

## FLORSHEIM SHOES--BEST MADE--MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

### PROGRAM FOR BAND CONCERT FRIDAY, 8 P. M.

As announced last week, the Brady band will give a free concert at the Methodist tabernacle next Friday, the program beginning at 8:00 o'clock p. m. This is the second of a series of band concerts which the band has planned during the coming summer months, and which promise to prove most delightful and enjoyable events. The concerts are absolutely free, the band boys taking care of all expense for tabernacle, lights, and other incidentals. Lester Calloway, band instructor, will be here Friday to direct the band in the concert.

The program as announced, will be as follows:

- March, "Independencia"... R. B. Hall Band
- Waltz, "Azure Skies"... Chas. Johnston Band
- March, "National Emblem"... Bagley Band
- Overture, "Princess of India".... K. L. King Band
- Reading, "Maggie and Jiggs At the Golden Gate"..... Miss Edith McShan
- Characteristic March, "Trombonium"..... Bwell N. Withrow Band
- Piano Solo, "The Song of the Brook"..... Thos. Lake
- Mrs. Jack Ragsdale
- Overture, "Hearts of Gold"..... Geo. D. Barnard Band
- Cornet solo, "Melody in F"..... A. Rubinstein
- Cecil Striegler
- March, "New Colonial".... R. B. Hall Band
- "Star-Spangled Banner".... F. S. Key Band

### MEMBERS LOCAL MASONIC ORDER GO TO MASON FOR LAYING OF CORNERSTONE

Quite a number of local members of the Masonic order went to Mason today to be present at the ceremonies marking the laying of the cornerstone of the new Mason high school building, and at which D. F. Johnson of Brownwood, and others high in Masonic circles, will be among the chief speakers, the ceremonies being under the auspices of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Texas.

The following is the program of ceremonies as announced by the Mason News:

- 10:30 to 11:00—Mason Concert Band and Masonic procession march from Masonic Hall to school grounds.
  - 11:00 to 11:15—Prayer.
  - Laying of cornerstone under auspices Masonic Grand Lodge of Texas.
  - 11:15 to 12:15—Speeches.
  - Introductory—Mr. Carl Runge.
  - Address—Grand Master D. F. Johnson, of Brownwood.
  - Response—Mr. Frank Hartgraves of Menard.
  - For the School Board—Mr. Roscoe Runge.
  - Address—Judge F. M. Newman of Brady.
- Other speakers have been invited for the occasion, but the above are the only ones who have accepted to date of going to press. All speakers are limited to 15 minutes. Immediately after the ceremonies are over free dinner will be served all Masons and their families by McCulloch Lodge No. 273.

J. M. Pollock, the old reliable Saddle-Maker, is with J. F. Schaege again, and we are making the same famous saddles and harness as of yore. As materials and labor have declined in price, we are prepared to make reasonable figures on all our goods. Come and figure with us.

**EFFECTIVE AT ONCE.**  
Effective at once, a Reduction in price of Willard Batteries. BRADY STORAGE BATTERY CO.

### CRACK FREDERICKSBURG BALL TEAM FALLS EASY VICTIM TO BRADY FRIDAY

The Fredericksburg Giants last Friday met their David, when the Brady ball team humbled them in the dust, with a score of 7 to 1. The Fredericksburg team came here with a proud record—they had been playing since April 2nd, and out of a total of fourteen games played, had lost but two. Compared with the Brady team, which Friday played their opening game of the season, and that with but a few days' practice behind it, the visitors were seasoned players. Yet at no stage of the game did they have a look-in. Robertson was an unsolvable riddle to them, and after the first couple innings he knew he had them feeding out of his hand, and took things easy for himself. About the only balls the visitors did connect on were Robertson's "floaters." Hollmig, the visiting pitcher, did not show up as strongly as he had been touted, and the Brady boys had the faculty of being able to place their hits off him, as a rule, in open territory.

John Fuller showed up splendidly as back-stop, and won favor with the fans by his good work. In fact, the entire Brady team played well together, and had it not been for errors, Fredericksburg would have drawn a blank throughout the game. Errors were chalked up against Jones at 1st, Roberts at 2nd, and Harrison at ss, due in each instance, not so much to bad playing as to being too anxious to complete a play.

"Old Man Jones," Brady's grand old man of base ball, was in the right garden for most of the game, and walloped out a strong hit that helped net Brady two scores in the third, but the pace was too swift for him, and he retired in the 6th in favor of Settle, a new player from Emery, Texas.

The umpires, Karl Steffins of Brady and Langerhans of Fredericksburg, gave good satisfaction, their decisions meeting with little, if any, protest.

Fredericksburg had the only double play to her credit Hampton flying out to Knopp, who threw Robertson out at 1st sack.

The smallest "Giant" on the visiting team was Walter Klaerner, little son of the manager, and mascot of the team. The little fellow had a regulation uniform, and was a favorite with members of the team and Brady folks as well, even though he failed to bring luck to his comrades.

The following was the line-up:

| Brady          |                | Fredericksburg |               |
|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|
| Woolsey, cf    | Reichenau, ss  | H. Jones, 1b   | U. Henke, cf  |
| Fuller, c      | Langerhans, 3b | H. Adkins, 3b  | Krauskopf, 1b |
| B. Jones, cf   | E. Henke, lf   | Robertson, p   | Schellhas, c  |
| G. Roberts, 2b | Probst, 2b     | Hampton, lf    | Knopp, rf     |
| Harrison, ss   | Hollmig, p     | *Settle, rf    |               |

\*Settle replaced Jones in right field in the 6th.

Score by innings:  
Brady .....202 000 03x-7  
Fredericksburg ....000 000 010-1  
Summary—Struck Out: By Robertson 16; by Hollmig, 5. Bases on Balls: By Robertson, 1; by Hollmig, 1. Hits: Off Robertson, 5; off Hollmig, 9. Double plays: Knopp to Krauskopf. Umpires: Steffins and Langerhans.

**Card of Thanks.**  
We take this method of expressing our sincere appreciation for the kindness of friends and neighbors during the illness and upon the death of our father, W. F. Davis, and for their words of sympathy and consolation, and their beautiful floral offerings. We shall ever hold you all in grateful remembrance, and pray God's richest blessings upon you.  
GEO. DAVIS and Family  
J. M. ANDERSON and Family.

**MONEY TO LEND** on ranch and farm lands. BROWN BROS. San Angelo, Texas.

### BUSINESS STOPS AS CITIZENS JOIN WITH LEGION IN MEMORIAL SERVICE

#### TRIBUTE PAID TO DEPARTED SOLDIERS BY JUDGE EVANS ADKINS—GRAVES OF VETERANS DECORATED, VOLLEY FIRED AND TAPS SOUNDED.

From 10:00 this morning until 12:00 m., business in Brady stood at attention, while the citizenship joined with the Elijah F. Allin Post of the American legion in Memorial Day services for the veterans of three wars, who had gone to join the silent hosts across the river. Each of the four graves in Brady cemetery, which mark the last resting place of World War veterans, was visited, and at each grave invocation was offered by the Rev. S. C. Dunn, followed by the placing of flowers on the grave by Sergeant-at-Arms, O'Farrell Craddock, with words spoken by Post Commander J. A. Holton. Then followed the volley by the firing squad, and the sounding of taps by Bugler Lester Calloway.

The Brady band played "War Eagle," by Johnson, a martial air, as the members of the American legion marched into the tabernacle and took their seats in the enclosure in the center of the house reserved for the legion members and veterans. Following this the band played "Nocturna," by Asher.

Post Commander J. A. Holton made a short address telling of the purpose of the assembly, viz: to pay tribute to those gallant veterans who had passed on. Invocation was offered by the Rev. S. C. Dunn. The entire audience joined in the singing of "America," with piano accompaniment by Miss Jennie Banister.

Mr. Holton then introduced Judge Evans J. Adkins, who made one of the most interesting and inspiring talks ever heard, in which profound tribute was paid those who do their duty toward God, their country and their fellow-man.

Following this a few minutes of silent prayer for the dead comrades of all wars was had, the audience standing.

With the audience remaining standing at attention, the band played the national anthem—"The Star Spangled Banner," following which the benediction was said.

The march to the Brady cemetery was then begun, the order of march

### JAS. FINLAY OF FIFE ANNOUNCES FOR LEGISLATURE, 93RD DISTRICT

Jas. Finlay, farmer, philosopher and economic student of the Fife community, was in Brady Monday, to make his formal entrance in the campaign as a candidate for the State legislature from the 93rd district. While Mr. Finlay has had the matter of his candidacy under consideration for some time, he has delayed his announcement pending decision as to the redistricting bill, which has finally been upheld, and which places Lampasas together with McCulloch and San Saba counties in forming the 93rd district.

Mr. Finlay's platform embodies some of the live issues of the day, and his stand upon these questions permits of no doubt as to his position. The free schools, and their deplorable condition, is one of Mr. Finlay's main planks, and he promises to use his utmost efforts, if elected to get a square deal for the schools. He expects to make an active campaign and will gladly make clear his position upon any question that confronts the citizenship.

In filing his name with County Chairman J. E. Brown, Mr. Finlay had the distinction of being the first candidate, district or county, to make application for place on the official ticket.

Mr. Finlay is today in San Saba, where he is acquainting the citizens with his candidacy. A formal statement from Mr. Finlay to the voters will be published in the Friday issue of The Standard.

Miss Pinkie Jones will teach a Summer Class. Those interested may see her or telephone 365.

If you want more milk from your cows, feed Checkerboard Dairy Feed. Macy & Co.

### LOHN AND CALF CREEK PLAY INTERESTING BALL GAME HERE, LOHN WINNING

Lohn and Calf Creek played an interesting game of ball at Dutton City park Sunday afternoon, with the score resulting 6 to 2 in Lohn's favor. The Lohn team showed up somewhat stronger than their opponents, their battery being stronger, and their fielding being much better. Spade, pitcher for Lohn, held the Calf Creek team down to a few scattering hits until the ninth inning, when C. C. staged a rally and rapped him for several hits, included among which was a 3-bagger by R. Bradshaw. The Lohn team had two 2-baggers to its credit, one by John Vogel and the other by P. Cornils.

Umpires for the game were W. F. Roberts, Jr., of Lohn and Joe Myrick of Brady.

The line-up:  
Lohn—  
Calf Creek— Lohn—  
R. Bradshaw, ss F. Vogel, cf  
B. Miller, 3b L. Vogel, ss  
M. Pearson, c J. Vogel, 1b  
W. Harkrider, 1b C. Horn, 3b  
L. Bradshaw, 2b L. Barton, c  
E. Garms, lf P. Cornils, 2b  
R. Stepp, p E. Vogel, rf  
E. Bradshaw, cf Spade, p  
F. Smith, rf S. Jeter, lf  
\*Huie

\*Huie replaced Jeter in left field in the 7th.

Score by innings:  
Lohn .....110 202 00x-6  
Calf Creek .....001 000 001-2

### AMERICAN LEGION AND BOY SCOUTS JOIN IN PREPARING GRAVES OF VETERAN DEAD

In preparation for the Memorial Day services to be held over the graves of veterans of the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and the World War, Elijah F. Allin post of the American Legion, ably assisted by the Brady Boy Scouts, yesterday afternoon spent several hours in cutting weeds, and in improving the appearance of the graves in Brady cemetery. As a result of their efforts, all veterans graves were placed in neat and orderly condition, so that homage might be paid in fitting fashion to the departed. The thanks of the community are due these two bodies for their foresight and care, as well as their spirit of duty towards their departed comrades.

Attention Blue Lodge Members.  
Regular meeting Thursday night, June 1st. Election of officers.  
PAUL CALVERT, W. M.

Paneled Car's and Wedding Stationery. The Brady Standard.

being as follows:

- Colors
- Band
- Bugler
- Firing Squad
- Civil War Veterans
- Spanish-American War Veterans
- American Legion.

Then followed a long procession of citizens in automobiles.

At the graves of Cohen Blount, Jerry Wright, Finis Westbrook and Jackson West, all of whom were veterans of the World War, the procession halted, while homage was paid the departed comrade. Following invocation offered by Rev. Dunn and the placing of flowers on the grave by the sergeant-at-arms, the post commander spoke these words: "These flowers may wither, but the spirit in which they are assembled will endure to the end of time." Then followed the firing of a volley by the firing squad of eight, with Hubert Adkins commanding, and the sounding of "taps" by the bugler.

As a symbol of the numerous graves of Civil War veterans, the grave of J. A. Parrish was taken, and similar services conducted over it.

Following the ceremonies at the cemetery, the procession returned to town, the same order of march being observed as in the procession to the cemetery.

### Cured Him.

"How's Jig Fiddlin's rheumatism by now?" asked an acquaintance.  
"Well," replied Sam Platt of Straddle Ridge, Ark., "pears like it's better. His mother-in-law made up some liniment out of bone-dry lickor and one thing and another, and I reckon she didn't weaken it down enough. Tennyrate, Jig rubbed it on his legs and sixteen seconds later jumped through the winder and lit out, hitting the high places for the tall timber, yelling in an unknown tongue at every jump. Took him three days to get back, and he says that either the exercise or the liniment cured him, and he don't know—p-tu—-which."

"No dirt—no shavings—no dust—no soiled fingers." That's why every home, office and school needs the Boston Pencil Pointer. The Brady Standard.

### HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

WHITE FOLKS PAHXON SAY  
DE MAN WHUT'S 'LIGIOUS  
IS AP' T' BE HAPPY  
BUT AH SPEC' EF HE WHUT  
DEY CALLS SAC'LIGIOUS  
HE SHO DO BE JOYFUL!



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### HALF OF PAINT ROCK BUSINESS SECTION BURNS

Paint Rock, May 28.—Half the business section of this place was destroyed by fire shortly after 3 o'clock this morning. The loss is estimated at \$80,000, partially covered by insurance. Four of the principal business buildings were consumed.

The fire started in the Curtsinger drug store from an undetermined cause, and before it could be extinguished about half the business houses of the town had been destroyed.

Had it not been for fire fighting apparatus from Ballinger, 18 miles away, the entire business district would probably have been destroyed. The Ballinger department was on the job in 40 minutes from the time of the first alarm.

The heaviest losers are: Curtsinger Drug Company, Ratchford Grocery, Bradshaw & Taylor's grocery, Montgomery Loan and Abstract office, R. P. Trail, owner of the building occupied by Bradshaw & Taylor; W. C. Montgomery and John Webb, owner of the building occupied by the abstract company.

The fire is believed by some to have been started by burglars in the Curtsinger drug store, possibly by the overturn of a bottle of acid.

### Help from Ballinger.

Ballinger, May 28.—Shortly after 4:00 o'clock this morning an appeal came from Paint Rock for fire fighting apparatus, coupled with the statement that the business section was threatened with destruction.

A truck with a full complement of men made the 18 miles in 30 minutes. They succeeded in preventing a further spread of the flames.

### On the Safe Side.

A man from Arizona on returning home was telling of the crookedness of card playing as practiced in Montana.

"I was settin' in a little poker game with a bunch of fellers up there," he orated, "when one guy parks a cud of chewin' tobacco in the middle of the table. Well, I don't say nothin'. Then pretty soon another feller parks his. Still I don't say nothin'. But when a third does the same thing, I gets fretful.

"Say,' I says, 'what's the big idea?'"

"'Pardner,' one of the fellers says, 'you don't think we're goin' to take no chances by turnin' our heads, do you?'"

## \$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**

**THE BRADY STANDARD**

H. F. Schwenker, Editor  
 Absorbed the Brady Enterprise and the McCulloch County Star  
 May 2nd, 1910

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

**OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING**

ADVERTISING RATES  
 Local Readers, 7 1/2¢ per line, per issue  
 Classified Ads, 1 1/2¢ 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.

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

**BRADY, TEXAS, May 30, 1922**

**HONEST INJUN.**

With crop prospects in McCulloch the best ever; with the farmers well up with their work and practically all fields clean as a whistle, The Standard has in its order for another "Million Dollar Rain," together with the request that old Jupiter Pluvius do not misread our figures, so as to make them out either \$1,000,000,000,000, or \$000.00. Just right, this time, Jupe, Old Boy!

**HOME BUILDERS ASSOCIATION.**

Among the several splendid moves inaugurated in behalf of Brady and her citizens by Wm. D. Cargill, Brady Chamber of Commerce secretary, perhaps none is more worthy of commendation and general approval than the Home Building and Loan association. It is an organization designed to assist those who would own homes. It has as its purpose the converting of the renter into a home-owner, thereby making for a more permanent citizenship, and for better homes and better cared-for homes. Here is a pithy sentence taken from one of the editorial writings of the Economic Evangelist of the Star-Telegram:

A rented house lasts only from two thirds to half as long as a home occupied by the family that owns it.

That is a fact, well stated. For permanent citizenship, we must look to the home-owner. For civic pride for civic upbuilding, for civic development, the home-owner always leads the way. No one is as careful, or as thoughtful, of another's property as he is of his own. And by the same token no one will provide a home with as substantial improvements, as great conveniences or as due regard to comfort for a renter as he will for his own use. Either way, it is human nature.

Therefore, every move to encourage the home-builder and the home-owner, is a move for a better city and a better citizenship.

**SNAP SHOTS**

A West Dallas widow says the reason she broke her last engagement was because her fiancé was an incubator manufacturer, and she was afraid the chickens were too fond of him.—Dallas News

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**

There is a glacier in Alaska which moves downward at the rate of three feet a year. They call it "The Cost of Living."—New York Tribune.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

THE BRADY STANDARD  
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 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.

**HOMES AND SCHOOLS.**

The Standard, its issue of Friday, May 16th, printed an editorial written by Phebe K. Warner for the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, that should be read and pondered over by every Standard subscriber. It gave comparative figures on Texas, Iowa and Illinois. Perhaps you read the entire article, or maybe you overlooked it entirely—in either event, here are the closing paragraphs of the same, which should occasion much thoughtful consideration upon the part of citizens of Texas. Read the following—then, if you are interested, which you surely should be, you will want to look up the issue of the 16th and read the article in its entirety.

Here is what Miss Warner says concerning Texas and Iowa's homes and schools:

But this is the part that is humiliating, or ought to be. Iowa, with her 56,000 square miles of farm lands and realizing only 10 per cent income on her high priced acres, has one of the best public school systems in America. And, as compared with all the other States, Iowa has perhaps the best country homes of any State in the Union. In other words Iowa has been investing her income 10 per cent or otherwise, in better homes and better schools, until today she leads the Nation with her little old 56,000 square miles in all farm values.

It is her HOMES and her SCHOOL system that make Iowa the leading State in the Nation in agricultural wealth. But there may be a reason for this, other than purely domestic or educational. Iowa has about 2,500,000 people living on her 56,000 square miles. Texas has about 4,500,000 living on her 265,000 square miles. Iowa has evidently run out of cheap or any other kind of land. Texas still has millions of unused acres to let. Consequently when Iowa could no longer buy more land with her money the people began to invest their savings in better homes and better schools. As a result, Iowa has some of the finest consolidated rural schools in the Nation. Iowa claims more high school graduates than any other State of its size in population. It would seem that Iowa has turned her attention from quantity to quality in her schools and in her children's education. While in Texas we are still drunk with the idea of quantity. Our land is still too cheap. And as long as a man can get another farm for a few thousand dollars, he is determined to get it instead of building a better home and a better school for his wife and children. First thing he knows he has so much land that the taxes scare him, and he puts up the howl that he cannot possibly pay enough tax on his land to build good schools. As a result, a few of our people are getting richer every year, while the majority stay poor. An individual may get wealthy by neglecting his home, his children and his school, but when a State at large neglects its homes its children and its schools to get rich, it is bound in the end to stay poor.

He Paid Off.  
 Journeying along the border a few weeks ago, Tom Mix, a motion picture actor, drove his automobile across the river into Juarez for a glass of beer, innocently parked it in a space where parking was prohibited, and walked off. He had made about two blocks when he was clapped on the back by a breathless Mexican policeman. "You air under arrest for putting ze automobile where he do not belong. Come with me. Why not you stop when I call you?" panted the gen-darme. "You never called me," said Mix. "Sir, senior, I call you twenty times, I hees—like dees: Sessssss! Zat is ze way we call ze attention of a hombre in Mexico." "Well," said Mix, "all I've got to say is that's a rotten way to call an actor."

A Relapse.  
 A moving picture actor relates an amusing incident that happened during the filming of a certain play, in which the actors and actresses took the parts of roosters and hens. The film was taken out of doors, and one day, while the actor was taking a stroll, he came across a man seated by the roadside, with his face buried in his hands, evidently in deep distress. The actor stopped and asked what the trouble was. "I'll tell you," said the man. "I'm one of the patients at the asylum over yonder. Yesterday the doctor said that I was well, and could leave in a day or two. But what do you suppose. I saw this morning? Roosters and hens six feet high, and talking like humans. That settles it! If I get away from this hole in ten years I shall be lucky!"—London Answers.

MONEY TO LEND on ranch and farm lands. BROWN BROS. San Angelo, Texas.

To Cure a Cold in One Day  
 Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets) It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 3c.

**SHORT SERMONS FOR ECONOMIC SINNERS.**  
 By the Economic Evangelist.

**MORE MONEY FOR HOMES.**

The last census figures show that there were 25,052 families in Fort Worth in 1920 and only 19,679 dwellings.

In Dallas there were 36,754 families and 30,860 dwellings.

In Houston there were 33,932 families and 28,452 dwellings.

In San Antonio there were 36,405 families and 30,246 dwellings.

In El Paso there were 18,159 families and 11,158 dwellings.

And practically every city and town in the State shows a like relation of the number of families to the number of dwellings.

In Texas as a whole there were 1,017,413 families and 946,629 dwellings.

The surplus of families over dwellings was chiefly in the cities and towns.

And in the United States as a whole there were 24,351,676 families and 20,697,204 dwellings.

If every family in Fort Worth now living in rooming houses or doing "light housekeeping" were to decide to live in a "home," whether rented or owned by the family occupying it, it would be necessary to build 5,894 new dwellings to take care of them. If every such family in the United States were to make such a decision it would be necessary to build 3,654,472 new dwellings to accommodate them.

There is no danger, of course, of all such families, either in Fort Worth or in the country as a whole making such a decision.

But it is safe to say that a majority of such persons would like to have a home, even a rented home.

And I am simply pointing out that it would be impossible to supply them if they all sought to have such a home tomorrow.

Let's stick a pin in that point, so to speak, while we look at another set of census figures.

The census figures show that there were 2,881,359 more dwellings in the United States in 1920 than there were in 1910.

And there were 4,096,121 more families in the United States in 1920 than there were in 1910.

In other words the excess in the increase in families over the net increase in dwellings was 1,214,762.

But there was, as I have said, a net increase in dwellings of 2,881,359 during the ten years from 1910 to 1920.

That's an average net increase of approximately 288,136 dwellings a year.

I say "net increase," for that does not mean that only 2,881,359 dwellings were built during the ten-year period.

In the first place it was necessary also to replace all the dwellings that were destroyed by fire, flood, storm and other cause.

And the total fire losses in the United States during the ten-year period amounted to more than \$2,375,000,000!

Not all of these fires were "total losses" and, of course, not all of them were "dwellings."

But the enormous total gives an idea of how many dwellings it was necessary to build to make up this loss alone.

However there are always a great many more outworn dwellings torn down in a year than there are dwellings burned.

So in addition to the number of dwellings shown in the net increase, there must have been a dwelling built for each one that was torn down.

I shall not make an estimate of how many such dwellings there were, though offhand I should say there must have been at least as many as the net increase.

What I have cited these figures for is to show that there is no danger of the United States "overbuilding" in the matter of dwellings in the near future.

If we are to maintain our standard of living the danger is all the other way.

Remarks About Marks.  
 "You say this movie cost a million?"  
 "Just about," said the producer.  
 "Don't you know the public cannot be fooled by that sort of advertising any longer? The people know movies don't cost a million dollars."  
 "Who's talking about dollars?"  
 "This movie was made in Germany. If you are so darned inquisitive, figure out how many marks it takes to make a dollar."

For many years to come there will be an increasing demand for money for the purpose of financing the building of dwellings.

And the only institutions in the United States which devote all their energies to accumulating funds for this purpose are the building and loan associations.

At the end of the fiscal year on June 30, 1921, the building and loan associations of the United States owned total assets amounting to \$2,519,914,971.

That's enough to make a \$2,500 loan on each of 1,000,000 houses.

And that money was the property of 4,062,919 systematic savers!

The net increase in the assets of building and loan associations during the ten-year period from 1910 to 1920 was \$1,489,227,940, and the net increase in the number of members was 2,630,090.

An enormous growth in ten years and yet woefully inadequate to meet the building needs of the country.

But that is not all that should be said in comment on the enormous amount of money that is made available for mortgages on dwellings by this great number of systematic savers.

More than half the membership of the building and loan associations of the United States and more than half of their assets are confined to four states—Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey and Massachusetts.

These States together have 2,650,990 building and loan members with assets totaling \$1,350,740,947.

And in Texas, at the end of the fiscal year, June 30, 1921, there were only 9,360 building and loan members with assets of only \$3,251,891.

Let me not be understood for a moment as suggesting that other Texas institutions have not supplied funds for building.

And let me not be understood as suggesting that the building and loan associations are the only source for money for this purpose anywhere.

Obviously that is not true, because they could not begin to meet the demand.

But I am saying that they are the only institutions that devote all of their funds to investment in real estate mortgages and that there is no more direct way of increasing the available funds for building purposes than by increasing the membership and the assets of the building and loan associations.

It must be clearly understood also that when I refer to "building and loan associations" that designation must not be confused as applying in any sense to the "three per cent contract" companies.

That the building and loan associations are only in their infancy in this section of the country is obvious from the growth they have attained in other sections.

They are becoming an increasingly important factor in the very necessary service of gathering and directing the funds required for building purposes every year.

My purpose in presenting the facts with respect to these institutions in this series is to fit them in their place in the economic environment of the average man.

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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 has secretly married to Evelyn Robertson, supposedly wealthy girl of the neighborhood. Polly alone knows their secret. Marcie 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 the 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 charity 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 intrustful 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 sneered from the enemy of 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 with which to buy off Bennett and induce him to leave the country, giving her her freedom. She is really, however, attracted to 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 more 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, waylays the girl when she leaves Percival and abuses and threatens her. Percival returns and threatens her, but she tells him 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 a 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 secretly realizing it, the girl refuses. Meeting Robert next day, he tells her she 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.

**CHAPTER XI.**—A week later Polly, alone during a heavy thunder storm with her little brother and Granny Hope, has a visit from Evelyn. She tells Polly something has "struck" Oscar. The two women carry him from the road into the shack. He is insensible. Polly sets out to get a doctor. She meets Percival, who accompanies her back to the hut. Evelyn tells Robert she is there on a visit to small Jerry. She insinuates that Bennett is Polly's sweetheart. Robert believes her, since the girl, true to a promise to Evelyn, does not deny it. He conducts Evelyn from the hut, after bitterly denouncing Polly for her duplicity. Bennett dies and Evelyn is free.

**CHAPTER XII.**—Polly borrows a dress from Evelyn and with Jerry tries to beat her way on a train to Auburn prison to visit her daddy. She is discovered by MacKenzie and Percival. Evelyn is with them and denies having given the dress to Polly, who is accused of stealing it. Percival takes her home, disgraced.

"And that isn't all," he fumed. "I started something else today, and he's trying to block me."

He jerked at his collar so violently that the stiff linen tore with a whining sound.

"D—n that thing," he exploded and threw the ruined neckwear on the floor. "I won't stand any more interference."

"If you don't want to bring Bob to terms," he went on, "I will! That's my word! I've held my peace so long as I can!—Good God, now, don't start to cry!"

But in spite of his imperious command, Evelyn had wept long after her husband's heavy breathing told her that he was asleep.

Next morning, walking into the dining room wearily, she found her cousin, Robert, standing near the window, his hands in his pockets. She went straight to his side.

"Bob," she breathed.

The young man turned upon her and caught the hand she laid on his arm. "You've got to help me now, Eve," he began, without other response to her greeting. "It's all very well for Marc to take a high hand in some matters, but this thing he's planning is brutal."

"I can't do anything with him," cried the girl. "He told me about it last night; and I talked and talked till I'm hoarse. Bob, why don't you go away somewhere?"

Robert shook his head dismally. "I can't, Eve, I can't," he returned. "I know what Polly is, but she's young and—"

He paused, brushed back his hair and hurried on:

"I love her, that's all! If Marc continues in— Ah, here he comes."

The door swung open, and MacKenzie strode into the room. He came to a halt at the sight of his young wife and her cousin.

"What's up?" he exclaimed testily. "Bob wants to talk to you, dear," explained Evelyn, in a conciliatory tone. She had learned in the past months that suppressing her own temper was to travel along the lines of least resistance.

"Well, have some breakfast," was the ungracious reply. "Sit down, both of you."

"I've had my breakfast," answered Robert. "I wanted to have a word with you, Marc, before you went into town. I want to buy of you at your own price all the land the squatters are on. That would relieve—"

"Squatters again, eh?" came in quick interruption. "My dear Robert," MacKenzie placed his fingers on the back of his chair and watching his wife, proceeded, "I really dislike to be abrupt in my own family and in your house, but you know there is such a thing as a man minding his own business."

A deep flush rose to Percival's brow.

"I am minding my own business," he shot back. "If it's your will to persecute a girl who's almost dead with grief, it's mine to help her if I can. This last thing you're trying to put over is abominable!"

In rough impatience Marcus sat down, Evelyn dropping into her place opposite him.

"From your interest one would think you had a more intimate reason than just humanity, Robert," he sneered broadly. "Is that it?"

Into Evelyn's pale face rushed a mass of color, and she shrank back as if she had received a blow. As quickly the flush receded, leaving her whiter than before.

Robert came forward to the table. "You're perfectly right, Marc," he confessed almost inaudibly. "I do love Polly Hopkins—I—"

MacKenzie interrupted him by rising to his feet, his handsome face suffused with anger.

"Then it's time I cleared her out," he answered. "A squatter in the family—a thief—a liar—"

Mrs. MacKenzie struggled to her feet and began to cry.

"I can't stand any more," she whimpered. "I simply can't, Marc. The way you both quarrel over those people gets on my nerves. You promised me, Marcus, you wouldn't ever do it again."

All the concentrated rage he had gathered in the past few weeks burst forth in a vicious snap.

"Then tell your precious cousin to keep his nose out of my affairs, my dear! I'm perfectly capable of attending to them. I don't wish to sell that land, but I do intend to get rid of that tribe; and both of you might just as well understand it now as later."

He said it with such forceful determination that Evelyn threw an entreating glance at Robert. Uttering a sharp exclamation, he turned swiftly and went out.

The next few hours he spent in Ithaca, trying to turn aside the blow that threatened to fall upon Polly Hopkins. But so great was MacKenzie's influence that Percival's own friends shook their heads when he approached them.

Uttered east down by the futility of his morning's work on behalf of the squatter girl, Robert Percival wended his way to the Silent City. He could not let the relentless law burst in upon Pollyop unprepared. Through the settlement he hurried to the Hopkins shanty and paused before it. There still above the door was the printed sign.

"If your heart's loving and kind come right in; if it ain't scoot off."

Ah, surely he did love her in spite of what she had done. As a traveler in a dry and thirsty land longs for fresh water, so he desired Polly Hop-



There Still Above the Door Was the Printed Sign, "If Your Heart's Loving and Kind Come Right In; If It Ain't Scoot Off."

kins. Vain had been his efforts to tear his image from his heart. Often he had been tempted to marry her and take her out of her dreadful circumstances, but each time the desire came to him, the vision of the dying farmer killed it.

Broodingly his eyes swept the narrow lake and the eastern, rearing hills. He remembered how he and Polly Hopkins had sat together on the ragged rocks, watching the clouds sweep over the sky above, like flocks of birds across wonder-blue water.

With a groan he threw off these memories, and striding forward, he rapped on the hut door.

Polly Hopkins opened it, looked at him, bent her head but spoke no word. "I want to talk to you, child," was the excuse he gave; and still silent, she moved backward and allowed him to enter the room.

Now that he was there, Robert felt as if he could not force his tongue to say the things she must hear. He was oppressed by his utter failure to keep the promise made that day before "The Greatest Mother in the World," and knew not how to explain it.

"Polly," he had commenced, when Pollyop, because she was so tired, so forlornly helpless, began to sob bitterly. The sight of him after all these weary days quite overcame her.

"Don't," he interjected impetuously. "Please don't do that."

Her tears only added to the remorse that scourged him and gave new vitality to his passion; but, like a wall of fire between them, burned his jealousy of Oscar Bennett.

"I want to help you," he stammered. Pollyop shook her head.

"You can't do nothing unless you get my daddy back," she whispered. "Jerry'll die—"

This gave a slight opening, and Robert grasped at it eagerly.

"I came to talk about him," he interrupted. "Now please don't cry any more. Don't! Sit down a minute." He placed her in a chair, going white as his hand touched her. "You say the child is ill, Pollyop?" he went on, but paused as Polly nodded her head.

"Yep, he's sick all right," she returned, wiping her eyes.

"Then perhaps if he went away somewhere, to a place where he'd have good food and care until his father—"

At his words the girl suddenly grew rigidly erect, but the piteous trembling of her lips made the young man avert his eyes.

"Squatter babies grow on the grub squatters give 'em," she replied huskily. "All they need is bread an' beans an' love," she hesitated and swallowed hard before she continued: "An' lots of love! That's what's ailin' Wee Jerry. He wants his daddy!"

"But, Polly!" Robert tried to check the flow of her words, but she ran on: "He'd die sure in a strange place. Nope! Jerry stays in the shanty with me."

There was such an air of finality in her inflection and appearance that Percival groaned within himself and nervously paced the length of the room and back. He simply could not tell her. How could he place another burden upon the already bowed young shoulders?

Then the matter was taken out of his hands. The roll of carriage wheels, an unusual sound in the settlement, came distinctly to their ears and caused the girl to throw him a startled, questioning glance. Before he could give her the least warning, the door swung open, and MacKenzie, followed by three men, came into the shanty.

Marcus had not expected to find his wife's cousin there after the scene of that morning. A sneer tugged at the corners of his mouth. Then, remembering that he represented the county, a slow smile curled his lips.

"So you're here, young man," he snarled. "Well, mudding in this business won't do you any good. Didn't I tell you yesterday what I intended to do; and you had the nerve to upset my wife about it. You're making yourself the laughing stock of the whole town! Now you'd better go if you don't want to witness a little comedy that'll stick in your memory for many a long day."

The speaker turned to Pollyop. "Where's that boy?" he demanded. Involuntarily Polly looked toward the cot where Wee Jerry lay asleep. "You mean the baby— Oh, you don't mean Jerry?" she questioned dully.

He held out a paper which the squatter girl took as if she had been in a stupor. She held it up, tried to make out what was printed on it, then dropped her hand hopelessly to her side.

With an exclamation of pity, Robert went to her and took the fingers that clutched the paper.

"Polly," he said swiftly, "you'll have to give Jerry up for a little while, just a little while—"

She snatched her hand away, the document fluttering to the floor. In a moment she had picked up the child from the cot and hugged him to her breast.

"Old Marc ain't come for the baby, has he?" she shrieked, her tone high-pitched and strained. "He's mine, Jerry is, I'm goin' to keep 'im here till Daddy comes home; so you might as well all scoot."

In the stillness that fell as her voice broke, each man was impressed with the martyrdom she was passing through. Robert had never imagined a person could go so white and still be alive. With an ejaculation, hoarse and defiant, he sprang to her side.

"Polly," he cried. "My God, don't look that way! Listen to me!"

"Can he take the baby?" fell monotonously from her blue lips.

"That's just what he can do, Miss Hopkins," thrust in MacKenzie. "The law says a child can't stay in a place like this. You'd have seen that if you'd taken the pains to read the paper. Put some wraps on the child, Miss!"

Polly stood with Jerry gripped tightly against her; and, frightened, the little boy began to cry.

"I want my Daddy Hopkins, Pollyop," he whimpered brokenly.

Pollyop looked so dreadful that for a moment MacKenzie was silent. Her eyes had an expression of such hate and deadly determination in their singular brown depths that for a moment he held his breath.

"If you take him," she spoke at last,—"why, d—n you, I'll kill you!"

At first MacKenzie eyed her contemptuously. What did such a girl's threats mean to him? Then he laughed. And that laugh stung the sensitive girl more than if he had struck her.

"You took our Daddy Hopkins," she told him, drooping a little at the telling. "but Jerry— He's my baby, an' I keep him in the shanty till his pappy comes home. You hear, the hull of you, don't you?"

Her eyes were roving from one to another, but her voice lowered on each word, because in the steady gaze of Old Marc and his deputies she saw no relenting.

"I'd rather he'd die," she screamed. "I'd rather he'd be next to Granny Hope in the graveyard!—Get out of here, I say."

The scene was even more nerve-racking than MacKenzie had expected.

"Take him away from her, Bowers," he ordered, turning to one of the men. The man spoken to stepped forward in evident unwillingness; but a shout from MacKenzie made him grab for the child. With one hand the frenzied girl beat at him with all her energy, but he struck down her slim young fingers as if they had been twigs. Thrusting one arm around her, he caught Wee Jerry by the shoulders.



Polly Struggled Madly, and the Child Shrieked and Clung to His Sister With All the Puny Strength He Had.

But to disengage the boy's clutch from the chestnut curls called forth all the quickness the man possessed. Polly struggled madly, and the child shrieked and clung to his sister with all the puny strength he had.

"Keep away, Percival," snapped MacKenzie, pushing Robert backward. "If you lay one finger on my men, I'll take the girl along to jail."

To save the girl he loved, Robert compelled himself to stand by while the boy was torn bodily from her. He saw one of the men drag a blanket from the bed and throw it around Wee Jerry.

Then he snatched at the girl, but she quickly eluded his grasp. How awfully her eyes glowed, and how her face twitched!

"Get out with him before she cuts

up any more," growled Marcus, as Polly bounded forward only to be met by the speaker's outstretched arms.

"If you make another scene, my lady," he rapped out, "I'll have you arrested for obstructing the law. And remember this, huzzy, I'm going to get you next."

His threat against herself meant nothing to Polly Hopkins. But the word "law"! It struck at her brain like a hammer. She suddenly felt as if a tidal wave, strong and relentless, had broken over her. It was the same law taking Jerry that had imprisoned Daddy Hopkins, that had carried away Larry Bishop from his woman. The thought brought her up with a sharp gasp. She did not care what they did with her, but little Jerry, Wee Baby Jerry!

"What you goin' to do with him, mister?" she begged, wringing her hands. "Tell me that! I can't let 'im go till you do!"

She caught at his arm, and the strong brown fingers dug deep into his flesh.

"Look into the paper there and you'll see where I'm going to take him," answered MacKenzie. "Let go of my arm! There!" He wrenched himself free. Then, enraged and with eyes flashing, he shouted, "Get out with the kid, you men, and start off!"

Glad to be gone, the officials stepped into the open, one of them carrying the writhing Jerry. Then Polly Hopkins stood upright in the middle of the shanty, grief, consternation, and then an expression of insanity passing over her face.

Robert Percival was near her, not daring to utter a word; her deep-set agony was too terrible for sympathy. All at once she started forward; and he made a desperate effort to stop her.

"Pollyop," he pleaded. As she raced through the doorway, he called: "Wait—wait—"

In an instant he was out beside her, speaking her name softly, imploringly. She paid no heed to him, but flung up her arms. And then she laughed! Marcus MacKenzie was standing beside his horse, and on beyond in the lane a carriage was rolling away, from which came piteous screams from Jerry.

"Pollyop," entreated Robert. "But Polly had bounded from him toward the man and the horse."

"I hope," she shrieked at MacKenzie, "I hope your hands'll wither off; I'm wishin' all you love'll die before your eyes, an' every day I'll be askin' Granny Hope's lovin' God to d—n you till you drop rottin' in your grave."

Marcus had halted with his foot in the stirrup. He had heard every word she had uttered; and drops of cold sweat gathered on his brow. Then, with an oath, he vaulted into the saddle, put the spurs to his horse and galloped up the hill after the retreating carriage.

Robert was leaning limply against the side of the shanty when Polly Hopkins turned swiftly back. He spoke to her; and she looked dazedly at him. Then she laughed again, directly into his face; and the young man, almost as distraught as his friend, tried to take hold of her.

"You scoot, too," she said to him; "get out, an' stay out; I an'—an' tell your lily-livered cousin, I say, I hope if she ever has a baby it won't have no eyes to see 'er with, nor no mouth to kiss 'er with—I hope—"

"Oh, God!" groaned Robert. Before he could get back his wits, she had rushed past him into the shack, slammed the door and barred it against him.

For more than two hours Polly Hopkins lay face down on her cot. During that time her loving heart had broken and died within her. She had no longer an incentive to live, no more a desire to look forward to Daddy's home-coming.

When at length she crawled to the floor, all signs of tears had disappeared, leaving the once glowing eyes dull and expressionless. There was no one left to love save the billy goat, and to him she gave no heed.

In her aimless wandering about the shanty she paused before the reproduction of "The Greatest Mother in the World." Polly did not care for her any more either. Deliberately she took an old coat and hung it carefully over the glorious solemn face. She never wanted to look upon it again—Never—Never!

Then, taking the ax, she went out and, as deliberately as she had hidden from view the picture, so did she hack from above the door the welcoming sign.

When it lay at her feet, battered and partly broken, she muttered over the words. "If your heart is loving and kind come right in. If it ain't scoot off."

She had learned her lesson at last. Hearts were not loving and kind, after all. Then, with powerful strokes of the ax, she split the slab in pieces. Unfathomable depths of hate and revenge had swallowed her soul! Polly Hopkins was done with love forever!

**CHAPTER XIV.**

"God-Almighty, Polly brat!" exclaimed Larry, Bishop one evening, "what made you come out a night like this, huh?"

The girl went to the stove and in silence extended her hands over its top.

"What's up, Pollyop?" the man demanded again, curiously, dropping into a chair. "You look something awful!"

And so she did! The long-lashed eyes had gathered and held an indefinable expression of hatred. The fair, lovely face knew tender sympathy no more. She was no longer Polly of the Sun. For her that orb had become merely a ball in the sky, hot like the stove and bright like the candle flame.

only more so. Nor did the pale winter moon ever catch her dazzling smiles. The twinkling stars had forgotten weeks ago that once a squatter girl had stolen out nightly to throw upward a kiss, begging them to deliver it to the crucified one there beyond them—the good Jesus who sat on the golden throne and who had sent her the message by Granny Hope that "Love were stronger'n hate any day."

As usual her feet were in Jeremiah's boots, and as usual she wore his coat. Her curls were covered with snow, and as she studied the dark-faced man she shook drops of water from them.

She advanced toward him, choking with emotion. Since Wee Jerry had gone, her hours, spent in planning revenge, had completely exhausted her. She was so tired that when she reached Larry she crouched before him on the floor and turned a pale, beseeching face up to him.

"I've come, Larry Bishop," she began gravely, "to ask you to help me to even up a little with Old Marc."

The squatter's head went up, and a startled expression shot into his fierce eyes. Then he sank lower in his chair, and the fire died out of his countenance.

"Who can get even with that d—n brute?" he muttered after a while. "Squatters can't! We'd all go to Auburn if we mess up him or his'n."

A white glow faded so close to his that Bishop drew back.

"Who cares a d—n about Auburn?" Pollyop exclaimed roughly. "We won't go there till we've tore Old Marc's heart to pieces an' made it hurt like yours does, Larry, like mine does for Jerry an' Daddy Hopkins. Wouldn't you be willin' to spend a few years in jail if you could make him howl an' go almost mad like me an' you have, Larry?"

Bishop looked beyond her head into a dark corner. It was in that spot he often imagined he saw the wraith of his woman. His uneasy regard settled; and the ghost woman rose mistily, gazing at him with unearthly eyes. Then the pale, unsmiling phantom extended her arms and within them appeared a frail infant.

"God!" burst from his lips like a shot from a gun.

Pollyop glanced backward over her shoulder. But the shudder that ran over him brought her haggard face back to his.

"Ain't your heart hurtin' something awful for your Betty woman an' your brat now, this very minute?" she queried abruptly, as if she, too, had seen the ghastly thing in the corner.

"God, yes!" he shivered, taking firm hold of his chin to hide the tremble of it.

She seized his arm viselike, the grip drawing a groan from the squatter.

"An' wouldn't you just love to see Old Marc twist an' squirm like a stepped-on baby snake, huh?" came in one long, sobbing breath.

Again the shifty look of the tortured man came to rest on the gloom beyond.

"I'd die for it, so I would, Pollyop," he cried. "Out with what you got in your bean, Pol; an' I'll listen, so help me God!"

Pollyop leaned heavily against him, panting. She was making an effort to tell him her plan. With a swift upward motion of her head, she began to talk in broken tones; and as she proceeded, Larry Bishop raised straighter in his chair.

Polly's voice trailed into silence; and Larry sent one hasty look over her head. The wraith smiled sadly at him and was gone. He shook himself and struggled to his feet. Then a broad, wicked grin spread his lips apart, and he laughed aloud. Pollyop, still on the floor, laughed, too, hysterical sobs catching at her throat, and a desire to scream forcing her hands to her mouth. Such awful sounds were unusual in the Silent City, where even honest mirth was no longer heard because the men and women scarcely dared breathe for fear an enemy from Ithaca would suddenly appear.

"Glowy be to God!" ejaculated the man, hoarsely, "that's the how of it, brat! It'll be a whack for my dead woman, an'—"

"An' a good whack for the Hopkins tribe, too," cried Polly, scrambling up.



She Turned to the Door but Halted With Her Hand on the Latch.

"It'll be a black Thanksgiving for Old Marc, huh, Larry?—I'm goin' back home now."

## Society Brand Clothes

### Walk-Over Shoes

No shoe is made with greater care or precision than the Walk-Over—that's why they give such universal satisfaction.

### Stetson Hats

Are in a class to themselves. Our stock of sizes, shapes and colors is the most complete in West Texas.

### Straw Hats

Get in a Straw Hat—then you'll be fixed for hot weather.



### Cooper Underwear

The underwear that never fails to give perfect satisfaction. Just right for summer wear.

### Van Heusen Collars

Never wilt—always look like a starched collar—laundry like a soft collar. Wear a Van Heusen once and you'll want no other.

### Shirts—Collars

—Ties, Sox—everything in Men's wear—the newest and the best.

## What "Wear" Really Means

Do you recall the friendly feeling you had for the suit that looked well the second season?

Society Brand Clothes are that kind. That's why we sell them. The fabric wears well and the style lasts too—that's what "wear" really means. We have variety, too, for you to choose from—so you're sure to get just what you are looking for.

**\$15.00 to \$45.00**

**BATHING SUITS**—Bathing is fine—in the swimming pool—in the river—in the camping trip. We have the nicest line of Bathing Suits for both Ladies and Men ever shown in Brady. **\$1.50 to \$6.50.**

## KIRK'S QUALITY SHOP

PHONE 54 BRADY, TEXAS "NUF-SED"

### LOCAL BRIEFS.

With the time most opportune for another good general rain, comes the encouraging news of about a quarter-inch rain Sunday evening in the Fife community, and which extended east from Henry Bradley's place over a strip of country. Then Monday a very good rain was reported at Brownwood and Mercury, and extending this way towards Rochelle.

J. T. Roberson, who tells the wonders of Wonder, Ore., finds so much general interest in The Standard that he orders the paper sent to his sisters, Mrs. Nettie Devore at Caroline, Alberta, Can., and Mrs. N. J. Martin, Charleston, Ark. He also thinks his nephew, Lee O. Allen at Georgetown, Texas, would be interested in what The Standard publishes and so has us add him to the list also. Mr. Allen is sheriff of Williamson county.

R. L. Richter and family were in Brady from Waldrip Monday to see his daughter, Miss Cassie Richter off to El Centro, Calif., where the young lady will take a position in a bank. Miss Cassie was at El Centro with the family during their residence there a year or two ago, and at that time held a responsible and lucrative position in the bank, and her services proved so acceptable that she was induced to return and again take up the work in the bank.

Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Springer are moving back to Brady this week. Bro. Springer said to tell the Eden people that he regretted leaving them but thought that he would be more centrally situated in his field of labor by making the move. We had hoped that he was a fixture in Eden, but so long as he and Mrs. Springer are no farther away than Brady his work will call him this way often, and if "distance lends enchantment," we will be mighty glad to have them visit us. His home, anyway, is from the center to the circumference of the Brady Baptist Association's territory.—Eden Echo.

Stamp Pads, Rubber Stamps, Pad Ink, Stencils, Marking Brushes, etc. at The Standard office.

### W. J. CUNNINGHAM, CANDI- DATE FOR CONGRESS, SPEAKS HERE SATURDAY NIGHT

W. J. Cunningham, candidate for Congress from the 17th District, advises that he will speak in Brady Saturday, June 3rd, at 8:30 p. m. Judge Cunningham is opposing Thos. L. Blanton, who is offering for reelection, in the race, and in his address may be expected to present his views upon various phases of the situation. Judge Cunningham is highly spoken of by friends over the district and promises to be a strong candidate for the favor of the voters of the 17th district. There are two other candidates who have announced for the same office—Oscar Calloway of Comanche, and J. F. Allbright of Brownwood.

### The Boys' Questionnaire.

Where kin a lad buy a cap fur his knee?  
Or a key to the lock o' his hair?  
Kin his eyes be called an academy  
On account they's pupils there?  
In the crown o' his head, what Jools are found?  
Who crosses the bridge o' his nose?  
Kin he use when shingling the roof o' his house  
The nails on the end o' his toes?  
Kin the crook o' his elbow be sent to jail?  
If so, what kin he do?  
How do he sharpen his shoulder blades—  
Oh, no, I don't know, do you?  
Kin he set in the shade o' the palm o' his hand  
Or beat on the drum o' his ear?  
Do the calf o' his leg  
Eat the corn on his toes?  
If so, why not grow corn on the ear?

### A Cheerful Giver.

A colored revival was in full blast, and one old fellow was exhorting the people to contribute generously. "Look what de Lawd's done fo' you-all, bredren!" he shouted. "Give Him a portion of all you has. Give Him a tenth. A tenth belongs to de Lawd!" "Amen!" yelled a perspiring member of the congregation, overcome by emotion. "Glory to de Lawd! Give Him mo'. Give Him a twentieth!"

### BRADY BALL TEAM WILL PLAY CRACK SANTA ANNA AGGREGATION THURSDAY

The Brady ball team has matched the second game of the season with Mason, on the latter's ground, for this afternoon, the contest being one of the features of the celebration in our neighbor city, incident to the laying of the cornerstone for the new Mason high school building. The third match game will be played at Dutton City park next Thursday afternoon, when the locals will take on the crack Santa Anna ball team. The Santa Anna team is probably one of the strongest in this section, and just recently claimed a victory from the Brownwood team by a score of 15 to 2. The locals feel confident of their ability to not only hold their own, but to teach the visitors some new wrinkles in ball playing.

In a letter received from Leon Shields, manager of the Coleman ball team, Mr. Shields says that Brady's old rivals are now organizing and hope soon to be in position to match a series of games with Brady. Incidentally, Mr. Shields states that he hopes all past differences will be forgotten, and that the two teams will be able to show some "Days of Real Sport," assuring Brady that Coleman's goat isn't going to be very easy to "get." The locals feel that if Brady can get Coleman's goat as effectively this year, as they did last, they will have enough mutton to supply both towns with barbecue.

MONEY TO LEND on ranch and farm lands. BROWN BROS. San Angelo, Texas.

### Turkey tone

SAVE YOUR TURKEYS  
Take no chances prevent as well as cure. Put Turkeytone in their drinking water, a remedy for Yellow Diarrhoea, Black Head, Turkey Fox, Worms in the intestines of Chickens, Cholera or Bowel trouble. Satisfaction guaranteed. Disinfect your hen house or roost with Martin's Dip and Disinfectant.  
TRIGG DRUG CO., Brady

### PERSONAL MENTION

R. B. Reeves of Lometa is a guest of his aunt, Mrs. H. T. Graham. Ira Mayhew left this morning for San Antonio on a business trip. Mrs. R. Graham of Menard is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. H. R. Hodges. Mr. and Mrs. Claud Baker and children were here this morning from Eastland on a brief business visit. Harold Craddock, who is attending Baylor Dental college at Dallas, arrived Sunday to spend the summer vacation months with home folks and friends.

A. J. Ricks and son, Glenn, returned Sunday from a trip to Llano and Willow City. They were accompanied upon the return by Mr. Ricks' mother, Mrs. Mary Ricks, of Austin who will be their guest here for some time.

Eddie Olan returned Thursday from a visit of several weeks with home folks and friends in St. Louis. Eddie says he enjoyed his visit thoroughly, but that he got homesick for Brady, and was mighty glad to be back here.

Ben Reed returned Monday with an honorable discharge from the U. S. naval service, having completed a two-year term of enlistment. Ben spent the greater part of his enlistment in Cuba, and was also stationed in California and New York waters for a time. His many friends are glad to see him back, and he is no less glad to be back here once more.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days  
Druggists refund money if FAZO OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Blain, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Instantly relieves Itching Piles, and you can get restful sleep. Price 60c.

From coast to coast Tanlac is known and honored and millions have taken it and pronounced it the greatest medicine of all times. Trigg Drug Co.

A Social Deprivation.  
"No, you'll not be able to leave the house for a week at least."  
She—"Oh, dear! Then I shan't see Emily married! I've missed two of her weddings already, and it may be months before she's married again!"  
—Judge.

## SAN ANGELO DISCHARGES ENTIRE POLICE FORCE

San Angelo, Texas, May 29.—Carrying out its announced policy for a general clean-up in municipal affairs, the City Commission today discharged the entire personnel of the police department, effective June 15th.

At that time, W. B. Wilson, live stock commission dealer, is scheduled to become police chief, succeeding George W. Cunningham, who has been a city and county officer sixteen years and holder of a commission twice that long. He was formerly Sheriff of Mills county. When the change is effected night and day desk sergeants probably will be installed and a new sanitary inspector and fire marshal will be appointed, taking over these duties from M. B. Jones, who will continue as Judge of the Corporation Court.

### A Best Seller.

As the boy who tended the newstand was absorbed in reading a book, I hunted around until I found the magazine I wanted and then approached him. When I spoke to him he did not raise his eyes from the page, but held out his hand for the coin and dropped it automatically into the till. I said: "Where's the change?" "What did you get?" he replied, still without looking up. I told him. "How much is it?" he asked. I said I did not know. "Can't you read it on the cover?" he inquired crossly. Thus admonished I searched the cover until I found tucked away in the hair of the pretty girl picture. When I told the newsdealer he tossed the change over the counter. One of the coins rolled on the floor, but I recovered it while the boy read on. Curious to learn the nature of the book he was reading I glanced over his shoulder at the title. It was called "The Science and Art of Salesmanship."

### Immobile.

Clarence—"It's easy to see your people came from Ireland."  
Terence—"An' that's where ye're wrong. They did nothin' of he kind."  
Clarence—"What? Didn't they come from Ireland? With that brogue?"  
Terence—"They did not. They're there yet."

### Letting Him Down Easy.

A rich man, lying on his death bed, called his chauffeur who had been in his service for years, and said: "Ah, Sykes. I am going on a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me."  
"Well, sir," soothed the chauffeur. "There's one comfort. It's all down hill."

## VETERANS AND FAMILIES GIVEN RATE OF ONE CENT MILE TO NAT'L REUNION

The following letter of interest to Confederate veterans, their families and friends has been sent out from McKinney, Texas, under date of May 27th by E. W. Eirkpatrick, Lt.-General Commanding, Trans-Mississippi Dist., U. C. V.

Once again, by cordial invitation, we go to Virginia, the Mother State of Liberty, to assemble in Annual Reunion and accept unexcelled hospitality of the good people of the Capital City of Richmond, Virginia.

Sixty years have elapsed since the South, in response to urgent appeal, sent its loyal soldiers to defend Richmond against the wrath of a ruthless enemy; and well did they succeed in that defense.

A noble remnant of those soldiers, together with their sons and daughters, have received most cordial invitation from the citizens of Richmond to come and receive unbounded welcome enshrined in love and devotion.

So come and reconsecrate the sacred soil where comrades and where fathers made supreme sacrifice for undying principles; in defense of rights which will never be abandoned by civilized men.

Railroad transportation extends to Veterans and their families at a rate of one cent per mile, each way, coming and going.

Affiliated associations are conceded one fare for round trip.

Tickets, west of Mississippi river, will be on sale from June 16 to June 18, 1922. Time limit to return, July 10, 1922.

Lodging at hotels ranges from one dollar per day to four dollars per day. Lodging, including morning meal in private homes, \$1.25 to \$2.00 per day.

Dinner and supper in mess hall, free to veterans.

Write to B. B. Morgan, chairman of Information committee, Richmond, Va. giving number of visitors and style of lodging desired and you will receive, by mail, cards informing you of your home assigned.

When you arrive in Richmond, call for location of your Division Headquarters where you can register and receive badge.

For desired information, address General Jo. Lane Stern, General Chairman, Richmond, Va.

This a rare opportunity for meeting friends and of visiting the old home.

Nature intended that you should eat what you want. You can do it if you take Tanlac. Trigg Drug Co.

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.

Maev & Co. handles the famous Checkerboard Dairy Feed. Guaranteed to give better results than any other feed on the market.

## The Commercial National Bank OF BRADY



WILL BE CLOSED SATURDAY, JUNE 3rd

In Observance of Jefferson Davis' Birthday



Please Arrange to Do Your Banking on Friday