

The Terry County Herald

VOLUME 16.

BROWNFIELD, TERRY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY MARCH 15, 1924

NUMBER 34

BIRD & DEAN

The right place to buy your dry goods.
Satisfaction guaranteed on every article we sell you or your money back. New goods arriving daily, Come in, no trouble to show goods.

BIRD & DEAN

Make Our Store Your Store

Phone 33

Brownfield, Texas

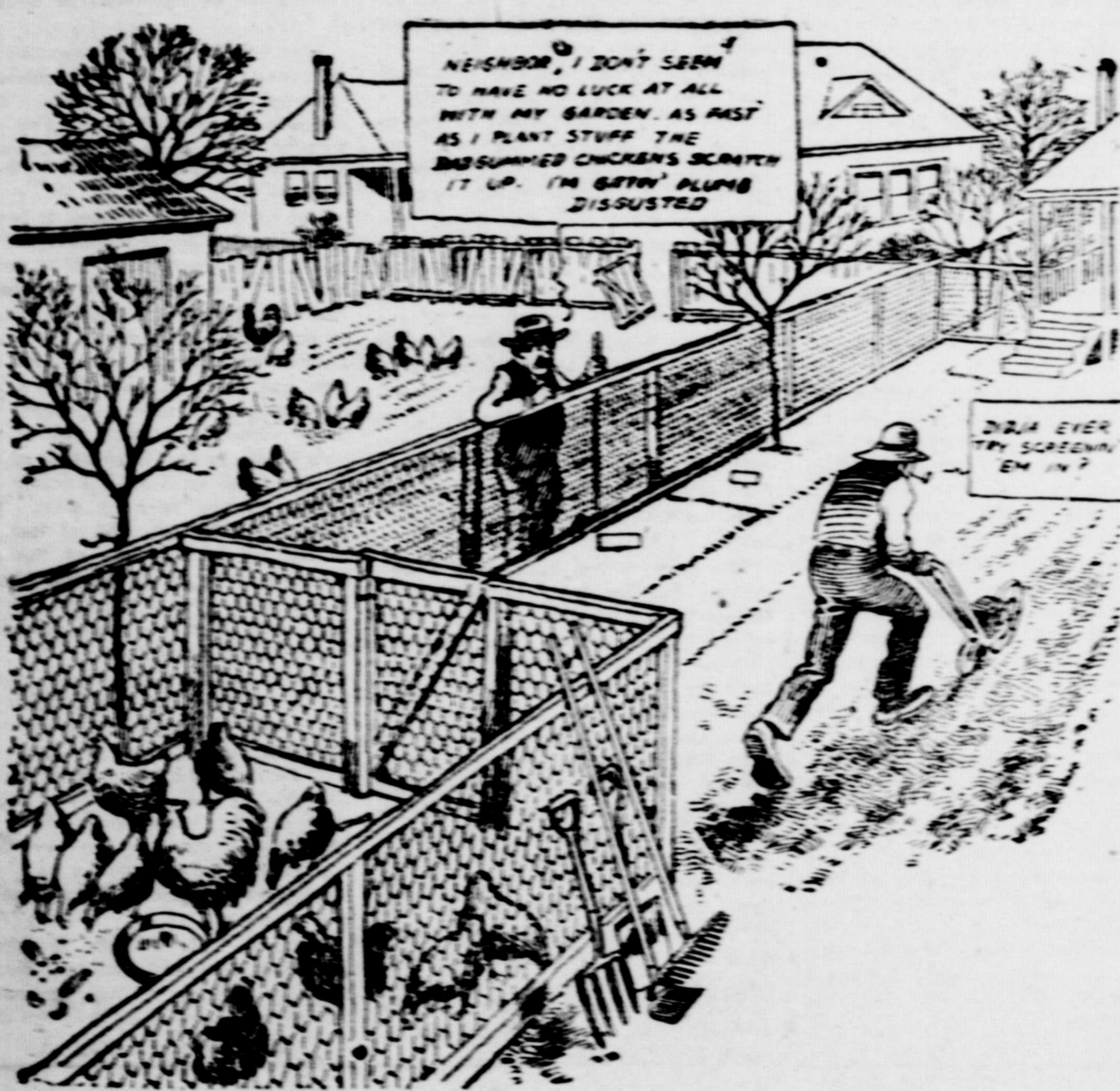
ACID TREATED KEROSENE

Home acid treated Kerosene doesn't char the wicks, the acid treatment takes out everything but the kerosene. Home gas fires quicker and smells less. Compare our oils and see for yourself that Home oils are hard to beat.

PHONE 5

HOME OIL COMPANY

BROWNFIELD



CHICKENS ARE ALL RIGHT IN THEIR PLACE

In fact the world needs more chickens, but who wants them scratching up the nice, new garden? No matter how limited your space may be you can have your garden and chickens, too, by properly screening them in. See us for everything in Chicken Wire. For the Spring Garden we have a full and complete assortment of garden tools, including Rakes, Hoes, Spading Forks, Etc.

Holgate-Endersen Hardware Co.
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

MERCHANTS REPORT CONDITIONS IMPROVING

We have had conversations with a number of our business men lately and without a single discord, they are of the opinion that business is much better than a month ago, and improving steadily. The Saturday crowds are real good, and all lines of business are profiting by the coming here to trade of people in adjoining counties as well as the good State of New Mexico, and our people are appreciative of all this.

The new groceryman, Mr. Koen, reports that he has no room whatever to crumble as long as his business holds even the present rate, but he looks for steady increase.

Cook & Son were visited Monday morning and they were all smiles and as optimistic of the future as a negro in a big melon patch.

There is always something doing at Brothers' store and Pat was busy getting things in readiness for another week's run.

Bird & Dean report a good business, and all cash at that so far, and gave some good figures as daily average.

Mr. Collier, our furniture and undertaking man is furnishing homes with his line right along.

Lewis Brothers are putting out lots of goods and are getting the cash for most of them. They have inaugurated the coupon system.

This was all we spoke of in the matter this week, but we will have expressions from the lumbermen and bankers and the rest of the business men in the near future, maybe next week.

HOCKLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS
In the county election held recently in Hockley county, our sister county to the north, in which Hockley City defeated Ropesville for the county seat, the following county officials were elected:
J. R. Evans, County Judge; Geo. P. Smith, County and District Clerk; J. A. Stroud, Sheriff and Tax-Collector; Ulysses F. King, Tax-Assessor; John H. Doyle, County Treasurer; did not learn who is commissioner of precinct No. 1; G. M. Smith, Com. Pre. No. 2; G. M. Smith, Com. Pre. No. 3; Bass Arnett, Com. Pre. No. 4.

STOP THAT ITCHING
Use Blue Star Eczema Remedy for ITCH, Cracked Hands, Tetter, Eczema, Ring Worm and sores on the children. Sold on a guarantee by J. L. RANDAL Drug Store.

CITY WANTS DUMPING PLACE

Do you know a good little five or ten acre block—no matter how rough or no count—from 1 to 2 miles from Brownfield that the city of Brownfield can purchase for dumping purposes. They will pay a reasonable good price for it even if it is no account for farming purposes.

As we stated in these columns last week, the city secured dumping place in the west part of town, too close even to the east part of town, and right under the nose of many of our citizens, and the west side citizens have asked that the city secure another place.

If you know of such a location for sale, please notify the mayor or any of the aldermen.

DISTRICT COURT IN SESSION AT TAHOCA

The spring term of District Court for Lynn County, convened in Tahoka, Monday. The Grand Jury is still in session as the News goes to press. District Judge W. K. Spencer, of Lubbock, is presiding over the present term of the court, and District Attorney McGuire, of Lamesa, representing the State. The docket for the term is heavy.

In the case of State of Texas vs. Murrey, the jury rendered a verdict of aggravated temperament and a fine of \$400.00.

The trial of Dick Carter charged with the murder of Oliver P. Starn, in Tahoka, last August, is set for trial today. (Friday)—Tahoka News.

DICKENS COUNTY TO VOTE ON MOVING COUNTY SEAT

Spur, Texas, Mar. 9.—An election will be held in Dickens county, March 10, to determine whether the county seat shall be removed to Spur or whether it will remain at Dickens. Spur is out of the five mile radius of the center of the county, hence a two-thirds majority of the votes will be required to locate the county seat here.

LAMESA CONVICTED ON ABORTION CHARGE

Astoria, March 5th.—Hogden Crosset, of Lamesa, on trial since Thursday in connection with the death of Miss Rosa Stuart, of Lamesa here in 1919, was found guilty of abortion and his punishment was set at two years in the penitentiary by the jury. Motion for a new trial is to be entered by the defence counsel.

ONE MORE DAY

Tomorrow ends the Democratic administration. Since 1865 there has been two Democratic presidents. Grover Cleveland made a fairly good president. Wilson, his first term, was the best beloved man perhaps, who ever occupied the White House.

He was the only man for the place in the estimation of the American people. He stood for "Peace" and Peace was what America wanted, but alas, he allowed himself to get freightened by the moneyed interests and dragged into the war. He was told that as soon as Germany defeated the Allies they would hand on American soil with the combined forces of the Allies and we would be whipped off the map as a nation. The most extravagant waste followed. Trusts and combines, corporations and whatnot have been allowed to rob the public. Anything that the interests wanted they got and are still getting. The Interstate Commerce Commission has just set aside the rulings of the Texas Commission and allowed another raise in freight rates.

What the Republicans will do, we do not know. What the Democrats have done we do know.

What the Socialists would do we may guess by what their policies the Democrats used. America of the U. S. today is one of the greatest nations in the world today. What party made it? The Republican party has been in power 39 years out of the 45 since the Civil War. Will they bring order out of chaos, remains to be seen. Let us hope so at least.—Lamesa Reporter.

Yes, let us hope so, and praise Mr. Harding for all his good measure, if any, and throw a mantle of charity over his short comings, if any. Let us exercise our Christian virtues more toward Mr. Harding than we have toward the man with a broken constitution and heart, that has tried so hard to make the American people love and respect him—providing always, we possess any Christian virtues.

We wonder though, if Editor Smith reads or thinks before writing his wonderful Republican editorial—we wonder if it ever crossed his stand-pat mind that for more than two years, we have been under Republican rule, both House and Senate and that all the legislation that Mr. Wilson has asked for to alleviate the public has flatly been turned to no account by Smith's boasted party.

Does Smith realize that all the first part of Woodrow Wilson's administration, which he graciously acknowledges to be good, was under both a Senate and House Democracy, and that it was due to that part of the administration that we owe such good laws as the Federal Land Loan, that has been under fire for the past year or more of the money lending sharks? Also the Federal Reserve system of banks that kept Wall Street from straddling a panic on us during these reconstruction periods? Not to mention many and lesser laws that came from that administration that proved good for all the people.

It makes us tired and sick to hear a supposedly intelligent man say that the rich man and corporations talked Woodrow Wilson into war. Anyone who has studied high finance two seconds know better. Before we entered the war, these corporations were allowed to put the limit of the sky on the price of products they were selling the allies, but when we entered the war, all the essential industries were taken over by the government, and as for waste, there never was a war that waste did not run riot and never will be. That is why it is called war. But Smith ought to have read General Dawnes' (Republican) answer to the Stand-Patters in Congress. He told them that in time of war when men were needing food and ammunition at the front was no time to stop and dicker for prices. Did Smith ever see the statistics that were produced showing that the late war was conducted several dollars cheaper per man than the Spanish-American war (under the lamented McKinley) although we had to transport the troops farther, and two-thirds of the rest of the world was not at war then? As to our entering the war, Smith must be reminded at this early date after the conflict that

CREAM---EGGS

Bring us your Cream and Eggs
We guarantee you the best market price.
We have the best equipped Cream Testing plant in the Southwest.

A. B. COOK & SON
"The Store of Quality and Service"

Phone 15

Brownfield

AT THE METHODIST CHURCH

Interested in the revival meeting has increased with every service. Rev. Conklin is doing some extraordinary preaching. To date there have been several professions of religion. Thru the week services will be held at 10: A. M. and 7: P. M.

On account of crowded conditions, the services for Sunday the 20th will be held in the High School Auditorium. Sunday School at 9:45; preaching at 11; children's services at 3:30 p. m. and preaching at 7:30 P. M.

You are cordially invited to attend these services and to bring some one with you.

S. C. WHITE Leghorn eggs, \$1.00 per 15; special price on 100 lots. Delivered at stores. Phone 155. Mrs. T. M. Flippin.

Mrs. P. M. Williams and children of the Harris country, paid the Herald a short call one day recently.

FOR SALE: Good seed potatoes and also bundle cane. Phone or see A. M. Crews. Long and Short on No. 519.

About 1200 bales of cotton have already been ginned here, and about 300 at Meadow.

Congress only has power to declare war, the president can only recommend it, and he will also have to be reminded that the Republican contingent in congress voted for it just as strongly as the Democratic side of the house. In fact, save for a few Kaiser lovers, the vote was unanimous for a declaration of war on Germany. Yes, the big majority of American people are glad we helped to lick the central empires, even to most of the Teutonic in blood, who fought so valiantly with the other troops, they would rather have been licked than to have been called "lazy, money-loving pigs of Yankers, too proud to fight". If Smith has ever read any of the pre-war books, or extracts from them, of the military autocrats of Germany, he, though he were blind, could see what it was their intention to dominate and "kulturtize". Yes, latter than that, he will only have to refer to the insulting remarks directed at our ambassador just before he left Germany. Smith says he hopes they (his party) gets things in running order again. They will the Republican party has always been and will always be the party of the rich man, and the first hard work they will do is to take the sur-tax off the profits of the great rich and put on the backs and bellies of the poor devils like Smith and the writer; you watch and see. But the people voted for a "change," so let them have it by all means. But if we were Smith, in the meantime, we would move our plant from the sunny south plains to the rigorous winters of Pennsylvania where we could enjoy my Republicanism to our heart's content.

BUT THEY RODE

The following poem was written by a 14 year old Georgia farmer boy and first printed in a Tennessee paper:

Last Spring when cotton
Was selling so high,
You could have seen farmers
Floating in the sky.
(But they RODE!)

They rode in the sun,
They rode in the rain,
Some even rode
In an airplane.
(But they RODE!)

They rode all night
And they rode all day,
They kept on "riding"
'Till the devil's to pay.
(But they RODE!)

If it wasn't an auto,
It was a blamed old mule
'Till they kept on "riding"
'Till they cut the fool.
(But they RODE!)

Some rode bad,
Some rode well,
They kept on "riding"
'Till they were sure played h—
(But they RODE!)

Some doctors spent the whole year
Distributing pills,
And can't collect enough money
To pay their gas bills.
(But they RODE!)

The real estate business
Was the best of all,
But blame my skins
If it didn't fall.
(But they RODE!)

Some bought Ford's,
But carried them back,
And (promised) the difference
For a Cadillac.
(But they RODE!)

The farmers and merchants
Are broke, that's true,
And looks mighty like
The banks are too.
(But they RODE!)

The above was written
Just for a joke,
But damn my hide
If the country ain't broke!
(But they RODE!)

DO THEY BELIEVE IN IT?

The advertising rates of the Ladies Home Journal is \$1200 per line, or \$9000 per inch. A full page in color costs \$15000 and if on the back \$15000. The Saturday Evening Post charges \$10 per line and \$10000 for the back page. These sums are paid because big business men want publicity. We leave it with our readers, to decide if the firms who pay these prices believe advertising, pays.—Tahoka News.

SEE WILLIAMS & BOWERS for Cotton Seed Meal, Bran, Shorts, Oats, Cloves, Alfalfa Hay, Peas and Meal.

T. A. Miller, prominent Meadow farmer, was down this week.

OUR MOTTO: "QUALITY AND A SQUARE DEAL."

Our every effort to give you fresh groceries at the lowest market price. Don't fail to give us a call. FREE DELIVERY anywhere in town.

Koen's Cash Grocery

Phone No. 4

ON WEST SIDE

Brownfield, Texas

THE TERRY COUNTY HERALD
Published Every Friday at
Brownfield, Texas
A. J. STRICKLIN, Editor, and Prop.
Subscription Rates: One year, \$1.50;
Six Month, 75c; Three Month, 40c.
Advertising Rates on Application.

The Fort Worth papers are everlastingly going after one of Tarrant county's representatives who voted against the West Texas A. & M. bill.

Our merchants are selling lots of rat poison and exterminators here of late, and there should be concerted action, because if one person destroys them at his place and his neighbor does not, they soon migrate to the other place. Let's all get the rat population.

United States Attorney General Palmer has ruled that breweries can manufacture and physicians can prescribe to their patients as much beer as they think they need, containing the usual amount of alcohol. In the meantime the druggists are trying to find a way to stop the leak. Gee! boys, we feel sick. Get the Doc.

We have been almost all over town in our rounds this week, and without exception our merchants tell us that business is gradually but surely getting better, and each and all of them seemed to be in an optimistic mood. The optimism of the merchants, also seems to be well shared by the bankers of the town.

While the price of eggs, butter, poultry and other country products are rather low now, in conformity with other prices, nevertheless, there is a good stiff demand at the prevailing prices, and lots of such country products are being sold on the local market, if one will just watch the loading of outgoing express.

Senator John A. Russell, from this the 28th district, who resigned a few weeks ago because there was talk of the Commissioners of Eastland Co., bringing suit against him for alleged short funds in the District Clerk's office of that county, which position he held before being elected State Senator, has been reinstated in the State Senate, after an investigation cleared him of the charge.

Quite a well to do man was here this week from New Mexico, and like

our town so well that he is going to come here and invest quite a bit of money, and make this his home. We have a splendid little town, well located in the best all round farming county in West Texas, and it would seem that the only trouble is that we do not let the rest of the world know what a good thing they are missing. Boost is the word.

The Commissioners Court have ordered a large concrete tank erected at the northeast windmill, and workmen are busy on it this week. Who said we did not have a progressive set of County Dads?

The bill creating an A. & M. College in West Texas was finally passed at the regular session of the legislature, and is now up to Governor Neff, who it is believed will sign the bill. But the Legislature again has boxed West Texas folks on Senatorial redistricting, and now Texas has five senators that should be in West Texas, and have had them, or part of them for 20 years. How long, how long, how much longer must the people of West Texas submit to taxation without representation. Is it possible in these enlightened days that we must submit longer than our Revolutionary fathers, and that from our so-called brothers?

The Record of Saturday morning contained an article which appeared in the Literary Digest of March 12. It gave a history of the greatest appeal for funds to save stricken children's lives ever undertaken and one of which the Literary Digest says American newspapers and their publishers and editors played an indispensable part. This is an excerpt from a letter from the editor of the Digest: "Fort Worth had a part in this splendid charity and now that the goal has been attained and the \$33,000,000 subscribed the readers of the Record will undoubtedly be pleased to read the results of the effort." Great and generous is the heart of America, for the heart prompted the giving of \$33,000,000 to save the lives of the little children of the war-devastated countries of the continent of Europe.—Fort Worth Record. Many of the Brownfield people helped in this noble cause.

NOTICE!

I wish to announce to the good people of Brownfield and Terry County that I have leased the Santa Fe Hotel, formerly known as the Jackson House from Gus Randolph, and I would be pleased to have you stop with me in Lubbock. Good meals, good beds and courteous treatment.

MRS. ROSA WIRTZ
Lubbock, Texas

RED SAYS--

If you are in the market for a Ford or for Ford Parts and supplies, we'll be tickled to supply you. There is not much about a Ford that we cannot supply right off the reel, and we want the gas and oil business of the careful buyer. Try our repair department.

BRADLEY-B'FIELD AUTO CO.
BROWNFIELD TXEAS

LIST YOUR PROPERTY

During the dull season of the land business we want to get in touch with every individual in Terry and adjoining counties that has property for sale. See us when in town.

SHELTON-COOK LAND COMPANY
BROWNFIELD TEXAS

Brownfield Transfer and Drayage Company

Wants your hauling. Call on us when you want to move, or when you have freight or express. Let us get your baggage. We are "rearing" to go at a moments notice.

Phone 121 for SERVICE
G. C. SHAFFER, Prop.

Just Service

Our intention and every endeavor is to please our customers, and to do this, we furnish them in the choicest meats at reasonable prices: full weight and measure and prompt and courteous treatment. What more can you ask.

THE CASH MARKET

W. S. Daniels, Prop. Brownfield

The Voice of the Pack

BY EDISON MARSHALL

He meant what he said. If mortal strength and sinew could survive such a test, he would succeed. There was nothing in these words to suggest the physical weakness that both of them had known a few months before, and his eyes were earnest, the dark face bent, the determined voice did not waver at all.

"Dan falling speaks!" Lennox replied with glowing eyes. He was recalling another Dan falling of the dead years, a he had heard, and his remembered voice had never been more determined, more masterful than this he had just heard.

"And Cranston didn't get his purpose, after all." To prove his words, Dan thrust his hand into his inner coat pocket. He drew forth a little flat package, half as thick as a pack of cards. He held it up for them to see. "The thing Bert Cranston buried



"The Thing Bert Cranston Buried the House Down to Destroy," he explained. "I'm learning to know this

mountain breed, Lennox. I kept it in my pocket where I could fight for it, at any minute."

Cranston had been mistaken, after all, in thinking that in fear of himself Dan would be afraid to keep the packet on his person, and would cravenly conceal it in the house. He would have been even more surprised to know that Dan had lived in constant hope of meeting Cranston on the ridges, showing him what it contained, and fighting him for it, hands to fists. And even yet, perhaps the day would come when Cranston would know at last that Snowbird's words, after the fight of long ago, were true.

The twilight was falling over the snow, so Snowbird and Dan turned to the task of building a sled.

The snow was steel-gray in the moonlight when the little party made their start down the long trail. Their preparations, simple and crude as they were, had taken hours of ceaseless labor on the part of the three. The ax, its edge dulled by the flame and its handle burned away, had been cooled in the snow, and with one sound arm, Lennox had driven the hot nails that Snowbird gathered from the ashes of one of the outbuildings. The embers of the house itself still glowed red in the darkness.

Dan had cut the green limbs of the trees and planed them with his ax. The sled had been completed, handles attached for pushing it, and a piece of fence wire fastened with nails as a rope to pull it. The warm mackinaws of both of them as well as the one blanket that Lennox had saved from the fire were wrapped about the old frontiersman's wasted body—Dan and Snowbird hoping to keep warm by the exercise of propelling the sled. Except for the dull ax and the half-empty pistol, their only equipment was a single charred pot for melting snow that Dan had recovered from the ashes of the kitchen.

The three had worked almost in silence. Words didn't help now. They wasted no words on needless breath. But they did have one minute to talk when they got to the top of the little ridge that had overlooked the house.

"We'll travel mostly at night," Dan told them. "We can see in the snow, and by taking our rest in the daytime, when the sun is bright and warm, we can save our strength. We won't have to keep such long fires here—and at night our exertion will keep us as warm as we can hope for. Getting up all night to cut green wood with this dull ax in the snow would break us to pieces very soon, for remember that we haven't any food. I know how to build a fire even in the snow—especially if I can find the dead, dry heart of a rotten log—but it isn't any fun to keep it going with green wood. We don't want to have to spend any more of our strength stripping off wet bark and hacking at saplings than we can help; and that means we'd better do our resting in the heat of the day. After all, it's a fight against starvation more than anything else."

"Just think," the girl told them, reproaching herself, "if I had shot straight at that wolf today, we could have gone back and got his body. It might have carried us through."

"Neither of the others as much as I'm surprised at these amazing re-

grets over the lost, unsavory flesh of a wolf. They were up against realities, and they didn't mince words. Dan smiled at her words, and a great shudder leaped against the traces.

They moved through a dead world. The ever-present manifestations of wild life that had been such a delight to Dan in the summer and fall were quite lacking now. The snow was trackless. Once they thought they saw a snowshoe rabbit, a strange shadow on the snow, but he was too far away for Snowbird to risk a pistol shot. The pound or two of flesh would be sorely needed before the journey was over, but the pistol cartridges might be needed still more. She didn't let her mind rest on certain possibilities wherein they might be needed. Such thoughts stole the courage from the spirit, and courage was essential beyond all things else to bring them through.

As the dawn came out, they all stood still and listened to the wolf pack, singing on the ridge somewhere behind them.

It was a large pack. They couldn't make out individual voices—neither the more shrill cry of the females, the yapping of the cubs, or the low, clear G-below-middle-C note of the males.

"If they should cross our tracks—," Lennox suggested.

"No use worrying about that now— not until we come to it," Dan told him.

The morning broke, the sun rose bright in a clear sky. But still they trudged on. In spite of the fact that the sled was heavy and broke through the snow crust as they tugged at it, they had made good time since their departure. But now every step was a pronounced effort. It was the dreadful beginning of fatigue that only food and warmth and rest could rectify.

"We'll rest now," Dan told them at ten o'clock. "The sun is warm enough so that we won't need much of a fire. And we'll try to get five hours' sleep."

"Too long, if we're going to make it out," Lennox objected.

"That leaves a workday of nineteen hours," Dan persisted. "Not any too little. Five hours it will be."

He found where the snow had drifted against a great, dead log, leaving the white covering only a foot in depth on the lee side. He began to scrape the snow away, then hacked at the log with his ax until he had procured a piece of comparatively dry wood from its center. They all stood breathless while he lighted the little pile of kindling and heaped it with green wood—the only wood procurable. But it didn't burn freely. It smoked fitfully, threatening to die out, and emitting very little heat.

But they didn't particularly care. The sun was warm above, as always in the mountain winters of southern Oregon. Snowbird and Dan cleared spaces beside the fire and slept. Lennox, who had rested on the journey, lay on his sled and with his unimpaired arm tried to hack enough wood from the saplings that Dan had cut to keep the fire burning.

At three they got up, still tired and aching in their bones from exposure. Twenty-four hours had passed since they had tasted food, and their more-

plished systems complained. There is no better engine in the world today than the human body. It will stand more neglect and abuse than the finest steel motors ever made by the hands of craftsmen. A man may fast many days if he lies quietly in one place and keeps warm. But fasting is a deadly proposition while pulling sledges over the snow.

Dan was less hopeful now. His face told what his words did not. The lines cleft deeper about his lips and eyes; and Snowbird's heart ached when he tried to encourage her with a smile. It was a wan, strange smile that couldn't quite hide the first sickness of despair.

The shadows quickly lengthened— simply leaping over the snow from the fast-falling sun. The twilight deepened, the snow turned gray, and then, in a vague way, the journey began to portend a quality of unreality. It was not that the cold and the snow and their hunger were not entirely real, or that the wilderness was no longer naked to their eyes. It was just that some dreadful, unnumbered journey in a dream—a stumbling advance under difficulties too many and real to be true.

The first sign was the far-off cry of the wolf pack. It was very faint, simply a stir in the eardrums, yet it was entirely clear. That clear, cold mountain air was a perfect telephone system, conveying a message distinctly, no matter how faintly. There were no tall buildings or cities to disturb the ether waves. And all three of them knew at the same instant it was not exactly the cry they had heard before.

They couldn't have told just why, even if they had wished to talk about it. In some dim way, it had lost the strange quality of despair it had held before. It was as if the pack were running with renewed life, that each wolf was calling to another with a dreadful sort of exultation. It was an excited cry, too—not the long, sad song they had learned to listen for. It sounded immediately behind them.

They couldn't help but listen. No human ears could have shut out the sound. But none of them pretended that they had heard. And this was the worst sign of all. Each one of the three was hoping against hope in his very heart; and at the same time, hoping that the others did not understand.

For a long time, as the darkness deepened about them, the forests were still. Perhaps, Dan thought, he had been mistaken after all. His shoulders straightened. Then the chorus blared again.

The man looked back at the girl, smiling into her eyes. The snow lay as if asleep, the lines of his dark face curiously pronounced. And the girl, because she was of the mountains, body and soul, answered Dan's smile. Then they knew that all of them knew the truth. Not even an unaccustomed ear could have any delusions about the pack song now. It was that oldest of wilderness songs, the hunting cry—that frenzied song of blood-lust that the wolf pack utters when it is running on the trail of game. It had found the track of living flesh at last.

"There's no use stopping, or trying to climb a tree," Dan told them simply. "In the first place, Lennox can't do it. In the second, we've got to take a chance—for cold and hunger can get

up a tree where the wolf pack can't." He spoke wholly without emotion. Once more he tightened the traces of the sled.

"I've heard that sometimes the pack will chase a man for days without attacking," Lennox told them. "It all depends on how long they've gone without food. Keep on and try to forget 'em. Maybe we can keep 'em bluffed."

But as the hours passed, it became increasingly difficult to forget the wolf pack. It was only a matter of turning the head and peering for an instant into the shadows to catch a glimpse of one of the creatures. Their usual fear of men, always their first emotion, had given way wholly to a hunting cunning; an effort to procure their game without too great risk of their own lives. In the desperation of their hunger they could not remember such things as the fear of men. They spread out farther, and at last Dan looked up to find one of the gray beasts waiting, like a shadow himself, in the shadow of a tree not one hundred feet from the sled. Snowbird whipped out her pistol.

"Don't dare!" Dan's voice cracked out to her. He didn't speak loudly; yet the words came so sharp and commanding, so like pistol fire itself, that they penetrated into her consciousness and cloaked back the nervous reflex that in an instant might have lost them one of their three precious shells. She caught herself with a sob. Dan shouted at the wolf, and it melted into the shadows.

"You won't do it again, Snowbird?" he asked her very humbly. But his meaning was clear. He was not as skilled with a pistol as she; but if he

(Continued on Page 3.)

FOOTWEAR

Which instantly commends itself to fashionably gowned women must possess a stalwart simplicity that suggests care and afthought in their selection. We have just received from Peters Shoe Co. makers of "Style Shoes of Quality," a shipment of shoes that will satisfy your desire for quality and still suit your style fancies. They are made over the newest lasts in all leathers and have the distinction appearance of custom footwear. Please have your Coupon Books where we can find it when we bring your order.

Lewis Brothers & Company

CICERO-SMITH LUMBER COMPANY

WILL APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE

CICERO SMITH LUMBER COMPANY

BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

A BANK ACCOUNT

WITH THE BROWNFIELD STATE BANK

- AUDITS YOUR EXPENSES---
- RECEIPTS YOUR PAYMENTS---
- BUILDS YOUR CREDIT---
- STIMULATES YOUR CONFIDENCE---
- INCREASES YOUR PRESTIGE---
- HELPS YOU TO ACCUMULATE---

ARE NOT THESE THINGS WORTH WHILE?---

BROWNFIELD STATE BANK
Brownfield - Texas
"Safety - Courtesy - Service"

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe

He Meets up With a Mean Hound



"A-A DARN OLE DOG UP 'N BIT ME, SO HE DID!"

"I-RENE! BAWW!"

"BOO-HOO!"

"I TORE A BIG HOLE IN MY PANTS 'N EV'RYTHING! BAW-W-W!"

"DON'T CRY! ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN"

"ACCIDENT NUTHIN! HE DONE IT ON PURPOSE!"

CHARLES SUGHROE

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and discounts.....\$122,970.51	Capital Stock.....\$50,000.00	Capital Stock.....\$50,000.00	
Overdrafts.....319.52	Surplus & Undivided Prof.....10,090.23	Surplus & Undivided Prof.....10,090.23	
Banking house; Fur. & Fix.....19,136.53	Deposits (Demand).....112,259.57	Deposits (Demand).....112,259.57	
Stock in Fed. Res. Bank.....1,650.00	Bills payable and rediscounts.....None	Bills payable and rediscounts.....None	
Liberty Bonds.....50.00			
Cash and Sight Exchange.....26,222.44			
TOTAL.....\$172,349.80	TOTAL.....\$172,349.80		

I, W. A. Bell, Cashier of the above named Bank, certify that the above Statement is true and correct.
W. A. BELL, Cashier

ONE FAVOR DESERVES ANOTHER

TO OUR CUSTOMERS

During the year we have put forth every effort we could to give you the service and accommodations you asked for and that you merited. We figure that lumber is about at its lowest price and we desire to purchase our stock for the coming months. This will take quite a good deal of money. So we ask that in return for the favors and accommodations we have rendered you, that you come in and pay all accounts and notes that are due and not wait for us to look you up.

HIGGINBOTHAM-BARTLETT COMPANY

BROWNFIELD

TEXAS

Brownfield Hardware Co.

We put our retail Hardware business on a conservative basis. Don't take our word, ask others, Call at our store and figure with us. Efficiency and Quality is our thought. See us for anything in the Hardware line, Tin ware, Queens ware, Ice tea Goblets, Harness, Collars, Oil Stoves and a thousand other articles. We also handle Caskets and Shrouds.

Brownfield Hardware Co.

Brownfield Texas.

DEFEATING H. C. L.

By Phoebe K. Warner in the Star-Telegram

Low markets and the H. C. L. have no terrors for the West Texas home where thrift, industry and economy linked with wisdom and good management make it possible for the family to live at home. There may be a lesson in the present financial crisis on the farm that had to be taught in this and no other way. Where the home, especially the mother in the home, had already learned the lesson of living at home; there seems to be no confusion, no wail of woe, no great loss, no howl of hard times, but a patient faithfulness to duty and quietly waiting for things to adjust themselves.

We visited just such a home as this a few days ago. It was in a new country, where most of us would expect to starve to death in times like these. The land has been in cultivation only three or four years. It was \$10 per acre land only a few months ago. You sometimes hear such pitiful tales about West Texas. How the people are starving and stuff like that. But here is a three year old West Texas home. It would make you proud to own one like it. Cattle, horses, tools and land we did not learn anything about except one statement from the farmer's wife: "My husband has not sold a bushel of grain, a bale of cotton, or a head of cattle or anything else since this market collapse came on. And he is not going to. He does not need to. Because I am keeping up the home and every expense of the family through this trying winter."

And here is how this brave West Texas or South Plains woman is doing it:

The mother of six children, all of them grown, educated, and in business, except one daughter who is taking a year's vacation from her work in a Fort Worth bank. Has she retired? No! She is the busiest and happiest woman you ever saw, because she is developing another south plains farm. Her specialties are Indian Runner Ducks, White Leghorn and Rhode Island Red chickens, and Mammouth Bronze turkeys and Dorset Jersey hogs. The garden is full of berries and fruit of every kind that she has purchased and planted with the proceeds of her poultry department. There is a lot and a house for everything, with fences and cross-fences, barbed wire, chicken, and hog wire wherever demanded, for the protection of all departments of her part of the farm, which covers only an acre or two. The everbearing straw berries are in bloom now and the rich juicy fruit will soon be peeping through the mulch of straw that has protected them through the winter. A \$500 milk house, built and paid for from the dairy and poultry products, is an ideal place. Winter and Summer, for



SEAGRAVES SAYINGS

By Reporter.

We have been having some fine rains here lately, and the farmers, or most of them, are busy breaking their land and getting ready to plant another crop.

Rev. J. T. Weems, filled his regular appointment here Sunday to a very large crowd.

The Ladies Home Mission Society gave a silver tea party at the home of Mrs. Mudgett, Saturday afternoon, March 5th. The proceeds were over \$10, which will go to help finish paying out the church house.

Mr. R. C. Newsum, and wife, from near Gomez, came down last Monday to bring their daughter, Miss Rena, back to school, she having spent a few days at home.

Saturday afternoon, March 5th, the Seagraves ball team went to Tokio to play ball. The girls played first, the score being 12 to 19 in the favor of Tokio. The boy's score was 13 to 14 in favor of Seagraves.

Mrs. M. A. Bachman returned last Saturday from near Gomez, where she had been to visit her brother, Mr. R. C. Newsum and family.

The Mothers Club gave a box supper, Friday night. There was a very good crowd, and the proceeds amounted to something over \$40. The proceeds will go to buy piping for watering the trees in the school yard.

J. C. Sartin and family went to McDonald, N. M., Saturday, to visit Mrs. Sartin's parents.

Miss Annie Bachman made a business trip to Brownfield, last Monday. Miss Wehelle Hargett, who is now teaching school at Tokio, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Hargett.

Miss Maud Keese, who is teaching school at Plains, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Keese.

Mr. Joe Hill is down visiting his brother, J. K. Hill and family.

HARRIS HAPPENINGS

By Saad Bur.

A number of little folks visited Eileen Ellington after school on March 1st, to help her celebrate her 8th birthday. After playing games and having a good time, generally the little guests were summoned to the dining room where the chief attraction was a cake with 7 lighted candles on it. A lively time ensued while the candles were being blown out. After refreshments, more games were played, after which the little guests departed wishing their little hostess many happy returns of the birthday.

Little Miss Wade Roy, who recently ran into a barbed wire, cutting a gash in her cheek, is getting along nicely.

Clyde Fitzgerald and Miss Olive, spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McMillan.

Arthur Cobb went to Brownfield, Friday, and back Saturday.

W. H. Harris and family and F. M. Ellington and family, visited relatives at Meadow, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Taylor and little son, W. M., and Ross Williams, were at the store Saturday.

Clyde and Alton Fitzgerald, left Friday evening for Fort Stockton to bring their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fitzgerald, and sister, Miss Vergie home.

Mrs. H. P. French spent Thursday with Mrs. J. M. McMillan.

F. M. Ellington and family visited at Mr. Cobb's, Saturday.

Mrs. M. Taylor and Alvin went to Meadow, Friday, and brought Miss Gertrude home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Alexander with Dick and Beatrice, were trading at Harris, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Ellington, and daughter, Eileen, called at Mr. Hill's Saturday afternoon.

Miss Sallie Lee Williams was taken to Tahoka a few days ago to have her eyes treated.

Why Mr. N. Windsor (R. I.) Put Up with Rats for Years

"Years ago I got some rat poison, which really killed our one wash dog. We put up with rats until a friend told me about Rat-Snap. It really kills rats, though house cats won't touch it. Rats die up and leave no smell. Price, 35c, etc. \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by RANDAL DRUG STORE."

SUPREME COURT UPHOLDS FEDERAL FARM LOAN ACT

The action of the Supreme Court in holding the Federal Farm Loan Act as valid, is a matter of great importance, according to the officials of the Texas Farm Bureau Federation, who expressed themselves as being very pleased with the decision.

The action against the Federal Land Bank Act has directed attention in a very strong way to the entire matter of tax exempt bonds. H. C. McKensie, who has been investigating federal taxes for the American Farm Bureau Federation, says that the total amount of tax exempt bonds in the United States, including State, County, Municipal, School, Road and special bonds, will total from \$16,000,000,000 to \$20,000,000,000. These bonds have been bought in large numbers in recent years by wealthy persons, he declares, because they are tax exempt and if they were all placed in the hands of men with \$100,000 income and up, none of these men would have to pay one cent of income tax.

During the delay of the Supreme Court in rendering its decision, President Howard of the Farm Bureau had several conferences with banks and real estate men, at which he pointed out the absurdity of attacking the Federal Land Bank Act because its bonds are tax exempt, and allowing to pass unchallenged the enormous amount of land and other tax exempt bonds. Mr. Howard has served notice that had the Federal Land Bank Act been declared unconstitutional, the farmers of the country would have insisted on all other bonds being subject to taxation.

CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING BILL SIGNED BY NEFF

The Co-Operative Marketing Bill known as House bill No. 227, written by Aaron Sapiro, California marketing expert, and signed by Governor Neff today, is the most comprehensive marketing law ever passed in the Southern States, according to Walton Poteet, Director of Marketing Organizations in the Texas Farm Bureau, who was in Austin last week in the interest of the bill. The bill makes possible the co-operative marketing of farm products under the California plan and was written by Mr. Sapiro for the Texas Farm Bureau Federation.

This law represents the last word in rural co-operative laws in the U. S. and leading members of the legislature told me that they regard it as the most important law passed by the present legislature. Mr. Poteet said.

A SENSIBLE AMENDMENT

A resolution has been presented in Congress by Senator Ashurst of Arizona to amend the Federal Constitution and provide that the term of the president begin on the third Monday of January, and that the terms of the Senators and Congressmen begin on the first Monday of January following their election. Presidential electors would meet the second Monday in December and certify the results before the first Monday in January. This is right and sensible in every respect. When the president takes office he would have the congress elected with him ready to go to work. It also provides that the Senators and Congressmen elected shall meet in regular session on the first Monday of January. As it now stands, a Congressman does not take office until one year after election, although he draws pay from the fourth day of March following election. This provision of the constitution was made to suit the times when there were no railroads, telephones or telegraphs. Times have changed and everything moves more rapidly. There seems to be everything in favor of this amendment and nothing against it.—South-west Plainsman.

C. E. PROGRAM

For Sunday March 24th. Topic: Why missionaries are needed in South America. Leader—James Harley Dallas. Song—"Onward Christian Soldiers" Prayer. Scripture Reading and talk by the leader. Why must we send missionaries to South America. Answers by each member of the society. Song—"I'll go where he wants me to go." What can we do to help the missionaries in South America? Answers by members of society. Recitation—"Rest in the Lord." Song: Benediction. BROTHERS & Brothers will appreciate your grocery orders. Elder Chas. Metcalfe, of Idalou, preached at Gomez, Sat. night, Sunday morning and night, at his regular appointment.

AND HIS SOUL GOES MARCHING ONWARD

From the Fort Worth Record.

California has a wonderful newspaper—the Los Angeles Daily Times. The Times was founded by the late Major General Harrison Gray Otis, for fifty years one of the most picturesque and daring of publishers, a lifelong Republican, a non-progressive, a sandpatter of the ultra type, and as fearless a publisher as America has ever known. The Los Angeles Times, under the management of Harry Chandler, runs true to form. On the day that Woodrow Wilson retired from the presidency the successor of Harrison Gray Otis paid America's masterful chronicler a splendid tribute. This is an excerpt from the tribute to Wilson from the most aggressive of his political foemen: "Whatever his mistakes, whatever his failures, whatever his political vices, Woodrow Wilson will go down in history as one of America's great men, and one of the arch heroes of the world's Armageddon, who sought to make America greater than herself, greater than her own. Not the greater in conquest and wealth, but greater in spiritual attainment, greater in soul. The very faults of his temperament were great. The greatest phrase maker of his age strove to sternerly abide by those great phrases that they might become greater deeds. But if Woodrow Wilson has failed, it is not an ignoble failure—and is, the Times believes, merely a temporary failure at that. And if he is broken hearted today, his soul may yet reap the exaltation of seeing his great vision materialize, his life work consummated by another great American coming after him. His bravery, his lofty courage, his too adamant principles, his tremendous physical sacrifice will not have been in vain. America is a finer, a nobler country today, no matter what his failures, for the fact that Woodrow Wilson was the President during the great world crisis. * * * And so, as President Wilson steps down to resume his place amongst us as an ordinary citizen, the Times wholeheartedly pays him tribute, as one of America's greatest men. And so he goes marching on."

How different the above sounds to the venomous hatred and criticism of the LITTLE old Kaiser loving Americans. (?)

HOGVILLE LOCAL NEWS

The Hogville Fiddling Band would like in some way to get some of their music put on phonograph records. They never expect the band to be able to make much of a reputation so long as all the music they make is permitted to evaporate as soon as it is made, as has been the case in the past.

Four long highwaymen help up and robbed Alexander Mosley last night. They took eighty cents which belonged to the Bear Ford church, of which Mr. Mosley is treasurer. In order that he may be able to account to the church for the disbursement of funds, Alex made them give him a receipt for the money.

Miss Petunia Belcher is now more eager than ever to sing solos since she has some gold put in one of her front teeth.

Dag Smith says he cannot see where much has been gained by civilization; that when he was a boy there were as many or more fleas than we have now, and nobody seemed to notice them.

Some kind of a strange nest has been built in the postoffice. At first it was pronounced by the best authority, Zero Peck, to be an owl's nest, but since owls do not build their nests in public places, this must be some other kind of bird's nest.

Sile Sim's wife has left him and he has taken a stray dog for a companion.

Gape Allsop says he will bet the Old Miser had a lot of money to rust during the recent spell of damp weather.

If other people thought as much of Zero Peck's whistling as he does, he would be considered a very fine one. The blind man of the Bear Ford neighborhood has been swindled again by some one selling him a bag of wormy hickory nuts.

The Old Miser of Petunia Ridge who carries a great deal of money, has been offered inducements by the Hogville Improvement Society to bury some of it here.

The Tin Peddler's horse got scared and ran away one day this week and scattered his tin wear and crippled him quite a bit. Several of the women of this place have new dshpans.

Did you ever notice that the most common scenery on a railroad trip is cinders? If you have not noticed this try looking out of the window with your eyes.

DON'T CALL HIM OLD MAN

He may wear a last year's hat; his finger nails may need manicuring; his vest may hang a little loose and his pants may bag at the knees; his face may show the signs of a second day's growth; and the dinner bucket he carries may be full of dents; but don't call him "the old man." He's your father. For years and years he has been rustling round to get things together. Never once has he failed to do the right thing by you. He thinks you are the greatest boy on earth, even though you plaster your hair black, wear smart clothes, and fail to bring home a cent. He is the man who won the love and life partnership of the greatest woman on earth—your mother. Happy will you be indeed if memory recalls no word, look, or act of your toward him that bring untold sorrow to your heart after his hands are folded in his last long sleep—San Francisco Daily News.

BROTHERS & Brothers buys the best canned food put up to protect their customers.

The old Liberty Theatre building is being transferred in to a store building, that will be occupied by the Williams & Bowers wholesale and retail grocery as soon as it is completed and they can stock up.

SEE WILLIAMS & BOWERS for Cotton Seed Meal, Bran, Shortcuts, Chops, Alfalfa Hay, Peanut Cake and Meal.

The Commissioners Court was in regular monthly session this week. Proceeding will be printed next week.

GOOD Mebane Planting seed for sale at 50c per bushel. See Fred Smith or Robt. Welch, Cicero Smith yard.

"Rat-Snap Kills 48 Rats" writes Ivan Norwood, Pennsylvania. "I was using one large package, we counted 48 dead rats." RAT-SNAP kills 'em, drives up the curtains, and leaves 'em dead. Get a package today. Three sizes: 5c for kitchen or cellar; 10c for chicken house; 25c for barn, etc. RAT-SNAP doesn't do the work. RAT-SNAP leaves NO SMELL. Sold and Guaranteed by RANDAL DRUG STORE.

California

Land of climate and benefits and wonderful allurements for those who seek health or recreation. You may stop over at the Grand Canyon of Arizona on your way. For particulars as to train service, fares, etc., see the local agent or write—

T. B. GALLAHER
General Passenger Agent
Amarillo, Texas

DR. H. A. CASTLEBERRY
Physician and Surgeon
Announces the opening of an office over the Brownfield State Bank.
Brownfield, Texas

GEORGE ALLEN
The House Reliable
Old and Largest Piano and Music Store in Brownfield, Texas. Music, Music Teachers, Repairs, etc. etc. Catalog and Book of Old Time Songs Free for the Asking. Established 1883. 800 Annual.

Brownfield Lodge No. 93, A. F. & A. M. Meets on Saturday night before the full moon in each month in the Masonic Hall.
E. T. Powell, W. M.
J. F. Winston, Secretary

JOE J. MCGOWAN
Atty-At-Law
Office in the State Bank Building
Brownfield, Texas

R. L. GRAVES
Attorney-at-Law
Practice in all the courts of the States of Texas and New Mexico.
Office in Court house
Brownfield Texas

T. L. TREADAWAY, M. D.
General Practice, Obstetrics and Minor Surgery. Office in the Brownfield State Bank Building.
Phones: Res. 18, Office 38.
Brownfield, Texas

BROWNFIELD SANITARIUM
Equipped for Medical, Surgical and Obstetrical cases.
Dr. W. N. Lemmon, General Practice, Obstetrics, Diseases of Women and General Surgery.
Dr. J. R. Lemmon, General Practice, Laboratory Examinations and Assistant Surgeon.
Nurses Training School in Connection.
Brownfield, Texas

Brownfield Camp No. 1809 Meets 2 and 4th Saturday night in the Odd Fellows Hall.
Visiting Sovereigns Welcome.
J. T. May, C. C.
I. C. Burgess, Clerk.

Brownfield Lodge No. 538, I. O. O. F. Meets every Friday night in the Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting Brothers Welcome.
Walter Scudday, N. G.
J. C. Green, Secretary

NEW BARBER SHOP
All first class barber work done. If not satisfied, whiskers refunded.
Try Us Out
Frank Turner, Prop.

RATS RATS RATS
Why don't you get rid of your RATS? We have a preparation that will POSITIVELY EXTERMINATE them. It is no trouble to use, and is not expensive. Call in and let us explain its merits to you.
Alexander's Drug Store
The Rexall Store
Brownfield - - - - Texas

How Is Your Title?
The best title one can have to land is Possession thereof, coupled with the right to possess—"Have You the Right?" Let our Abstracts reflect the records concerning the title of your lands.
The Terry County Abstract Company
Up Stairs Over the Brownfield State Bank
By R. S. TILLOTSON, Manager
Brownfield, Texas

The Herald \$1.50 A Year