

BUY YOUR NEW SPRING HAT AT MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

DISTRICT COURT DOCKET IS LIGHT — TRY CIVIL SUIT

District court was convened on Monday by Judge J. O. Woodward, who empaneled the following as grand jurors:

- E. E. Polk
- C. S. Randal
- M. A. Gainer
- W. J. Gault
- J. E. White
- Clyde Westbrook
- Ernest Penn
- G. L. Burns
- John C. Moffatt
- H. Harkrider
- Leslie Sansom
- W. D. Jordan.

E. E. Polk was named foreman of the body. The grand jury is now in session. No indictments have so far been given out.

Bailiffs were named as follows: N. G. Lyle, Sr., door bailiff, J. H. Galbreath, walking bailiff, Alvin Brooks, riding bailiff.

A very light civil docket was before the court, and the jury was dismissed Monday until today on account of the absence of one of the principals in a civil suit. This morning the case of J. M. Radford Grocery Co. vs. H. Wilensky, suit on contract, was taken up.

The Criminal docket will be taken up next Thursday at which time a couple of cases in which theft is alleged will come to trial. The case of Roy Iker, colored, charged with murder, will be taken up next Monday.

Father Dies in Brownwood.

N. T. Cook of this city has the deep sympathy of all in the death of his father, Nathaniel Cook, highly respected citizen of Brownwood, which occurred at the family home in that city at 4:30 o'clock Monday afternoon, at the advanced age of 92 years.

Mr. Cook had been in feeble health for some time, and for the past three or four weeks his condition had been serious. Mr. and Mrs. Cook went to Brownwood several weeks ago to be at his bedside, and Mr. Cook had returned here only last week at which time his father appeared somewhat improved. He returned to Brownwood Monday morning in response to a message stating that the end was not far off.

Nathaniel Cook was one of the old settlers in Brown county, having for many years engaged in farming there. He was a faithful and devoted member of the Methodist church, and was respected and admired for his Christian character as well as his virtues as an upright, honorable citizen.

Funeral arrangements have not been learned here.

If you once give Tanlac an honest trial, you will add your voice to the thousands of others who are praising it Trigg Drug Co.

Quartet.

Tax Collector (to claimant for exemption)—"You say you have three dependents." Is that all?"

Applicant—"Well, you might add the landlord. I practically support him."—Life.

"Mo' Sociable."

"I like a mule mo' dan I does a flivver," said Uncle Eben, "because he's mo' sociable. When a mule balks you kin at least entertain de hope dat he's ginter take an interest in de conversation."—Washington Star.

Large Assortment of Memo and Day Books at The Brady Standard.

G. N. KARNES, SAN SABA CITIZEN IS SHOT BY AN UNKNOWN PARTY

Wednesday about noon a telephone call from Shaw Bend summoned Sheriff Neal and Dr. E. C. Beaumont, stating that G. N. Karnes had been shot. As the News goes to press Wednesday afternoon very meager details are available. It appears that Mr. Karnes was sitting on a chair at his camp on his Shaw Bend farm. The doctor found a wound in the face. The ball entered the right jaw and passed diagonally through the mouth, terribly lacerating the tongue, shattering the teeth and passing out thru the left corner of the mouth. The wound was dressed and the wounded man brought to town and a nurse secured.

Mr. Karnes keeps a room in the Clark building in town, but has a tent and spends much of his time in the open on his farm on the Colorado river in the Shaw Bend community.

The wound was apparently made with a bullet from a high-powered gun.—San Saba News.

The Bravest Are the Tenderest.

Watching a fire in the mountains, the company admired its scenic grandeur. General Lee remarked: "It is beautiful, but I have been thinking of the poor animals that must perish in the flames."

Near Richmond, as a storm of shell swept the field, General Lee ordered his attendants to the rear, and while attentively surveying the area was seen to stop, pick up a fledgling sparrow which had fallen to the ground and carefully restore it to the nest overhead.

Amid the carnage of Chancellorsville his orders to the Confederate surgeons were, "Treat the whole field alike."

At the Petersburg crater, in the midst of the battle, he dismounted to help a wounded man and kneeling over him, finding him past hope, was heard to say, "Alas! Poor soldier! May God make soft your dying pillow!"

At the door of his home, having given aid to a poorly clad man begging aid, he pointed to his retiring form and said to one near him: "There is one of our old soldiers now in necessitous circumstances. He fought on the other side, but we must not remember that against him now."

Crossing the Pennsylvania line with his army, he announced: "We make was upon armed men," and on one occasion, in the presence of his soldiers, dismounted and put up a farmer's rail fence which they had torn down.

MISSIONARY PROGRAM TO BE RENDERED AT BAPTIST CHURCH ON MARCH 26TH

The Baptist Sunday school will render a Missionary program at the Baptist church Sunday morning, March 26th, beginning at 9:45 o'clock. Everyone is invited to come and bring someone with you.

Remember the date and hour — March 26th, at 9:45.

There will be a District meeting of the Baptist women at Coleman, March 28th, beginning at 9:30. All the Baptist women who can are urged to attend.

St. Paul's Church.

Services Sunday morning and evening by the Rev. Jno. Power, LL.D.

Foiled Agains.

Detective Brandenburg's attention was attracted to a blind man on Central avenue Friday afternoon who he thought was watching him.—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

Read it in The Standard.

THE BRADY STANDARD WILL ISSUE SPECIAL INTERSCHOLASTIC EDITION

BIG COUNTY-WIDE CONTEST TO BE HELD IN BRADY MARCH 31ST AND APRIL 1ST WILL BE FEATURED IN NEXT TUESDAY'S STANDARD EDITION.

The Brady Standard has completed arrangements for the issuing of a Special Interscholastic edition on next Tuesday, for the purpose of boosting and advertising the big Interscholastic meet to be held in Brady Friday and Saturday, March 31st and April 1st. The edition will contain a complete program of events — literary contests, track and field. Also it will contain much of interest in the way of special school news and features of the interscholastic contests now being held throughout the state of Texas.

The McCulloch County Interscholastic meet, from a rather inauspicious beginning, has grown by leaps and bounds until this year, practically every school in the county will be represented in various of the events, and there will be some keen sport as the various excellent teams meet, not to say when various individual clashes will.

The attendance, too, has grown by leaps and bounds, and this year should

far outrank all previous events. Brady merchants will find it greatly to their advantage to prepare for the gathering here on Friday and Saturday of next week of school enthusiasts from all parts of the county. Get your stocks in shape so as to make them most attractive for the visitors. Get your goods before the people. You can do so in no more effective manner than with a well-written ad. Invite the visitors to your store. "Say it with Printer's Ink!"

COUNTY WILL BUILD MODERN REST ROOM ON EAST COURT HOUSE LAWN

BIDS CALLED FOR ON IMPROVEMENT OF COURT HOUSE LAWN FOLLOWING ACCEPTANCE OF PLANS PREPARED BY COUNTY ENGINEER E. A. BURROWS.

One of the most progressive steps yet taken by the McCulloch county commissioners court was the decision during the regular session of the court last week, to improve and beautify the court house lawn and surroundings. The first of the improvements to be made will be the erection of a rest room on the lawn to the east of the court house, and which will be gotten under way without delay. County Engineer E. A. Burrow will be in charge of the erection of the rest room. This building will be constructed with a steel frame and with stucco and plaster finish, and is of a design approved by present-day architects. The building will be made to harmonize with the court house, and will be a most attractive addition to the court house square.

The plans and specifications for the new rest room were furnished by the Berger Manufacturing Co. of Salem, Ohio, which firm specializes in this character of building and construction work. The steel framework for the building is already at hand, and the re-inforcing steel has been ordered for immediate shipment. A car of concrete gravel has also been ordered from San Saba, and will be on hand within the next few days.

The specifications call for a structure of re-inforced steel framework, with stucco finish outside and plaster finish within, and a slab concrete floor and roof. The roof will be surrounded with a fire wall, and, being flat, will be available as a speaker's stand and for similar purposes. The building proper will be 16x24 ft., with a reception room 16x16 ft. square and the walls will be tinted and finished in harmonious and restful colors. Included in the furnishings will be three

toilets, two lavatories, one slop sink and one drinking fountain. The Brady Civic League has planned to provide furniture and fixtures for the rest room. The building is to be completed and ready for inspection and approval by the time the court meets next month. The commissioners also approved and accepted the plans and specification submitted by Engineer Burrows for the improvement of the court house lawn, and ordered that advertisement be made for competitive bids on the complete work and on the dirt and concrete work separately.

In order to get the use of automobile tax money, County Judge Evans Adkins was appointed to keep the books and make report on the expenditures to the highway department.

Mrs. Martha Abernathy of Rochelle was allowed \$15 per month as a county ward.

G. B. Owens was appointed constable in Precinct No. 2.

F. M. RICHARDS BUYS 6 BULLS AT FAT STOCK SHOW

F. M. Richards of Brady Saturday had an exhibition here six head of registered Hereford bulls, just received by him from Fort Worth, where he had purchased them from among exhibition stock at the Fat Stock show. The bulls were conceded to be as fine stock as has ever been shipped here, and occasioned much favorable comment from all the spectators.

Five of the animals were two-year olds, and the sixth a yearling. They ranged in weight from over 1500 lbs. to 1600 lbs. This latter bull will be two years old June 7th. One of the number was one of the prize-winners at the stock show. The price paid for the six head totaled \$2,500.

In addition to his purchases, Mr. Richards bought the fine stock of Texas Hereford Bulls from the Texas Hereford Association, at Fort Worth.

Richards bought a fine bull from Mr. Parrott.

The animals have been taken to the Richards' ranch east of Brady, where they will head his famous herd of 400 fine Hereford cattle.

SALE OF BANKRUPT STOCK.

Notice is hereby given that I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash at Brady, Texas, on Friday, March 24, 1922, at 2:00 p. m., the stock and fixtures owned by the estate of J. C. Harber, invoicing \$2,647.84. The stock may be inspected on the morning of sale. For further information, address A. ROBINSON, Trustee, Austin, Texas.

After the fire: Friends may sympathize, but we pay cash. Anderson & Carrithers, Insurers.

There is something interesting and surprising. Why it will be complete. Write to us.

LOST CREEK SCHOOL TO RENDER PROGRAM FRIDAY NIGHT—ALL ARE INVITED

The Lost Creek school will render a program next Friday night which will be free for all and all who can are invited to attend.

The program will be as follows: Recitation "Welcome"—Seven small children.

Pantomime—"The Ring Before and After Marriage."

Act I. "Before Marriage."

Act II. "After Marriage."

Orel and Ruby Henderson.

Song, "Horrid Boy"—Malcum Holloway and Ruby Nell Westerman.

Drill, "Faries"—Nine girls.

Song, "School Days"—Edwin Schooley and Lillian Hayes.

Play in one act, "Telescope Basket"—Orel Henderson, Jay Cochran, Velma Holloway, Ruby Henderson.

Pantomime, "Courtship Under Difficulties"—Five children.

Play, "Who's Crazy Now?"—Ola Green, Lora Mae Green, Lola McBee, Joe Henderson, Orel Henderson, Jay Cochran.

Play, "Love and Lather"—John Holloway, Alton Holloway, Joe Henderson, Ernest Underwood, Ada Cochran.

Recitation, "Good - Bye"—Seven children.

SHADES OF CAESAR'S GHOST! THIS HOG HAS 36 PIGS IN LESS THAN ELEVEN MONTHS

The verbal battle is on! Registered breeds versus Cross bred hogs is the issue. The conquest grows fiercer! The hog tales thicken!! Two more allies rush to the aid of the registered pure breeds just as the cross breeds are about to overwhelm their opponents with a report of 440 lbs of live pork as represented by a Duro and Poland China cross bred raised by R. D. Draper of Lohn in just three days more than a twelve-month. Selah!

Now comes Oscar Turner with a statement that if his silky-haired big bone Poland Chinas didn't equal that record as a matter of habit he would quit the hog-raising business in disgust.

But it remains for J. G. Milburn living four miles southwest of Rochelle, to bring up the re-inforcement and execute a flank movement on the armies of the cross-breeds. Mr. Milburn says that his son, D. H., who lives with him on his farm, has a Poland China sow, subject to registration which has brought 36 pigs in a period of four days less than 11 months. The pigs are out of a registered male. The first litter was made up of nine little squealers, and the sow raised every one of them; the second litter comprised twelve. Some varmint kept carrying off members of the brood until the old sow raised but six of the lot. Then, just the other day, the sow brought a litter of fifteen. More and better pigs all the time. Thirty-six of 'em—count 'em and see for yourself.

The forces of the pure-breeds have won the day—but, tomorrow's another day!

Men Wanted.

All the ages past and gone have called for men—

When at war or when at peace, This clear call shall never cease; Until man, "to these the least," Shall be a friend.

Men are wanted every day upon the heights—

Men whose honesty is sure; Men whose friendship will endure; Men whose hearts are clean and pure, As are star lights.

Every calling on the globe seeks now for men—

Those who know they know a trade; Those who call a spade a spade; Those whom God and Christ have made.

You're wanted then.

—P. F. CAMPBELL.

Many a Co. can supply you with the best of everything.

One

SCHOOL SPIRIT IN COUNTY WAXES ENTHUSIASTIC

Without question, McCulloch county schools are making great strides in maintaining and building up the proper school spirit, and in creating the proper enthusiasm and interest both among patrons, pupils and the citizenship of each community essential in the advancing of the educational interests of such community.

Last night an enthusiastic mass meeting was held at Lohn and at which, according to report had from County Superintendent W. M. Deans, who was in attendance, the citizens raised \$220 in less than thirty minutes for the purpose of continuing the school another month. On account of the roof of the school building giving away, it had been decided to cut the Lohn school short a month. This, however, did not meet the approval of teachers, pupils nor patrons, and the mass meeting resulted. In addition to the \$220 raised by the citizens, the members of the Lohn school faculty will swell the fund with a \$100 contribution from out of their salaries. This leaves only about \$100 yet to be raised to assure the school being continued another full month, and this sum is certain to be contributed by citizens who were not in attendance upon the meeting.

Rochelle offers another example of a citizenship which takes pride in its schools and which has made great strides in educational matters. In 1910 the Rochelle citizens erected a modern two-story brick school building. Today they have already outgrown this building and aspire to a commodious and still more modern structure. They have information on a \$12,000.00 school building that will not only meet present requirements, but which will meet future needs as the town grows and the scholastics increase. Rochelle citizens will hold a mass meeting Friday night to consider the proposition to erect a new school building.

Out Fife way, you have another example of a wide-awake citizenship and live school spirit. Fife citizens are in the notion of giving their community a school building to which it may point with pride. They already have a dandy good school, but their school building just doesn't harmonize with the school spirit. So last Thursday the citizens got together in a mass meeting, discussed the problem and decided to build a real school building for their children. Committees were named to secure plans, costs and various essential data on school buildings, and another meeting will be held soon to hear the committee report. Fife folks have the reputation of getting solidly behind a project, once they make up their mind it's the thing to do. Fife citizens are going to be solidly behind the committee and its plans for a new school building.

Out Calf Creek way, the citizens are having completed a new and modern concrete school building and by the beginning of next term the school children of Calf Creek community will wend their way with pride to the model and modern structure that will then grace the community.

Even in Brady the school spirit is awakening. Perhaps some day Brady citizens will no longer have the Masonic temple, the Methodist church and various business houses alone as examples of civic progress and development to which to call the attention of visitors and prospective citizens. Perhaps, we will be enabled to point to a school building which shall set an example for all other schools in Texas! Who knows? Surely, Brady is due a school of that class.

Loose Leaf Note Books at The Brady Standard.

Phone 225 for anything you may need in the line of books. We will be glad to serve you. BRADY & CO.

MONEY TO LOAN On McCulloch County Lands

We want \$500,000.00 in farm and ranch loans within the next sixty days. We will meet all competition in rates and service.

Trimmier-McCawver & Lynn

Storm Country

Polly

by Grace Miller White

Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

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CHAPTER II.

About the time Polly Hopkins began to repair the shack roof, Evelyn Robertson came into the room where her mother sat reading. The girl was dressed to go out and was drawing a pair of gloves over her ringed fingers.

"Where are you going, Eve?" inquired the lady. "It seems to me that you're running out altogether too much. There's your piano! You haven't practiced in months. Now don't blame me, Eve, if when Marcus asks you to play, you fall flat."

A dull red ran into the girl's cheeks, but she made no reply as she smoothed the wrinkles from her gloves.

"The good Lord knows," continued the mother irritably, "that I've kept at you enough. Now Marc and Robert are home, how are you going to entertain them? Men demand so much."

The experiences of the past two years had taught Evelyn that lesson. It had been demand, demand and more demanding ever since, on girlish impulse, she had secretly married Oscar Bennett.

"And you heard what Marcus said last night about the Silent City folks."



"And You Heard What Marcus Said Last Night About the Silent City Folks," Went on Mrs. Robertson.

went on Mrs. Robertson. "What you want of that Hopkins girl I don't understand. Marcus says her father is the most dangerous man among the lot of them, and the girl herself is queer."

"Oh, don't talk about the squatters all the time," cried Evelyn. "I hate the very sound of the word. What's Polly Hopkins, anyway? . . . Now Marcus is home—"

"Darling," the mother interrupted eagerly, "it has always been my hope that you and Marc would grow to care for each other. He is so rich and so handsome! Now, isn't he?"

A groan almost leapt from Evelyn's lips. What a fool she had been! Here she was married to a man she loathed, a man she was ashamed of! The realization that another man, rich, good-looking and in every way desirable, had turned his serious eyes upon her, almost made her blurt out the whole story to her mother; but having kept silent so long, she dared not speak now. All through the night she had tossed and turned, hunting some way to get Oscar Bennett out of her life without Marcus MacKenzie knowing anything about it. She dared not go to Oscar himself; Polly Hopkins was the only hope she had. All Bennett cared for was money. He was as tired of her as she was of him. Perhaps he would go away quietly and set her free if she gave him money enough. Would her mother give it to her?

"Mother, do you honestly want me to marry Marc?" she asked, trembling.

Mrs. Robertson caught at the out-flung hand.

"I do, I do indeed, darling," she answered. "And he'll ask you too, I'm sure. Perhaps not today or tomorrow, for he's just renewing his acquaintance with you. By the way he looked last night I could tell he was considering it."

A handkerchief dropped from Evelyn's fingers, and she stooped to pick it up.

"If I lend Marcus on," she suggested, rising, "and—and get him to ask me to marry him, will you give me any sum of money I want?"

Her voice shook with emotion, and her young face seemed suddenly old and haggard. Mrs. Robertson had

never seen her daughter in such a state.

"Sit down a minute, Evelyn," she commanded. "Now tell me what you want money for. I know very well that you haven't spent what I've allowed you upon yourself. That's why I've refused you so much lately. No more secrets or mystery! I want the facts. Now tell me this minute."

The girl dropped into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

"I can't," she whispered.

For some time she remained in the same attitude, while her mother studied her silently. At length the girl lifted herself erect.

"I can't explain," she broke out, "and I suppose you're thinking all kinds of things. I can't help it if you do. You'll have to give me the money I need, if you want me to marry Marc. There's no 'ifs' and 'ands' about that. If you'll give me the money—she faltered, wiped her lips and concluded slowly, "I'll marry Marcus MacKenzie."

"You must be crazy, Eve," Mrs. Robertson said in a cold voice, "to talk to me like that. If you have any secrets from me, it's time you told them."

"Well?" shot from Evelyn sharply, "suppose I have? It's my secret, isn't it? Are you going to help me or not, that's the question."

It was evident to Mrs. Robertson that the situation was not to be trifled with. In a twinkling her daughter had changed from a meek and timid girl to an aggressive woman. To try to bully her any more would be a mere waste of effort.

"Heavens," she began, "this is a pretty how to do, I must say. I can't imagine why you should want money. It doesn't make much difference, anyway. There are more reasons than one why you can't get it from me."

"What are they?" fell from the girl's lips.

"The first is," returned the mother, tartly, "I don't like being held up in this high-handed manner by my own daughter."

She paused; and Evelyn caught her breath. If that were all, she would roar and rage until she got what she wanted.

Mother and daughter were staring at one another, each demanding an explanation. Evelyn did not intend to make any! Mrs. Robertson weakened before the steely-blue in the girl's eyes.

"But the main reason is," she went on, "I haven't got it. I don't own this house, nor—"

Evelyn sprang to her feet and confronted her mother. Her face was drawn into cruel lines, and her hands were gripped spasmodically.

"You lie," she burst forth. "You've always lied to me about money."

A bitter smile drew down the corners of the older woman's mouth. She knew how true the accusation was.

"Well, this time," she answered, "I'm telling you the simple truth. I not only do not own this house, but—"

"Then who does own it?" interjected the girl.

"Your cousin, Robert Percival," was the quick response; "and he's supplied all the money we have used. Now perhaps you won't try to get something out of me I haven't got."

"Mother!" cried the girl, in agony.

"I told you, Eve, that you should know the truth," Mrs. Robertson continued. "You've asked for it, and here it is. When Robert's father and mother died, I came here to take care of him. I had nothing then and have nothing now. You were only a baby, and I've always kept the facts from you. When Robert went to war, he arranged that if he didn't come back, I should have the home and enough money to keep us."

Evelyn's eyes widened. Of a surety this was the truth.

"Then we aren't rich?" she demanded huskily.

"No, that we're not!" responded the lady, "and what's more, we are dependent upon Robert for everything."

With a quick gesture Evelyn caught her mother's arm, despair changing the lines on her face.

"Oh, you needn't be so theatrical, my dear," said the woman. "Robert's never given me the slightest reason to feel he thought us a burden. I'm quite like his mother, as I should be. The only thing necessary is that you should feather your own nest before Bob makes up his mind to get married. I know very well you've turned down many a young man in Ithaca. Now your chance has come. Marc MacKenzie's rich. He loves you—"

Without waiting to hear anything more, Evelyn ran out of the room. Mrs. Robertson sank back with a sigh, partly of relief that at last Evelyn knew just the situation they were in, partly of anxiety as to her daughter's secret.

CHAPTER III.

As she ran, Polly Hopkins cogitated on MacKenzie's words. Evelyn's mother had said that she was as odd as she was filthy.

Mrs. Robertson! The arrogant woman who lived on the hill in a house almost big enough to hold every person in the Silent City ought not to sneer against the squatters. If the grand lady only knew it, her own daughter had stooped to a trick such as would put to shame any hut-woman. A squatter wife would not leave her man to do for himself or deny him before the world. Added to Polly's personal humiliation was MacKenzie's threat against Daddy Hopkins.

The hope Robert Percival's words had instilled in her seemed to die as she traveled, and her heart beat with fear, for should Old Marc get his fingers on Daddy Hopkins, Polly had no doubt there would be nothing but imprisonment for him and the graveyard for her and Jerry. She could not think of life without her father. Not a single night had she ever been away from his kindly love and attention—and Wee Jerry! A vivid picture rose before her of the baby's grief if he could not straddle daddy's neck and play his father was a horse.

When she reached the top of the ragged rocks, she pulled up and cast a glance over the lake. The calling of her name made her turn swiftly. Recognizing Evelyn Robertson's voice, she waited while the other girl came down the path from MacKenzie's woods. She was quite unlike the little squatter. A fashionable raincoat protected her from the wet; and she carried a light umbrella in her gloved hand. The greeting between them was one of embarrassment.

"I was going to find my daddy," Polly explained. "He's somewhere along the lake. I didn't know I'd come on you this mornin'."

The memory of Mrs. Robertson's words brought a rush of color to her face, and she looked down at her feet. There surged up in her a feeling that she did not want anything to do with any of these people. Why should she? They were rich; and she was only a squatter brat! She started to walk away.

"I said," she flung over her shoulder, "I were lookin' for my daddy. Good-by."

Evelyn Robertson was not interested in Jeremiah Hopkins. As far as she was concerned, the whole Silent City might be washed off into the waves and carried away. Her own troubles filled her mind. The shock of her mother's disclosure stunned her, for without the help she had expected, she could see no way out of Oscar Bennett's clutches. In the meantime, the squatter girl was her only means of communication.

"Wait, Pollyop, wait a minute! I came down just to speak to you!"

Wheeling slowly around, Polly faced her.

"What do you want?" she asked in surly tones.

"Pollyop," ejaculated Evelyn, coming swiftly to her side, "I'm almost scared to death. My cousin, Bob—oh, you've got to help me again!"

Bob! Then the soldier in the uniform was Evelyn's cousin, Bob! That was the nicest name in all the world, a name fitted for the man who had dropped into the Silent City to help along the squatters. Suddenly her mood changed. She forgot Oscar Bennett and his odious words, forgot that the girl crying for her aid had allowed her mother to say dreadful things against her and Daddy Hopkins. If Evelyn were related to the soldier, then Polly Hopkins would do anything Miss Robertson asked of her.

"What do you want?" she repeated shyly, blushing.

"It's this," answered Evelyn. "Mr. MacKenzie's home—and my cousin came with him. My cousin, Robert Percival!"

"Is your cousin a handsome feller with long legs an' a face—"

Pollyop stopped for lack of words.



"Tell Oscar I Haven't Any Money! I Just Can't Get It Now! And Pollyop, Tell Him Too That He Mustn't Write Me Any More Letters."

How could she describe the fine, sympathetic countenance she had seen from the hut roof?

"Yes," Evelyn interjected, "Bob's awfully good-looking, and he's tall too. Now listen, Pollyop; you must go to

Oscar again for me this very day—Oscar, dear, he's so mean to me!"

Polly considered the pretty face a moment. She could not understand why the home-coming of the cousin and Old Marc should make Evelyn so flustered. With her steady eyes upon her she was studying over this question when Evelyn burst forth:

"Tell Oscar I haven't any money! I just can't get it now! And, Pollyop, tell him too that he mustn't write me any more letters. My mother—well, if she found one of them, she'd turn me out of the house."

Polly's mouth flew open. She could not conceive of a girl doing anything in the world had enough to make her mother turn her out of her home.

"Lordy! Would she, now?" she gasped.

"My mother's proud," said Evelyn, in excuse. "You know that, Polly."

Certainly Polly knew it! Hadn't she ducked out of sight of the unsympathetic lady many a time when lurking near the Robertson home with a message from Oscar to Evelyn?

"I don't know what I will do, Polly," the other girl went on, "if you don't help me—and—some time I'll really do something for you."

A temptation to blurt out the words Marcus MacKenzie had spoken assailed the squatter girl; but Evelyn looked worried! Polly's heart was as soft as the velvet in her eyes when she came upon trouble of any kind.

"You've been good to Wee Jerry," she interposed gently. "Awful good. He most giggles his little life away when I bring him the goodies you send him."

"I'm going to do a lot for both of you," returned Evelyn impulsively, "and today I brought this bag of candy for the baby. Here! Take it! And you'll go to Oscar for me as soon as you can, won't you?"

Smiling, Polly slipped the package of sweets into her pocket. She could forgive anything against herself for the sake of seeing Wee Jerry smile and hearing him crow over the contents of the small bag.

"Yes," she agreed, "an' say all you tell me to. But what if he kicks up a row? He's gettin' awful pernickity, Oscar is?"

A sharp cry from Evelyn was followed by:

"Tell him he mustn't! Make him promise he won't! And—and, Pollyop, I'll tell you something else, if you'll promise never to tell."

"I never told anything yet, have I?" Pollyop protested in low, indignant tones.

"No one must ever know about Oscar and me," Evelyn began, still harping upon the great fear that obsessed her, "because—"

"Because of your ma," interrupted Polly. "Sure I know that!"

A slim hand was raised in partial protest.

"Mother's an awful worry to me sometimes, but it's not she altogether. But—but—"

"Then—then—it's your fine-looking cousin," came brokenly from Polly, during the pause in Miss Robertson's statement.

"Of course, I wouldn't have him know for anything," Evelyn nodded assent. "Oh, goodness, I might as well tell it and get it over. I love some one else, and he loves me, Pollyop. I want to be his wife more than I've ever wanted anything before. He's wealthy, dear, and I've got to marry him."

Polly's face gathered a shocked expression. How could she marry any one when she was already wedded to Oscar Bennett? By any law Polly knew of, a girl could not have two husbands at the same time. Even the squatters, in their careless way of living, did nothing like that.

"You can't tie up to no other man while you belong to Oscar, Miss Eve," she ventured gravely.

"Well, I know it; of course I know it," retorted Evelyn, resenting the censure in the other's tones; "but I've got to be free. I'm so frantic, I don't much care how. That's the way Oscar's got to help me! Anyway make him understand he's got to wait; he must be quiet and not bother me. Then come tonight, and let me know what he says. Will you, Polly?"

The squatter girl nodded. She would rather have been switched than see Oscar Bennett again.

"Yep," she assented. "I'll hunt him up late this afternoon and then hustle right over to you. I got to go now."

For some moments after Evelyn left her, Polly watched the slim figure on the path to the woods. Then she suddenly remembered Marcus MacKenzie and without a backward glance hurried swiftly toward the south.

Meantime three squatters from the Silent City were in the Bad Man's ravine, dressing the fish they had netted the night before. One enormous man was seated on a flat rock, his bare feet almost touching the water as it hurried by to the lake. On his shoulders, with his legs wound tightly around the man's neck, sat a small boy, little more than a baby. He was shivering with cold, and as the spring rain shot its drops upon his face, he lifted a small hand and brushed them away. Seemingly oblivious of the weight against his swarthy head, the man picked up a fish and contemplated it with a scowl. Then he proceeded to clean it deftly.

The silence was unbroken for a long time except by the rushing of the water, the gruesome running of the knives over the fish scales and a little whimper, now and then, from the child astride the man's neck.

"I heard in town," broke forth Lye Braeger, "that Old Marc MacKenzie's comin' home. Here's where us squatters get h—l flung at us good and plenty."

Jeremiah Hopkins stopped his work and frowned at the speaker.

"He'd best be a-lookin' out for hisself," he muttered, "Mebbe he'll get a taste of the hot place if he does a squatterin' around the Silent City."

"Mebbe," repeated Lye Braeger, and no more. Marcus MacKenzie, handsome, smug and rich, had been the instrument that had moved the hands of the law to swing open the prison doors and shove Larry Bishop inside just when his young wife needed him most.

Once in sight of the roaring water, rushing in torrents from the Bad Man's ravine, Polly sent out a peculiar little trill; and the hoarse answer of a man's voice mingled with its echo as it struck the enormous, up-roaring rock slabs.

Polly's heart bounded and lost its heavy weight of fear. Daddy Hopkins had responded ponderously to her first call. In another moment she was crawling up the jagged sides of the deep gulf. As she came up to them, Hopkins' companions waved her a greeting, but stopped their work at the sight of her sober face.

"What's up, lassie?" demanded Hopkins. "You ain't seen a ghost, have you?"

"Worsen'n that, Daddy," she replied. "Much worsen'n that! Old Marc's home, an' I heard him say he's goin' to root us squatters out of the Silent City."

A brute-like glare flashed into Larry Bishop's eyes.

"Did he, now, brat?" he muttered, taking up his knife and looking at it.

Polly squatted down beside her father, slipping one hand under his arm. The other she gave to the child, who grasped it eagerly.

"Did he, now?" came in repetition from Bishop's throat.

"Yep," asserted Pollyop, with an emphatic bob of her head, "an' I come to tell you all you'd best be a-lookin' out for 'im. Daddy, he says you're the worst man in the settlement, but everybody knows he's a liar."

"He'd best be lookin' out for his own hide," Hopkins shot back like a flash of steel. "I ain't in any mind to stand much of his guff, the dirty duffer."

Withdrawing her arm from her father's, she leaned her chin on her hand. She wanted to urge them not to worry too much, to tell them of the other man, rich like old Marc, who had expressed in tender tones a kindly interest in their welfare. Somehow, though, the words would not come. The powerful figure did not fit in with the secret understanding that expressed itself in the frowning, furtive glances that passed from one to the other of her men-folks.

"He's awful, powerful strong," she ventured in answer to the look she had intercepted, "an' powerful rich!"

"An' money's what makes the mare go," struck in Lye Braeger.

"Sure, so 'tis," answered Polly. "But 'tain't everything in the world. I got



"Sure, so 'tis," answered Polly. "But 'tain't everything in the world."

Granny Hope's word for that. An' she knows a lot about love, Granny does."

Larry Bishop's sudden laugh cracked in the middle, and he swallowed fiercely.

"Love! H—l!" he burst out huskily. "Granny'll know soon what havin' money means. Some mornin' the Silent City'll wake up an' find the Hope shack burned to the rocks."

"Mebbe not," replied Polly simply. "Anyway, Granny don't need her hut now she's livin' with us."

A sudden thought of Robert Percival shot a queer little thrill through her, and she got confusedly to her feet.

"Lordy, but the wind's cold this mornin'!" she exclaimed.

"That's so," answered her father. "It's too blamed cold for the baby to stay here. Get off'n my neck, boy, an' go along home with Polly, an' get het up a bit."

The child set up a howl that flung itself back and forth in squealing echoes from side to side of the ravine, but the struggle of unloosening Wee Jerry's fingers from his father's thick hair was short and sharp.

"Take him home, brat," said Jeremiah to Pollyop. "He's like a frog, poor imp. We got a full hour's work yet."

With the child's hand in hers, Polly looked at her father.

"Come when you can, Daddy. I got a horse for you."

"Good little kid, your girl is, Jeremiah," droned Braeger, and he grunted as he straightened over his legs.

Hopkins bent over to catch another glimpse of his children.

"Yep," he agreed, a wavering smile touching his lips. "God love 'er! She's like her ma was at her age—as near like as two peas in a pod."

Read the next installment of this fascinating story in next Tuesday's issue of The Brady Standard.

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

WONDERS OF AMERICA

By T. T. MAXEY

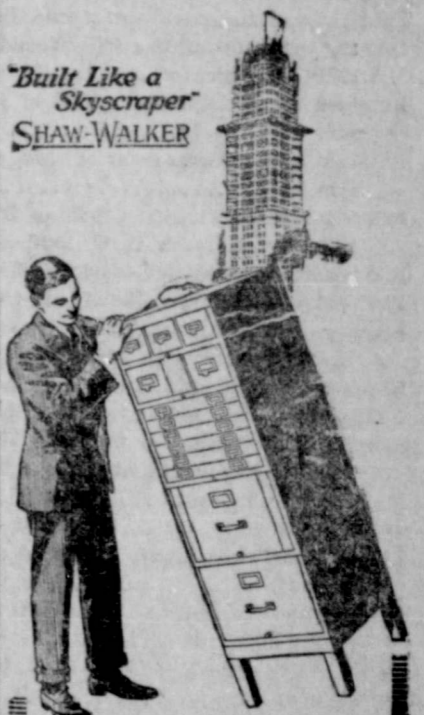
THE SHOSHONE DAM

AMONG the great irrigation dams erected under the supervision of the reclamation service of the Department of the Interior, the Shoshone has a distinct individuality. It is located nine miles west of Cody, Wyoming, on the road to Yellowstone park.

If you can conceive of a triangular-shaped wedge of concrete 28 feet high, 200 feet wide at the top, 108 feet thick at the base, tapering to 10 feet at the crest, placed between two mountains so as to close the canyon of a river, you can gain some idea of this mastodontic structure.

Now, imagine a lake of stored-up water, 10 miles long, with a maximum width of four miles and a maximum depth of 233 feet behind this dam; then, in front of it a spill-way bearing a strong resemblance to a section of Niagara falls, and stretching away in the distance hundreds of thousands of acres of land covered with an abundance of crops, peopled with happy inhabitants and here and there a bustling village. There you have a picture of one of Uncle Sam's great irrigation projects.

Remember that before the water was brought to this thirsting land, sage brush and prairie dogs were among the principal crops, then— presto! The desert blossomed as the rose, and you'll understand why your government expended \$1,354,000 on the dam alone.



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SHAW-WALKER Steel Letter Files

SKYSCRAPERS in miniature, having girders, cross-pieces, sills, etc., of channel-steel, interlocking and bracing each other against strain.

In addition, it is solid one-piece steel—made so by electric spot-welding. No nuts—no bolts—no rivets—no rods—no screws.

Drawers non-rebounding—stay closed without superfluous mechanism. Will run silent, smooth and speedy 100 years without repair or attention.

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THE BRADY STANDARD

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE BRADY NATIONAL BANK
At Brady, in the State of Texas, at the close of business on March 10th, 1922.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts, including rediscounts, acceptances of other banks, and foreign bills of exchange or drafts sold with indorsement of this bank (except those shown on b and c).....	\$299,531.44
Overdrafts, unsecured.....	101.38
U. S. Government securities owned:	
Deposited to secure circulation (U. S. bonds par value).....	50,000.00
All other United States Government securities.....	5,134.15
Other bonds, stocks, securities, etc.....	55,134.15
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures.....	4,725.00
Real estate owned other than banking house.....	28,718.96
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank.....	300.00
Cash in vault and amount due from national banks.....	19,595.78
Amount due from State banks, bankers, and trust companies in the United States (other than included in Items 8, 9, or 10).....	41,839.00
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than Item 12).....	1,941.99
Total of Items 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.....	657.23
Checks on banks located outside of city or town of reporting bank and other cash items.....	44,438.22
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer.....	2,262.65
TOTAL.....	2,500.00
	\$457,307.58
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund.....	20,000.00
Reserved for interest and taxes accrued.....	27,185.17
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid.....	2,990.80
Circulating notes outstanding.....	24,194.37
Amount due to State banks, bankers, and trust companies in the United States and foreign countries (other than included in Items 21 or 22).....	50,000.00
Total of Items 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.....	7,160.85
Individual deposits subject to check.....	7,160.85
Reserve, Items 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31.....	230,952.36
Bills payable (including all obligations representing money borrowed other than rediscounts).....	230,952.36
TOTAL.....	25,000.00
	\$457,307.58

STATE OF TEXAS, County of McCulloch, ss:
I, E. L. OGDEN, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
E. L. OGDEN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of March, 1922.
A. B. CARRITHERS, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: F. W. Henderson, J. C. Hall, F. M. Richards, Directors.

**IN THE MATTER OF THE QUARTERLY REPORT OF JUNE COOPER-
DER, TREASURER, McCULLOCH COUNTY, TEXAS.**

In the Commissioners' Court, McCulloch County, Texas, March Term, A. D., 1922.

On this, the 13th day of March, A. D., 1922, in regular quarterly session of the Commissioners' Court of McCulloch County, Texas, came on for examination the quarterly report of June Cooperder, Treasurer of McCulloch County, Texas, for the quarter beginning on the 14th day of November, A. D. 1921, and ending on the 10th day of March, A. D. 1922, filed herein on the 10th day of March A. D. 1922, and the same having been compared and examined by the court, and found to be correct,

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED BY THE COURT that the same be and is hereby approved, and it appearing to the Court that during said time the said County Treasurer had received for account and credit of, and paid out of each of the several County funds, the amount set forth, and leaving balance to each of said funds as follows, to-wit:

Received for account and credit of Jury Fund the sum of.....	\$ 1,831.58
Paid out and disbursed out of said Jury Fund the sum of.....	106.20
Leaving and showing to credit of said Jury Fund on March 10, A. D. 1922 a balance of.....	1,725.38
Received for account and credit of Road and Bridge Fund the sum of.....	14,651.49
Paid out and disbursed out of said Road and Bridge Fund the sum of.....	7,766.90
Leaving and showing to Credit of Road and Bridge Fund on the 10th day of March, A. D. 1922, a balance of.....	6,884.59
Received for account and credit of General Fund the sum of.....	23,318.58
Paid out and disbursed out of said General Fund the sum of.....	10,799.08
Leaving and showing to Credit of said General Fund on the 10th day of March A. D. 1922, balance of.....	12,521.50
Received for account and credit of Special Road Fund the sum of.....	12,798.50
Paid out and disbursed out of said Special Road Fund the sum of.....	2,273.92
Leaving and showing to the credit of said Special Road Fund on the 10th day of March A. D. 1922, a balance of.....	10,524.58
Received for account and credit of C. H. Bond interest Fund the sum of.....	12,655.52
Paid out and disbursed out of said C. H. Bond interest Fund the sum of.....	23.19
Leaving and showing to the credit of said C. H. Bond interest Fund on the 10th day of March A. D. 1922 a balance of.....	12,632.33
Received for account on New B. B. Interest and Sinking Fund the sum of.....	14,774.64
Paid out and disbursed out of said New B. B. Interest and Sinking Fund the sum of.....	37.12
Leaving and showing to the credit of said New B. B. Interest and Sinking Fund on the 10th day of March A. D. 1922 a balance of.....	14,737.52
Received for account and credit of Road Dist. No. 1 Interest and Sinking Fund the sum of.....	21,583.61
Paid out and disbursed out of said Road Dist. No. 1 Interest and Sinking Fund the sum of.....	125.28
Leaving and showing to the credit of said Road Dist. No. 1 Interest and Sinking Fund on the 10th day of March A. D. 1922 a balance of.....	21,458.33
Received for account and credit of State Highway Fund the sum of.....	5,423.78
Paid out and disbursed out of said State Highway Fund the sum of.....	277.79
Leaving and showing to the credit of said State Highway Fund the sum on March 10, 1922.....	5,145.99
Received for account and credit of C. H. Maintenance Fund the sum of.....	4,239.74
Paid out and disbursed out of said C. H. Maintenance Fund the sum of.....	1,576.94
Leaving and showing to the credit of C. H. Maintenance Fund on the 10th day of March A. D. 1922, a balance of.....	2,662.80
Received for account and credit of Highway No. 9, Prec. 2 Fund the sum of.....	2,024.11
Paid out and disbursed out of said Highway No. 9, Prec. 2 Fund the sum of.....	1,234.31
Leaving and showing to the credit of said Highway No. 9, Prec. 2 Fund on the 10th day of March 1922, the sum of.....	789.80

And that said amounts were received and paid out of each of the respective funds since the filing of the preceding quarterly report of said County Treasurer; and during the period above stated, and that the separate amounts as therein shown are correct. It is therefore Further Ordered by the Court, that the said detailed report be and the same is hereby, in all things approved, and the Clerk of the Court is hereby ordered to enter the said report, together with this order, upon the minutes of the Commissioners' Court of McCulloch County, Texas, and that the proper credits be made in accounts of said County Treasurer in accordance with this order.

WITNESS Our Hands this 20th day of March A. D. 1922.
EVANS, J. ADKINS, County Judge.
CHAS. SAMUELSON, Commissioner Precinct No. 1.
R. L. BURNS, Commissioner Precinct No. 2.
J. F. PRINCE, Commissioner Precinct No. 3.
H. E. McBRIDE, Commissioner Precinct No. 4.

The Relatives of Jabez Thorpe

By CALVIN HENDRICKS.
Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.

"One foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel—that's Jabez Thorpe, to my way of thinking."
"Exactly my opinion. A man of his age crossing the ocean! Never was a hundred miles away from his own hearthstone before. It's a terrible risk he is taking!"
Thus the gossiping neighbors of the reputed wealthy proprietor of Thorpe farm. It was an echo of the current chatter of the village. When hard-fisted, miserly old Jabez Thorpe announced that he was going to England to settle the estate of a distant relative, it had been a nine days' wonder.
Thorpe farm was not the pleasantest place in the world. It had a pretty fair house on it, but poorly furnished. As Thorpe grew older he had inclosed three acres near the house, and rented out the rest of his land.
Ten years previous he had adopted the child of a second cousin, Nellie Thorpe. She had grown into his life more of a comfort, guide and support than he realized. It was when he came to give up to Nellie the entire charge of his business during his absence, that he began to understand how much he depended on her.
"It is not so hard as I fancied," Nellie wrote to Evan Pearson, her lover, who was filling a clerkship in another town. Uncle Jabez does not know that I am keeping right on with my little business. I want to prove to him what a busy housekeeper I am when he returns. Besides that, I must fit myself for our own home—long, long ahead, dear, but sure to come if you long for it as I do."
Nellie's "business" was selling milk and eggs.

Then there was an interruption—sad, sudden and overwhelming. The steamer in which Abner Thorpe had sailed on his homeward trip was reported lost off the Canada coast. Only a few of the passengers had been saved. The name of Jabez Thorpe was not among the list. A week later it was generally accepted in the village that he had met a watery fate.

And then, much to the discomfort of Nellie, the heirs apparent began to arrive. There was the relict of a brother of Jabez Thorpe, in weeds, and always snuffing and pitying herself. There was a fantastic, fussy old maid cousin who entertained great hopes because Jabez Thorpe had once sent her a birthday gift. There was a callow youth studying for the bar, who claimed near relationship, and a vast deal of knowledge as to the legal phases of the estate. There was a shiftless youth, besides, and all those planted themselves about the premises.

Never would the faithful, persevering Nellie forget one bright afternoon as she went about the house attending to her manifold duties. The young limp of the law was smoking a pipe in the sitting room, the other male watcher of the slow development of the estate was asleep with his feet on the table. In the parlor the snuffing relict and the fussy old maid were chattering away like magpies, when Nellie heard a roar.
She dropped the plate she was holding, and it was smashed to smithereens at her feet. Then with a scream of delight she darted into the sitting room, gave one glance at a sturdy, wrathful figure billing the doorway, and bounded straight into the arms of Jabez Thorpe.

"Oh, uncle! uncle!" she cried. "I am so glad—so glad!"
"Yes, and the only one who is," replied the old man, as he placed a sheltering arm about her. "You young sprig of insolence!" he shouted at the astonished smoker, "out of here, wake up and march!" he added, pulling the sleeper from the chair. "As to you, ladies," he sang out to the occupants of the parlor, "I've heard in the village of how you've all flocked here like a flock of crows after a carcass. Well, old Jabez is alive and kicking, after all. And before the day is over he's going to save you the expense and trouble of coming to any more funerals by leaving what he's got, when it's ready to leave, to the only one among the crowd of you who is worth two pence—and that's Nellie!"

It was after the dejected, disappointed mob of fortune seekers had left that Nellie proudly exhibited her bookkeeping. It ended by the old man manifesting real affection for his loyal and faithful housekeeper in the words:
"You have proved what you are, dear child—true and good, with a heart of gold. We will have Evan Pearson down here Saturday evening, and make a new deal all around."

No One's Ears Alike.
Few persons possess a pair of ears that are exactly alike. In nearly every case one ear is larger than the other, is set further back from the eye, or is higher on the head. It is likewise true that few persons can hear equally well with either ear.
Test it for yourself and you probably will be surprised at the result. Close one ear and then the other while riding in a train; not only will there be a difference in the volume of sound, but in the tone. This difference is more noticeable while listening to music. The various notes are apt to sound much more metallic in one ear than in the other.

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\$3.95

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50 Hats **C. H. Vincent** **50 Hats**
DRY GOODS
SOUTH SIDE

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Eddie Olian, who was taken ill about ten days ago, is reported improving nicely at the local sanitarium, and his many friends hope to soon see him about once more.

J. M. Young and Misses K'Nola King and Bertha Gey, members of the Fife school faculty, were visitors in Brady Saturday, and while here completed plans for the issuance of the Fife school annual.

Max Martin stated this week he had lost a total of 29 head of cows within the past few weeks, due, he thinks, to the recent severe spell of weather. Many of the cows have died since that time, but he believes their loss can be attributed to the severe weather.—Mason News.

Messrs. and Mesdames Fred Wahrmond, Fred Crum, E. L. Harris and Oscar Sellers were here from Melvin this afternoon, the ladies to shop while the gentlemen circulated subscription lists for the purpose of completing a \$650 fund necessary to finish the new Methodist church at that place.

Lillian Krueger, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Krueger, was taken suddenly ill last Thursday and was carried to the local sanitarium, where she underwent a successful operation for removal of the appendix that evening. Latest reports are that she is making a satisfactory recovery and hopes soon to be able to resume her studies in school.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Whiteman and children leave tonight for Fort Worth, where they will attend the annual session of the Texas Independent Telephone Owners association, which will hold its meeting on the top of "Texas" Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. A splendid program of information and entertainment has been planned, and the delegates are anticipating a most enjoyable time.

Roy Nix left the first of the week for Brady, where he is to engage in the bakery business. Mr. Higginbotham, who conducted the City Bakery at this place for several months, is to be associated with Mr. Nix in the Brady bakery, and with his family, will move to Brady the latter part of this week. Mr. Higginbotham sold his bakery here to Harold Zesch and contracted to remain in the local bakery until the 15th of March.—Mason News.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Zweig returned Saturday morning from St. Louis, where they have been the past couple months. Mrs. Zweig enjoying a visit with home folks and friends, while Mr. Zweig incidentally visited the markets, purchasing the Spring and Summer lines for the Fair store. They report a most enjoyable stay, and Mr. Zweig says the St. Louis merchants are very optimistic and are already experiencing increased business as conditions begin to get back to normal once more.

Messrs. H. P. Jordna, J. H. Blackwell and T. J. Wood, who have been rusticated the past four weeks down on the border in the hopes of benefiting their health, returned Saturday, wearing nice coats of tan on their faces, and appearing greatly improved in health and spirits as a result of the trip. The party first went to the country to the south of Marathon, and then journeyed to the Alpine and Fort Davis vicinity, enjoying some fine fishing and plenty of good eats. They report that section of Texas also very dry, although grass is good and range plentiful as a result of rain had there in late August.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Neal were visitors in Brady from Rochelle Monday.

Harry J. McCaffrey of Dallas was a visitor in Brady Sunday and Monday, and while here was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Schwenker.

Mrs. T. Carlson and son, Jack, came Friday from Brownwood to spend a week as guests of her mother, Mrs. J. L. Jordna, and relatives and friends.

G. W. Thornton of Dallas spent the week end here as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Branscum, while enroute to San Antonio on a business trip.

Messrs. F. M. Richards, G. R. and W. N. White, W. D. Walker of Waldrip and S. E. McKnight of Sonora returned the end of last week from Fort Worth, where they had been in attendance upon the Fat Stock show.

R. E. Peel and family were visitors in Brady Monday while returning to Melvin from a visit with relatives in Fredonia. Mrs. Peel's mother, Mrs. S. J. Burrow, who had been spending a week with her daughter at Fredonia, accompanied them upon their return home.

Mrs. Grover Chambles returned Friday from a three months' visit at Tucson, Ariz., where she had been attending her sister, Mrs. Jas. Wyckoff through a spell of illness. She left Mrs. Wyckoff greatly improved in health and able to be up and about once more.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Myers returned last Wednesday from Fort Worth and Dallas, where they had been on a two-weeks' combined visit and shopping trip. Their little son, Theodore, who accompanied them to Fort Worth, remained there with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Persky.

Mrs. Harry Irwin, who was taken to the local sanitarium last week, underwent a serious operation Friday, from which she is reported as making a slow, although quite gratifying recovery. All her many friends join in trusting that her recovery may be both speedy and complete.

Mrs. Eva McMillan of Houston arrived here about ten days ago, having been called here by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. G. W. Wilkes, on the McShan place, four miles northwest of Brady. Mrs. Wilkes is reported as getting along some better, and it is hoped she will soon be entirely recovered.

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Standard Brady, Texas