

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

### 582,824 VOTES TABULATED IN TEXAS PRIMARY

Dallas, Texas, Sept. 3.—With 231 counties complete and 12 practically complete, the final tabulation of the Texas Election Bureau yesterday gave the following totals in the different contests voted on in the runoff or second primary of August 26:

**United States Senator.**  
 Mayfield . . . . .317,591  
 Ferguson . . . . .265,235

**Lieutenant Governor.**  
 Davidson . . . . .338,997  
 Billie Mayfield . . . . .227,663

**Treasurer.**  
 Terrell . . . . .306,213  
 Garrett . . . . .234,533

**State Superintendent.**  
 Marrs . . . . .286,674  
 Bentley . . . . .265,665

Majorities thus shown are as follows:

Earle B. Mayfield over James E. Ferguson, 52,359.  
 T. W. Davidson over Billie Mayfield, 111,334.  
 C. V. Terrell over George G. Garrett, 71,680.  
 S. M. N. Marrs over Ed R. Bentley, 21,009.

### RUN-OFF FATAL TO OLD OFFICERS IN COLEMAN; SALT RIVER VOYAGERS

L. G. Matthews was defeated for county judge, W. R. Hamilton was defeated for sheriff, Marlin Smith was defeated for tax collector, and Mrs. Lella Collins was defeated for treasurer in the run-off primary in Coleman county.

All of these were hold-over officers who have failed of re-election. The official vote in the county officers' races in Coleman county was as follows:

For County Judge, L. G. Matthews, 2133; S. J. Pieratt 2189.  
 For Sheriff, W. R. Hamilton 1627; Dick Pauley 2705.  
 For Tax Collector, Marlin Smith 1989; J. C. Lewis 2266.  
 For County Treasurer, Nolan Barmore 2318; Mrs. Lella Collins 1973.

**The Salt River Voyagers.**  
 The Coleman Democrat-Voice says: "Saturday night Sheriff W. R. Hamilton and Mrs. Lella Collins boarded the Salt River boat early after closing of the polls, at seven o'clock and set sail. They had not proceeded far when a second boat took the river and bore close behind the first boat. In the second boat the sheriff said he could make out the dim figures of Marlin Smith and J. C. Jones, one of them wielding a paddle and the other bailing water. The voyage was proceeding calmly with hardly a ripple on the water, said the sheriff, when suddenly he heard a splash down stream, accompanied by a resonant voice which said, "Where do we go from here, boys!" and shortly after the commotion had subsided he noticed that County Judge Dick Matthews and Commissioner Pauley had taken to the water on a raft"

### Back Home.

Just to think we used to live here; looking at it from the train. At this dear old country station, we'd be glad to live here again. Where the people look contented, and where all they have to do is to wander to the station, just to see the train go through.

There's another station agent. Wonder what became of Mose? Don't look natural without him; got promoted, I suppose.

There's the same old truck and platform where the sun has warped the plank;

There's the freight-house door, still broken; there's the same red water tank.

And they're all down here to see us. Hello, Uncle Billy, Hi!

Did you come to see the home folks, or to see the train go by?

—Harry Lee Marriner.

### THIRD DISTRICT COURT OF APPEALS RACE GIVES BLAIR 2,157 MAJORITY

Following are the runoff primary returns by counties in the race for Associate Justice of the Third Court of Civil Appeals at Austin between J. K. Baker and M. B. Blair. All counties are complete except Burnet and Falls:

County—	Baker.	Blair.
Bastrop . . . . .	1,222	1,488
Bell . . . . .	2,626	5,293
Bianco . . . . .	312	198
Brown . . . . .	1,956	1,480
Burnet . . . . .	518	1,098
Caldwell . . . . .	1,521	1,149
Coke . . . . .	418	93
Coleman . . . . .	3,653	557
Comal . . . . .	1,976	209
Concho . . . . .	543	263
Coryell . . . . .	1,428	2,464
Crockett . . . . .	87	59
Falls . . . . .	1,241	1,575
Hamilton . . . . .	879	1,114
Hays . . . . .	675	969
Irion . . . . .	155	101
Lampasas . . . . .	496	1,397
Lee . . . . .	600	570
Llano . . . . .	554	762
McCulloch . . . . .	1,371	528
McLennan . . . . .	3,585	4,942
Milam . . . . .	2,293	2,179
Mills . . . . .	685	2,806
Robertson . . . . .	927	1,276
Runnels . . . . .	1,799	864
San Saba . . . . .	1,265	1,067
Schleicher . . . . .	343	121
Sterling . . . . .	212	40
Tom Green . . . . .	1,379	642
Travis . . . . .	3,590	4,134
Williamson . . . . .	2,498	3,291
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>40,027</b>	<b>42,184</b>

Blair's majority 2,157.

### BAND CONCERT ON FRIDAY NIGHT ATTRACTS GREAT ATTENDANCE OF CITIZENS

The Brady band concert on the court house lawn last Friday night was the occasion of a great assemblage of citizens, who came to hear, to applaud and to praise the splendid program rendered by the band boys. A series of lights had been placed on the southwest side of the lawn, affording an excellent station for the band, and automobiles four deep were parked around the curb on this side of the square, many of the citizens remaining in their cars during the evening's entertainment, while others availed themselves of the opportunity to rest upon the grassy lawn and enjoy the various marches, waltzes, and airs.

Needless to say, every concert given by the Brady band is highly appreciated, and each succeeding concert is attended by swelling crowds, who are duly appreciative of the efforts put forth by the boys both to acquire the great degree of perfection they have attained and as well to provide entertainment for the citizens.

### MISS BANISTER'S MUSIC CLASSES

Will resume their studies on Monday, September 11th. New pupils may phone Miss Banister at No. 402 for information as to classes, etc.

### A MOVIE CAREER FOR YOU!

The Fort Worth Star-Telegram's recent Movie Contest under auspices of Constance Ladd proved conclusively abundance of talent male and female in this locality for successful production of films for National distribution. Company already formed and charter applied for. No stock for sale. Negotiations under way for commodious site for studios. Wonderful natural scenic and atmospheric conditions make success certain. All who entered contest and all interested in entering the Moving Picture field write for full particulars or call at our office.

AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE  
COMPANY  
Incorporated  
1812 F. & M. Bank Building  
Fort Worth, Texas.

### PUBLIC HEALTH REPORT OF BRADY CITY

I am pleased to report to the people of Brady and surrounding country that the health of the citizens of Brady is extremely good, and has been for the last six months. There has been no sickness that could be attributed to a local cause.

About this time last year, we had many cases of typhoid of a malignant type; several of which resulted in death. There has been only one case of typhoid fever reported in the last six months, and we have all reasons to believe this infection occurred while visiting in the country.

I am proud to say the people of the business part of the city have co-operated with me in the sanitary work, especially at their places of business.

There has been several cases of catarrhal fever, which is due to the atmospheric conditions and may recur at any time and is not due to local cause.

We have had, perhaps, two or three cases of Dengue fever which has been imported into our town. Dengue prevails as an epidemic in certain localities and especially where they have the mosquitoes to convey it from the Dengue patient to the healthy person.

In order to prevent catarrhal fever, and Dengue—do not keep late hours at night; avoid breathing much dust, and make war on the mosquito.

B. L. CRADDOCK, M. D.  
City Health Officer.

The Upstanding American Flag. Raymond Poincaré, former president of France, in writing to interpret the spirit and purpose of the United States says:

"Have you ever noticed that the Star Spangled Banner is the only flag in the wide world which does not dip before the head of a state, a king or a president? That is a little detail, but it is significant."

It is significant, but 90 per cent of the Americans who read it did not know that the ideal of their nation had this ritualistic observance. The flag in the United States is dipped in courtesy to another nation but never to an individual. If the French

colors saluted the American flag the flag of the United States would return the courtesy, but it would be in salute to the French nation.

In the United States the nation, even in ritualism, precedes all personalities. The symbol of the nation cannot even salute the president of the United States and cannot salute any other ruler of state.

In that fact is the revelation of a principle which has made it possible for the United States to draw its citizenship from nearly every quarter of the world and remain a nation.—Chicago Tribune.

Index Tabs. The Brady Standard.

### BUILDING THE HOME COMMUNITY

In our hurry to do things that are constructive, let us not forget that we owe something to our town that is being overlooked. Many people are prone to boost a merchant for being progressive, and a builder, a supporter of the church and other civic matters, but they forget to spend any money with him, and the merchant often becomes discouraged when he sees you come to town with some new article that you have recently purchased in the city, and why shouldn't he? You never fail to call on him when you want assistance or a donation.

We are neglecting our own interests by trading away from home, we are helping to build up other towns and letting our own town drag along the best it can, without our help, and we often complain that our local merchants carry such a limited line of goods that one just has to trade away from home. Why do our local merchants carry such limited lines? For the simple reason that there is no demand here for the very articles that you go to the city to buy.

One often hears some one talking about the high prices at home—why are the prices high at home? Lack of volume is the answer. So many people trade away from home that the local merchant can't possibly meet his overhead without charging a certain price, and that price is governed strictly by the people.

When you trade away from home you are decreasing the volume at home and at the same time you are causing the prices to stay up, but to come down to real facts, Brady is one of the cheapest places in this State to live in. Of course, some few items sold here are high, but you are not going to lower them any by trading away from home.

The last census gave McCulloch county a population of 11,020 people. If every person in this county will pledge themselves to trade at home we can double that in population by 1924; this may sound unreasonable to you, but did you know that the merchants of this county only get a chance at 50% of the money handled by the citizens of this county. Fifty per cent is spent with mail order houses and in neighboring towns and the cities. Some people buy all their clothes away from home. Do you realize how that affects you? Well, in the first place, wherever you spend money you are helping to build up that community, and if that community is away from home you are spending it with some one who is not helping you to pay the taxes.

There is a lack of loyalty to home business, and in that we should gain a lesson from California, Florida and other states. The people in Florida won't buy California fruit, and the people in California won't buy Florida fruit. The citizens of each State believe their product is the best. They'll talk your right arm off on the superior quality of home-grown products. They are proud of their product and they sell it to the world. When people of a community become enthusiastic about products grown, made or sold in their community, look out!—the town is going to grow and everybody will reap a share of the benefits. Let us buy at home and boost the home merchants, and make our town grow.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

### BLANTON'S MAJORITY PLACED AT 13,680 IN RUN-OFF FOR CONGRESS

Following are the run-off primary returns by counties from the Seventeenth Congressional District in the race between Thomas L. Blanton and Oscar Callaway. All counties are complete except Burnet.

County—	Blanton.	Calwy.
Brown . . . . .	1,842	1,563
Burnet . . . . .	1,109	569
Callahan . . . . .	1,495	842
Coleman . . . . .	3,653	1,670
Comanche . . . . .	1,757	2,068
Concho . . . . .	716	261
Eastland . . . . .	2,907	2,140
Jones . . . . .	2,499	1,009
Lampasas . . . . .	1,342	600
Llano . . . . .	990	353
McCulloch . . . . .	1,215	706
Mills . . . . .	1,310	810
Nolan . . . . .	1,547	1,162
Palo Pinto . . . . .	1,594	1,138
Runnels . . . . .	1,979	756
San Saba . . . . .	1,738	725
Shackelford . . . . .	618	243
Stephens . . . . .	1,293	1,115
Taylor . . . . .	3,070	1,220
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>32,630</b>	<b>18,950</b>

Blanton's majority 13,680.

### JAS. FINLAY INCREASES LEAD OVER A. B. WILSON TO 579 COMPLETE RETURNS

Jas. Finlay of Fife, candidate for Representative, 93rd district, has increased his majority over A. B. Wilson of San Saba in the run-off primary to 579, according to latest and complete returns from McCulloch, San Saba and Lampasas counties, which form the 93rd district.

First report was that Finlay had a majority of 72 in Lampasas county, whereas his majority in that county proved to be 126, which materially increased his lead. Finlay carried every box in Lampasas county except Lometa and Lampasas.

The vote cast in the three counties was as follows:

McCulloch	San Saba	Lamp's	Tot.
Finlay . . . . .	1520	932	3429
Wilson . . . . .	443	1556	2851

Finlay's majority, 579.

### Tit for Tat.

Jack—So you broke the engagement?

Tom—Yes, but not until after the engagement broke me.

Pencil and Typewriter Carbon Paper. The Brady Standard.

### Popular Brady Couple Wed.

On last Saturday evening, September 2nd, Mr. Jess Sheppard and Miss Ollie Edwards were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, the ceremony being performed at the home of the Rev. H. W. Millsap, who officiated. Both the bride and the groom are well-known and popular Brady young folks. Mrs. Sheppard being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Edwards, and being popular in a large circle of friends. The newly weds will make their home in Brady. The congratulations and best wishes of a host of friends is extended to them.

### HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

HIT SUTNY DO JES' BEAT  
EY-THING -! MONEY  
GITTIN' SO TIGHT WID  
ME EN KUNL BOB HEAR  
O' LATE, AH CAINT  
BORRY TWO-BITS FUM  
'IM NO MO'!



### BURGLAR SHOT AFTER BLOWING SAFE AT BANGS

A man giving his name as J. C. Wood was shot, seriously wounded and captured shortly past 3 o'clock this morning as he fled from the Barnett Cash and Carry store at Bangs, the safe of which he had just blown open and robbed of cash to the amount of about \$115.

The man was brought to Brownwood and after an X-Ray examination of the wound, which was in the leg between the knee and hip, the bone being broken, he was placed in a local surgical institution for treatment. As soon as he is able to be moved he will be transferred to the county jail and formal charges of burglary and robbery will be preferred.

It was shortly past 3 o'clock this morning when an explosion awakened several people in the vicinity of the Barnett Cash and Carry store at Bangs. A. R. Moore, formerly of Brownwood, now of the National Bank at Bangs and Deputy Sheriff Medcalf at once started an investigation and arrived on the scene so quickly that they decided the party or parties who blew the safe were still in the store. The alarm was quickly spread and men arrived the store was surrounded.

### Burglar Was Trapped.

Woods who had remained in the store following the explosion, no doubt, figured that the excitement would die down and he would make his get away, but seeing his mistake he rushed from the store in his effort to escape and was called upon by McIntire, who was close to the man when he ran out of the store to halt! Wood failed to heed the order, and seeing the burglar was about to get away McIntire fired upon him with a 38. calibre pistol, the ball striking Wood in the leg between the knee and hip joint and breaking the bone. On being questioned by the officers he said he was an Oklahoma man on parole, and gave his age as 42 years. When shot he still held to the money which he had taken from the safe and which amounted to about \$115.

Sheriff Pugh was at once notified by telephone and he and Deputy Bert Hise went to Bangs and accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Medcalf, returned to Brownwood with the prisoner. — Brownwood Bulletin.

### CONFEDERATE PENSION WARRANTS CALL FOR \$1 MORE THAN BEFORE

Austin, Aug. 30.—For the first time in the history of Texas, Confederate pensioners are receiving \$25 per quarter, the former maximum having been \$24. Warrants for \$25 each have been mailed to 16,000 pensioners and the Comptroller had to borrow \$300 from the bank to purchase the postage necessary to send out his mail, the appropriation having become exhausted.

The 5c pension tax is responsible for the increase in the quarterly allowance. Under the law it is a question of division, the number of pensioners being divided into the amount of money produced by the pension tax.

Comptroller Lon A. Smith will be reimbursed the \$300 he borrowed from the bank by the end of this week, as the new appropriations become available on Friday and he will be repaid then.

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.

Phone 295 for Polka Dot Dairy Feed, the properly balanced ration that increases the milk production and makes your cows healthy. MACY & CO.

Mrs. J. B. Smith will begin her music class on September 11th. Studios at Edd Bry residence on Crothers and at Mrs. A. C. Baze on South Side. Ph

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.

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

BRADY, TEXAS, Sept. 5, 1922.

HONEST INJUN.

Hon R. L. Henry, recent candidate for the United States senate, and apostle for the Ku Klux Klan, has publicly announced his withdrawal as a Klan member and gives his reason for so doing.

DENGUE FEVER.

The dengue fever, which has been reported in many cities and towns of the state, is not a new disease, as it has visited the Texas coast at various times during the last 25 years.

POOR POLICY.

Jesse James was an outlaw, but the world has never had anything but contempt for the man who shot him while he had his back turned.

KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

We often hear discussed these days the greatness of King Solomon's temple of Bible times, but few people even in these days of palmy extravagance and millionaire displays have any adequate impression of the cost of the great temple of Solomon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$2.00 per year

stickler for a square deal. The world will applaud your spunk as long as you put up a clean fight, whether the world agrees with you or not.

PERHAPS THEY COULD, BUT—

David Lloyd George opines that if England and the United States were to co-operate, they could rule the world.

It was while breakfasting with former Governor Cox of Ohio and Judge Maxey of Pennsylvania that he voiced the thought.

He is not the first to have voiced it, however.

Many people are impressed with the rise of the two great Anglo-Saxon powers, not to mention the rapid spread of the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

It represents a fluctuation in world affairs more than sufficient to stimulate the imaginative.

Four hundred years ago, England was a comparatively weak nation, occupying a small island and dominated by French culture.

Her language, her commerce, her power, her identity as a world power, were still to be made.

If, at the end of the sixteenth century, somebody had prophesied that England would come into control of one-sixth of the world by 1922, and would have given birth to a wholly new nation equally as wonderful, it would have caused nothing more than a sneer, especially in France and Spain.

If, at the end of the sixteenth century, somebody had foretold that the English language would be spoken by more people than any other by 1922, he would have been written down as a dreamer.

At the end of the sixteenth century, there was not an English settlement in America, nor an English foothold in India.

At the end of the sixteenth century, Spain, France and Portugal appeared not only to have tied up the western hemisphere among them, but to have appropriated much of the eastern.

At the end of the sixteenth century, Turkey was not regarded as a stumbling block, but as a real and dreadful menace to Europe. Statesmen trembled lest she should take the warpath.

At the end of the sixteenth century, the Mogul empire was in its prime, and was accumulating those great hordes of wealth, and that degree of cleverness which enabled Sha Jahan to build such magnificent structures.

At the end of the sixteenth century, in Shakespeare's time, England was among the small fry, while Philip the Second had created a tremendous and profitable ascendancy over Central and South America.

Undoubtedly England and the United States could rule the world if they were to co-operate, for a while, at least; but what happened during the last three centuries with respect to the rise and fall of nations can easily occur in the next.

Most of the rising and falling of nations is attributable to over-weening ambition on the part of some. Possibly if Spain had not made such an obvious effort to run things, she wouldn't be so small today.

Certainly, Germany would not.

The world continues to be bigger than any nation, or any possible coalition of nations that might endure. Nothing turns the world against a nation or a group of nations, as the attempt to rule it.

It is all right to speculate as to whether the Anglo-Saxon race might rule the world, but God help the Anglo-Saxon race, if it ever takes this speculation too seriously.

The paths of Greece under Alexander, of Rome under Augustus, of France under Napoleon, of Germany under the Hohenzollerns; of the Holy Alliance, etc., speak too plainly to be misunderstood.

England and the United States can claim, with some degree of logic to have saved the world for democracy, but they would better let it go at that. A saved world will be hard to convince that it ought to be ruled by anyone.—Houston Chronicle.

THE SCAR

By GRACE O. WEATHERSBY

© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate
It all started that beautiful summer night in 1916, when the little clubhouse was filled to overflowing with merry, laughing young people whose minds had not yet adjusted themselves to the dark shadow of the war that was looming over them.

When a gentleman walked into the office of County Tax Assessor Henry Hodges Monday and said, "Jones is my name," Mr. Hodges replied, "No it's not; it's W. B. Hodges." Although W. B. Hodges lives only about 75 miles away, at Winters, Texas, it had been 22 years since he had seen his cousin, Henry Hodges.

LOCAL BRIEFS

The special election called by the City Council to vote upon the question of adopting certain benefits as permitted by Section 11, Article 22 of the Revised Civil Statutes of Texas and which is commonly known as the street paving ordinance, is being held today.

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CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Classy-Fl-Ad rate is 1 1/2c per word for each insertion, with a minimum charge of 25c. Count the words in your ad and remit accordingly.

FOR RENT—Furnished room with east entrance. Phone 190.

FOR SALE—Ford Touring car. Bargain for cash. Mann-Ricks Auto Co.

FOR SALE—Five-room house two blocks south of Central school. F. R. WULFF.

FOR SALE—My home; 1 Winchester Pump Gun, \$25; 1 Corona Typewriter, used 3 months, \$35. G. C. KIRK.

FOR SALE—200 young Rambouillet Bucks, registered and pure-bred. W. O. SHULTZ, Paint Rock, Texas.

FOR SALE—House and lot North Side town. Will trade for good milk cows. See H. O. McKay, Brady.

FOR SALE—Ford truck with pneumatic tires; also a few second-hand cars, all in good condition. BRADY AUTO CO.

FOR SALE Or Trade—My big big Poland China boar, "Mortgage Lifter," champion of McCulloch county. EDD BRYSON, Brady.

STRAYED — From my place near Waldrip, six weeks ago, 1 black horse mule about four years old, 14 1/2 hands high; no marks, no brands. Will pay liberal reward for information leading to recovery. S. H. MAYO, Waldrip, Texas.

KILL SCREW WORMS. Heal Wounds and keep off Flies with "MARTIN'S SCREW WORM KILLER." In handy quart top cans. More for your money and your money back if you want it. Ask Trigg Drug Co.

Joe Adkins taught both boys back in their school days; in fact, W. B. says he owes all the education he possesses to the faithful and patient teaching of Uncle Joe.

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**HER CHAMPIONS**

By MOLLIE MATHER

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When the small boy reached his favorite fishing place, he found a young woman before him, leaning against a log, evidently pleased with her surroundings.

She glanced up from her book to smile invitingly, but Tommy was not to be appeased. Sulkily he disregarded the intruder, who thereupon closed her book, preparatory to departure.

"It is a lovely spot," she said regretfully, "and I was having a nice, restful time; but if you'd rather be alone—"

She left the sentence unfinished. "You can stay if you like," he surprised himself by saying.

"Maybe," he generously suggested, "you'd like to fish, too."

"I can't bear to make things suffer," she explained.

Tommy was conspicuously disappointed, but after a while curiosity overcame prejudice.

"Where," questioned the boy, "do you come from? I never saw you 'round here before."

The young woman laughed delightfully. Tommy had not before heard music in laughter.

"I haven't been 'round here," she amusedly replied. "I have just been engaged by Mrs. Marsh of Magnolia house."

"Then mother was right," Tommy said. "I heard her telling grandfather that she was sure you worked there the day after she had seen Uncle Bob talking to you."

"Your mother saw me," the girl repeated, "and I was talking to your Uncle Bob?"

Tommy nodded. "The two of you were sitting on the garden wall, she said, and she didn't think it very dignified in Uncle Bob, and grandfather had better look into it—because you were so pretty."

"Well, it is something to be called pretty," Tommy's companion remarked, "and what had Uncle Bob to say to all that?"

"They didn't say it before Uncle Bob," Tommy explained, "and are you Irish? Mother said you were; she said she heard some one call to you over the garden wall: 'Come here, Sheila O'Moore.'"

"Sure, I'm feared that can't be denied," she smiled charmingly, the girl dropped into Irish brogue. Tommy grinned delightedly.

"Talk some more like that," he begged.

The girl regarded him whimsically. "Mebbe you'd be after likin' an Irish song better'n Irish talk, an' it's mebbe I feel more like singin'."

The boy was an inspiring listener; wildly he applauded.

"Sing that one again about the queer little old man in the queer old hat," he said.

She began the song; then as though at her call, a little old man in a queer old hat, indeed, appeared at the opening in the trees. The girl, her eyes widening, abruptly ended her jingle, while Tommy jumped to his feet.

"Grandfather," he cried, "this is Sheila O'Moore, who works up at Magnolia house, the one mother told you about, who talks to Uncle Bob; and I like her," finished the boy defiantly; "and I shall talk to her as often as I like, and—and she can come here when I'm fishing whenever she wants."

Tommy, with his fishing tackle, met the girl next morning.

"Grandfather is mad, and Bob and I stand together about being friends with you," he cheerfully informed her; "and grandfather said your queer old song was impertinent. Grandfather used to be an important judge, mother says, and he still likes to wear his funny tall silk hat. He forbade Uncle Bob to see you any more—and Bob is coming down here to fish with us this morning. He is neglecting his doctor practice."

Satisfaction was in the nephew's tone.

Sheila O'Moore reproved the young physician for this when later he joined the odd companions in their leafy nook.

"And you do not," reminded the disapproved girl, "even know who I am, O son of an old honored name," her smile mocked him.

"Nor care," returned Tommy's uncle, "so long as I do know that you wear no wedding ring."

"Mebbe she'll wear one for you some day," suggested the frank Tommy.

"That," big Bob gravely replied, "is my growing hope."

It was in the moonlit garden, where Tommy and his uncle sat alone, that the girl, a transformed fairy, came to them.

"My two dear friends," she said, "the judge and Tommy's mother are already at Magnolia house, awaiting the treat of the season. Why are you not with them there?" Her laughter music rippled, as, spreading her white satin skirts, she curtsied.

"I introduce myself, Sheila O'Moore of opera fame, induced by my mother's old friend, Madame Marsh, to give entertainments at Magnolia house tonight. The O'Moore's specialty is Irish folk-song—please, won't you come?"

It was after the fanciful encore, "The Queer Little Old Man," that the judge went forward with old-time gallantry to congratulate the singer.

"We will hope, madame, to again have this great privilege," he said.

Sheila smiled happily; her eyes sought those of big Bob, while joyously Bob's small nephew grinned back at her from his side.

**THE SERVICE**

By JULIA A. ROBINSON

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The short December day was drawing to a close. A pink glow shone in the western sky. From the distant steeples, chimes rang out through the frosty air, calling to the midweek service of prayer.

The shops down town, brilliantly lighted and filled with a gorgeous display of Christmas gifts, were thronged with buyers, hurrying, bustling, jostling against one another in their eagerness to find the best bargains and the latest novelties. Still the bells pealed forth and the busy shoppers did not hear.

The minister entered the chancel and bowed his head in prayer, then glanced about the church. His heart sank—a few women scattered here and there, a lone man in the corner. On a seat in front a child, with dirty hands and torn dress, sat curled up. He wondered vaguely for a moment how she had happened to stray in, then she passed out of his mind as he cast a troubled thought on the empty pews.

The organ played more softly and stopped. The minister rose and began the responsive readings, but the responses were scarcely audible. Then he offered prayer and read the Scripture lesson. Again the organ played, sending out rich peals of music, rolling away among the rafters, then slowly falling away into silence.

The minister rose to speak the message of comfort he had prepared, but his heart was faint and sad. The words came slowly. Would that there were more present to hear the message he had to bring. It was the Christmas thought of love and hope. In a few simple words he told of the peace and joy that comes from the Christ Child, then warming into earnestness with his theme, he told of salvation and of the home above where the Heavenly Child, the King, was waiting to welcome the redeemed. He paused and the organ played again, swelling and dying away as the few who had listened passed out into the gathering darkness.

"It is no use to keep up the service longer," said the young minister that evening to one of his helpers. "We have tried; the people do not come; they do not want it. We might as well give it up."

It was two days later. The minister sat in his study writing; he must have a strong sermon for the next Sabbath, there would be many present; the church was always full on Sunday.

There came a knock at the door. He was surprised, for it was distinctly understood that he was not to be called while writing his sermon.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," said his wife, fushing the door open, "but really I couldn't help it, the case seemed so urgent."

"You know I can't stop for anything now, May," he returned. "I was about to develop a thought and must not be interrupted."

"But, Carl," insisted his wife, "it is a case of life and death. I should not have disturbed you otherwise."

"What is it?" he asked.

"It is a child—there was an accident. She was run down by an auto and they took her to the hospital. They say she cannot last long, she may die any moment. She says she can't die till she has seen you—the minister who preached at the church on Tuesday, she said, and she will not be put off. Do go, Carl."

"Why, it must be the little girl who sat on the front seat—I had forgotten—she was in rags, but kept her great eyes on me all through the service. I'll go, May."

He accompanied the messenger to the hospital. His face was troubled as he approached the cot where the little sufferer lay dying. He bent over her and took her hand.

"My child," he whispered, "do you hear me—I have come."

She opened her eyes, looked up into his face and tried to smile.

"Oh!" she gasped, "tell me more about Him—the Christ child—will He take me there? I asked Him that day—when you told about—It in the church—it seemed to me He said yes—and when the organ played 'twas like the angels singing. I never knew before—about the child. Will He take me—sure—for I'm going . . ."

Tenderly the minister told the story again, holding the frail hand in his. The big, blue eyes of the child were fixed on his face and into them there came a light that was not of this earth.

"I'm so happy!" came the faint cry from her lips, "and I never should've known—if I hadn't seen the lights—in the church—and heard the bells—I was cold—I wanted to get warm and hear the music—I'll tell Him about you—when I see Him—up there—"

The voice ceased.

"And I thought it didn't pay—that vesper service—because there were so few," said the minister to one of his elders, the tears streaming down his cheeks. "That little child was worth it all many, many times over. We'll keep the church open for the vesper service."

**Just Said to Be.**

Absent-mindedness is said to be much more prevalent among men than women, but the true explanation of this may be that a woman might go down the street with her hat on hind side before and no one would ever know the difference.—Ohio State Journal.

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South Side



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FARE FROM BROWNWOOD TO SAN ANTONIO \$10.00

SCHEDULE OF LOCAL FARES:

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Mercury to Bwd.....\$1.25 Rochelle to Brady.... 75c  
Leaves Brady 4:00 P. M. Leaves Brownwood 7:00 A. M.

**PERSONAL MENTION**

T. J. Wood is spending a few days here with his family and friends, after a stay of several weeks at Fort Stockton.

Misses Frances and Alice Samuel who have been spending the summer months at Capitan, N. M., returned last Friday.

Mrs. G. W. Henderson returned last week from San Marcos, where she has been attending the summer session of the Southwest Texas normal.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. McLarty of Fort Worth, accompanied by their two children, spent last week here as guests of the lady's sister, Mrs. O. S. Macy and family.

Miss Jennie Banister, who has been spending her vacation with home folks at Santa Anna, returned to Brady last Friday, and is arranging to resume her music classes on next Monday.

Miss Lucille Benham left Sunday night for Dallas, where she will spend six weeks studying interpretive dancing under Mrs. Hart, one of the foremost classic dancing instructors in the South.

Mrs. T. J. Wood, who has been spending the past couple months visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Wallace Lewis, at Colorado Springs, Colo., is expected to return to Brady tomorrow.

Mrs. George W. Thornton and children of Dallas and Mrs. Robt. A. Hairston of Temple spent Saturday and Sunday here as guests of the ladies' sisters, Mrs. J. D. Branscum and Mrs. Paschal Melton.

Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Smith spent Monday here visiting the lady's brothers, Claud and Herbert Wood and families, while on their return to their home at Marlin from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Wallace Lewis, at Colorado Springs, Colo.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Davidson, Jr., are enjoying a visit from his mother, Mrs. Wm. R. Davidson, Sr., and also his sister-in-law, Mrs. Chas. C. Davidson, and little daughter, who arrived Saturday from Madison, Ind., for a several weeks' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Wolfe and little son, Jack, returned last Friday from Victoria. Mr. Wolfe left again Monday for Waco, where he will be stationed during the balance of the cotton season. Mrs. Wolfe and son will continue their visit here for another week or two.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Cooke and two daughters came over from Brownwood Saturday to spend Sunday and the Monday holiday with Messrs. Edd and Howard Broad and their families, and incidentally to renew ac-

quaintance with old-time friends. Porter is still following the banking business in our neighbor city, and finds his location there so entirely to his liking that his visits back here have become quite infrequent.

If you want more milk from your cows, feed Polka Dot Dairy feed. MACY & CO. Phone 295. Read it in The Standard

**San Angelo-San Antonio BUS LINE**

Leaves Queen Hotel for San Antonio 10:00 a. m. For San Angelo 3:00 p. m.

**Union Bus Company**

102 E. Travis St. San Antonio, Texas

The many Brady friends of Miss

Leona Banister will be interested to learn of her having won a \$50 prize for the best essay on "The Best Vacation I Ever Had." The contest was inaugurated by The Southwest Sportsman, an outing magazine, and though it was Miss Banister's first effort along these lines, she received the award of \$50 worth of sporting goods. Miss Banister taught summer school in Brady this year. She will be a member of the school faculty at Telegraph for the fall and winter terms.

**FOR POULTRY INSECTS**

That suck Blood, such as Blue Bugs, Mites, Fleas, etc., simply feed "MARTIN'S BLUE BUG REMEDY" to your chickens. Kill insects in home and hen house with "MARTIN'S LIQUID BUG SPRAY." Guaranteed by Trigg Drug Co.

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31 x 4 "	—	23.00	21.35	18.65	—
30 x 3 1/2 SS.	14.65	—	—	—	—
32 x 3 1/2 "	22.95	20.45	16.90	15.70	—
31 x 4 "	26.45	—	—	—	—
32 x 4 "	29.15	24.35	22.45	20.85	—
33 x 4 "	30.05	25.55	23.65	21.95	—
34 x 4 "	30.85	26.05	24.15	22.40	—
32 x 4 1/2 "	37.70	31.95	30.05	—	—
33 x 4 1/2 "	38.55	33.00	31.05	—	—
34 x 4 1/2 "	39.50	34.00	32.05	—	—
35 x 4 1/2 "	40.70	35.65	33.55	—	—
36 x 4 1/2 "	41.55	36.15	34.00	—	—
33 x 5 "	46.95	—	—	—	—
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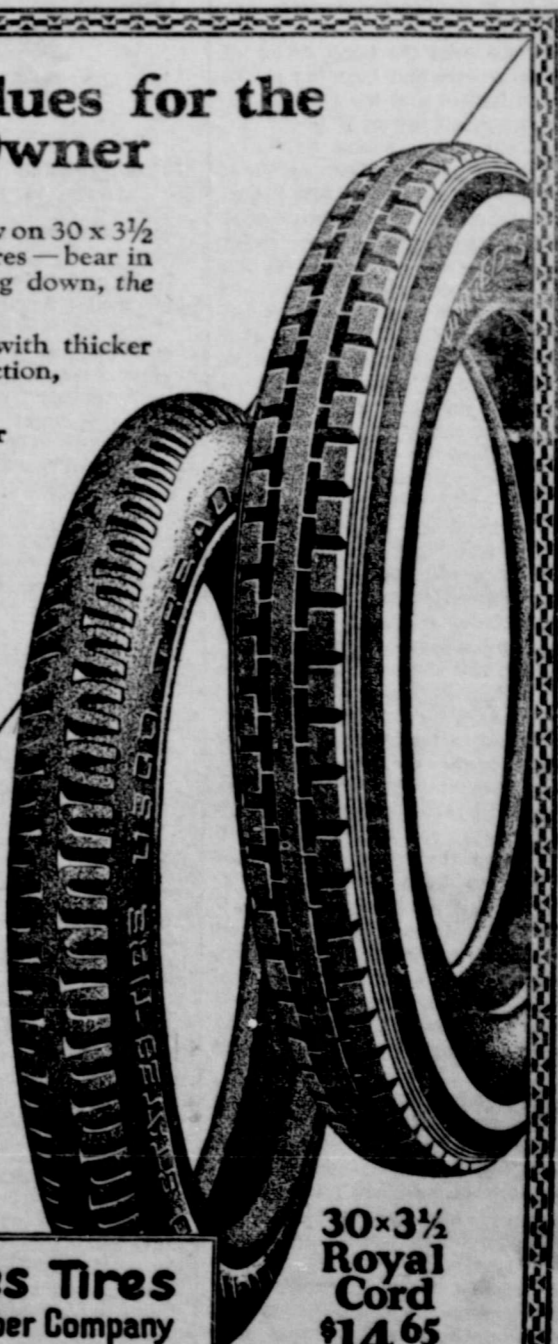
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in both Clincher & Straight Side

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# The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by **H. Bedford Jones**

Illustrations by **Irwin Myers**

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**CHAPTER I.**—During the height of the New Orleans carnival season Jachin Fell, wealthy though somewhat mysterious citizen, and Dr. Ansley, are discussing a series of robberies by an individual known as the Midnight Masquer, who, invariably attired as an aviator, has long defied the police. Joseph Maillard, wealthy banker, is giving a ball that night, at which the Masquer has threatened to appear and rob the guests. Fell and Ansley, on their way to the affair, meet a girl dressed as Columbine, seemingly known to Fell, but masked, who accompanies them to the ball.

**CHAPTER II.**—Lucie Ledanois, recently the ward of her uncle, Joseph Maillard, is the Columbine.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Lucie Ledanois, one of an old family, is in straitened circumstances. Joseph Maillard's handling of her funds has been unfortunate. Fell is an old friend of her parents and deeply interested in the girl. Henry Gramont, really the prince de Gramont, son of a French father and an American mother, but who spurns the title of prince, is enamored of Lucie and believes himself a not unfavored suitor.

**CHAPTER III.**—In his library Joseph Maillard and a group of friends are held up and robbed by the Midnight Masquer.

**CHAPTER V.**—Gramont's chauffeur, Hammond, servant in the American army in France, and there known to Gramont, lives with him. He was the original Midnight Masquer, and Gramont, for a particular purpose, after discovering Hammond's activities, assumes the role. Where Hammond had been a robber for financial gain, Gramont, of course, is not. He arranges to return the "mask" to those who he has robbed. The jewels and money, in individual packages, are got ready for delivery next day to their original owners. That night they are stolen from Gramont's auto.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Ben Chacherre, an individual of unsavory character, appears to be associated with Jachin Fell. He has a peculiar interview with one Memphis Izzy Gumberts, notorious infamously crook, in which there is significant reference to a mysterious "boss."

**CHAPTER VII.**—Lucie summons Gramont to her home and shows him the packages from his auto. He admits he is the Midnight Masquer, but convinces her that he had no thought of robbery. He refuses, however, to explain his purpose. The packages are returned to their owners.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—That evening Fell, Gramont, and Dr. Ansley, at the Krewe of Comus ball, are accosted by an intoxicated masked individual whom they recognize as Bob Maillard. He invites them to a convivial party in a private room. They refuse, and Gramont leaves the building. Joseph Maillard seeks his son, fearing public scandal as a result of Bob's condition. With Fell and Ansley they find the room where the revels are going on. Entering they discover an individual, attired as an aviator, in the act of robbing the intoxicated youths. It is a struggle that ends with Maillard is shot and killed. The "Masquer" escapes.

They discovered the hotel to be an ancient structure, and boasting prices worthy of Lafayette and his buccaneers. As in many small towns of Louisiana, however, the food proved fit for a king. After a light luncheon of quail, crayfish bisque, and probably illegal venison, Gramont sighed regret that he could eat no more, and set about inquiring where the Ledanois farm lay.

There was very little, indeed, to Paradis, which lay on the bayou but well away from the railroad. It was a desolate spot, unpainted and unkempt. The parish seat of Houma had robbed it of all life and growth on the one hand; on the other, the new oil and gas district had not yet touched it.

Southward lay the swamp—fully forty miles of it, merging by degrees into the Gulf. Forty miles of cypress marsh and winding bayou, uncharted, unexplored save by occasional hunters or semi-occasional sheriffs. No man knew who or what might be in those swamps, and no one cared to know. The man who brought in fish or oysters in his skiff might be a bayou fisherman, and he might be a murderer wanted in ten states. Curiosity was apt to prove extremely unhealthy. Like the Atchafalaya, where chance travelers find themselves abruptly ordered elsewhere, the Terrebonne swamps have their own secrets and know how to keep them.

Gramont had no difficulty in locating the Ledanois land, and he found that it was by no means in the swamp. A part of it, lying closer to Houma, had been sold and was now included in the new oil district; it was this portion which Joseph Maillard had sold off.

The remainder, and the largest portion, lay north of Paradis and ran along the west bank of the bayou for half a mile. A long-abandoned farm, it was high ground, with the timber well cleared off and excellently located; but tenants were hard to get and a sluffiness when obtained, so that the place had not been farmed for the last five years or more. After getting these facts, Gramont consulted with Hammond.

"We'd better buy some grub here in town and arrange to stay a couple of nights on the farm, if necessary," he said. "There are some buildings there, so we'll find shelter. Along the bayou are summer cottages—I believe some of them rather pretentious places—and we ought to find the road pretty decent. It's only three or four miles out of town."

With some provisions piled in the car, they set forth. The road wound along the bayou side, past ancient

Cajun farms and the squat homes of fishermen. Here and there had been placed camps and summer cottages, nestling amid groups of huge oaks and cypress, whose fronds of silver-gray moss hung in drooping clusters like pale and ghostly shrouds.

Watching the road closely, Gramont suddenly found the landmarks that had been described to him, and ordered Hammond to stop and turn in at a gap in the fence which had once been an entrance gate.

"Here we are! Those are the buildings off to the right. Whew! I should say it had been abandoned! Nothing much left but ruins. Go ahead!"

Before them, as they drove in from the road by a grass-covered drive, showed a house, shed, and barn amid a cluster of towering trees. Indeed, trees were everywhere about the farm, which had grown up in a regular sapling forest. The buildings were in a ruinous state—clapboards hanging loosely, roofs dotted by gaping holes, doors and windows long since gone.

Leaving the car, Gramont, followed by the chauffeur, went to the front doorway and surveyed the wreckage inside.

"What do you say, Hammond? Think we can stop here, or go back to the



"Think We Can Stop Here, or Go Back to the Hotel?"

hotel? It's not much of a run to town."

Hammond pointed to a wide fire-place facing them.

"I can get this shack cleaned out in about half an hour—this one room, anyhow. When we get a fire going in there, and board up the windows and doors, we ought to be comfortable enough. But suit yourself, cap'n! It's your funeral."

Gramont laughed. "All right. Go ahead and clean up, then, and if rain comes down we can camp here. Be sure and look for snakes and vermin. The floor seems sound, and if there's plenty of moss on the trees, we can make up comfortable beds. Too bad you're not a fisherman, or we might get a fresh fish out of the bayou—"

"I got some tackle in town," and Hammond grinned widely.

"Good work! Then make yourself at home and go to it. We've most of the afternoon before us."

Gramont left the house, and headed down toward the bayou shore.

He took a letter from his pocket, opened it, and glanced over it anew. It was an old letter, one written him nearly two years previously by Lucie Ledanois. It had been written merely in the endeavor to distract the thoughts of a wounded soldier, to bring his mind to Louisiana, away from the stricken fields of France. In the letter Lucie had described some of the more interesting features of Bayou Terrebonne—the oyster and shrimp fleets, the Chinese and Filipino villages along the gulf, the far-spreading cypress swamps; the bubbling fountains, natural curiosities, that broke up through the streams and bayous of the whole wide parish—fountains that were caused by gas seeping up from the earth's interior, and breaking through.

Gramont knew that plans were already afoot to tap this field of natural gas and pipe it to New Orleans. Oil had been found, too, and all the state was now oil-mad. Fortunes were being made daily, and other fortunes were being lost daily by those who dealt with oil stocks instead of with oil.

"Those gas fountains did the work!" reflected Gramont. "And according to this letter there's one of those fountains here in the bayou, close to her property. Just opposite the dock," she says. "The first thing is to find the

well, then the fountain. After that, we'll decide if it's true mineral gas. If it is, then the work's done—for I'll sure take a chance on finding oil near it!"

Gramont came to the bayou and began searching his way along the thick and high fringe of bushes and saplings that girded the water's edge. Presently he came upon the ruined evidences of what had once been a small boat shed. Not far from this he found the dock referred to in the letter; nothing was left of it except a few spiles protruding from the surface of the water. But he had no need to look farther. Directly before him, he saw that which he was seeking.

A dozen feet out from shore the water was rising and falling in a continuous dome or fountain of highly charged bubbles that rose a foot above the surface. Gramont stared at it, motionless. He watched it for a space—then, abruptly, he started. It was a violent start, a start of sheer amazement and incredulity.

He leaned forward, staring no longer at the gas dome, but at the water closer, inshore. For a moment he thought that his senses had deceived him, then he saw that the thing was there indeed, there beyond any doubt—a very faint trace of iridescent light that played over the surface of the water.

"It can't be possible!" he muttered, bending farther over. "Such a thing happens too rarely—"

His heart pounded violently; excitement sent the blood rushing to his brain in blinding swirls. He was gripped by the gold fever that comes upon a man when he makes the astounding discovery of untold wealth lying at his feet, passed over and disregarded by other and less-discerning men for days and years!

It was oil, no question about it. An extremely slight quantity, true; so slight a quantity that there was no film on the water, no discernible taste to the water. Gramont brought it to his mouth and rose, shaking his head.

Where did it come from? It had no connection with the gas bubbles—at least, it did not come from the dome of water and gas. How long he stood there staring Gramont did not know. His brain was afire with the possibilities. At length he stirred into action and started up the bayou bank, from time to time halting to search the water below him, to make sure that he could still discern the faint iridescence.

He followed it rod by rod, and found that it rapidly increased in strength. It must come from some very tiny surface seepage close at hand, that was lost in the bayou almost as rapidly as it came from the earth-depths. Only accidentally would a man see it—not unless he were searching the water close to the bank, and even then only by the grace of chance.

Suddenly Gramont saw that he had lost the sign. He halted. No, not lost, either! Just ahead of him was a patch of reeds, and a recession of the shore. He advanced again. Inside the reeds he found the oily smear, still so faint that he could only detect it at certain angles. Glancing up, he could see a fence at a little distance, evidently the boundary fence of the Ledanois land; the bushes and trees thinned out here, and on ahead was cleared ground. He saw, through the bushes, glimpses of buildings.

Violent disappointment seized him. Was he to lose this discovery, after all? Was he to find that the seepage came from ground belonging to some one else? No—he stepped back hastily, barely in time to avoid stumbling into a tiny trickle of water, a rivulet that ran down into the bayou, a tributary so insignificant that it was invisible ten feet distant! And on the surface a faint iridescence.

Excitement rising anew within him, Gramont turned and followed this rivulet, his eyes aflame with eagerness. It led him for twenty feet, and ceased abruptly, in a bubbling spring that welled from a patch of low tree-trunked land. Gramont felt his feet sinking in grass, and saw that there was a dip in the ground hereabouts, a swampy little section all to itself. He picked a dry spot and lay down on his face, searching the water with his eyes.

Moment after moment he lay there, watching. Presently he found the slight trickle of oil again—a trickle so faint and slim that even here, on the surface of the tiny rivulet, it could be discerned only with great difficulty. A very thin seepage, concluded Gramont; a thin oil, of course. So faint a little thing, to mean so much!

It came from the Ledanois land, no doubt of it. What did that matter, though? His eyes widened with flaming thoughts as he gazed down at the slender thread of water. No matter at all where this came from—the main point was proven by it! There was oil here for the finding, oil down in the thousands of feet below, oil so thick and abundant that it forced itself up through the earth fissures to find an outlet!

"Instead of going down five or six thousand feet," he thought, exultantly, "we may have to go down only a few hundred. But first we must get an option or a lease on all the land roundabout—all we can secure! There will be a tremendous boom the minute this news breaks. If we get those options, we can sell them over again at a million per cent profit, and even if we don't strike oil in paying quantities, we'll regain the cost of our drilling! And to think of the years this has been here, waiting for some one—"

Suddenly he started violently. An abrupt crashing of feet among the bushes, an outbreak of voices, had sounded not far away—just the other side of the boundary fence. He was

wakened from his dreams, and started to rise. Then he relaxed his muscles and lay quiet, astonished.



An Abrupt Crashing of Feet Among the Bushes, an Outbreak of Voices, Had Sounded Not Far Away.

him; for he heard his own name mentioned in a voice that was strange to him.

## CHAPTER X.

The voice was strange to Gramont, yet he had a vague recollection of having at some time heard it before. It was a jaunty and impudent voice, very self-assured—yet it bore a startled and uneasy note, as though the speaker had just come unawares upon the man whom he addressed.

"Howdy, sheriff!" it said. "Didn't see you in there—what you doin' so far away from Houma, eh?"

"Why, I've been looking over the place around here," responded another voice, which was dry and grim. "I know you, Ben Chacherre, and I think I'll take you along with me. Just come from New Orleans, did you?"

"Me? Take me?" The voice of Chacherre shrieked suddenly in alarm. "Look here, sheriff, it wasn't me done it! It was Gramont—" There came a silence. Not a sound broke the stillness of the late afternoon.

Gramont, listening, lay bewildered and breathless. Ben Chacherre come here? Gramont knew nothing of any place between Jachin Fell and Chacherre; he could only lie in the grass and wonder at the man's presence. What "place" was it that the sheriff of Houma had been looking over? And what was it that he, Gramont, was supposed to have done?

Confused and wondering, Gramont waited. And, as he waited, he caught a soft sound from the marshy ground beside him—a faint "plap" as though some object had fallen close by on the wet grass. At the moment he paid no heed to this sound, for again the uncanny silence had fallen.

Listening, Gramont fancied that he caught slow, stealthy footsteps amid the undergrowth, but derided the fancy as sheer imagination. His brain was busy with this new problem. Houma, he knew, was the seat of the parish or county. This Ben Chacherre appeared to have suddenly and unexpectedly encountered the sheriff, to his obvious alarm, and the sheriff had for some reason decided to arrest him; so much was clear.

Chacherre had nothing to do with the "place"—did that mean the adjacent property, or the Ledanois farm? In his puzzled bewilderment over this imbroglio Gramont for the moment quite forgot the trickle of oil at his feet.

But now the deep silence became unnatural and sinister. What had happened? Surely, Ben Chacherre had not been arrested and taken away in such silence! Why had the voices so abruptly ceased? Vaguely uneasy, startled by the prolongation of that intense stillness, Gramont rose to his feet and peered among the trees.

The two speakers seemed to have departed; he could descrie nobody in sight. A step to one side gave Gramont a view of the land adjoining the Ledanois place. This was cleared of all brush, and under some immense oaks to the far left he had a glimpse of a large summer cottage, boarded up and apparently deserted. Nearer at hand, however, he saw other buildings, and these drew his attention. He heard the throbbing pound of a motor at work, and as there was no power line along here, the place evidently had its own electrical plant. He scrutinized the scene before him appraisingly.

There were two large buildings here. One seemed to be a large barn, closed, the other was a long, low shed which was too large to be a garage. The door of this was open, and before the opening Gramont saw three men standing in talk; he recognized none of them. Two of the talkers were clad in greasy overalls, and the third figure showed the flash of a collar. The sheriff, Ben Chacherre, and some other man, thought Gramont. He would not have known Chacherre had he encountered him face to face. To him, the man was a name only.

The mention of his own name by Chacherre impelled him to go forward and demand some explanation. Then it occurred to him that perhaps he had made a mistake; it would have been very easy, for he was not certain that Chacherre had referred to him. There could be other Gramonts, or other men whose name would have much the same sound in a Creole

mourning. "I'd better attend to my own business," thought Gramont, and turned away. He noticed that the motor had ceased its work. "Wonder what rich chap can be down here at his summer cottage this time of year? May be only a caretaker, though. I'd better give all my attention to this oil, and let other things alone."

He retraced his steps to the bayou bank and turned back toward the house. As he did so, Hammond appeared coming toward him, knife in hand.

"I'm going to cut me a pole and land a couple o' fish for supper," announced the chauffeur, grinning. "Got things cleaned up fine, cap'n! You won't know the old shack."

"Good enough," said Gramont. "Here, step over this way! I want to show you something."

He led Hammond to the rivulet and pointed out the thin film of oil on the surface.

"There's our golden fortune, sergeant! Oil actually coming out of the ground! It doesn't happen very often, but it does happen and this is one of the times. I'll not bother to look around any farther."

"Glorious be!" said Hammond, starting at the rivulet. "Want to hit back for town?"

"No; we couldn't get back until some time tonight, and the roads aren't very good for night work. I'm going to get some leases around here—perhaps I can do it right away, and we'll start back in the morning. Go ahead and get your fish."

Regaining the house, he saw that Hammond had indeed cleaned up in great style, and had the main room looking clean as a pin, with a fire popping on the hearth. He did not pause here, but went to the car, got in, and started it. He drove back to the road and followed this toward town for a few rods, turning in at a large and very decent-looking farmhouse that he had observed while passing it on the way out.

He found the owner, an intelligent-looking Creole, driving in some cows for milking, and was a little startled to realize that the afternoon was so late. When he addressed the farmer in French, he received a cordial reply, and discovered that this man owned the land across the road from the Ledanois place—that his farm, in fact, covered several hundred acres.

"Who owns the land next to the Ledanois place?" inquired Gramont.

"I sold that off my land a couple of years ago," replied the other. "A man from New Orleans wanted it for a summer place—a business man there, Isidore Gumberts."

Gumberts—"Memphis Izzy" Gumberts! The name flashed to Gramont's mind, and brought the recollection of a conversation with Hammond. Why, Gumberts was the famous crook of whom Hammond had spoken.

"I saw the sheriff a while ago, heading up the road," observed the Creole. "Did you meet him?"

Gramont shook his head. "No, but I saw several men at the Gumberts place. Perhaps he was there—"

"Not there, I guess," and the farmer laughed. "Those fellows have rented the place from Gumberts, I hear; they're inventors, and quiet enough men. You're a stranger here?"

Gramont introduced himself as a friend of Miss Ledanois, and stated frankly that he was looking for oil and hoped to drill on her land.

"I'd like a lease option from you," he went on. "I don't want to buy your land at all; what I want is a right to drill for oil on it, in case any shows up on Miss Ledanois' land. It's all a gamble, you know. I'll give you a hundred dollars for the lease, and the usual eighth interest in any oil that's found. I've no lease blanks with me, but if you'll give me the option, a signed memorandum will be entirely sufficient."

The farmer regarded oil as a joke, and said so. The hundred dollars, however, and the prospective eighth interest, were sufficient to induce him to part with the option without any delay. He was only too glad to get the thing done with at once, and to pocket Gramont's money.

Gramont drove away, and was just coming to the Ledanois drive when he suddenly threw on the brakes and halted the car, listening. From somewhere ahead of him—the Gumberts place, he thought instantly—echoed a shot, and several faint shouts. Then silence again.

Gramont paused, indecisive. The sheriff was making an arrest, he thought. A hundred possibilities fitted through his brain, suggested by the sinister combination of Memphis Izzy, known even to Hammond as a prince among crooks, with this seceded place leased by "inventors," bootlegging? Counterfeiting?

hammed. Hammond easily captured. Chance was somewhat the one captor who what l



"I Found a Dead Man Over in Them Bushes," Shot Out Hammond.

wore a collar was bleeding copiously from a cut cheek. The three turned as Gramont's car drove up, and Hammond gave an ejaculation of relief.

"Here he is now—"

"Shut up!" snapped one of his armed captors in an ugly tone. "Hurry up, Chacherre—get a rope and tie this gink!"

Gramont leaped from the car and strode forward.

"What's been going on here?" he demanded, sharply. "Hammond—"

"I found a dead man over in them bushes," shot out Hammond, "and these guys jumped me before I seen 'em. They claim I done it—"

"A dead man!" repeated Gramont, and looked at the three. "What do you mean?"

"Give him the spiel, Chacherre," growled one of them. Ben Chacherre stepped forward, his bold eyes fastened on those of Gramont with a look of defiance.

"The sheriff was here some time ago, looking for a stolen boat," he said, "and went off toward the Ledanois place. We were following, in order to help him search, when we came upon this man standing in the bushes, over the body of the sheriff. A knife was in his hand, and the sheriff had been stabbed to death. He drew a pistol and shot one of us—"

Gramont was staggered for a moment. "Wait!" he exclaimed. "Hammond, how much of this is true?"

"What I'm tellin' you, cap'n," answered Hammond, doggedly. "I found a man layin' there and was looking at him when these guys jumped me. I shot that fellow in the arm, all right, then they grabbed my gun and got me down. That's all."

The sheriff—murdered! Into the mind of Gramont leaped that brief conversation which he had overheard between Ben Chacherre and the sheriff; the strange, unnatural silence which had concluded that broken-off conversation. He stared from Hammond to the others, speechless for the moment, yet with hot words rising impetuously in him.

Now he noticed that Chacherre and his two companions were watching him very intently, and were slightly circling out. He sensed an acquaintance among all these men. He saw that the wounded man had finished his bandaging, and was now holding his unwounded hand in his pocket, bulky, menacingly.

Danger flashed upon Gramont—flashed upon him vividly and with startling clearness. He realized that anything was possible in this isolated spot—this spot where murder had so lately been consummated! He checked on his very lips what he had been about to blurt forth; at this instant, Hammond forced the thought in his mind.

"It's a frame-up!" said the chauffeur, angrily.

"That's likely, isn't it?" Chacherre flung the words in a sneer, but with a covert glance at Gramont. "This fellow is your chauffeur, ain't he? Well, we got to take him in to Houma, that's all."

"Where's the sheriff's body?" demanded Gramont, quietly.

"Over there," Chacherre gestured. "We ain't had a chance to bring him back yet—this fellow kept us busy. Maybe you want to frame up an alibi for him?"

Gramont paid no attention to the sneering tone of this last. He regarded Chacherre fixedly, thinking hard, keeping himself well in hand.

"You say the sheriff was here, then went over toward the Ledanois land?" he asked. "Did he go alone, or were you with him?"

"We were fixin' to follow him," asserted Chacherre, confidently. "That was all Gramont wanted to know—that the man was lying. 'We were trailin' along after him when he stepped into the bushes. This man of yours was standing over him with a knife—"