

The Terry County Herald

VOLUME 17.

BROWNFIELD, TERRY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY MAY 12, 1922

NUMBER 1



"LONG GREEN"

From the time the Doctor gives you a few quick slaps and hands you over to the nurse, until your friends "SAY IT WITH FLOWERS" the question of money enters into every ones very existence

That is to say, from INFANCY and ALL THRU LIFE it is perfectly natural to think of money as matter of fact it is as a man once said "money will make the pot boil though the devil pour water on the fire."

The CUI DEE CLOTHES of course cost more because they are made of nothing but virgin wool fabrics, best possible workmanship and linings, and will give you satisfaction in every way, and at the price we are asking for them will show BETTER VALUE than others.

BIRD & DEAN

FAMILY OUTFITTERS

Brownfield

Texas

PLAINS SINGING CONVENTION TO MEET AT BROWNFIELD

The News is informed by S. B. Hatchett, president of the Plains Singing Convention, composed of the whole of the South Plains section of the Panhandle, that the convention would meet in Brownfield, Saturday and Sunday, May 20th and 21st.

A large delegation of Lynn County singers will attend the district singing on this date—Lynn County News. Brownfield is expecting a large delegation from all of the counties. She is expecting to entertain them when they arrive in true old western style. Homes will be thrown open to these musicians, and the little pot will be kept "biling" in the big pot.

Come over Haynes on that date and "weans" will gurgle a little two.

AMERICAN LEGION
MINSTREL
Return Date, May 13th, 1922
Some Good Changes. No Reserved Seats
Admission 25 and 50 Cents
Doors open at 7:00 P. M.

REV. BALL AND WIFE ENTERTAIN B. Y. P. U.

The Senior B.Y.P.U. met at the home of Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Ball on the evening of May 2nd and had a delightful time. As the guest assembled, they were shown into the dining room where cake and punch were served, after which we returned to the beautifully decorated living room where we were entertained with an auction sale and true stories. Owing to the mimicking ability of Cyrus Tankersley and Hazel Huckabee, they were awarded the generous prizes.

At a late hour each guest departed declaring they had spent the most pleasant evening of the season.

A Guest.

NOTICE TO STREET TAX PAYERS

All parties owing Street Tax can pay same with \$3.00 until the 15th of May, after that date the cost will be \$5.00. All parties owing city taxes will be charged 10 per cent penalty after the 15th day of May.

B. W. STINSON,
City Tax Collector.

By order of Council.

BROWNFIELD S.S. REPORT

The Baptist certainly did take the lead last Sunday in attendance, and this was the result of personal work in a large measure. There is nothing more effective than a personal solicitation of your friends and your neighbors to go with you to your place of study. All of them however did commendably, and the Herald is proud that the people of our little city are showing so much interest in the study of God's word.

Its going to take some real effort to reach the 500 mark though.

Church	Attendance	Offering
Baptist	145	3.24
Methodist	124	4.54
C. of Christ	58	9.68
Christian	40	1.68
Presbyterian	33	2.77
Totals	400	22.21

THE HERALD and the Plains Magazine, published at Lubbock, together, one year for \$1.75 in Terry county.

Dr. H. H. Hughes, dentist spent last Sunday in Tahoka with relatives.

TO THE PATRONS OF BROWNFIELD IND. SCHOOL

Herewith we offer you a complete statement, showing the financial condition of the district at this date, on (April 21st, 1922).

STATEMENT	
Liabilities	
Brownfield State Bank.....	\$6,133.23
Interest.....	195.98
Scott Note.....	1,600.00
Interest.....	280.00
Union Furniture.....	943.89
Interest.....	74.71
Union Furniture.....	1,322.36
Interest.....	105.79
C. A. Bryant Co.....	327.25
C. A. Bryant Co.....	27.01
Smith Heating Co.....	93.11
W. G. Smith Co.....	359.75
Interest.....	8.60
Maverick Clark Co.....	92.71
First National Bank.....	1,250.00
Interest.....	48.19
Insurance.....	444.95
Last Mo. Teachers' Sal.....	960.00
Sinking Fund.....	2,450.00
Assets in excess of liabilities.....	149.54
Total.....	16,866.92
Assets	
Local Maintenance.....	179.89
State Available.....	2,668.06
Building Fund.....	1,069.97
From State yet unpaid.....	1,424.00
Due from State on bonds.....	7,850.00
Unpaid taxes.....	2,500.00
Due from county yet.....	775.00
Due from State Aid.....	400.00
Total.....	16,866.92

Below we offer you an estimate as we consider necessary for a good nine months school. We intend to conserve all we possibly can. This estimate is based on a 75c rate.

ESTIMATE	
Dr.	
For sinking fund.....	3,700.00
Assessing and collecting.....	300.00
Insurance.....	444.03
Coal.....	360.00
Janitor.....	360.00
Desks.....	300.00
Incidentals.....	300.00
Supt. and 11 teachers.....	12,490.00
Total.....	18,254.00
Cr.	
State Available.....	3,710.00
County.....	750.00
Local Maintenance.....	13,500.00
Total.....	5,000.00
School '21.....	5th
Fred.....	5th
drick, L. G. Alexander, W. M. Adams, A. E. Graham, S. H. Holgate, Trus.	

LET'S GIVE THE SINGERS A ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT

The South Plains District Singing Convention meets in the Brownfield High School Auditorium on the night of May 20th and all day May 21st.

This will be quite a treat to the people of this community. Let's all attend and hear some of the best singing to which we ever listened.

Give to the visitors a royal entertainment.

H. O. HOOKER FOR COMMISSIONER PRE. NO. 3.

We take pleasure in presenting to the voters of Precinct No. 3, the announcement of T. O. Hooker, who is seeking the nomination for County Commissioner of that precinct.

Mr. Hooker has been a citizen of Terry county for the past several years and has proved himself a citizen of unquestioned honesty and integrity, and is considered a man who has been reasonably successful in the conduct of his private affairs. We only ask that you consider him.

W. A. BYNUM FOR WEIGHER

We take pleasure in announcing to the voters of Pre. Nos. 1 and 2 that W. A. (Judge) Bynum is in the race for nomination to the office of Public Weigher, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries, July 22, 1922.

Arnet needs no introduction from us as he was practically raised in Terry county and has hosts of friends.

We only ask that you investigate his record and qualifications.

FOR SALE or trade, one block of Brownfield lots just north of Geo. E. Tierman's home. It's the J. C. Dooley lots. Write S. D. Lofton, Rd A., Box 241, Post, Texas.

Mrs. Percy Spencer of Lubbock, is visiting here parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Randal, this week.

FOR SALE:—Good cotton-seed for planting purposes. See T. I. Brown.

DOINGS IN THE DISTRICT COURT LAST WEEK

On account of the heavy rains last week the District Judge, W. R. Spencer did not arrive until Monday afternoon on the train. But immediately after arrival he empaneled the Grand Jury and set it to work with Boone Hunter as forman and under the direction and advice of the District Attorney, Gordon B. McGuire. All the other district officers were present.

The grand jury was in session until Thursday afternoon and returned ten bills of indictment. They were also called back in session this week.

The cases tried or disposed of last week were as follows:

R. L. Graves vs R. C. Graves; a judgment rendered for plaintiff.

R. C. Graves vs R. L. Graves; settled and dismissed.

N. J. Jones vs M. A. Gideon et al; settled and dismissed.

M. V. Brownfield vs J. D. Autrey; judgement for plaintiff.

Thos. C. Spearman vs R. L. Burnett, et al; judgement for plaintiff.

M. V. Brownfield vs J. M. Key, et al; judgement for plaintiff.

Walter Gentry vs Mary F. Gentry; decree of divorce granted.

J. W. Moore vs O. J. Thomson; judgement for plaintiff.

J. J. Whitley vs Robt. A. P'Pool et al; judgement for plaintiff.

G. P. Wirtz vs J. M. Dean; judgement for plaintiff.

H. E. Adams vs J. T. Whitley judgement for plaintiff.

S. H. Parish vs P. & S. F. Ry Co., judgement for defendant.

State of Texas vs James Lane, theft; punishment assessed at two years in penitentiary.

Among the lawyers in attendance were Percy Spencer and Roscoe Wilson of Lubbock, G. E. Lockhart, of Tahoka, Mr. Pippin, of Amarillo, besides the local force. This week's proceedings will appear next week.

THE HAPPY PATCH CLUB

The Happy Patch Club met with Mrs. Wood Johnson and Mrs. J. C. May, Monday, May 8th. Thirteen of the members were present, but the president was absent putting out tomato plants. We would like for all members to be present.

Mrs. Collier presented the club with a beautiful crocheted edging; also Mrs. Johnson, and Mrs. Green was crocheting a beautiful bed spread pattern. Mrs. Savage taught Mrs. Roberts to tate. Some skill was shown on the part of the teacher and pupil, also. Mrs. Johnson displayed a beautiful luncheon cloth, and also Mrs. May.

Ice cream and cake were served to the following members. Mms. Green, Savage, Ditto, Raymer, Graha—Collier, Cook, Holgate, Roberts, rtus, Miss Ditto. Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Clarence Lewis, May 15th, 1922.—Reporter.

OLD TIMERS STILL AT IT

An increased bunch of Old Timers pulled off the regular party Monday night at Aut Graam's dugout; among the present, were:

Monroe and Becky
Jim and Cap
Braky and Grace
Jimmie Green and the old lady
Tom and Ida
George and Mary
Dora, V. Sarah, Nancy and Liz
and Satch, John and Jessie, Gaster and Percy, and the District Judge who happened to be in town and claimed his right of discovery and conquest.

After going the rounds in 42, and some other games, thought best not to mention outside, the folks were served with ice cream and some real pie. The next party will be held two weeks hence o, this at Jimmie Green's Shack, and all old Terryites who have stood it for fifteen years or more are requested to come and see what they have been missing.

AMERICAN LEGION

Doors open at 7:00 P. M.
Admission 25 and 50 Cents
Refreshments served
Return Date, May 13th, 1922
Some Good Changes. No Reserved Seats

Dad Turner has leased out his wagon yard, and will soon make a trip to Hot Springs, in N.M. for his health.

FOR FARM or Ranch loans, see C. R. Rambo.



Are YOU

Interested in your community? If so you are looking for a progressive public spirited bank which tries to do what ever a bank may do to increase the welfare and prosperity of the people of this community.

The activities of this bank are along lines of progressive conservation, combined with a knowledge of the actual needs of our community and backed by the solidity and protection of the Guaranty Fund.

BROWNFIELD STATE BANK
"A GUARANTY FUND BANK"
A Bank of Personal Service

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE SCHOOL?

In this issue of the Herald will be found a statement from the trustees of the Brownfield High School of both the expenditures and receipts for the past year, and also a statement of the amount of money that will be required to economically run a full nine months school here. We want the readers of the Brownfield Independent School District to carefully read this and thoroughly digest its content - for next Tuesday, you will be called upon to decide whether or not you want a first class school.

Let it be understood that these trustees, or at least those elected in the month just past, were elected on "a good school ticket" and of course they expect the patrons to back them up in this.

Now if you are a low tax man and of the opinion that too much money is being expended in the education of our future citizen, it is your inalienable right to go to the polls next week and so declare yourself.

But on the other hand, if you are not satisfied with a short term, and want your children and your neighbor's children to enjoy the best advantages in the way of education that is possible to give them with the expenditure of a reasonable amount of money, then you will go to the polls and vote for the tax raise to 75c on the \$100 valuation.

Understand that there are some prominent people in the town who are wealthy enough to do so, who say they will be obliged to leave Brownfield to educate their children if something is not done to improve matters. Others, we understand, are talking of transferring to some of the independent districts around us.

The matter is up to you. You are sovereign citizens.

MAIDS AND MATRONS

The Maids and Matrons Club met at the home of Mrs. T. R. Prideaux, Tuesday, April 11th, 1922.

After the business session, Mrs. Ken drick led an interesting discussion of present day writers. Roll call was answered with quotations from Uncle Remus.

The hostess served a dainty salad plate to the sixteen members and guests present.

The Club will meet next with Mrs. Randal.—Reporter.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Bible School every Sunday at 10:00 A.M.

Worship begins at 11:00 A. M.
Lord's Supper at 11:45 A. M.
Bible Class each Wed. at 3:30 p.m.
Song practice every Wed. night.
Preaching every 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11:00 A. M. and 8:00 P.M.
Everybody please be on time. Visitors are always welcome.

C. B. Glasgow, Minister.

Mrs. W. N. Givens arrived the later part of last week to spend a few days with her husband who is buying corn here. Their home is in Amarillo. Mr. Givens has shipped out several cars already.

FOR SALE:—Good cotton-seed for planting purposes. See T. I. Brown.

THEY STAND THE WEAR

Go take a peep at those Monroe Overalls, sold by a money back Guarantee. We Guarantee these overalls to absolutely ease you in every detail. If you are not satisfied with the wear for the price you pay, return them to us and receive your money back or a new pair.

A. B. COOK & SON
The Store Of Quality And Satisfaction

"SUBMARINE" REAL ESTATE

Do you know what it is? It is property where the damaging element does not appear on the surface.

In other words, it is a cloud on the property title which will work havoc unless it is dispelled.

It takes a trained eye to spot out this "submarine" real estate. It is only specialists, like ourselves, who can detect such defects—because we have accurate, exhaustive and complete records for our guidance in the work. In short, we "know the ropes."

The cost of our service is not to be compared with the value you will receive from a perfectly clear abstract.

Don't take anything for granted about a title. Let us comb the property's history and bring to light all the facts about the title. That's the kind of an abstract that is valuable—one that tells the WHOLE truth.

Call and see how splendidly equipped we are to serve you. An abstract that's true will work FOR YOU.

C. R. RAMBO, Abstractor
BROWNFIELD, (Terry County) TEXTS

GROCERIES

We have a complete line of Staple and Fancy Groceries in stock at all times, and are in position to get your orders out at once.

We have a nice assortment of flower seed.

NATIONAL CASH GROCERY
"The Home of Light Crust Flour"
R. W. Headstream, Mgr.

A COMPLETE LINE OF Heavy and Shelf Hardware

- P. & O. Implement.
 - Wagons and Harness
 - Original Coles Hot Blast Stoves
 - Charter Oak Stove and Ranges
 - Perfection Oil Stoves
 - None Better
 - Alladin Aluminum
 - and Enamel Wares.
 - Diamond Edge Tools and Cutlery
 - Good Year Tires and Tubes
 - A full line and all sizes.
 - The best gas and oils.
- We sell only the best and well known goods.
See us when in need of any thing in our line
We want your trade

Holgate-Endersen Hardware Co.
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

TEXACO

Gasoline Kerosene Motor Oil

Why so much carburetor trouble? It is because you are using different grades of gasoline. Have your carburetor adjusted for straight run Texas gasoline and see that you always get Texas gasoline when you fill your car, and you will do away with this trouble. Texas gasoline is straight run and always the same. Be a TEXACO user and have less automobile troubles.

YOURS FOR QUALITY
THE TEXAS COMPANY

Phone No. 5. W. M. Adams, Agent

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The six month rate on the above
will be 50c; 65c and 75c.
The three month rate will be 25c;
35c and 40c.
Advertising Rates on Application.

ANNOUNCEMENTS
Subject to the action of the Dem-
ocratic Primary, July 22, 1922.
For County Judge
D. J. Broughton
For Sheriff and Tax-Collector
Wood E. Johnson
For County and District Clerk
H. R. Winston
For Tax-Assessor
J. C. Green
Mrs. Mumford M. Smith
W. R. Bridges
R. W. Glover
For County Treasurer
Mrs. Lula Smith
For Public Weigher, Pro. Nos. 1-2
E. A. (Aut.) Graham
W. A. Bynum
For Commissioner, Pro. No. 3
H. O. Hooker

The rains are coming just right this
good year of 1922. What has be-
come of the fellow that was predict-
ing that destructive drouth a few
short weeks ago. Possibly he has
joined the bunch that are complain-
ing of mud now. Some people would
not be satisfied, as we heard a man
state to his wife one time, if they had
Jesus Christ in their pocket.

We have read of big rains all over
the good old U. S. A. this year, some
of them much more than the citizens
of those communities wanted right at
that time, but the biggest one fell near
Roman, Texas, according to a report
in the Rotan Advance. One of the
citizens reported to that paper that
it rained a fifty gallon barrel full of
water through the bung hole, in his
yard, and run it over. There is no
telling how many more barrels could
have been filled if the man had them
on hand. All the windy fellows in
this town have asked the Herald to
state that the Rotan man may have
the gun whenever he wants it.

Lamesa, our good neighbor to our
southeast is making a great effort
to land an oil mill, which is a move
in the right direction, because it will
be both a benefit to the capitalists to
locate it there, as well as the city ap-
ply remarks that the oil mill should be
brought to the cotton patch, and it
could have added that in bringing the
oil mill to the cotton patches of Dav-
son county, that they were getting
the by-products, cake and hulls close
to the ranches, where they find the
real market for them. Brownfield is
just in the past two years becoming
known as a cotton market, and its
growth in this line will be rapid from
this on, and our citizens should lose
no opportunity in presenting to pros-
pective oil mill people our splendid
location for this purpose, for while
our producing era is large and fertile
we have the big ranches right at our
back door.

The American people have always
contended for a free press and to
free speech, and that is one reason
why we have a ways had such a mo-
del government in comparison with
other governments of the world. The
public and the press have have criti-
cized the officials of the government
from the president down whenever
they considered they needed it—not
because of hate or rivalry, but with
the intention of doing for the best
interests of our representative gov-
ernment. The offices belong to the
people and taxpayers and must be ac-
cognized, if we are to continue as
free people under a constitutional
form of government. Some nations
do not permit this, and their people
are practically serfs. For instance,
Russia, both under the Czarist as
well as now under the Leninist
form of government, and Mexico until
recently, and Turkey until this day.
In 1775 our forefathers began fight-

ing for free speech, free action and
free press, and even down to our own
days, who faced foreign armies over
seas, for these same things and the
added freedom of the seas. We can
not stand as free people under any
dictatorial form of government. We
must be free to speak the truth, but
we must never resort to slander with
all our freedom.

A young man asked us recently if
the Herald was opposed to organized
labor. No indeed: Labor has just as
much right to organize as capital, and
as we are neither a capitalist or labor-
er, we know very little about the
workings of either. However, we will
say that we once belonged to the
Farmers Union, but not long, for they
advised us to plant Irish potatoes on
that occasion instead of so much cot-
ton, and we sold the potatoes for 30c
per bushel, and cotton was a good
crop that fall. Of course the Farm-
ers Union was not to blame for that,
but we noticed that the ones that
talked the potatoes most that year
had in lots of cotton and no potatoes,
and the Herald man went at it in-
dependent from them on. We can say
something however, if the farmers
don't organize and stay organized and
practice as well as preach coopera-
tion, they just as well feed old Pete
and Beck under the shed and stack
their farm machinery up and set it
afire, for the rest of the world is or-
ganized and don't you forget it. But
we have never been able to see any
relation between any farmer's organi-
zation and any other labor organiza-
tion. There appears nothing in com-
mon between the farmer and other
labor organizations that we can see
for one is a producer and the other
a consumer. The producer wants as
much as possible for what he pro-
duces on the farm, and wants to buy
the manufactured article as cheap as
possible, while the consumer wants
to buy his goods as cheap as possible
and wants as high wages as possible,
which of course is added to the cost
of the manufactured product, and the
manufacturer and railroad magnates
are robbing both. Still organization
is the word, so get at it.

MRS. DALLAS' RECITAL
A most unique and highly pleasing
program was given by the pupils of
Mrs. W. H. Dallas, Thursday evening
April 27th, at 8:30 p.m. Despite the
terrible clouds and threatening storm
the house was filled and the audience,
being in eager expectancy, to see an-
other of the young performers and sing-
ers.

The piano numbers were given four-
anded, except one or two trio (six)
anded, each performer doing well
on part, much to the delight of par-
ents and friends.
The H.S. Choral Club, of young la-
dies met the approval of the audience
very warmly received, especially the
"Rosary" and "Perfect Day." The
"part was beautifully done. The
trade choral is made up of girls from
the 7th grade down. They too, de-
lighted their hearers with song well
earned and at the same time being
harmlessly costumed in dainty frocks.
The "Blue Bird" was the favorite of
the little girls.

The Boys choral rendered several
songs, and closed with a "Bas-
ket Song" which was a real picture
carrying their base ball suits, using
leaves, mits, bats, etc. The boys re-
sponded to a hearty applause with the
"laughing Song." The Japanese drill
was especially pretty, dainty, and was
well by little Misses Kathryn Anthony
and Rebecca May. At the finish they
performed it as per request. The "Good
Old U.S.A. Song" sung by a stage full
of boys and girls was just as full of
im as had been previous numbers.
The medals were presented by Mr.
Haw. Supt. of Schools, and were given
to Deotta Pounds, 1st Prize; Eliza-
beth Downing, 2nd prize. Gold and
silver medals for the best practice
throughout the school year.

Mrs. Dallas will offer the same prizes
again another year. There may be
other incentives for good work.
Also.—Contributed.

LOST—Pair of shell rim glasses in
black case; \$2 reward. Leave at the
Herald office.

Misses Burns and Dixon, who have
been teaching school at Seagraves
came up Saturday and stayed until
Monday, then left for the homes in
Lubbock.

REGISTERED Hereford Bulls: P. 1,
2's or 3's, priced to sell. Also some
fine registered heifers, 1's or 2's sired
by the \$3000 Missouri Lad. P.G.
Stanford, Plains, Texas.

Storm Country Polly

by Grace Miller White
Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone.
Copyright by Little, Brown and Company

SYNOPSIS.
CHAPTER I.—Occupying a dilapidated shack in the Silent City, a squatter settlement near Ithaca, New York, Polly Hopkins lives with her father, small Jerry, and an old woman, Granny Hope. On an adjacent farm, Oscar Bennett, prosperous farmer, is a neighbor. He is secretly married to Evelyn Robertson, wife of a wealthy girl of the neighborhood. Polly alone knows their secret. Marcus McKenzie, who owns the ground the squatters occupy, is their constant enemy. Polly overhears a conversation between McKenzie and Evelyn in which the former avows his intention of driving the squatters from his land. She is disgusted with the squatters, and earns Polly's gratitude.
CHAPTER II.—Evelyn Robertson discovers from her mother that they are not rich, as she supposed, but practically living on the bounty of Robert Percival, Evelyn's cousin.
CHAPTER III.—Polly learns from Evelyn that the squatters' strongest friend is Robert Percival. Evelyn charges Polly with a message to Bennett, telling him she will give him no more money, and urging him to be patient. She is disgusted with the squatters, and earns Polly's gratitude.
CHAPTER IV.—Polly conveys her message, and Oscar makes threats. He insists Evelyn meet him that night. Polly has her father and Larry Bishop, a squatter who has suffered from the cruelty of McKenzie, take an oath to do him no injury.
CHAPTER V.—Evelyn unsuccessfully tries to get money from her mother which to buy off Bennett and induce him to leave the country, giving her freedom. She is really enamored of Marcus McKenzie. At the arranged meeting that night Bennett and Evelyn are exposed unless she procures money for him.
CHAPTER VI.—Polly meets Robert Percival, and they are mutually attracted. Polly's feeling being something like adoration.
CHAPTER VII.—Overhearing a conversation between Polly and Robert Percival, Bennett, really caring nothing for Evelyn and fancying himself with Polly, waylays the girl when she leaves Percival and abuses and threatens her. Percival returns and thwarts the father. He asks Polly in what way he can aid her and she begs him to help the squatters. Percival is what way he can aid her, but agrees to do his best. McKenzie visits the Hopkins shack with an offer to the squatters, through Hopkins, to leave the vicinity, offering them a large sum of money. The offer is refused and McKenzie threatens to burn their dilapidated dwellings and leave them homeless.
CHAPTER VIII.—Polly visits Percival in the Robertson home in an effort to enlist his aid, and he is on the point of declaring his love for her, when the girl in a panic, flees. McKenzie asks Evelyn to be his wife. The girl, who has been with him after he has bought the Bennett farm and got rid of the squatters, Robert, falls in an effort to secure the aid of Mrs. Robertson and Evelyn in a project to help the Silent City people.
CHAPTER IX.—Knowing Bennett's infatuation for Polly, Evelyn tries to induce the girl to promise to marry him, he having agreed to release Evelyn from her father's control. Evelyn, who is in love with Percival, refuses. Meeting Robert next day, he tells her he loves her, and she acknowledges a similar feeling for him. McKenzie lays a trap for Hopkins and the latter is arrested.
CHAPTER X.—Polly goes to the Robertson home to tell Percival of her freeing her father. McKenzie jeers at her. He is also dead to Robert's feelings, and the latter, though assuring Polly of all the help he can give her, feels himself powerless.
CHAPTER XI.—A week later Polly, alone in her heavy storm coat, goes to a visit from Evelyn. She tells Polly something has "gone" Oscar. The two women carry him from the road into the shack. He is insensible. Polly sets out to get a doctor. She meets Percival, who accompanies her back to the shack. Evelyn tells Robert she is there on a visit to "miss Jerry." She intimates that Bennett is "folly." She promises to be true to Percival, since the girl, true to a promise to Evelyn, does not deny it. He conducts Evelyn from the hut, after bitterly denouncing Polly for her duplicity. Bennett dies and Evelyn is free.

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.
"God-Almighty, Polly brat!" exclaimed Larry Bishop one evening. "What made you come out a night like this, huh?"
The girl went to the stove and in silence extended her hands over its top. "What's up, Polly?" the man demanded again, curiously, dropping into a chair. "You look something awful!"
And so she did! The long-lashed eyes had gathered and held an indelible expression of hatred. The fair, lovely face knew tender sympathy no more. She was no longer Polly of the Sun. For her that orb had become merely a ball in the sky, hot like the stove and bright like the candle flame, only more so. Nor did the pale winter moon ever catch her dazzling smiles. The winking stars had forgotten weeks ago that once a squatter girl had stolen out nightly to throw upward a kiss, begging them to deliver it to the crucified one there beyond them—the good Jesus who sat on the golden throne and who had sent her the message by Granny Hope that "Love were stronger'er'n hate any day."

As usual her feet were in Jeremiah's boots, and as usual she wore his coat. Her curls were covered with snow, and as she studied the dark-faced man, she shook drops of water from them. She advanced toward him, choking with emotion. Since Wee Jerry had gone, her hours, spent in planning revenge, had completely exhausted her. She was so tired that when she reached Larry she crumpled before him on the floor and turned a pale, beseeching face up to him.
"Ye come, Larry Bishop," she began gravely, "to ask you to help me to even up a little with Old Marc."
The squatter's head went up, and a startled expression shot into his fierce eyes. Then he sank lower in his chair, and the fire died out of his countenance.
"Who can get even with that d—n brat?" he muttered after a while. "Squatters can't! We'll all go to Auburn if we mess up him or his!"
A white young face shined so close to his that Bishop drew back.
"Who cares a d—n about Auburn?"

Polly exclaimed roughly, "We won't go there till we've tore Old Marc's heart to pieces an' made it hurt like yours does, Larry, like mine does for Jerry an' Daddy Hopkins. Wouldn't you be willin' to spend a few years in jail if you could see him hove an' almost mad like me an' you have, Larry?"
Bishop looked beyond her head into a dark corner. It was in that spot he often imagined he saw the countenance of his woman. His musty regard settled; and the ghost woman rose mistily, gazing at him with unearthly eyes. Then the pale, unsmiling phantom extended her arms and within them appeared a frail little figure.
"God!" burst from his lips like a shot from a gun.
Polly glanced backward over her shoulder. But the shadow that ran over him brought her hazy face back to her.
"Ah! your heart burth' something awful for your Betty woman an' your brat now, this very minute?" she queried abruptly, as if she, too, had seen the ghastly thing in the corner of his woman. "He shivered, taking firm hold of his chin to hide the tremble of it."
She seized his arm viselike, the grip drawing a groan from the squatter.
"An' wouldn't you just love to see Old Marc twist an' squirm like a stepped-on baby snake, huh?" came in one long, sobbing breath.
Again the shilly look of the tortured man came to rest on the gloom beyond.
"I'd do for it, so I would, Polly," he cried, "but with what you got in your brat, Polly; an' I'll listen, so help me God!"
Polly leaned heavily against him, panting. She was making an effort to tell him her plan. With a swift upward motion of her head, she began to talk in broken tones; and as she proceeded, Larry Bishop raised straighter in his chair.
Polly's voice trailed into silence; and Larry sent one hasty look over her head. The wrath smoldered at him and was gone. He shook himself and struggled to his feet. Then a broad, wicked grin spread his lips apart, and he laughed aloud. Polly, still on the floor, laughed, too, hysterical sobbing coming at her throat, and a desire to scream forcing her hands to her mouth. Such awful sounds were unusual in the Silent City, where even honest mirth was no longer heard because the men and women scarcely dared breathe for fear an enemy from Ithaca would suddenly appear.
"Glor'y be to God!" ejaculated the man, hoarsely, "that's the how of it, brat! I'll be a whack for my dead woman, an'—"
"An' a good whack for the Hopkins tribe, too," cried Polly, scrambling up.

"You promised I could do it, Larry," she reminded him. "You'll tell Lye Braeger that, too, won't you?"
Sinking limply into his chair, Bishop wiped his wet lips.
"Yeep, lass," he assented with a groan. "You can turn the trick; I promise you that."
If Jeremiah Hopkins had seen his girl, his Polly of the Sun, when she went home that night, he would not have recognized her. Her face was crafty, pitiless, and as white as the snow under her feet.
Then she waited stolidly day after day, feeding the billy goat but absent-mindedly, asking no questions of Larry or Lye Braeger how soon her idea could be carried out. She believed that they would leave no stone unturned to even up with Marcus McKenzie.
Early one evening Lye Bishop burst into the Hopkins hut without the formality of a knock. He looked queer older than he had last yesterday; and Pollyup got up, looking at and interlocking her fingers.
"Well?" she asked from between chattering teeth.
"It's done, by God!" he hissed, glancing straggling behind a shaking head. "It were most awful, Polly. If I'd stuck a hog in the gizzard, the squatter couldn't a been wosser."
The speaker's tones, his half-bent figure, his shifty glances, brought a grunt from the girl.
"An' you're gettin' sorry by the minute, Larry Bishop, I can see that," she returned, giving him a smart rap. "Stand up, Larry man, an' see—"
A sudden rush of emotion thrust into her throat such an ache that for several seconds she was unable to conclude.

"Once," she repeated, after clearing away the huskiness with a hacking cough, "I thought love were the greatest thing in the world. But it ain't, Larry Bishop, it ain't!"
Bishop flinched with his cap, turning it around and around by his brim. When he looked up, the burning glow had died from the depths of his eyes.
"It's a sickenin' thing to see a woman suffer that bad," he muttered, "God, brat!—Nope! Don't say nothin' 'ill I tell you what me an' Lye did!"
At the memory of it, the speaker wiped drops of sweat from his face.
"She beltered about lovin' her man," frowned Bishop, "an' the way she holered in my hut for her man was something scandalous."
"Like your Betty died a-howlin' for you, I s'pose, Larry," came back the girl promptly. "An' I been thinkin' all day how Granny Hope tucked your dead brat alongside his mummy in the coffin. Some awful thinkin', Larry man!"
The squatter's sudden graysness and swallowing hard as if something had stuck in his windpipe was the only evidence he gave that he had heard the cruel words.
"We got'er just after dark," he continued, woefully. "She's been tied up in my rack ever since."
"God'nough for'er!" gasped Polly, tensely, slipping her hands in her apron.
"An' she yelled so hard you could've heard her near to Ithaca, Polly," moaned Larry. "Me an' Lye gagged'er."
"Holy smut!" fell from Pollyup, as the picture his words had made burned itself across her mind.
"Her man's been gone all day to Cortland," continued the squatter in a monotone. "Lye found out Old Miss Robertson's been tryin' to reach hold of him."
"Hope she don't!" interjected Polly. "Not till we get done with his woman. Are you goin' to tote her over here?" the man nodded.
"Don't dare to till later, when the squatter is in bed," he answered, changing on his cap. "If—if you change your mind, Polly, come along over; an' I'll cut'er loose an' let'er go."
A harsh sound, something like a checkle of malicious satisfaction, slipped through Polly's lips and stopped the man at the door.
"That ain't no ways likely, Larry," she said huskily. "Bring'er here, an' when I'm done with her, she'll have to be tote!"
She caught Bishop by the arm, whirling him around.
"An' listen, Larry," she continued with cruel emphasis, "an' all the time keep rememberin' how Betty wailed her life into the grave, an'—an' that Old Marc done it!"
Overcome by the words she had thrown at him so deliberately, Bishop lunged away, and the girl, quaking at what was about to happen, heard him running along the shore toward his shack.
It seemed to Polly Hopkins that every minute was an hour long, and every second filled with intolerable anxiety. Would the soft-hearted Larry repent and surrender the prize she longed to get her fingers on?
In extreme nervousness she went from one thing to another, never finishing what she began. She paced the hut floor until she was dripping wet with apprehensiveness. She had no means of knowing when Lye and Larry would come; so she dared not stir from the shack.
Many times she shoved aside the window blind and looked out. But the world outside was wrapped in a white silence. She could not even glimpse the peaked roof of a fisherman's hut, for between her and the Silent City was a flowing curtain of snow, the flakes falling like feathers from an open bag.
Larry would keep his word, she told herself over and over. She was glad

it was such a night! The better could the squatters carry out their death plan.
Unnoticed by the girl, the wood burned to embers in the stove, and the hot glow colored by degrees. In one of her half hours of measuring the slant's length, she halted, breathing on her frost-bitten fingers. She drew about her shoulders the blanket which had covered Wee Jerry in his hut days.
Her mind brought back to the baby away off in some unknown place, she cried weakly as she replenished the fire. Had the wicked ones of the earth made Jerry forget Daddy Hopkins who up in Auburn was ignorant of his whereabouts? Many times Polly had taken up her pencil to write him of the child, but it always dropped from her fingers before it reached the paper. Daddy could not do anything; and she would not add to his heavy burden.
She was at the stove, her cold, stiff fingers spread over it, when the sound of footsteps outside sent her heading to the door. Appallingly terrified, she dragged it open.
Then, in dawning silence, Lye Braeger and Larry Bishop carried a large bundle through the doorway and threw it down on Polly's bed.
Heavy-lidded, the girl gazed upon it, her eyes widening in joy. Joy at the thought of Old Marc's misery; joy at the thought of getting even. The frightful emotion that surged through her bore relation only by contrast to the delights of a few months back, when her willing legs had trotted the country over to help every one that needed her. It wasn't the same! Polly at all. This Polly lifted her foot and kicked the bundle none too lightly.
"We had a h— of a time gettin''er here, Polly," growled Lye Braeger. "Outside it's like if a million crazy devils was howlin' over the hills. But we brought'er just the same! Now do what you like with'er, brat!"
White teeth gleamed through the manical smile that parted the girl's lips. At last! She had not lived through interminable days for nothing!
"Scout out, you!" she ordered, waving her hand at them, "an' keep a watch about till I get done!"
Braeger made for the door as if anxious to be gone; but Larry Bishop held to the spot where he stood.
"She's a woman, Polly Hopkins," he muttered, his eyes turning from the cot to the right girl, "if she is Old Marc's wife. He's home too, so Lye says."
"What do I care where the pop lar!" she thrust in vehemently. "Course she's a woman! So be it; an' so were your dead Betsy."
Then she stamped her foot temptressly.
"Get out of here an' watch for McKenzie an' his folks," she snapped. "It's about time he were stormin' the Silent City, I'm thinkin'."
Roughly she shoved the men out into the blizzard and closed the door. Then she stood with her back to it, deep shivering, racking her body.
Now as she had almost died, and Wee Jerry too, so would Marcus McKenzie. The vicious hope that she could see him writhe in his grief took possession of her.
Distraughtly she placed the bundle across the door, making sure it was locked. Then, creeping to the window, she gazed down at the wet blanket. There, where she had helped Oscar Bennett over dark rough places into the light of Eternity, lay the shivering dear of her bitterest enemy.
She uttered an exclamation, as she saw a lifting shadow on the ceiling on the bed. A man was there across her face, and her hands came together convulsively.
Slowly she knelt down.

She turned to the door but halted with her hand on the latch.
"I'll be a black Thanksgivin' for Old Marc, huh, Larry?—I'm goin' back home now."
She turned to the door, but halted with her hand on the latch. "You promised I could do it, Larry," she reminded him. "You'll tell Lye Braeger that, too, won't you?"
Sinking limply into his chair, Bishop wiped his wet lips.
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Storm Country Polly

By GRACE MILLER WHITE

Illustrated by R. H. Livingston

wrapped the thick blanket; and Evelyn MacKenzie was staring out at her, dull eyed and terrified. A dark rag completely filled her mouth; and Polly grinned at her.

"Do you know what squatters do to chickens they swipe from you rich folks?" she asked huskily.

Although she could not speak, Evelyn heard and understood. She closed her eyes, her face going drabber in the flickering light, but at a sound the weary lids flew open again.

Polly had stepped to the wood-box and was picking up the ax. She



"This," Was All She Said, Tapping the Handle.

brought it forward, and snuggling the same sinister smile, showed it to the pallid girl.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A rush of feet brought Bishop bolt upright.

"Keep settle," he breathed Pollyop.

"They'll be stoppin' here fast enough!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

And when she saw him trying to master his emotion, forcing back the heavy groans that interfered with his words to answer, she laughed. Never before had she been reckless in his presence. She knew this was one time Marcus MacKenzie did not want to fight. He needed the help of the squatters to search the Storm country for his wife—his bride, the very apple of his eye.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To Be Continued)

SILAS SEZ

(Submitted at usual rates)

By Sweet William.

Sez Silas Slim to Ezry Brown, I tho't I'd jest call around, For fear you might be feeling blue And we could swap a yarn or two. Yes, things are goin' 'bout the same My ol' Tobe mule is awful lame, You know he's that flea-bitten roan—The one I bought from deakun Jones. It's funny how old suckers bite— I bobbed the cork clean out of sigt; Old Tobe aint worth a bale of shucks, Jones soaked me for one hundred bucks.

To find just what old Tobe aint got, I'd shore have to invoice a lot, But you can bet yore hide and bones I put one by old deakun Jones. I swaped a rake and turning plow For a half-jersey brindle cow, And the way that brindle cow can kick,

U'd make any mule with envy sick. I fed that cow good yaller corn; Filed half the wrinkles off her horns, Till not a human could atold, That she was past a five year old. Fust time I milked that cow by heck! She kicked and nearly broke my neck, And when she'd hear a buzzin' fly, She'd swat her tail right in my eye. Three minit recess while you laugh, I kept her three days from her calf, Then slyly driv' her to the gate And held her there for sucker's bait. Soon the deakun driv up with his team

Agoin' to town to sell his cream: Sez hello, Slim! tell me as how, You'd sell or trade that brindle cow. Sez I now deakun 'pon yore life, I might if it wasn't for my wife, I'd would almost breake her heart, If from that cow she had to part. As times are getting awful tight And I need the money now asight, The man that gets her n'd be in luck, She'll cost him just \$100 bucks. He scratched his head and rubbed his neck;

Felt in his pocket for a check. He kindly gin' his lines a swish— I know'd right then I'd caught my fish. You bet I wasn't slow a speck To get to town and cash the check For fear that when he got to town, He might decide to turn het down. And then I hustled back you know To be in time to see the show, I know'd ther'd be an awful row When he tried to milk that cow. Soon I seed him comin' with his pails, I hid behind a pile of rails: Thinks I, you pore deluded fool, You'll never need that milkin' stool. When weather's hot both summer'n fall,

Jones only wears his overalls: Except a suit of B. V. Dees— Them togs with legs off at the knees Well, I guess he'd milked about 'er quart, That brindle cow she give 'er snort, Kicked the botom of the pail by heck, And spiled the whole cheese down

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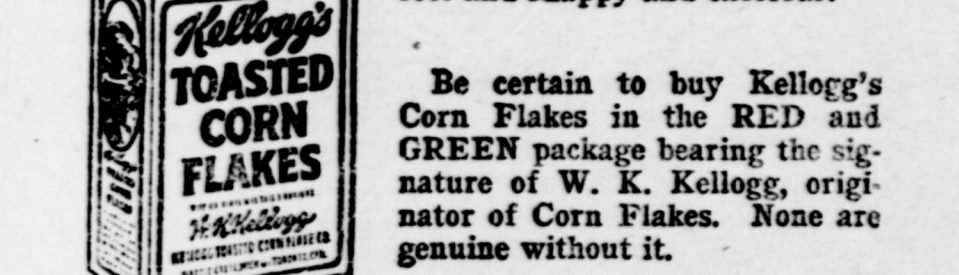
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C. L. BROWN, Prop.

his neck.

You bet Jones riz, gosh awful soon But her hoof slipped in his pantalon I swan I laughed til I tho't I'd bust. The way the two kicked up the dust. Fust Jones was up and then was down. Then on one foot ahoppin' 'round. The words he used wuz worse than sin.

As her hoof slip up and down his shin. They looped the loop and turned a flip.

There was a great tremenjus rip: He landed square upon his knees. In what was left of the B.V. Dees. And to add more bitter to his cup, The parson and his wife driv up. Sayin' deakun Jones: how can it be You're usin' sich profanity: And pray what started all this row— Sez Jones, ax that turn brindle cow. The deakun shore is in the lurch: They've got him up afore the church. And Slimkin sez beyond a doubt The brethern's shore to turn him out. But as he's allus been good pay, I kinder believe they'll let him stay.

Well Brown, it's gettin' kinder late, I guess I'd better pull my freight, I've got a lot of chores to do— I shore will you come too!

Rev. J. W. Baughman went to Seminoles Sunday and preached the bacalareate sermon for the graduating class at that place.

Mrs. W. H. Dallas and son, Clyde, went to Lubbock on a shopping tour last week.

Mrs. P. W. Watts and three children left last week for St. Joe, Texas, for a visit with relatives.

IF YOU WANT a loan on farm or ranch, see C. R. Rambo.

Mrs. Curley Gamble went to Lubbock, Monday, where she will visit her parents.

Mrs. Arthur Sawyer and baby left Monday for Ralls, Texas, on a visit.

Roy Bailey shipped three cars of hogs Monday, to Los Angeles, Calif.

Milt Good went to Big Spring, Saturday, returning Sunday. We understand he will soon move his family to a ranch near Lamesa.

Vergil Eynum came in Sunday from Big Springs, where he has been working for several weeks. He will move his family to that place while here. We hate to lose this family, but hope they will soon come back to old Terry.

Rev. Oden was over from Plains last Saturday to meet Rev. Hendrick, who is to help in a revival at Plains.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Dawson, of the Lumsden ranch, spent the week end with Mrs. Dawson's mother, Mrs. Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Gardner left last Thursday for Seminole, where he will open a barber shop.

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TWO NICE Jersey milch cows with young calves for sale at the O. K. Wagon Yard.

Elder Glasgow will preach at Gomez Saturday night, Sunday at 11 A. M. and night, and at Johnson at 3 P. M. Sunday.

Hugh Hulse, prominent farmer of this community, had the misfortune of getting his arm broken recently. It seems that he was watering his mare, which had a young colt, and some one rode up on another horse. The mare kicked at the horse, and Hugh believing that he would be hit in the face threw up his arm and received the full force of the kick on his forearm, breaking one of the bones. He is lucky that it was no worse.

Our County Commissioners should and will likely make an effort in the near future to fix up our jail so that prisoners will not have to be guarded to keep them safe. Setting up all night to keep prisoners safe gets a little monotonous, we imagine, and besides is expensive.

Charley Brown, market man and groceryman, came down this week to insert an ad announcing that he will 'rom this on conduct a strictly cash business, but says he is going to give his customers their money's worth.

A Mothers Day program will be given at the Central Christian church Sunday morning, May 14th, at 11 A. M., given by the Sunday School. Wear a white flower and come and help honor our Mothers in this one way. We especially urge that all the 'no hres be present, but every one is cordially invited.

Mrs. Audrey Caswell, of Georgia, Texas, is here the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Burnett.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Humphress, of Lubbock, came down Tuesday to attend the bedside of her father, W.D. Winn, of the Johnson community, who is seriously ill.

Mrs. J. T. Hamilton presented the editor and family a nice mess of greens from her garden this week. Mrs. Hamilton invariably has an early garden.

Mrs. Otho Welch, of Big Springs, is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Flemming, of the Gomez country, and Mr. Welch's mother, Mrs. J. W. Welch, of this city.

Jim Moore, proprietor of the clothing department of the A. P. Moore store at Gomez, had business here one day this week.

Ben Hurst left Monday for Meadlow, to act as manager of the Cicero Smith Lumber yard, while the regular manager, Robert Welch, is recovering from an operation at a sanitarium at Lubbock.

We have been requested to announce that "Mothers Day" will be observed at the Baptist Church next Sunday May 14th. All mothers are requested to be present.

BROTHERS & Brothers will pay the highest market price for your poultry, eggs and cream.

Mrs. Stricklin and children left last Saturday for Lubbock, where they will visit her sister, Mrs. A. E. Morgan and family.

C. R. RAMBO will make you a loan on your farm or ranch property.

Rev. J. F. Curry of Lynn county, Missionary for the Brownfield Baptist Association, was through here last Saturday, on his way to a point between here and Seagraves, Wellman school house, where Rev. Morrison was holding a meeting.

GEO. ALLEN
The House Reliable
Oldest and Largest PIANO and MUSIC HOUSE in Brownfield, Texas. We have the best of pianos, music, and books of all kinds. SONGS, ETC. ETC. Call on us. 26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief that the tobaccos used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.

Largest of Myers Tobacco Co.

"I like 'em"

Chesterfield CIGARETTES
of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

20 for 18c
10 for 9c
Vacuum tins of 30 - 45c

"They Satisfy"

MONEY TO LOAN on Farms and Ranches at 8 per cent. Liberal terms. Geo. W. Neill, City.

We learn that Richard Whitley of Magdalena, N. M., the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Whitley, as married to Miss Edie Green, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Green, of Wilson, but formerly of Terry county, recently. They will make their future home in Magdalena where he holds a position with a Mercantile company.

We are sorry to report that Commissioner W. D. Winn is seriously sick at his home in the Johnson community. We hope that we may be able to report him better in the near future.

BROTHERS & Brothers delivers your groceries to your kitchen.

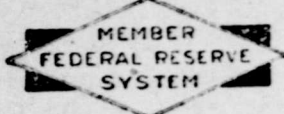
The editor and wife have invitations to attend the graduating exercises of the following young ladies, who are to become graduate nurses at the Lubbock Sanitarium: Miss Lillie May Price, of Brownfield, Misses Johnelle and Dixie Ella Spencer, of Walnut Springs, Texas; Miss Lydia A. Simpson, of Tahoka; also graduating at the same time will be Miss Ethel Lucile Carlson, of Abernathy, Texas. The exercises will be held in the Methodist church in that city on Tuesday evening, May 23rd 1922, at eight o'clock.

Mrs. W. C. Mathis, of Lubbock, is visiting friends here this week.

Terry County Farmers

Back your farming with P. H. C.
We will help you do it.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS
Capital, Surplus and Profits \$60,000.00



Patronize Home Industries



The Great West mill at Amarillo is a credit to any city in the South. Equipped with the best machinery that modern science has produced for the making of a real flour. Located to serve the Plains people with a flour that has no equal. Use a sack and if not good return the empty sack and your money will be refunded. Sold and guaranteed by us

WILLIAMS & BOWERS, Exclusive Agents
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

WE BUILD A BRIDGE

ACROSS THE OBSTACLES WHICH MIGHT COME IN YOUR PATH IN ARRANGING TO BUILD THAT HOME OR BUYING BUILDING MATERIAL.

We have a number of plans of cosy homes from which to select your building, different kinds of lumber for any and all occasions, and our service is given to you free and with satisfaction both to you and ourselves.

"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING."

Call us.

HIGGINBOTHAM-BARTLETT CO.

Brownfield, Texas

MEADOW BRIEFS

By Aesculapias

(Editor's Note) These items were received too late to carry up with us to Lubbock week before last as we went up on Tuesday, and it was simply overlooked last week when we went up there to have our type set, but as there are some items in the article that are still good, we are running them, and ask the Meadow correspondent to please overlook this seemingly negligence in our emergency. This is the reason also for the delay with other correspondents, but as the type is being set at home once again, we hope to get matters straightened out again. So come on.

We feel duly thankful for the rains that have fallen.

Mrs. Sapple has been away visiting her parents and returned yesterday. She don't know and I am not going to tell her that Sapple took in all the shows during her absence. The women should exercise great caution in leaving their husbands at home without chaperones or something to keep them steady.

Loomis Moorehead was called to Stephenville a few days since on account of his wife's illness. She had gone back to the old home to visit her mother and was taken seriously ill, and at this writing is still confined to bed.

Mrs. W. R. Carruth, of Stephenville Texas, has been seriously sick with flu and pneumonia, and her three daughters living in this county have been summoned to her bedside. At last account she was thought to be improving.

Mr. Brooks has returned from the Lubbock Sanitarium, where he had gone to have a cornucopia of the face treated. He is much improved and will now go on to recovery.

Arnett Brothers shipped some cattle the first of the week, and along with them went quite a train load also.

Mrs. Dr. Moorehead ran into a moving car a few nights since, on her return from the movies. She was worse scared than hurt—we have not heard from the car yet. Perhaps a little paint was knocked off each of them. However, it emphasizes the fact that cars leaving or going into crowds should be driven slowly and with caution. They are driven thru Meadow at terrific speed 'day and night with and without lights, and it is only a little way ahead until some one will be horribly mangled or killed. It is not altogether boys who indulge in speeding; the older ones, male and female, daily violate the State speed laws, and the ordinary rules of prudence and common sense.

Reports from Leveland, Plains and Brownfield the past week tell us of pugilistic encounters. The primitive instincts seem to assert themselves occasionally, and good men will engage in fistie encounters and feel ashamed of themselves afterward. It is mighty hard on the pocket book and old clothes, and rarely settles a difficulty.

The Stanton Reporter editor seems about ready to send in his application to the K.K.K. It is news to me how ever that the K'an has invented "the sanctity of the home, and reverence for womanhood, cleaner morals and stronger loyalty to country, white supremacy, unalloyed Americanism, allegiance to one land and flag, demand for one language, that in which the Declaration of Independence was written.

Perhaps, they also discovered the fourth dimension, relatively, the Nebular Hypothesis, and Jeff's machine that runs with compressed (hot) air. They are just bumping up against a public opinion that will put them out of business unless they alter their program.

A splendid shower of rain fell here Sunday afternoon, which was heavier east and south. Hail was reported to be pretty severe in some places and fruit hurt or destroyed.

CUSTOM crushing by Tankersley & Son.

Rev. J. W. Baughman and daughter, Miss Tera, Mrs. H. T. Sefton and little daughter, Ouida, motored over to Tahoka Tuesday afternoon. They speak in the highest terms of Lynn county's good roads. Old Lynn is alive on the good road proposition. It is our time next.

MONEY TO LOAN on Farms and Ranches at 8 per cent. Liberal terms. Geo. W. Neill, City.

PLAINS LOCALS
By Sunshine

Milt Robinson from Hagerman, N. M., is here this week preparatory to moving his family from here to that place the coming week.

A special was given the young people by Mrs. Robinson, Saturday night.

D. B. Tingle, from Broncho passed through our town Sunday, for Abilene. He was joined here by Sheriff J. C. Keller, who accompanied him.

J. G. Cruikshank and W. H. Oylar, made a business trip to Lubock, Saturday.

Rev. J. E. Oden, accompanied by his wife and Mrs. Ed Smith, made a trip to Brownfield, Saturday.

A meeting began at the Methodist church Sunday, conducted by Rev. Hickman, of Slaton, to continue thru the coming week.

A musical recital was given at the Baptist church Friday night by Miss J. L. Fardian.

H. P. French and wife from the Harris community were in our town, Saturday.

Mr. Cobb, also from the Harris community, was in our town, Sunday.

Brownfield Produce Co.

Will pay the highest price for Poultry, Eggs and Cream.
We have a remedy for Chicken Mites—Absolutely Guaranteed.

J. R. CARVER, Mgr.

Phone No. 112 Brownfield

HARRIS HAPPENINGS

By Sand Bar

School closed Thursday with a picnic dinner and a short program in the afternoon. The program was well rendered and enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. Alexander's school closed the same day, and she and her pupils helped out the program. The patrons of each school were present besides some visitors.

Mrs. Alexander and Miss Latham are each Al primary teachers, and whoever succeeds in securing their services for another term can count themselves very fortunate.

Both schools were successfully taught this year, and the pupils made their grades easily.

Misses Nancy and Lizzie Dumas and brother, John, accompanied by Misses Lorelle Brownfield and Mary Shelton from Brownfield, attended the closing exercises at the Harris school Thursday.

Miss Brownfield entertained us with two readings, which were very much enjoyed by all.

Mrs. J. W. McDowell is spending a few days with her son, George at Brownfield.

Miss Ollie Fitzgerald, who has been with her parents in Ft. Stockton for sometime, returned with them and went to Lubbock to take up her work as a nurse in one of the hospitals up there.

George McDowell from Brownfield took dinner with F. M. Ellington and family, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Lane have been on the sick list this week.

(delayed)
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fitzgerald and Miss Ollie, spent Sunday and Sunday night with Roy Fitzgerald and family.

Brit Clare went to Brownfield last Thursday and shipped a bunch of steers Friday.

S. T. Murphey took a load of hogs to Brownfield, Saturday. They weighed out well and brought him a fair price.

Mr. and Mrs. Brit Clare and Brit Jr. called on F. M. Ellington and family, Monday P.M.

Roy Fitzgerald and F. M. Ellington drove Brit Clare's steers to the railroad, Thursday.

Miss Thelma Latham spent Monday night at the Murphey home.

Mrs. S. T. Murphey and Jaunita spent Saturday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tandy.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Alexander are the owners of a new oil stove. Geo. says its fun to get breakfast now.

Beautiful thoughts make beautiful lives, for every word and deed lies in the thought that prompted it, as the flowers lie in the seed.

NOTICE

When you have light hauling see the new delivery boy.

VERNON CARVER

T. L. TREADAWAY, M. D.
H. A. CASTLEBERRY, M. D.

Physicians and Surgeons

Office Over State Bank
General practice, Obstetrics, Medical Gynecology and Minor Surgery.
Office Phone 38.
Dr. Treadaway's Res. No. 18.
Dr. Castleberry's Res. is 2 rings on 502.

Brownfield, Texas

BROWNFIELD SANITARIUM

Equipped for Medical, Surgical and Obstetrical cases.

Dr. W. N. Lemmon,
Dr. J. R. Lemmon,

DR. H. H. HUGHES
Dental Surgeon

Office at the Brownfield Sanitarium.

Brownfield, Texas

THE LUBBOCK SANITARIUM

A Modern Fireproof Building
Equipped for Medical and Surgical Cases—X-Ray and Pathological Laboratories

Dr. J. T. Krueger
General Surgery
Dr. J. T. Hutchinson
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Dr. M. C. Overton
General Medicine
Dr. O. F. Paschler
General Medicine

Anne D. Logan, R. N.
Superintendent
Mamie A. Davis, R. N.
Asst. Supt.
Helen E. Griffith, R. N.
Dietitian
C. E. Hunt, Business Mgr.

A chartered Training School is conducted by Miss Anne D. Logan, R. N., Superintendent. Bright, healthy young women who desire to enter may address Miss Logan.

JOE J. MCGOWAN

Atty.-At-Law

Office in the State Bank Building
Brownfield, Texas

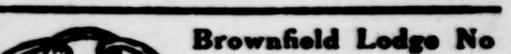
R. L. GRAVES

Atty.-At-Law

Practice in all the courts of the States of Texas and New Mexico.
Office in Court House.
Brownfield, Texas



Brownfield Lodge No. 982, A. F. & A. M.
Meets on Saturday night before the full moon in each month in the Masonic Hall.
Geo. W. Snodgrass, W. M.
Thos. R. Pridcaux, Sec.



Brownfield Lodge No. 536, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Friday night in the Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting Brothers Welcome.
W. W. Winn, N. G.
H. R. Winston, Secretary

HARNESS AND SHOE REPAIRS

DON'T JUNK YOUR HARNESS OR OLD SHOES WHEN A LITTLE WORK. LET 'EMPHRESS MAKE 'EM LAST A GREAT DEAL LONGER AT A SMALL COST TO YOU. LEATHER IS TOO COSTLY TO JUNK.

AMERICAN SHOE SHOP
Brownfield Texas

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

The Old Reliable A. L. TURNER

Wants your poultry and eggs. He is the man that really put Brownfield on the map as a produce town. Highest market price paid all the time. Give him a chance

AT A. L. TURNER'S WAGON YARD

There is more power in That Good Gulf Gasoline

Supreme Auto Oil
LEAVES LESS CARBON

When in need of these oils, gas or grease call
R. C. HARRIS Mgr.

Phone 49 Phone 118

IDLE WIVES

Mrs. Will Alf Bell was hostess to the Idle Wives, Friday, April 28th. Special guests were Misses Jones, Langhorne, Maurine and Irma Mac Hardesty, Nancy and Elizabeth Dumas, and Mrs. Ray Brownfield, Downing, Enderson, Sefton, W. C. Smith, M. M. Smith and Randall.

Six tables of 42 were arranged, favors going to Mrs. McGowan and Lemmon and Miss Maurice Hardesty. The tables were placed together and the twenty four guests were served an elaborate two course luncheon.

Mrs. Bell was assisted in serving by her daughter, Margaret and Theresa Lemmon.—Reporter.

CANDIES of all kinds at Brothers & Brothers, and they are fresh too

Mrs. F. R. Kyle, who has been visiting relatives in Tahoka, returned home the latter part of last week.

FOR SALE:—Good cotton-seed for planting purposes. See T. I. Brown.

TOKIO ITEMS

By Little Boy.

(delayed)
Everyone in this community is proud and thankful for the rain we received last week.

Everyone is ready to plant just as soon as it is dry enough.

Mr. Pippin is improving very slowly. Miss Pearl Russing is able to go again, and was out at Sunday School.

O. D. Lovelace was able to be out to Sunday School last Sunday.

The Bible class disbanded last Sunday as they were afraid it would tear up the Sunday School. I say if studying the Bible will tear up a Sunday School, it ought to be torn up.

On account of the threatening weather they failed to have singing last Sunday night.

Misses Pearl and Bessie Day took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. B.M. Wade Sunday.

Sunday School report for last Sunday:

Present, 52; new members 2; chapters read 139; lessons good; collection received, 8c.

(This Week)

The farmers are busy planting this week; all are looking forward to big crops as prospects are good so far.

Little Raymond Day that got hurt last Sunday evening a week ago, is getting a'ong fine.

Rev. Williams and wife, from Arizona, are here visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fitzgerald and family spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Pippin and family.

Singing at the school house last Sunday was enjoyed by all that were present.

Rev. Williams preached for us last Sunday evening.

Miss Jessie Christman of the Harris community, spent last Saturday night and Sunday with Miss Wilma Pippin.

Sunday School report: Attendance 65; chapters read 240; lessons good; collection 11c

BULK GARDEN SEED for sale at Brownfield Produce Co. warehouse.

Several couples surprised Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Hurst last Friday with a storm party. After all had arrived tables were prepared and the evening spent in playing 42.

TWO good Jersey milk cows with young heifer calves, for sale. See them milked at P. W. Watts' barn.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Doddridge were here from Seagraves, Sunday, but owing to the rain they did not get to stay but a few minutes.

MAY JUNE

You may want the best, and here is hoping when you buy oil in May you will buy it from May, and watch him June. **MAGNOLIA HAS QUALITY.**

Magnolia Petroleum Co.

Phone 10.

Tom May, Agent



FOR BLUE BUGS
HEAD LICE, STICK-TIGHT FLEAS, CHINCHES
CIGGERS AND OTHER BLOOD-SUCKING INSECTS
FEED MARTIN'S BLUE BUG REMEDY
TO YOUR CHICKENS. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE BY
J. L. RANDAL, Druggist