

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

ELECTION JULY 3 FOR SCHOOL TAX AND \$40,000 BONDS

Acting upon the petition of 45 voters of the Brady Independent school district, the school board last Friday ordered an election to be held July 3rd for the purpose of submitting to the voters two propositions, the first, to raise the limit of taxation for school purposes from 50c to \$1.00, and the second, to vote on an issue of \$40,000 bonds for the purpose of building a new school building.

Sponsoring the petition for the election was the Parent-Teachers association of Brady, and Mrs. Wm. C. Jones, president, and Mrs. A. B. Stobaugh were active in presenting the petition for signers. Heading the petition were Messrs. F. M. Richards, F. W. Henderson, J. H. White, Dr. B. L. Craddock, E. E. Willoughby joined in by forty other leading citizens.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Stobaugh were greatly encouraged by the active support promised them on all sides and feel that both issues will be carried with practically a unanimous vote.

The board, meeting on June 2nd, was required by law to set the date for the election not less than thirty days from that date July 2nd falling on Sunday, Monday, the 3rd, was accordingly named as election day. This date should assure a full vote from the citizenship, inasmuch as the election will be held before many of the citizens leave to spend the holiday on July 4th at other points.

BAND CONCERT FRIDAY NIGHT APPRECIATED BY LARGE CROWD ATTENDING

The Brady band concert last Friday night at the Methodist tabernacle served to attract a great attendance, the audience filling the spacious auditorium. The program presented was enthusiastically received, and the boys came in for unequivocal praise from all for the splendid manner in which they rendered even the most difficult overtures. In fact, so rapid and so thorough has been the progress and work of the band, that Brady now boasts of a band which would do her credit at any place and under any circumstances. While the band was directed by Lester Calloway, the band instructor, Mr. Calloway had the band boys carry out their own program, merely directing the playing, which is another reason why the boys are deserving of unstinted praise.

One of the most pleasing features of the program was the cornet solo given by Cecil Striegler, with piano accompaniment by Mrs. S. J. Striegler, in which Cecil proved himself a wonderful young cornetist, and appreciation of his splendid performance was voiced in a storm of applause. His encore was equally pleasing and enthusiastically received, being played with piano accompaniment by Mrs. Striegler, second cornet by Mr. Calloway and trombone by Francis Keller.

The piano solo by Mrs. Jack Ragsdale also delighted an appreciative audience, and the reading by Miss Edith McShan added greatly to the pleasure of the audience. Miss McShan's encore was exceedingly clever and appreciated accordingly. It ran: "Women's faults are many, Men have but two— Everything they say, and Everything they do."

The wonderful progress made by the Brady band is due, without question, in a large measure to the earnest efforts put forth by the members of the band, but none the less much credit also goes to Mr. Calloway for the instruction he has been enabled to give upon all the various instruments that make up the big 40-piece band. The band boys are very hopeful that they may be enabled to induce Mr. Calloway to make his home permanently in Brady, so that they may derive even greater benefit from his instruction and leadership.

JEFF MEERS OIL CO. WELL NO. 3 ON ZELLE FLOWS GAS

Jeff Meers was in Brady today, coming here from San Angelo to inspect progress at the Texas-Meers Oil Co. well No. 3 on the Zelle tract. Mr. Meers states that this well is making a good bit of gas, after having penetrated only some four or five inches in the sand at 395 feet. In fact, the flow of gas has been strong enough to supply lights and fuel for cooking over a straight 24 hour period at a time. Mr. Meers states that as soon as pipe can be hauled to the location, the drillers will shut off the water in the well and drill it in. Mr. Meers is confident that this well will be the best yet drilled.

The new well is located on J. P. Sheridan survey No. 2, the Zelle tract 1000 feet southwest from the Jeff Meers Oil Co. well No. 2 on Survey 89. Well No. 2 has tested out 5-barrel production, although drilled only 5 or 6 inches into the oil sand, and Mr. Meers believes will be good for from 25 to 30-barrel production when drilled in.

Together with the original producer brought in by the Prairie Oil & Gas Co., these three producers now prove up a 40-acre tract, and give a widely extended field for future operations.

BASE BALL AT SANTA ANNA TODAY—COLEMAN HERE THURSDAY-FRIDAY

The Brady ball team is today playing Santa Anna on their home grounds, and endeavoring to get revenge for the drubbing administered by the Santa Anna team on the local grounds last week.

Coleman's newly organized ball team is coming to Brady Thursday and Friday of this week for two games. Coleman had a hard time convincing herself last year that Brady had the better team, even tho' Brady repeatedly gave the slugger from Hord's creek the little end of the scoring, and this year the visitors are coming back chestier than ever. So Thursday and Friday afternoons we shall see what we shall see.

ADVERTISED K. K. K. TALK OF THE REV. BUREN SPARKS TOUCHES SUBJECT LIGHTLY

If there were those who expected either a red-hot pro or anti-Ku Klux Klan talk Friday night following the band concert at the Methodist tabernacle, they were disappointed. The hand bills scattered about town at the instance of the Rev. Buren Sparks of Santa Fe, New Mexico, evangelist in charge of the Baptist meeting, led to much speculation upon the part of the citizenship as to Rev. Sparks' attitude upon the subject, some even intimating that he was an organizer for the K. K. K.'s.

Rev. Sparks stated that he was not a member of the K. K. K., but cited numerous alleged law violations, sinister movements against the government and various other circumstances which, in his opinion, had led to the formation of the Klan by those citizens who wanted to see the laws enforced and justice maintained.

Mr. Sparks made a strong appeal for better citizenship, emphasizing the fact that jury-dodging was one of the predominant causes for the lax enforcement of the law. He also asked pledges towards maintaining the sanctity of the home, and advised care in the selection of school teachers, in order that the doctrines advocated by Emma Goldman, notorious anarchist and bolshevist, might not be spread among the school children.

In the course of his address, Rev. Sparks expressed doubt as to whether an "invisible" empire could be established or maintained within a democratic government.

Why mope around, half sick and listless when health and strength are yours for the asking? Take Tanlac. Trigg Drug Co.

Just Hard Luck.

I heard that fish were biting—
Big cat and perch and trout;
And I knew 'twould be exciting
Yanking some of 'em out.

I had to buy some liver,
As no worms could then be found;
And the minnows, little sinners,
Of course were nowhere 'round.

I found a spot and shady—
Put on a hunk of cow;
And sat me down upon the ground
All expectations now.

I think I'd fished an hour,
When my pole began to shake;
And I could see as plain as could be
What a breakfast he would make.

I knew I had a dandy,
By the pull he had and power;
And wished my friends could see me
Then—
My very happiest hour.

But soon all glee was gloomy,
That "liver" did the trick;
For what I yanked upon the bank
Was a turtle fat and "slick."

—P. R. Campbell.
Lampasas, Texas.

COURT HOUSE NEWS

The following is a record of marriage licenses issued, vital statistics and real estate transferred as recorded by the county clerk during month of May.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

Mr. H. W. Kendrick and Miss G. M. Bundick, May 5.
Mr. Wm. Cornelius and Miss Priscilla Hudson, May 6.
Mr. G. F. Stroope and Miss Leona Garey, May 9.

Walter Roberts and Bertha Harris, (col.) May 11.
Jno. Brown and Mrs. Virginia White, (col.) May 13.
Mr. Ray Brown and Miss Linnie Morrow, May 13.

Mr. Ellis P. Parker and Miss Ola Wood, May 20.
Mr. F. D. Deason and Miss Cora Lee Cowan, May 24.

Mr. Elbridge Bates and Miss Iva Lela Prickett, May 25.
Mr. W. A. Browning and Miss Emma Hudgens, May 27.

Mr. Tom Sellman and Miss Bernice Bolt, May 27.
Mr. Noel Penn and Miss Margaret Sharp, May 30.

Births Recorded.
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Oxford, Rochelle, girl, May 2.
Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Underwood, Brady, boy, May 13.
Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Mooring, Rochelle, girl, May 15.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Hyde, Rochelle, girl, May 16.
Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Young, Brady, boy, May 16.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Hensby, Waldrip, boy, May 17.
Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Hemphill, Brady, girl, May 17.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Peel, Doole, girl, May 25.
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Browning, Lohn, girl, May 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jones, Brady, boy, May 11.
Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Peterson (col.) Brady, girl, May 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wigginton, Brady, girl, April 29.

Deaths Recorded.
William Fletcher Davis, Brady, May 24.

Real Estate Transfers.
John R. Dorsett to J. M. Phillips, 1 acre, Surv. 264, Abst. 1616, Cert. 33-3338. \$65.

Arthur Langhlin to Owen Rush, lot 2, block 7, Spiller addition. \$50.

W. T. Lemons to J. P. Williamson, part school section 236, Abst. 1613. \$185.

W. F. Spiller to G. A. Spiller, part of Surv. 107. \$4500.

Mrs. Fannie Hoppe to E. L. Ogden, lot 1, block 3, Henson addition. \$100.

T. F. Squyres to J. W. Sansom, south 120 acres, Surv. 298, Abst. 1786. \$2160.

J. P. Williamson to J. M. Virdell, part school section 236, Abst. 1613. \$200.

Sam Ross to Frank Carmickle, lots 6 and 7, block 84, Luhr addition. \$235.

A. L. Neal to J. S. Neal, lots 19 and 20, block 45, town of Rochelle. \$700.

W. H. Gibbons to Roy Burt, part Surv. 787, Abst. 147. \$13. \$300.

J. T. Price to Mrs. R. V. Rook, block 44, town of Rochelle. \$1000.

W. D. Priest to E. M. Neyland, one-half interest in 2.6 acres, Surv. 62, Abst. 1588. \$10 and other consideration.

F. M. Newman, W. D. Crothers and G. R. White to Mayhew Produce Co. 20x60 ft. off south end lots 12 and 13, block 7. \$2000.

J. E. Bell to Mayhew Produce Co., 20x40 ft. southeast part of lot 12, block 7. \$500.

J. P. Jones to Owen Duke Mann, part Surv. 16, Abst. 1831. \$1200.

Read it in The Standard.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

ONE REASON HOW COME
FOLKS TALKS BOUT YOU
TO YO' BACK, DEY
DON' MIN' HURTIN' YO'
GOOD NAME BUT DEY
JES' CAIN' STAN' T'
HURT YO' FEELIN'!



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SAN ANTONIO BUS LINE TO BRADY IS NOW OPERATING

Regular daily passenger service is now in operation between Brady and San Antonio, with one trip being made in each direction daily, according to Messrs. Joe Amberson and Benton Davies of San Antonio, who were in Brady last Friday talking up business for the lines. Mr. Amberson states that Stephens cars are being used, assuring a safe, comfortable journey. Messrs. Amberson and Davies, incidentally were arranging to extend the passenger service thru to San Angelo, and hope by the end of this week to begin making through trips, San Antonio to San Angelo.

Another service which they contemplate instituting in the near future is a freight service, operating every other day.

The San Antonio-San Angelo line is a unit of the Union Bus line of San Antonio, which operates cars to Austin, Kerrville, Bandera, Medina Lake Gonzales, Nixon and Pleasanton.

The fare on the San Antonio-San Angelo line is 5c per mile, or \$7.50 one way, and \$14.00 round trip. Brady to San Antonio. Mr. Amberson was not seeking to sell stock in the company, nor to have the citizens along the route underwrite the proposition in any manner. However, he did have a proposition that the citizens buy service coupons, good either for passenger fare, or for freight service at \$1.25 per 100 lbs. within a year, or to be redeemed in cash at the end of a year if unused.

The San Antonio-San Angelo line will open a wonderful new field, and once established, is certain to prove popular with traveling men operating through this territory.

MAKE PREPARATIONS NOW FOR POISONING THE BOLL WEEVIL AT RIGHT TIME

"In time of peace, prepare for war," is a proverb more or less in disfavor in international negotiations just now, but it still applies to fighting the cotton boll weevil, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Late poisoning is likely to hurt the farmer more than it hurts the weevil, and the only way to be sure of getting an "even break" with the weevil is to be supplied in advance with calcium arsenate and dusting machinery.

"We find every year," says R. B. Coad, director of the Department's boll weevil laboratory, "that many farmers fail to realize their danger early enough and then start making desperate efforts to poison after the infestation has become very heavy. They scurry around trying to get calcium arsenate and dusting machinery, and nearly always there is considerable delay. Even when they get the poison and the machinery, it is extremely difficult to control weevil infestation after it becomes severe. There are so many weevil stages present in the squares and bolls that some of them come out every day and poison must be kept constantly on the plants if any good is to be done by it. This very greatly increases the expense of poisoning. Then if there comes even a short spell of rainy weather, such control as has been gained is lost and the farmer has gone to heavy expense for nothing. We advise all cotton planters to be extremely careful about starting late season poisoning. In a few cases, it has been successful, but at heavy cost and only under the most favorable conditions. The only safe course is to be prepared to poison at the right time." Write the Delta Laboratory, Tallulah, Louisiana, for instructions "When and How to Poison."

All attending the initial meeting came away fully imbued with the spirit of Rotarianism, and it is safe to say that this new organization is certain to become a power for more co-operation and more united effort upon the part of its members in all matters pertaining to civic welfare of town and country.

So if you chance in at Irwin's some Thursday during the noon hour, don't marvel if you hear any of the following, or all of them, singing some song like "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," and putting a lot of pep into it. Charter members include: John Smith, Duke Mann, Jack Ragsdale, Fred Wulff, Sam Hughes, Doc Sellers, Harry Schwenker, Chauncey Trigg, Joel Holton, Ben Anderson, Frank Lazaller, Nuf Sed Kirk, Lee Jones, Wm. C. Jones, Wilson Jordan, Bill Cargill, Bill Crothers.

Build up your system and feel fine all the time by taking Tanlac. Trigg Drug Co.

LUNCHEON CLUB ORGANIZED ON ROTARIAN IDEAS

A noon-day luncheon, attended by some twenty of Brady's business and professional men, was had at the Irwin Cafe last Friday noon for the purpose of considering the organization of a local club along Rotarian ideas and with Rotarian ideals. The meeting was in the nature of an informal gathering, and the motives of a Rotary club, its operations and benefits, were briefly enumerated by Wm. D. Cargill, secretary of the Brady Chamber of Commerce, and one of the leading spirits in the move for a Rotary organization.

The initial meeting was fortunate in that it had as a guest of honor, Boyd Conley of Taylor, Texas, a member of the Rotary organization at that place, and whose inspiring talk upon the Rotary organization and the splendid work it had accomplished in the year that it had been organized in Taylor, served as a great measure, to add impetus to the local move. Mr. Conley stated that before the organization was effected in Taylor, the town was divided into various factions, but that the Rotary spirit and practice, "Service before Self," had wrought a marvelous change. The Rotarians got behind the better schools movement; they interested themselves in everything tending for the upbuilding of the town; they learned to know one another more intimately, and to appreciate one another more thoroughly. They had the confidence and good will of the entire citizenship and their gratitude as well for the change in spirit which the organization had brought about. He advised care in the selection of members; only those who were admitted live wires and who would stick, should be included in the membership list.

Mr. Conley further stated that the club had lost but one member, and further stated that no rotary club once organized, had ever been known to disband.

After several peppy endorsements of the Rotarian creed and ideas by various of those present, it was unanimously decided to effect a temporary organization, with the intention of making application for inspection and approval of the club by Rotarian officials as soon as the club was sufficiently organized and working to enable such inspection to be made.

S. W. Hughes was elected temporary chairman and F. R. Wulff, temporary secretary, both elections being by acclamation.

The weekly noon-day luncheons were decided upon for Thursday of each week, at which time the members will meet from 12:30 to 1:30, for the purpose of enjoying fun, singing songs, exchanging ideas and getting the "get-together" spirit thoroughly instilled into their bones. All formality is done away with at these meetings; the appellation, "Mr." is taboo; even the most dignified visitor is "Bill," or "Jim," or whatever his first name or nickname happens to be.

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Build up your system and feel fine all the time by taking Tanlac. Trigg Drug Co.

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

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.

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

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

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, June 6, 1922

HONEST INJUN.

The fabled Phoenix of old, reputed to live for 500 years, then to be consumed by fire and to rise from its ashes in youthful freshness, has nothing on McCulloch county. After ten months' drouth, McCulloch county has risen from her ashes and is again blossoming like a rose.

SPEAKING FOR THE KLAN.

The announced address of the Rev. Buren Sparks last Friday night on the subject of the Ku Klux Klan was a splendid appeal for better citizenship, better law enforcement and higher regard for the laws of the land. It would have been just as good and just as able an address if the subject of the Ku Klux Klan had never been brought up in connection with the address.

While Rev. Sparks stated he was not a member of the clan, yet there can be no doubt but what he is in sympathy with the announced principles of the clan insofar as they tend towards better citizenship and higher ideals of government. But so is every patriotic, loyal citizen of the U. S. The principles of the clan are splendid—but it is the practice of the clan that condemns it.

Rev. Spark made a statement in the course of his address, the substance of which was, that he had doubts as to the establishment or maintenance of an "invisible" empire within a democratic government—and that is the keynote of the opposition to the clan.

The U. S. constitution guarantees life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to everyone under the protection of its flag. That includes those who fled the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, and the persecution in England and the old countries. Yet the clan would re-establish the flogging post, and administer justice with coal tar and feathers. The constitution guarantees every citizen a trial by jury. The clan substitutes for jury trial, mob law. The flag of our country was designed to wave over a brave, patriotic, valiant and fearless people; never over a masked mob, no matter whether their intentions be good or bad.

The clan and clan sympathizers invariably protest that the floggings and featherings, and like outrages are not to be laid at the door of the clan. Then, in the same breath, they declare, "but the victim got what was coming to him." In other words, the clan and clan sympathizers do not admit of mob actions, but nevertheless sanction the same. Their minds run in that channel; yet they protest that their actions do not.

The sum and substance of the

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- 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.

whole matter is, as Rev. Sparks stated, there is no place within the great democracy of the United States for an "Invisible Empire."

COMMON SENSE TRIUMPHANT

The decision of the Supreme Court of Texas holding the Representative apportionment law valid must be gratifying to the citizens of Texas generally, not merely because it removes doubt and renders equitable representation possible, but also because it represents the triumph of common sense over technicality, embodying what the Supreme Court of the United States has termed "the rule of reason."

Although the name of Swisher county did not appear in the act, the court finds, by applying common sense to the problem, that Swisher county was included as clearly as though it had been named. The court took judicial knowledge of the state. It took a look at the map to see.

Recognizing the fact that the Legislature had started out to comply with a constitutional direction, it knew of course that that body had not purposely omitted a county. More than this, it found by a study of the act and the map that the Legislature could not have intended to do anything else than to place Swisher county in the 120th District, and therefore that it actually had placed said county in said district.

To have held otherwise would have been to declare for taxation without adequate representation. This the Supreme Court refused to do. The decision is not entirely without precedent, and yet it is another step in advance.—Dallas News.

At Sing Sing prison in New York the execution of a condemned murderer was postponed until he could be operated on for appendicitis. When he is restored to his usual good health it is presumed the execution will proceed, unless he catches hookworm.—Coleman Democrat-Voice.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

If the floods and the forest fires could be brought together the net result might be hopeful.—Springfield Republican.

Like some of the religious variety we have observed, the business revival is full of backslidings.—Columbia Record.

The trouble with America, says Mrs. Asquith in England, is that it is so rich. Well, she did what she could.—Boston Globe.

According to The Evening Sun, two burglars were surprised by policemen while at work. They must have been New York Tribune.

Doyle says people are straight in the next world. What else could one expect on the spirit level?—Newspaper Enterprise Association.

"The Eighteenth Amendment," says a prohibition advocate "is still in its infancy." Um—not yet quite off the bottle, eh?—Boston Transcript.

It is hard to understand why Mr. Bryan, who believes the democrats will win next fall, doubts a little thing like evolution.—Washington Post.

Bob Henry and Sterling P. Strong ought to have a Ku Klux lodge room conference and agree on which one is to do the hatching and which is to bring the worms. The way they are messing around those two birds are going to spoil all the eggs.—Don Bigger's Magazine.

"Morvich, greatest race horse, winner of twelve races without a defeat, is 'quiet, calm, obedient, level-headed.' That is because he doesn't know that he won twelve consecutive races and, therefore hasn't a swelled head. Many men would go further if it were possible to keep from them news of their accomplishments." — Arthur Brisbane in "Today," a daily feature of the Record.

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. 30c.

Multiplication Is Vexation.

The little girl at the elementary school had been promoted to multiplication and for her home work was set the task of finding out how many legs 400 normal horses possess. A bit puzzled as to how to work it out, in the evening as she sat with her exercise book in front of her, she called in the services of her grandmother.

"Let's see," said grandma, adjusting her spectacles, "one horse'll have four legs, two eight, three twelve, four sixteen, five twenty—" and then she broke off, "How many horses did you say," she asked.

"Four hundred, granny," replied the little girl.

"E-e, child," said the old lady, shutting up the book, "there isn't one living could do that sum." — Edinburgh Scotsman.

"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.

COLEMAN FORMS BASE-BALL CLUB—WILL HAVE PAY TEAM FOR SEASON

Baseball enthusiasts of Coleman formed a club Friday and arranged to finance a pay team for a season of two months.

H. M. Thomson, Leon L. Shield and J. S. Rogers were made a board of directors, and Mayor E. P. Scarborough was made secretary-treasurer of the club.

Joe M. Hart, who managed the Haskell team last year, has been signed up as manager of the Coleman club and is already here lining up the team and local grounds. It is probable that a four club circuit, including Comanche, Ballinger, Brady and Coleman, will be formed. If that fails, the Coleman team will play any comers. In any event, local baseball fans are assured of a season of baseball.

The first exhibition game of the season will be played Saturday afternoon at American Legion Park. Valera will contest with the locals in an exhibition game Saturday, and the following Wednesday Santa Anna will be here for an exhibition game.

Brady's motto, "Get Coleman's Goat," will be given consideration at the proper time. In the meantime the local sentiment seems to be "To Hell with Brady."—Coleman Democrat-Voice.

SCHLEICHER COUNTY WOOL IS SOLD BY SAM E. JONES—LONG CLIP BROUGHT 47 1/2c

Eldorado, May 27.—Sam E. Jones returned from San Angelo early this week where he disposed of all the wool in the Middle Valley country, including the clip of Tom Jones and Dock Kerr of Eldorado at 37 1/2 cents for short, and 47 1/2 cents for long, the purchaser being S. Silberman & Sons of Chicago.

Those selling were Sam E. Jones, G. C. Crosby, W. F. Edmiston, Tom Nix, Bert Page, T. K. Jones and Dock Kerr. Mr. Jones thinks this price tops the market, when you take into consideration that all wool was included in the sale.

WOOL BRINGS 47 1/2c PER POUND IN SAN ANGELO—TOP PRICE PAID IS 49 1/2c

Choice clips among 65,000 pounds of long twelve-months' wool sold here by March Brothers general merchants this week commanded as high as 47 1/2 cents per pound, it was announced Friday. At the same time it was learned on good authority that the Wool Growers Central Storage Company earlier in the week sold some long wool for 49 1/2c per pound. These prices are believed to be the highest so far paid in Texas this year at a sealed bid sale.—San Angelo Standard.

SALE OF PRIVILEGES VETERANS REUNION JULY 12, 13, 14TH.

Sealed bids for the following concessions at the Three Wars Veterans Reunion, to be held July 12, 13 and 14th, will be received up until noon, Tuesday, June 20th, as follows:

- 2 Bottle Drinks.
- 1 Lemonade and Orangeade.
- 2 Ice Cream.
- 2 Hamburger.
- 2 Pop Corn.
- 1 Restaurant and Barbecue.
- 1 Dance Platform.
- 1 Hobby Horse.
- 1 Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes.
- 1 Novelty Stand.
- 1 Fruit Stand.
- Doll Racks.
- Specials.

All bids must be in the hands of Henry C. King, Brady, by noon, Tuesday, June 20th. The Legion reserves the right to accept or reject any or all bids. All concessions are marked off and may be inspected at Dutton park. Anyone with a show, or special concession, may advise what they have and make bid on same.

ELIJAH F. ALLIN POST, AMERICAN LEGION.

Touching Faith.

The little boy in the woods took out of his pocket a small bottle and sprinkled a few drops of it in front of the hole into which he had just chased a cottontail.

"Why do you do this incantation?" asked the gentleman who was out rabbit hunting with the lad.

"I wanted to go and cut a stick to twist the little rascal out, and I was afraid he might get away while I was gone. So I just sprinkled a little of this tonic there to 'keep the hare from coming out.'" — Retail Ledger, Philadelphia.

Announcements

Boyd Commander for District Clerk.

Boyd Commander has entered the race for District Clerk of McCulloch county, and is making an active canvass among the voters. Mr. Commander has had the matter under consideration for some time; in fact even before the year's campaign opened up, he had been solicited and urged by friends to announce for the office. With the close of the schools Mr. Commander now feels free to devote his entire time to presenting his claims to the voters, and feels that by so doing, he can assure them both of his qualifications for the office, and of the fact that he is the man for the place.

Mr. Commander came to McCulloch from Hill county in 1907, and has a record of fourteen years teaching in the schools of this county. In 1909 he first taught at Carroll Colony, remaining in that district over a period of four years; then he taught at Nine two years, followed by three years at Melvin and one year at Waldrip, where he had one of the most successful schools he ever taught. Two years followed as teacher at Lohn, and the past year he was a member of the Brady schools faculty. In the interim, he spent one year attending school. The major part of his education was received at the Southwest Texas State Normal at San Marcos, which, in itself, warrants his being fully qualified to fill the office he seeks.

Mr. Commander says that all during his years in the schools, he has been imbued with the idea of service, and, if favored by the votes of the citizens, this will continue as his motto in the office of District Clerk. His wide acquaintance over the county, coupled with his splendid reputation as an educator stands him in good stead. By making a thorough canvass of the county, he expects to place his candidacy before all the voters, and will greatly appreciate their careful consideration.

SANTA FE'S LARGEST LONG-DISTANCE MOVEMENT WILL BE SHRINE-ROTARY DELEGATION

The handling of the Shrine and Rotary delegation to their national convention to be held in Los Angeles and San Francisco in June will be the largest long-distance organized movement the Santa Fe has ever carried, comprising 45 special trains, all routed by way of Grand Canyon National Park, according to announcement received by W. S. Keenan, general passenger agent for the Gulf Colorado and Santa Fe railway. The bill for railroad and sleeping tickets alone will approximate one million dollars it is stated.

On one day during the trip, either going or returning, 126 special Pullmans will be parked at the Canyon, besides the regular travel which is a record breaker, the announcement stated.

In handling this big traffic Fred Harvey will serve more than 100,000 dining car and dining room meals.

Between the train and rim trips, expert Hopi and Navajo Indian dancers—men and women—will give spectacular entertainments for visiting Shriners and Rotarians at the Grand Canyon, one of the Navajos was decorated by the King of Belgium. The Navajos will give their night chant, or Yo-Bo-Cahi, the mountain chant of Ich-Naz; also fire, feather and squaw dances. The Hopis have arranged many interesting ceremonial dances for this occasion, it is stated.

The visitors will get a glimpse of the lowest canyon camp in the world, 8,000 feet below the rim. The camp has just been established north of the new suspension bridge, on the spot where former President Roosevelt once spent the night, and near where Major Powell camped on his notable second expedition down the Colorado river.

Three special trains will be organized on the Gulf Colorado and Santa Fe railroad, one at Galveston, one at Austin and one at Waco, Mr. Keenan said.

O. B. PATTY Experienced Piano Tuner and Repairman visiting Brady once a year for 15 years. Call 146, Morrow Hotel.

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CLASSIFIED ADS

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

LOST—

LOST—A tow sack full of wearing apparel, between Brady and Sellman ranch. MRS. J. W. STANTON, Phone 278.

LOST—Near Pasche, on 15th of April, one black horse about 15 1/2 hands high, star in face, branded 7W7 (connected) on left thigh; one gray horse about 15 1/2 hands high, 9 years old, branded 4y or y4 far back on left thigh. Anyone knowing whereabouts of same please notify W. F. DUTTON, Brady, and receive reward.

The Helpful Recruit.
"You told me to file these letters, sir," said the new yeoman.
"Yes," returned the officer.
"Well, I was just thinkin' that it'd be easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors."—Mississippi Bulletin.

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FOR SALE

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

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FOR SALE—325-acre farm, about 75 acres in cultivation, balance grass land; good house and well on place. \$32.50 per acre; part cash and terms, if desired. See or write S. G. SWENSON, Rt. 1, Rochelle.

FOR SALE—Websters New Edition of International Unabridged Dictionary—just off the press. Invaluable in home, school room, or office. Also used dictionary in A1 shape, at a bargain. THE BRADY STANDARD.

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The Helpful Recruit.
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IF YOU NEED ASPIRIN YOU NEED A LAXATIVE LAX-PIRIN

The new laxative aspirin, contains 5 grains of the purest aspirin known, combined with a gentle, but effective laxative. 12 Tablets, 25c.

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FEED MARTIN'S BLUE BUG REMEDY
TO YOUR CHICKENS. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE BY TRIGG DRUG CO., Brady

Storm Country

Polly

by Grace Miller White
Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Occupying a dilapidated shack in the silent squatter settlement near Ithaca, New York, Polly Hopkins lives with her father, small Jerry, and an old woman, but Hope, 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 really 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 ignorant farmer.

CHAPTER IV.—Polly conveys her message, and Oscar makes threats, in which Evelyn most of all that night. Polly has her father and Larry Bishop, a squatter who has suffered from the enmity 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 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, waylays the girl when she leaves Percival and abuses 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 a 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 asks her to help him, and she, 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 "tricked" 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 intimates 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 father. She is discovered by MacKenzie and Percival. Evelyn is with them and donates having given the dress to Polly, who is accused of stealing it. Percival takes her home, disarranged.

CHAPTER XIII.—Evelyn and MacKenzie are married. Determined to oust the squatters, MacKenzie takes Baby Jerry from Polly, intending to place him in an institution. Polly's heart is broken. She swears to have revenge.

She turned to the door, but halted with her hand on the latch.

"You promised I could do it, Larry," she reminded him. "You'll tell Lye Braeger that, too, won't you?"

Sinking limply into his chair, Bishop wiped his wet lips.

"Yep, lass," he assented with a groan. "You can turn the trick; I promise you that."

If Jeremiah Hopkins had seen his girl, his Polly of the Sun, when she went home that night, he would not have recognized her. Her face was crafty, pitiless, and as white as the snow under her feet.

When she waited stolidly day after day, feeding the billy goat he absentmindedly, asking no questions of Larry or of Braeger how soon her idea

could be carried out. She believed that they would leave no stone unturned to even up with Marcus MacKenzie.

Early one evening Larry Bishop burst into the Hopkins hut without the formality of a knock. He looked years older than he had but yesterday; and Polly got up, locking and interlocking her fingers.

"Well?" she asked from between chattering teeth.

"It's done, by God!" he hissed, almost strangling behind a shaking hand. "It were most awful, Polly. If I'd stuck a hog in the gizzard, the squeal-in' couldn't 'a' been worse."

The speaker's tones, his half-bent figure, his shifty glances, brought a grunt from the girl.

"An' you're gettin' sorry by the minute, Larry Bishop, I can see that," she returned, giving him a smart rap. "Stand up, Larry man. Once—"

A sudden rush of emotion thrust into her throat such an ache that for several seconds she was unable to conclude.

"Once," she repeated, after clearing away the huskiness with a hacking cough. "I thought love were the greatest thing in the world. But it ain't, Larry Bishop, it ain't!"

Bishop fidgeted with his cap, turning it around and around by its brim. When he looked up, the burning glow had died from the depths of his eyes.

"It's a sickenin' thing to see a woman suffer that bad," he muttered. "God, brat!—Nope! Don't say nothin' till I tell you what me an' Lye did."

At the memory of it, the speaker wiped drops of sweat from his face.

"She beltered about lovin' her ma," droned Bishop, "an' the way she holered in my hut for her man was something scandalous."

"Like your Betty died a-howlin' for you, I s'pose, Larry," came back the girl promptly. "An' I been thinkin' all day how Granny Hope tucked your dead brat alongside his mummy in the coffin. Some awful thinkin', Larry man!"

The squatter's sudden graysness and swallowing hard as if something had stuck in his windpipe was the only evidence he gave that he had heard the cruel words.

"We got 'er just after dark," he continued, woefully. "She's been tied up in my shack ever since."

"Good enough for 'er!" gasped Polly, tensely, rolling her hands in her apron.

"An' she yelled so hard you could've heard her near to Ithaca, Poll," moaned Larry. "Me an' Lye gagged 'er."

"Holy smut!" fell from Pollyop, as the picture his words had made burned itself across her mind.

"Her man's been gone all day to Cortland," continued the squatter in a monotone. "Lye found out Old Miss Robertson's been tryin' to reach hold of him."

"Hope she don't!" interjected Polly. "Not till we get done with his woman. Are you goin' to tote her over here?"

The man nodded.

"Don't dare to till later, when the squatters is in bed," he answered, slapping on his cap. "If—if you change your mind, Poll, come along over; an' I'll cut 'er loose an' let 'er go."

A harsh sound, something like a chuckle of malicious satisfaction, slipped through Polly's lips and stopped the man at the door.

"That ain't no ways likin', Larry," she said huskily. "Bring 'er here, an' when I'm done with her, she'll have to be took."

She caught Bishop by the arm, whirling him around.

"An' listen, Larry," she continued with cruel emphasis, "an' all the time keep rememberin' how Betty wailed her life into the grave, an'—an' that Old Marc done it."

Overcome by the words she had thrown at him so deliberately, Bishop flung away, and the girl, quaking at what was about to happen, heard him running along the shore toward his shack.

It seemed to Polly Hopkins that every minute was an hour long, and every second filled with intolerable anxiety. Would the soft-hearted Larry repent and surrender the prize she longed to get her fingers on?

In extreme nervousness she went from one thing to another, never finishing what she began. She paced the hut floor until she was dripping wet with apprehensiveness. She had no means of knowing when Lye and Larry would come; so she dared not stir from the shack.

Many times she shoved aside the window blind and looked out. But the world outside was wrapped in a white silence. She could not even glimpse the peaked roof of a fisherman's hut, for between her and the silent city was a flowing curtain of snow, the flakes falling like feathers from an open bag.

Larry would keep his word, she told herself over and over. She was glad

it was such a night! The better could the squatters carry out their death plan.

Unnoticed by the girl, the wood burned to embers in the stove, and the hut grew colder by degrees. In one of her half hours of measuring the shanty's length, she halted, breathing on her frost-bitten fingers. She drew about her shoulders the blanket which had covered Wee Jerry in his hut days.

Her mind brought back to the baby away off in some unknown place, she cried weakly as she replenished the fire. Had the wicked ones of the earth made Jerry forget Daddy Hopkins who up in Auburn was ignorant of his whereabouts? Many times Polly had taken up her pencil to write him of her, but it always dropped from her fingers before it reached the paper. Daddy could not do anything; and she would not add to his heavy burden.

She was at the stove, her cold, stiff fingers spread over it, when the sound of footsteps outside sent her headlong to the door. Appallingly terrified, she dragged it open.

Then, in leading silence, Lye Braeger and Larry Bishop carried a large bundle through the doorway and threw it down on Polly's bed.

Heavy-lidded, the girl gazed upon it, her eyes widening in joy, joy at the thought of Old Marc's misery; joy at the thought of getting even. The frightful emotion that surged through her bore relation only by contrast to the delights of a few months back, when her willing legs had trotted the country over to help every one that needed her. It wasn't the same Polly at all. This Polly lifted her foot and kicked the bundle none too lightly.

"We had a h—l of a time gettin' 'er here, Poll," growled Lye Braeger. "Outside it's like if a million crazy devils was howlin' over the hills. But we brought 'er just the same! Now do what you like with 'er, brat!"

White teeth gleamed through the maniacal smile that parted the girl's lips. At last! She had not lived through interminable days for nothing!

"Scout out, you!" she ordered, waving her hand at them, "an' keep a watch about till I get done!"

Braeger made for the door as if anxious to be gone; but Larry Bishop held to the spot where he stood.

"She's a woman, Polly Hopkins," he muttered, his eyes turning from the girl to the rigid girl, "if she is Old Marc's wife. He's home too, so Lye says."

"What do I care where the pup is?" she thrust in vehemently. "Course she's a woman! So be it; an' so were your dead Betsy."

Then she stamped her foot tempestuously.

"Get out of here an' watch for MacKenzie an' his folks," she snapped. "It's about time we were stormin' the Silent City, I'm thinkin'."

Roughly she shoved the men out into the blizzard and closed the door. Then she stood with her back to it, deep sobs racking her body.

Now as she had almost died, and Wee Jerry too, so would Marcus MacKenzie. The vicious hope that she could see him writhe in his grief took possession of her.

Distraughtly she placed the bar across the door, making sure it was locked. Then, creeping to the cot, she gazed down at the wet bundle. There, where she had placed Oscar Bennett over dark rough places into the light of eternity, lay the dearest dear of her bitterest enemy.

She uttered an exclamation when she saw a lifting shudder go over the thing on the bed. A smile flitted across her face, and her hands came together convulsively.

Larry had been watching him covertly, in moody silence. When Marcus addressed him directly, he threw back his head and let out loud malevolent sounds more like the howls of hyenas than the laugh of a human being; and Polly Hopkins joined in again, too, dreadful sounds that made her thin, lovely face look old.

"This is a queer place to come for your woman," she taunted MacKenzie. "To a squatter's shack, huh? I didn't know before that rich women came to the Silent City, least of all, yours."

MacKenzie took a step toward her.

"Oh, I was sure she wasn't here," he thrust in eagerly. "But I want help—the aid of every one of you. Money," he cried again, convulsively. "Money, do you hear? Money, I said—"

Polly was witnessing just the picture that she had been holding in her mind's eye for many days.

"Money can't buy everything, mister," she jeered at him. "Maybe your woman's in the snow. Tomorrow's Thanksgiving day. Maybe you'll miss 'er if she ain't home with you. Scout out of here. Don't be laggin', Old Marc, or she might freeze to death somewheres. It's a bad night."

The last statement, true to every word, brought a deep sob from MacKenzie's throat. It was immediately followed by more of the bitter laughter.

So changed was Polly of the Silent City that the gaping squatters who did not know what was going to happen wondered at her. They knew her no longer as Polly, the love-lass, or as Polly of the Sun.

A low rumble sounded in the girl's throat. She coughed, then flung out: "I said, it's a bad night! Scout out, mister, an' look for your d—n lily-livered woman somewheres else."

Uttering an oath, MacKenzie fled, followed by his companions, leaving Larry Bishop staring at the pale squatter girl.

CHAPTER XV.

There was gloomy silence in the shanty until the horses' hoofs could

brought it forward, and smiling the same sinister smile, shoved it to the pallid girl.

"This," was all she said, tapping the handle.

Evelyn struggled, and Polly laughed, a wicked laugh, no more like the ripple which Daddy Hopkins had loved to hear than the bark of a wolf is like the lark's morning song.

Tears rose into Evelyn's eyes and rolled down her cheeks. The smile faded slowly from Polly's face. Ever had excruciating agony touched her; like a sunbeam through a rift in a storm cloud, the old Polly leaped up to take heed of another's hurt. This feeling she crushed down; but she put the ax on the floor and squatted beside the bed.

Scarcely had she done this before a loud knock came on the door. She threw the blankets over Evelyn and went swiftly forward and lifted the bar.

Larry Bishop thrust the upper half of his body into the room.

"Old Marc an' his gang are in the Silent City lookin' for his woman," he whispered hoarsely.

"Where's Lye?" came in a hiss from the squatter girl.

"Off up the road watchin'," returned Bishop. "What'd you do to 'er, brat?"

"Come in," said Polly, in an undertone, grasping the end of his scarf and pulling him through the doorway, "an' if MacKenzie comes here, yappin' for his woman, laugh at him—laugh, an' laugh till your sides split, Larry."

She closed the door, pushed Bishop into a chair, and then deliberately crawled into bed beside Evelyn. Upon the inert figure of the bound girl she piled two pillows.

Then she and Larry waited, scarcely breathing, until voices seemed to come through the clapboards from every direction.

A rush of feet brought Bishop bolt upright.

"Keep settin'," breathed Pollyop. "They'll be stoppin' here fast enough!"

Of a sudden the door burst open, and Marcus MacKenzie, covered with snow, entered. With him were two of his neighbors and several squatters.

Polly enjoyed a glimpse of Old Marc's agonized face; then she grinned at him.

"What's the matter, mister?" she asked, showing an expanse of even white teeth. "What do you mean by bustin' into my house like this, sir?"

MacKenzie threw a glance from the girl to the squatter in the chair.

"My wife's gone!" he cried in desperation. "I—"

"So? Now is she?" broke in Polly, smiling wider. "You don't say! Well, golly me! That's too bad. Some other feller run off with 'er—mebbe!"

And when she saw him trying to master his emotion, forcing back the heavy groans that interfered with his efforts to answer, she laughed. Never

before had she been reckless in his presence. She knew this was one time Marcus MacKenzie did not want to fight. He needed the help of the squatters to search the Storm country for his wife—his bride, the very apple of his eye.

He did not look at all like the flashing-eyed enemy of her people. All at once he had changed from a cynical, handsome man of the world to a pleading, pale-faced husband.

Just then the wind shook the shanty violently; and over his big frame passed shudder after shudder.

"She's been gone, oh God, I don't know how long," he groaned aloud, the haggard expression deepening in the lines about his mouth as he spoke. "I'll give—I'll give more money than any of you ever saw—I'll flung around on Bishop and thrust out an importunate hand."

Larry had been watching him covertly, in moody silence. When Marcus addressed him directly, he threw back his head and let out loud malevolent sounds more like the howls of hyenas than the laugh of a human being; and Polly Hopkins joined in again, too, dreadful sounds that made her thin, lovely face look old.

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CHAPTER XV.

There was gloomy silence in the shanty until the horses' hoofs could

be heard no longer in the snow outside. Larry Bishop crouched low in Jeremiah's rocking chair, pulling in nervous tension at his fingers until the joints cracked. He shot Polly Hopkins a furtive glance but dropped his thick lids before the unearthly expression in the girl's eyes. She had lost the look of heavenly compassion that had given cheer to the squatters.

As his mind went back to the spring days when she had so often smiled comfort into his own aching heart, he heaved a deep sigh. The sound of his breath, catching in his throat, brought Polly scrambling from the cot.

Unmindful of the morose squatter, she began pacing the floor, holding icy fingers to her aching temples.

"Best take the pillows off'n her, Poll," muttered Bishop. "She'll smother if you don't."

The girl paused and threw him a glance over her shoulder.

"Get out of here, you Larry," she bade him in fierce emphasis. "She'd better smother than get what's comin' to 'er. You an' Lye hang around a while till I call you. When I'm done with 'er, you'll have to sink her in the lake."

Staggering to his feet, Larry brushed away the water that had gathered in glistening drops upon his brow.

"God, kid," he growled, "you don't seem human no more. It's all so d—d terrible I'm gettin' haunted. If you change your mind, Poll, an' not kill 'er—"

A gurgling noise came from under the pillows on the cot, and as if an unseen hand were pushing her forward, Pollyop strode to the bed and jerked away the small feather ticks.

Evelyn's eyes sought out the squatter man in mute pleading. Polly laughed; and gray with horror at her merciless attitude, Larry slunk to the door.

"I guess this ain't none of my business," he mumbled, and opening it, he fled as if pursued by a vindictive spirit of the Storm country.

Again with swift, long strides the girl went to the door and barred it. Then with utmost deliberation she lighted several other candles and set them in different parts of the hut until a flood of light was diffused through the room.

A long deep sigh fell from her lips as she finished her task. She wanted to see every wave of pain that shot across Evelyn MacKenzie's pallid face; and that was why she approached the cot and stood looking down upon the twisted figure.

All she had endured through the rich girl's perfidy swept over her like a tidal wave. Out of the dark dream of Jerry's going she could hear through the moaning willows the wendy last cries of the baby. The memory almost drew a shriek from her.

Then she rolled the living bundle from the bed and propped it into a sitting position.

As wickedly deliberate as her every act had been, so did she lift the ax from the floor.

"Like a chicken," she taunted, smiling down into Evelyn's haggard face.

Evelyn struggled, and a muffled sound came from back of the gag in her mouth.

While Polly contemplated her, an emotion she used to know so often rose within her and tugged at her heart until the hurt made her clutch at her side. She dropped down and

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She took a piece of hard bread and poured some hot water on it. Watching Evelyn frowningly, she beat them together with a tin spoon. Of course, the stuff was tasteless without sugar! Polly knew it very well, because that was what she had for supper every night.

She turned away from the cup in her hand and went to a small cupboard over which hung a flimsy curtain. Back behind a few old dishes she had hidden a little sugar one of the squatter women had given her. She had kept it against Daddy Hopkins' home-coming and for Jerry, too—perhaps. With woe-filled, in-caught sobs, she poured half of it into the cup. Then she crossed to Evelyn and picked up the ax.

"I'm goin' to take this rag out of your mouth," she said, "an' mind you don't squeal, or I'll send you double-quick to your first man. Now hold still! This'll hurt a bit!"

With her eyes on the agonized face, she drew gently at the corners of the rag stuffed into Evelyn's mouth. When it came out, Evelyn gave a deep groan and her cramped jaws settled rigidly.

"I'm goin' to feed you now," said Polly. "There ain't no hurry, cause we got all night."

Then some minutes passed in silence while the squatter girl, bit by bit, forced the pap between Mrs. MacKenzie's teeth.

"Now drink the water," she urged grimly. "It's warm an' got sugar in it."

As if in a trance, she got up and placed the cup on the table. She put a stick of wood into the stove and, turning, caught Evelyn's eyes upon her. Then she sat down and considered the unhappy girl who had been delivered up to the justice of the Storm country.

Neither of them spoke. One of them was praying daily to herself, and Polly Hopkins was recounting mentally all the evil deeds of Evelyn and her haughty husband, Marcus MacKenzie. It was necessary to keep Daddy's grief ever before her mind and listen with the ears of her tortured spirit to Jerry's shrieks to be able to keep on with the gruesome thing she had undertaken.

"You ain't goin' to die till I tell you something, Miss," she broke forth, finally. "It ain't news to you, but I just got to make you understand why I'm putting you in the lake."

Weakness kept Evelyn from answering. Her eyes rolled up toward the shanty roof, then shut at the thought of the icy waters of Cayuga.

"I can't hurt your wicked man 'ceptin' through you," went on Pollyop. "We squatters are goin' to learn him a lesson he won't forget as long as he's in this world. You can bet your boots on that!"

As if in support of the terrible words, the shanty shook, rattling the loosened bits of tin on the roof. At the ghastly sound Evelyn began to cry.

"I know just how your man'll feel," continued Pollyop, a bitter smile distorting her lips into a grimace of pain. "an' so does Larry Bishop. Larry's woman an' baby died when Old Marc sent him up to Auburn, an' the best of me cracked when he grabbed Jerry right out of my arms."

Both girls sobbed loudly. Then Pollyop cleared her throat and wiped her face.

"An' your man railroaded my daddy to Auburn," she gasped, "after plantin' something on

A Good Reputation plus a Better Price - \$10.90

UHE new low mark of \$10.90 for the 30 x 3 1/2 size "Usco" created something of a sensation. Naturally, the first impulsive remark was on the "wonderful price."

Even more to the point are the comments of today.

People are getting more used to the \$10.90 price—but the "Usco" value is still a cause for wonder.

With thousands of \$10.90 "Usco's" running today, every locality has had a chance to check up on the surprising tire value.

Let all these "Usco" Tires now serving their owners so well remind you of this—

Whatever the price of "Usco," it has got to deliver big value because it has always done so.



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USCO
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If you want more milk from your cows, feed Polka Dot Dairy feed. MACY & CO.

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

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

FLAG DAY---JUNE 14th INDEPENDENCE DAY---JULY 4th

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Our National Emblem

to display on these days? Be as patriotic as your neighbor—or if they haven't a flag to display be more patriotic than they are—by displaying a flag from your home on these occasions.



The flag we have for you measures 4x6, sewed stripes, guaranteed fast colors, heavy binding, brass grommets.

Regular retail price of this flag is \$2.75. Our special price to subscribers only—

\$1.75

The Brady Standard
BRADY, TEXAS

LOCAL BRIEFS.

W. D. Walter, son of Fred Walter, is reported suffering with an attack of tonsillitis this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Williams of Crothers addition are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a 6 1/2-lb. girl Sunday.

John E. Swenson was here from Melvin community Monday. He reports that section as having had a good rain Wednesday of last week and a fine rain again Saturday, the last one falling for about three hours. The Melvin community has all the moisture needed for the present, as a result of these rains.

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Mayhew and son, and J. C. Mayhew of this city, Mr. and Mrs. Avner Mayhew and two children and Mr. and Mrs. Hellmuth of Fort Worth and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Mayhew of Jonesboro, are enjoying a camp or the San Saba river, below the Voon crossing. Avner Mayhew is a son and F. M. Mayhew is a brother of J. C. Mayhew.

J. H. Newlin and family of Nine, McCulloch county, came down last week in their family car. Mrs. Newlin's father, J. F. Frankum, is buried in the Odd Fellow's cemetery here and they came to look after repairing the flood damage. Mr. Newlin now owns a good black land farm nine miles from Brady, has plenty of fruit already on the trees, has been eating berries for several weeks and is hopeful with the outlook for 1922. —San Saba News.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Abernathy will be interested to learn that this estimable couple will teach in Brownwood the coming year, Mr. Abernathy having been elected principal of one of the ward schools, and Mrs. Abernathy having a position in the same school. Mr. and Mrs. Abernathy are accounted as among McCulloch county's most popular and efficient instructors, and the Brownwood school is to be congratulated upon having secured their services.

Orion Brown, who for the past year or so has had charge of the Evers' shoe repair department, expects to leave tomorrow for Sonora, where he will locate and where he will engage in the shoe repair business. Mr. Brown says Sonora offers a splendid opening in his line, and while it is 70 miles off the railroad, it is a modern and attractive little city, and he feels that he has a wonderful opportunity there. Mrs. Brown and baby will stop over in Brownwood for a visit until Mr. Brown gets located. Friends of the family here join in wishing them every success in their new home and undertaking.

Writing to friends in Brady, D. O. Gautney of Rising Star, stated that Jeff Montgomery, banker of Mount Pleasant, Texas, and some twelve years or so ago cashier of the Brady National bank, was reported very low with small pox. Mr. Montgomery's father, brother, sister and brother-in-law, all are dead from the same disease, and two more of the family in Brownwood are reported very bad off. Mr. Montgomery's brother died at Rising Star on the first. No other cases of small pox are reported at Rising Star, according to Mr. Gautney. The Senior Mr. Montgomery died some two weeks ago at quite an advanced age, and newspaper reports extolled him as one of the most prominent and influential citizens of his community.

Frank Peres celebrated the reopening of his restaurant in new quarters Sunday by inviting a number of Brady's leading citizens to be his guests at a Mexican supper. There was quite a number who partook of Frank's generous hospitality, and all were loud in praise of the splendid manner in which he has fitted out his new quarters and the excellence of the dishes served. The Peres restaurant is now located in the W. R. Rice building, across the street from the E. B. Ramsay planing mill. These quarters have been nicely fitted up to accommodate the restaurant and also for the stock of groceries and toys and novelties carried. The supper served consisted of delicious hot tamales, chili con carne, enchiladas, hot coffee, cold drinks, crackers, cakes and pies, and was topped off with ice cream. Frank is popular with all classes because he always carries the best in his lines, and always has a cheerful smile and a word of welcome for all.

M. Lopez was numbered among the attendants at the Pecan Growers convention held in Brownwood May 23 and 24th, and his pecan candies naturally aroused much interest among the growers of pecan. Manuel says that he believes this candy is certain to grow into quite an industry, as the demand for it is steadily increasing. He puts the candy up in sanitary packages, which adds greatly to their attractiveness. While in Brownwood, he visited the Ramey Brokerage Co.'s pecan shelling plant. He says they have two pecan-cracking machines there, which crack the pecans at the rate of 40 pounds an hour. These machines are kept running night and day, and a regular force of forty people is employed to pick out the cracked pecans. In rush seasons, this force has been as large as 65 people. The shelled pecans are graded, and sold according to grade. This is a new industry in this section and the establishment of such a plant in Brady would not only be the means of giving employment to a large number, but would create a splendid market for the superior pecans which this section produces.

NEWEST IN HOFFMAN STEAM PRESSES INSTALLED BY "NUF SED" KIRK IN TAILOR SHOP

"Nuf Sed" Kirk's latest addition to his tailoring department equipment is the last word in Hoffman steam presses, which was received yesterday and which is being installed and tested out today. Retaining all the good features of the old Hoffman press, the new model has been simplified and improved in countless ways. Many fewer parts are required; the pressing cloths are held in position and taut by means of wire springs, instead of the old thumb-bolts; the handle for the presser is longer and more convenient—everything that could possibly be added to the already complete presser is there, and everything that could be omitted to save extra pieces has been omitted. "Nuf Sed" sees prosperity ahead this fall, and says now is the time to fix for it.

DR. STONE OF HAMLIN LOCATES AT PEAR VALLEY FOR THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

The citizens of the Pear Valley community are rejoicing over the securing of the services of a splendid physician, Dr. Stone of Hamlin, who has located in that progressive town. Dr. Stone is well known to several of the older citizens of the county, and is most highly thought of. The doctor has rented the bungalow known as the Wash Moore home from Wallie Fowler and has occupied it as his residence. His family will join him there shortly, Mrs. Stone having just been called to Oklahoma by the news of the illness of their married daughter there. Pear Valley citizens say that even before Dr. Stone could begin the unpacking of his office equipment, calls were coming in for his services.

TWO MORE SHOWERS ADD TO GLOWING PROSPECTS FOR BUMPER 1922 CROPS

Two more good showers fell in Brady since last report. The one fell at about 3:30 Saturday morning, and the other Monday morning just about sun-up. Each rain amounted to about four-tenths of an inch, and served to thoroughly moisten the earth's surface. While the rains were, apparently, not of great extent, nevertheless a great part of the county has now been covered by these showers. The rain has probably been lightest north of town.

With farmers quite well along with their work, and with the earth's surface beginning to bake as a result of the hot weather following the heavy rains of the past month, the rains fell most opportunely, and will be of great benefit to the crops. In fact, McCulloch county's prospects are reported as the best since 1908.

THE CITY TRUCK GARDEN Has now all kinds of Fresh, home-grown Vegetables—31 different varieties to select from. So come and look for your self and pick just what you want. The prices are right.
O. B. JOHNSON, Prop.

Macy & Co. handles the famous Polka Dot Dairy Feed. Guaranteed to give better results than any other feed on the market.

Flexible.
The Doctor—"You are entirely run down—you need a rest."
The Patient—"Well, I'll wind up my business, shall I, and stop working?"—London Mail.

PERSONAL MENTION

Jack Savage has returned from a visit of a few weeks at Bay City, Mich.

Mrs. P. B. Melton is in Temple for a visit with her sister, Miss Ethel Davenport.

Miss Cora Snider returned Sunday from Denton, where she had been attending C. I. A.

Mrs. George Henderson left this noon for San Marcos, where she will attend the summer normal.

Miss Augusta Eubank has gone to Huntsville, where she will attend the normal for the summer term.

Miss Ruby Coalson left Friday night for Brownwood where she will attend Howard Payne for the summer term.

Misses Nellie Mae and Lola Cummins of London were in Brady Monday enroute to San Marcos where they will attend the normal.

Sam Levinson returned Monday morning from Dallas, where he had been spending the past several months and will again be with Myers Bros. store.

J. M. Pate and family have gone to San Marcos, where they will spend five days visiting their daughter, Miss Bessie, who is attending the normal there.

Mrs. M. E. Abernathy, accompanied by Misses Rosa and Willie Haynes of the Dodge community, left today for San Marcos to attend the summer normal there.

Lewis Brook, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Cohen returned Sunday to San Antonio, after spending a few days visiting here. Mrs. Brook will remain here for a few days before joining them in San Antonio.

A. C. Cranfill, who sold out the Guaranty Tire Co. a few months ago, and who returned to his former home at Lometa, has come back to Brady and says he is back to stay. Mrs. Cranfill and two children returned here with him.

Miss Bettie Brannum of Fort Worth is expected to arrive here tomorrow morning from Fort Worth for a visit with her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Crothers. Little Miss Betty is making the trip in care of Dick Winters who has been in Fort Worth on business.

BRADY MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION GOES OVER TOP SATURDAY—1,000 MEMBERS

The Brady Mutual Life Insurance association last Saturday went over the top with its first 1,000 members according to W. N. Ellis, secretary and local organizer of the association. This means that every policy in the association is now worth full face value. Not content to rest upon their laurels Mr. Ellis and his efficient corps of organizers are now starting upon the second lap of the membership campaign—the second 1,000 members, and they hope to make another record for enrolling members in the next couple months. The splendid showing made in the membership of the Brady Mutual speaks volumes in praise of the efficient work being done under the leadership of Mr. Ellis. His first effort was directed towards getting the 1,000 members signed up by July 1st, and the accomplishment of this task a full month ahead of time has encouraged him to make greater efforts than ever in the securing of the second thousand members.

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.

If you suffer from biliousness, constipation, headache, nervousness, sallow complexion, loss of appetite, bad taste in mouth, Tanlac and Tanlac Vegetable Pills will certainly straighten you out. Trigg Drug Co.

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

Turkey Tonic

SAVE YOUR TURKEYS
Take no chances prevent as well as cure. Put Turkeytone in their Drinking water, a remedy for Yellow Diarrhea, Black Head, Turkey Pox, 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