting of all towns along the trail, which runs from Renfrow, Okla., to Corpus Christi, Texas, to be held in Coleman in June. At that time it is the plan to name permanent officers and directors to represent every section along the route.

Judge L. G. Mathews of Coleman county was elected temporary president, and Garland Woodward of Coleman, temporary secretary. Temporary directors will be elected from each town on the route.

Prominent visitors at last Friday's meeting here were Curtis Hancock, former chairman of the State Highway Commission of Texas, now general chairman of the highway department for the Southwest Highways and Motor League, and H. B. Sammons, secretary-treasurer of the league. These gentlemen outlined in conference a program of development work for the highway which will include the logging, marking, mapping and advertising the Southwest Trail from end to end.

Saturday morning the local Chamber of Commerce held a session to consider the matter of marking the new route of the Southwest Trail through Coleman county, and \$140 was raised for the purpose. The matter of a local tourist camping park was also considered at Saturday morning's meeting and plans laid for establishing the camping park.

Where Highway Goes. Beginning at Renfro, Oklahoma, near Kansas line, the Southwest Trail crosses Oklahoma to Wichita Falls, Texas, thence across State from north to south, passing through Cisco, Cross Plains, Coleman, Santa Anna, thence to San Antonio and Corpus Christi.

Aside from furnishing a main artery for travel from Salina and Kansas City routes, the Southwest Trail as designed by the association crosses all of the east and west highways in the two states, and has a great number of important feeders. At Enid it intersects the famous Abo Pass, at El Reno the Postal Highway to New Mexico, at Anadarko the Ozark Trails, and again at Lawton the Ozark-Scenic Trails. At Wichita Falls it taps the Colorado to the Gulf Highway; at Olney, it crosses the newly developed F. F. F.; at Albany the northern leg of the Bankhead Highway; at Cisco it intersects the National Bankhead Highway, at Coleman, the Roger Q. Mills, crosses

from Louisiana to New Mexico, as well as the Central Texas from El Paso to Shreveport, the latter two lapping from Coleman to Santa Anna. The Puget Sound to the Gulf comes in at Brady. The Old Spanish Trail, King of Trails, Meridian and Texas-Mexico Division of the Bankhead all come in as feeders at San Antonio.

May Become Military Road.

"If ever the Government sees fit to build a military road from Fort

Sill to Fort Sam Houston, this is without doubt, the route that will be selected," said Mr. H. B. Sammons Saturday, "as it is almost a direct line between the two forts."

Road Markers Selected.

The road marker selected for the Southwest Trail will be the black lettering "S-W-T" and the official highway number upon a twelve-inch band of white lead, with a six-inch band of vermilion top and bottom. Every mile of the highway will be marked

on the straight-aways, in addition to all crossroads, forks and through the business sections of towns.—Coleman Democrat-Voice.

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.

Macy & Co. can supply your needs for all kinds of field seed. See us before you buy.

Never before could you get so much fire worth for \$10.90



CAR-OWNERS who bought a 30x3½ "Usco" for \$10.90 last Fall have discovered this by now—

Nobody before ever got so much tire value in the neighborhood of ten dollars.

They never had to question the quality—with the makers of U. S. Royal Cords behind it.

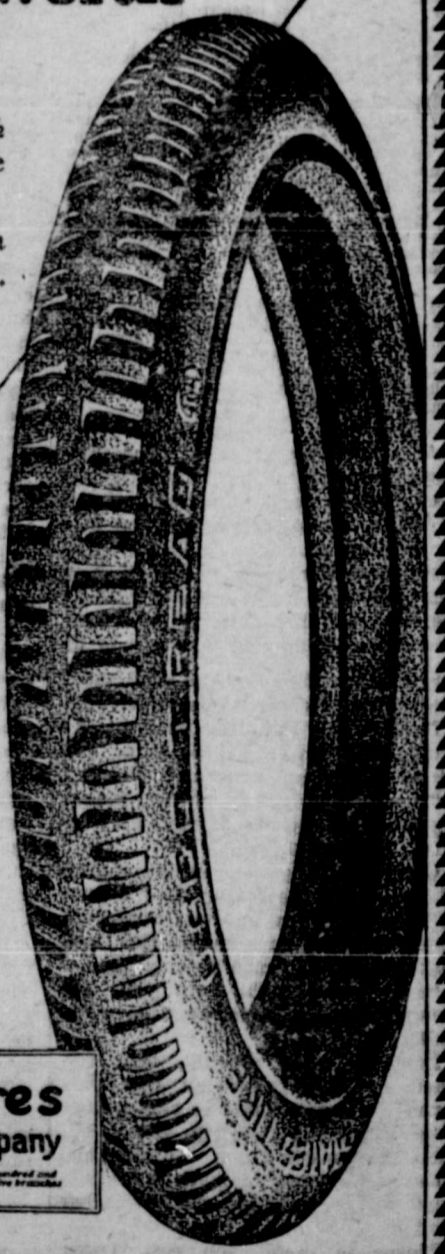
They couldn't help admiring the price—spontaneously made to meet the new economy times.

A tire that would be high value at more than \$10.90. At \$10.90 it is unapproached.

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Take no chances prevent as well as cure. Put Turkeytone in their drinking water, a remedy for Yellow Diarrhoea, Black Head, Turkey Pox, Worms in the intestines of Chickens, Cholera, or roost

