

The Terry County Herald

VOLUME 17.

BROWNFIELD, TERRY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY MAY 26, 1922

NUMBER 43



"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 one's 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 CURLEE 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 a BETTER VALUE than others.

BIRD & DEAN

FAMILY OUTFITTERS

Brownfield

Texas

SINGING CONVENTION ATTRACTS BIG CROWD

People were here Saturday and Sunday from almost every South Plains county, and some of the best and sweetest singing ever heard in Brownfield was heard, though part of the aggregation, and especially the Vaughan Quartette failed to put in its appearance.

Not many delegates arrived for the Saturday night session, and scores of beds that had been engaged were not taken, but Sunday morning the roads entering Brownfield soon became alive with people.

At the noon hour the crowd was treated to an old fashion Terry County picnic dinner spread on tables at the school building, and everyone appreciated their hunger to such an extent that we understand that some have needed medical attention since.

Almost immediately after dinner the singers assembled once again and the glad refrain of some almost shook the big auditorium. At no time Sunday could the immense crowd be seated at one time, and lots of the time one could not get standing room. Brownfield was glad to get the privilege of entertaining these sweet singers this time, and hopes it may have this rare privilege again in the near future.

The next convention went to Post Texas.

PROGRAM

For the Memorial Day exercises to be held at the Tabernacle. To be held next Tuesday, May 30th.

Star Spangled Banner; Piano, Violin and Cornet.

Prayer; Rev. C. E. Ball.

Opening Address; Morgan L. Copeland.

Music—By Orchestra. Reading—Lorena Copeland. Address—Wm. Howard.

Special Music—Mrs. Dallas. Quartette—Miss Lewis, Mrs. Winston, Messrs. Pyeatt and Smith. Closing Address—Rev. J.W. Baughman.

America—Audience. Benediction—C. B. Glasgow.

OLD FOLKS DAY

Old folks day will be observed at the Baptist church next Sunday, May 28th. We are anxious that every old person come to this service. Cars will be provided for those who do not have a way to come. Phone the pastor or any one connected with the church; we will get you there.

Will have some good special music and will seek to let the fathers and mothers in "Isreal" know that we really appreciate them. Come! C. E. Ball, Pastor.

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT AND VEGETABLES IN SEASON, AT BROS. & BROS.

Lorenzo, Texas suffered considerable fire loss last week. Brownfield's time is coming. We have just been lucky so far.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT

On account of the big District singing convention, or we suppose that was it, the Brownfield Sunday Schools showed a decided decline last Sunday from the previous week record:

Church	Attendance	Col.
Methodist	113	3.51
C. of Christ	68	14.02
Baptist	60	1.32
Christian	51	2.81
Presbyterian	33	1.35
Totals	325	23.11

OLD TIMERS

The usual blustering bunch of old timers met on the dot Monday night in their regular "42" party at Jimmie Green's shack. Among the most active players were Alf and Dorinda, Jessie and John, of course, Vade and Ben, Oral and Nora, Tom and Ida, Geo. and Mary, Dora, Texie, Ruth, Dndle and Mrs. Welch; the home folks were on the job; Pappy John and Kate too; Pappy furnished some music. Katie plays 42 right well up to the 3's, but the fives and sixes were too heavy for her. Geo. W. stood hitched to the same table they put him at the whole thing through, while Tom and Greenie claim to have lead the ticket.

Spikess punch was served at convenient intervals, and was the "off" they all held for. We understand this feature will be served a little different next time, one bowl to be fixed for the ladies and another kind prepared for the men; we will see whether or not this is done two weeks hence at Tom May's sheep camp, where all the old timers who want to see a night pass off quickly are invited out—One-of-the-bunch.

IDLE WIVES

Mrs. Jno. King entertained the Idle Wives club, Friday afternoon May 12. Progressive forty-two furnished the entertainment for the guests, Mrs. Tom May drawing the high score favor, and Mrs. Dallas the consolation. Mmes. Downing and Ray Brownfield and Misses Brownfield and Miller were the guests of the club.

Refreshments were served the following: Mmes. Downing, R. Brownfield, Bell, A. M. Brownfield, Dallas, Lemmon, May, McGowan, Pridcaux, Shelton and Smith; Misses Brownfield and Miller.—Reporter.

MAIDS AND MATRONS

Mrs. Ray Brownfield was hostess to the Maids and Matrons Club on Tuesday, May 9th.

After the business session, Mrs. Pridcaux led an interesting study of present day writers. The hostess served dainty refreshments to the following members present: Mmes. Bell, A. M. Brownfield, M. V. Brownfield, Downing, Emdersen, Green, King, McGowan, Pridcaux, Randal, Smith, and Miss Miller.

The club will meet next with Mrs. Downing.—Reporter.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Of the Financial Condition of the Brownfield State Bank, at Brownfield, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 5th day of May, 1922, published in the Terry County Herald a newspaper printed and published at Brownfield, Texas on the 19th day of May, 1922.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts, personal or collateral	\$193,345.45
Loans, real estate	2,000.00
Overdrafts	1,757.63
Bonds and stocks	1,500.00
Real estate (banking house)	22,315.10
Furniture and fixtures	6,222.39
Due from other banks and bankers, and cash on hand	40,788.32
Interest on depositors' guaranty fund	2,828.55
Assessment depositors' guaranty fund	7,381.43
Other resources	1,200.00
Total	279,338.98
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	25,000.00
Surplus fund	25,000.00
Undivided profits, net	3,364.43
Due to banks and bankers, subject to check, net	620.24
Individual deposits, subject to check	192,002.46
Time certificates of deposit	5,874.81
Cashier's checks	4,203.13
Bills payable and redemptions	23,193.91
Total	279,338.98

The State of Texas, County of Terry:—We, W. H. Dallas, as president, and E. C. Roberts as assistant cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

W. H. Dallas, President
E. C. Roberts, Ass't Cashier
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of May, A.D. 1922. (SEAL)
A. J. Stricklin, Notary Public, Terry County, Texas
Correct—Attest: Andrew Copeland, Jno. S. Powell, Morgan L. Copeland, Directors.



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



IN MEMORY OF W. D. WINN

On May 17th, 1922, at 2:30 A. M. the spirit of Brother W. D. Winn quietly passed to the great beyond. The death angel made a visit and relieved him from great suffering. During his last hours, he knew that death was near. He had been in bad health for several years and struggled bravely against the disease. How weak and worthless are earth's greatest treasures when a human being faces slow but certain death. But how glorious and precious are God's gracious promises when we know that time with us shall be no more!

Bro. W. D. Winn was the son of E. D. and Lucy Winn, and was born in Middle Tennessee, Feb. 6th, 1869. He was 53 years, 3 months and 11 days old at his death. He came to Collin county, Texas, with his parents when but a small boy. He married Miss Emma Kolston, (a native of the state of Tenn.) in 1880. To this union was born three children, Willie E. of Gomez; Mrs. Onie (C.R.) Rambo, of Brownfield; and a little boy (Ester) who died at five months old. Brother Winn's wife died Oct. 3rd 1909 and he was united in marriage to Miss Laura Nokes, June 2, 1911. To this union was born six children, Mrs. Thelma Hampshire, Lubbock; Mrs. Vivian Lassiter, Gomez; Foster, Charley, Kate May and Sarah all at home with their mother.

Brother Winn moved to Haskell county in 1901, and from there to Terry in 1906. He settled about seven miles northwest of Gomez where he lived until death.

I met and talked with him a number of times, and he always talked about the Gospel and the work of the church. He obeyed the gospel in 1896 and was instrumental in the building up of the cause of Christ at Gomez. He was one of the most prominent citizens of the county, and for a number of years and at his death, Commissioner of Prec. No. 3.

Many spoke well of his life and manifested their respect by attending his funeral, which was conducted by the writer, assisted by Bro. W.A. Bentley at about 4 pm, May 17.

Brother Winn was a strict member of the Odd Fellow lodge, which he had been a members for years, and had requested that they bury him, so after the funeral services, his body was taken in charge and buried with all the honors of that lodge.

The grave was completely covered with flowers. Among the wreaths was one by the ladies of the Church of Christ, which contained the letters "C. of C." The funeral was conducted at the cemetery as it was thought there was not a church house in town large enough to hold the great crowd in attendance.

May God's richest blessings rest upon the wife and children left behind. Weep not as those who have no hope. So dear loved one of him, serve Christ faithfully and with the hope of seeing him across the river with God and the loved ones gone before.

Yours in faith, hope and love,
C. B. Glasgow

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

JUST RECEIVED!

Young men's Sailor Hats and Panamas. Come in and select yours.

A. B. COOK & SON
The House of Quality & Satisfaction
Brownfield ——— Texas

"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) TEXAS

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R. W. Headstream, Mgr.

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- Good Year Tires and Tubes
- A full line and all sizes.

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See us when in need of any thing in our line
We want your trade

Holgate-Endersen Hardware Co.
BROWNEFIELD, TEXAS

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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.

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35c and 40c.

Advertising Rates on Application

ANNOUNCEMENTSSubject to the action of the Dem-
ocratic Primary, July 22, 1922.For County Judge
D. J. BroughtonFor Sheriff and Tax-Collector
Wood E. JohnsonFor County and District Clerk
H. R. WinstonFor Tax-Assessor
J. C. Green
Mrs. Mumford M. Smith
W. R. Bridges
K. W. GloverFor County Treasurer
Mrs. Lala SmithFor Public Weigher Pre. Nos. 1-2
E. A. (Aut.) Graham
W. A. BynamFor Commissioner Pre. No. 3
T. O. Hooker
S. A. Shepherd

With the weather, politics are now
warming up, especially in State poli-
tics, and with kagoo kagoo as the
main issue, there may be some witch-
es burned at the stake before it is all
over. Terry county folks, so far have
absolutely refused to become excited.

It is said that the recent Grand
jury got so hot in after "corn judg-
ment" that some of them have hid
Brownfield and vicinity an adieu be-
tween the suns. We have seen no
one shedding crocodile tears unless it
be those who have extended some
"credit" to these canaries.

Five carloads of delegates left Mon-
day for Plainview to attend the Con-
vention of the West Texas Chamber
of Commerce. While Brownfield
Boosters spent no small fortune on
the trip, they are ready to tell the
gathering that Brownfield and Old
Terry can deliver the goods when she
goes to the fairs.

Listen to what Joseph Weldon
Bailey says about "Anheuser Busch
and Kentucky Taylor: "The amend-
ment should have never been adopted
but now that it is adopted both the
ants and the pros might as well tran-
sire their appetites to fit the law. If it
were defeated three to two, but
with the women voting it will
never be repealed. After it is enforced
long enough everybody will be glad
they will never vote for the return of
liquor."

The drought that stalked in the val-
leys and over the picturesque hills of
West Texas has been displaced by
recent splendid rains, and now a 90
per cent calf crop is awaiting the
branding from. A 90 per cent calf
crop is phenomenal for any country
since the average world's calf crop is
given as 75 per cent, under normal
conditions. Of course the cowman
will soon come back into his own.
West Texas is also expecting a big
cotton crop, and has little fear of
damage from boll weevils—Ward Co.
News.

The election last Tuesday at Brown-
field to determine whether or not the
tax rate for maintenance of the
school at that place be raised from
80c to 75c on the one hundred dollar
valuation, resulted in the defeat of
the tax raise by nine votes, there be-
ing 111 votes cast against the raise
and 102 for the raise, and as the re-
sult of the outcome of this election
the entire school board tendered their
resignation, believing that the fel-
lows that believe the school can be
operated without money, or with less
money than they figured it needed
for the best interests of the school
should have a chance to demonstrate
that it can be done. Some are against
taxes of any kind, some vote against
taxes through ignorance—they do not

know how the money is spent, or do
not stop to think or figure the ac-
tual cost of operating a school. Oth-
ers are just naturally moss backs,
crouches and failures themselves and
want everyone else to be a fizzle too.
—Lubbock Avalanche.

Judge Barry Miller of Dallas, is to
have charge of Hon. Chas. A. Culber-
son's campaign for re-election to the
U. S. Senate, according to the Dallas
News. The News of last Sunday also
made mention in its news columns of
the Catholic Women's League serving
dinner in the junior ball room at
the Adolphus hotel in honor of the
outgoing and incoming officers. We
noticed the name of Mrs. Barry Miller
as the "incoming president." Judge
Miller is State representative from
Dallas county—Merkel Mail.

The Herald has not supported the
Honorable Charley Culberson in sev-
eral years, and it has no intention of
doing so now, but anyone can read
between the lines of the above article
and see that this article about Judge
Barry Miller's wife being a Catholic
is used for campaign purposes with
protestant people. What earthly dif-
ference does it make whether Charley
Culberson's campaign manager's wife
is a Catholic or Hottentot. We have
no alliance of church and state in
grand old Texas no matter how hard
some may try it. We have never for-
gotten the political capital that some
tried to make because Joseph P. Tu-
multy, President Wilson's secretary
happened to be a Catholic, and a
more patriotic citizen would be hard
to find.

The Commissioners Court of Cros-
sby county, have hired a County Agent
for the coming year.

According to the Record, Canadian
Texas buried her only negro last
week. He had been a citizen of that
city since 182, and was 79 years old.
He elected to leave his own race and
live among white people all his life.
He was highly respected and his fun-
eral had a large attendance.

Master Arthur Benton, of Lubbock,
is here this week visiting his grand-
parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Martin, 28
Clifford Dickson, insurance man of
Tahoka, lost a car by theft in that
city last week.

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

Mr. Reynolds, of Sweetwater, son-
in-law of Dr. H. A. Castleberry, was
here the past week visiting and tak-
ing his vacation.

J. W. Youngblood and daughter,
Mrs. M. V. Brownfield and her little
daughter, are visiting in Blackwell,
Texas.

REGISTERED Hereford bulls: 1's
2's or 3's, priced to sell. Also some
fine registered heifers, 1's or 2's
sired by the \$300 Missouri Lad. P.G.
Stanford, Dallas, Texas.

W. H. Dallas, president of the State
Bank, left Sunday for Big Springs
where he will visit his daughter, Mrs.
H. G. Lees a few days, and return
home with his family who have been
there several days.

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

Ray Bailey, of local hog feeder
shipping two cars of finished porker-
s to Los Angeles, this week.

Evel Session, of Monday, Texas, has
accepted a position as barber at the
Sanitary Shop.

FOR SALE—Fine half and half
cotton seed; 1100 lbs. made 500 lb
bale. Joe A. Davis, Gomez, Texas.

Mrs. Hoyt Gray, who resides near
the Johnson school house, was bro't
to the local sanitarium, Monday, and
her brothers, Arthur and Eimeo
Smith and sister, Mrs. D. M. Morgan,
of Monday, Texas, arrived Tuesday
morning to be with their sister until
she is out of danger.

Mr. Reynolds, the gin man, arrived
his week, and is looking for his ma-
chinery in any day.

FOR SALE—Good cotton-seed for
planting purposes. See T. I. Brown
Dr. Covey, dentist and family re-
turned recently from El Paso. He
reports visiting Jaurez while there
and says he didn't "reach" a "drap."
His friends, however, are taking this
report with a grain of salt.

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

John Gathing, local manager of the
West Texas gin at this place is very
optimistic over the outlook for the
cotton crop this year. He places the
estimated ginning at 5,000 bales.

Storm Country Polly

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

CHAPTER I.—Occupying a dilapidated shack in the silent city of Silent City, Polly lives with her father, small, thin, and as old woman, Granny Hope. On adjacent farm, Oscar Bennett, prosperous farmer, is in possession. He is married to Evelyn Robertson, supposedly wealthy girl of the neighborhood. Polly knows their secret. Marcus McKenzie, who owns the ground the squatters occupy, is their determined enemy. Polly overhears a conversation between McKenzie and a stranger, in which the former avows his intention of driving the squatters from his land. The stranger sympathizes with the squatters, and eases Polly's gratitude.

CHAPTER II.—Evelyn Robertson discovers from her mother that they are not rich, as she supposed, but practically penniless on the bounty of Robert Perival, Evelyn's cousin.

CHAPTER III.—Polly learns from Evelyn that the sympathetic stranger is Robert Perival. Evelyn explains to Polly why she is so poor, and urging her to be patient. She already bitterly resents her father's unkindness and marriage to the ignorant farmer.

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 been from the hills, take McKenzie, take an oath to do him no injury.

CHAPTER V.—Evelyn unsuccessfully tries to get money from her mother with which to buy an electric and to leave the country, giving her her freedom. She is finally convinced of Marcus McKenzie. At an arranged meeting the night before Evelyn's departure, she explains to her mother the reason for her going.

CHAPTER VI.—Polly meets Robert Perival, and they are mutually attracted. Polly's feeling being something like adoration.

CHAPTER VII.—Overhearing a conversation between Polly and Robert Perival, Bennett, ready to catch her, tells Polly, away! He tells her that if she returns and threatens her father, she will be as good as dead. He asks Polly in what way he can help her and she begs him to help the squatters. Perival is rich and influential, though lacking the power of McKenzie, but agrees to do his best. McKenzie visits the Hopkins shack with an offer to leave the vicinity, offering them a large sum of money. The offer is refused and McKenzie threatens to burn their shanty dwellings and leave them homeless.

CHAPTER VIII.—Polly visits Perival in the Robertson home in an effort to enlist his aid, and she is on the point of declaring her love for him, when the girl in a panic, fears McKenzie asks Evelyn to be his wife. The girl agrees to marry him after he has bought the Bennett farm and got rid of the squatters. Robert falls in an effort to secure the aid of Mrs. Robertson and Evelyn in the project to help the Silent City people.

CHAPTER IX.—Knowing Bennett's in-
fidelity to Polly, Evelyn tries to in-
fluence the girl to promise to marry him,
but having secretly released the girl,
she secures Polly. In love with Perival,
therefore greatly relieved of the girl's
presence, Meeting Robert next day, he tells
her he loves her, and she acknowledges
her love for him. McKenzie lays a trap
for Hopkins and the latter is arrested.

CHAPTER X.—Polly goes to the Rob-
ertson home to enlist Perival's aid in
freeing her father. McKenzie goes after
her. He tells her that if she does not
leave with him, he will burn her shanty
dwellings, and the latter, though assuring
Polly of all the help he can give her, feels
himself powerless.

CHAPTER XI.—A week later Polly
alone during a heavy thunder storm with
her little brother and Granny Hope, has
been taken from Evelyn. She tells Polly
something has "struck" Oscar. The two
sons from the farm from the road into
the shack. He is insensible. Polly sets out
to get a doctor. She meets Perival, who
sooner carries her back to the hill. Evelyn
tells Robert she is there on a visit to
small Jerry. She insinuates that Ben-
nett is Polly's sweetheart. Robert be-
lieves since the girl tries to promise
to Evelyn, does not deny it. He con-
fides Evelyn from the hill, after bitterly
denouncing Polly for her duplicity. Ben-
nett dies and Evelyn is free.

CHAPTER XII.—Polly borrows a dress
from Evelyn and with Jerry tries to heat
up her father. She meets Perival and
visits her daddy. She is disappointed by
McKenzie and Perival. Evelyn is with
them and denies having given the dress
to Polly, who is accused of stealing it.
Perival takes her home, disgraced.

CHAPTER XIII.—Evelyn and Macken-
zie are married and determined to cast
the squatters. McKenzie takes Ruby Jerry
McKenzie and Perival, who is in an in-
stitution. Polly's heart is broken. She
swears to have revenge.

CHAPTER XIV.—With Larry Bishop
and Eve Bremer, Polly arranges to kidnap
Mrs. McKenzie. The woman is taken to
the Hopkins shack, where Polly intends
to hold her. McKenzie, seeking his wife,
comes to the shack, but she is success-
fully hidden.

CHAPTER XVI

"Can you speak to me?"
Polly's voice was as tender as
when she repeated heavenly prom-
ises to the sad ones of the Silent City
and had taught them that love was
ever present.

Evelyn gazed at her electrified. The
brown eyes were softly luminous. The
lips which only a little while ago were
strained and blue now were serene and
fraught with sympathy. What
wonderful thing had happened? Pol-
ly had taken the rope off her feet
and hands. She could wriggle a little,
though her flesh hurt dreadfully
when she tried it.

Prompted by the attempted move-
ment, Polly dropped to her knees and
began to clasp the injured an-
kles.

"I'm going to give you back to your
man," she said, quivering. "But you
got to swear to him I helped you, and
not any squatter men. He'll jail me
forever, maybe, but I don't care about
that."

"I love Larry, and Eve Bremer too
much to hand 'em into this!"

Then her face fell beside Mrs. Mac-
Kenzie's, and she wept hysterically.
Evelyn's fingers clutched at the chest-
nut curls.

"Polly, oh, Polly, darling!"
This was all she could say for, she
too, was weeping eyes more wildly
than the other. In the presence of
such divine selfishness, the petals
of her withered soul seemed to lift and
open, as she groped for a broader
understanding.

"Granny Hope learned me a lot of
things," came up to Evelyn brokenly.
"She always said, Granny Hope did,
that love was stronger than hate and
I must just pray your man wouldn't be
so wicked to us squatters."

The glistening brown head rolled
back and forth in consuming agony.
"Don't, Polly, darling," Evelyn
begged. "Don't, it's all right now.
And my husband will—"

Polly sat up, brushing back damp
angles from her brows to help me."
"He won't do nothing to help me,"
she shot out. "Nothing at all! First,
I know him better than you do. Then
next, I wouldn't ask him. 'Cause—
'cause I'm that bad, I ought to be
without my Daddy Hopkins and my
Jerry baby." Her voice rose in wild
appeal. "But, God dear, how much I
want 'em. Oh, how I want 'em!"

The words cut into Evelyn's heart
with the keenness of physical pain.
Only a little while before she had stood
alone at the brink of the grave. There
had been no hope that the summer
would bring a helpless weeping to
hold her close to Marcus. But now—
Her thoughts whirled. So great was
her faith in Polly Hopkins that she
knew in a little while she would be
back in her husband's arms.

The attack of weeping over, Polly
arose and beat again into top the
hard bread and hot water. This time
she took all the sugar left in the cup-
board. Daddy would not be home for
over two years, and Baby Jerry prob-
ably never, and she—she wouldn't be
in the shanty long. Groaning, she
whipped the spoon so fiercely that
some of the contents of the cup
splashed on the floor.

"It ain't very toothsome," she said,
coming back to the cot; "but the kid's
cold, and you need a lot of warm
up. It's good now, and get your
milk. You get this hot pop into your
stomach while I'm gone."

Evelyn waved the cup away, holding
out a shaking hand.

"I don't want you to go without me,
Polly," she cried. "Please, don't
leave me here alone. I'm terribly
scared. I—"

The grave young squatter contem-
plated her for the space of twenty
seconds, perhaps.

"You're afraid of the fishermen, ain't
you, Miss?" she asked. "Well, you've
got a right to be! Larry's different
from the rest, though he was as will-
in' as I, up to this night, to chop off your
head, as me. But Larry's heart's soft
and kind, Larry's is."

"I'm afraid of everybody," gasped
Evelyn. "Everybody but you, Polly."

"I'm afraid of nobody," said
Polly. "But, honey, when I'm
done you'll be thinking different.
Now, listen; don't you know way down
in your insides that your man's near-
ly sufferin' his life away?"

Evelyn burst forth into weeping
afresh.

"Of course I know it, Polly," she
sighed. "That—"

"An' you want him to be waitin' all
night till daybreak, not knowin' wheth-
er you're in the land of the livin' or
not, huh?"

This was a solemn question asked
by a very solemn-eyed girl.

"Another thing," continued Polly.
"When it comes daybreak, there'll be
a lot of squatters about. They come
every day to this hut. I'd have to
leave you then, wouldn't I? Tonight
it's stormin', and most of 'em are in
bed. I could run as fast as a rabbit
and be back in a jiffy. Can't you
screw up your courage and let me go?"

This long statement Evelyn thought
over for a few moments. Then:

"Perhaps I could, if—"

"I know you can," interrupted Pol-
ly. "Now, listen; Granny Hope said
anything you want you can have out
of love's own heart for the askin'."

"I'm such a wicked girl,"
moaned Evelyn dismally.

"So be it," returned Polly prompt-
ly. "We're both rotten bad, God
knows, but never mind all that now.
I got to get Old Marcus; and the only
way you can help is to stay quiet
while I'm gone for him. Now, lean on
me an' I'll stow you away in the rub-
bish room till I get back."

Ashamed to make further appeals
to the girl who was showing more
spirit than she had ever thought pos-
sible for any girl to show, Evelyn al-
lowed Polly to pick her up and
stand her on the floor.

Then she leaned on the strong,
and when Polly tucked the
blankets about Evelyn, she whispered:
"Granny said prayers in this room
all last year an' way on till she died."
"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall
not want," Evelyn said, who was the
best to keep in mind."

She stooped and smoothed back
the hair from Evelyn's wet brow.

"Now, while I'm gone you just lay
quiet-like, askin' Jesus every minute
that your man'll be likin' her faster'n
a rat."

Evelyn raised her head.

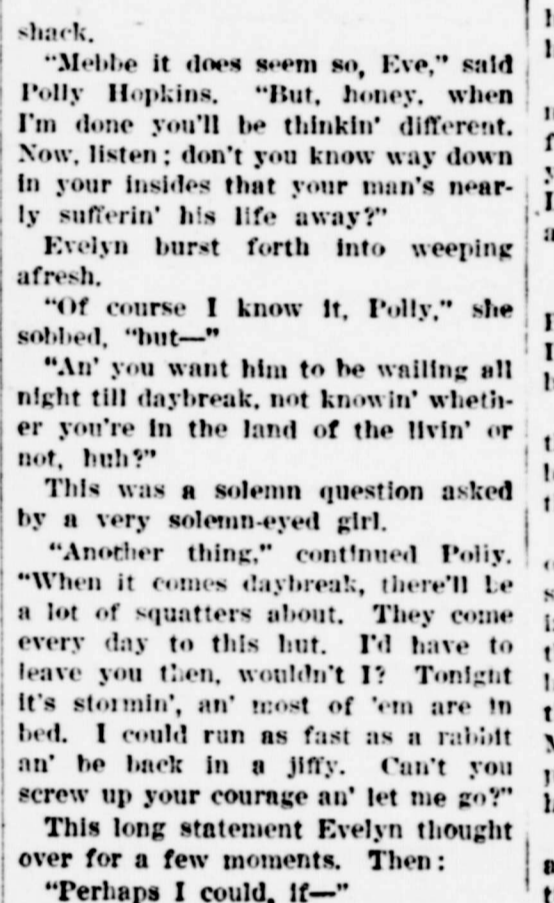
"Kiss me, Polly dear," she begged,
with streaming eyes.

"All right," murmured the squat-
ter girl. "Kisses're mighty comfortin',
ain't they?"

She stooped and laid her lips on
Evelyn's and, turning swiftly, left the
room. Evelyn heard her snuffing the
candles outside and then heard the
latch click as Polly closed the door
behind her.

Bounding out into the snow, Polly
round through the rear toward the
op's hut, for she had decided to speak
to him before going on. She lifted
the latch and peeped in.

Larry sat by the stove, puffing his
pipe. He gave her but a glance then
the storm, the girl read in silvering
decision. She felt intuitively the
inner emotions going on inside the
stolid speaker. She wanted to throw
her arms about him and tell him all
that had passed in her home during the
last hour. But if she did, Larry would
take the blame of the crime on him-
self. Of course he would! Polly Hop-
kins knew the heart of Larry Bishop
as if she had made it herself from
God's own clay. If the person in her
shack had been Old Marcus, he would



"I'm afraid of everybody," gasped Evelyn.

Please, take me with you, or—or let me stay till morning."

A slight shake of Polly's head brought Evelyn to a sitting position, but pallid-checked bones and nerves laid her back in the chair.

"There," interpreted the other girl. "You can see how hard it'd be to get you through the snow to your man's house. You'd die before you got there. I'm blest if you wouldn't. No, I got to go alone, Miss."

Noting the fear in Mrs. McKenzie's eyes, she bent over the cot.

"Will you believe something I'm goin' to tell you, Eve?" she said in a wheedling tone.

"Surely I will, Polly," answered Evelyn, wiping her eyes. "But I'm so afraid, I'm awfully afraid."

"There's no nothin' to be afraid of," Polly put in. "I'm sure, but you've got a right to be scared of the squatters. Why, only this afternoon I hated you an' Old Marcus as hard as the rest of the Silent City folks—more, 'cause I'd been with you, 'cause I'd been with you."

"But—but what I was really goin' to tell you is this, if I ting you a chug with me, you won't have no baby in the summer. That's God's truth I'm tellin' you, too."

Evelyn lowered her lids, and a painful flush mounted to her hair.

"You're wantin' the little thing, ain't you?" demanded Polly, her voice vibrant with emotion. "Now, be a big woman, an' stay with I'm gone, will you? I'll promise to bustle for all I'm worth."

Mrs. McKenzie's timid glance ran around the room.

"I suppose she's the whimperer, but what if some of your people came here?" She shuddered and went on hurriedly: "Polly, what're you going to say to Marcus?"

"I don't know yet," murmured Polly. "But I'll bring him back. Oh, I got it! Say, I'll stick you away in Granny Hope's cupboard. No squatter'd think to go in there, even if he comes in. How? I'll help you."

Tenderly she coaxed and begged, but without avail, and patiently Polly sat down on the side of the cot.

"Miss Eve," she took up in low tones. "I'm goin' to tell you something Granny Hope told me. Now, you want to get home to your man, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, oh, so bad, Polly," cried Evelyn, "but I can't stay here alone! I can't! I can't!"

She did not think then of the many days and nights the other girl had passed by herself in the same little



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Earl Anthony, Prop. — Brownfield

(Continued on page 10)

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BROWNFIELD TEXAS

Storm Country Polly

By GRACE MILLER WHITE

Illustrated by R. H. Livingstone

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"Why Didn't You Tell Me So Before?" Cried the Man, Turning on Her Swiftly.

he began with heavy tread to walk up and down again.

"Can't you think of any place she might have gone?" he begged. "You know all her friends. Where would she go if she had determined to leave home?"

"Leave home?" gasped Mrs. Robertson, her jaw dropping.

"Yes!" faltered Marcus. "I don't know whether she told you or not, but we had some words before I started for Cortland."

"Of course she didn't tell me," came from behind the lady's handkerchief. "She never tells me anything, but I heard it. You were quarreling over the squatters, and in Eve's condition I think you might spare her a little.—She's not strong! So much wrangling makes her sick!—I wish Bob were home. Oh, dear, I can't stand it."

"It's Bob that's made all this trouble," snarled Marcus. "He's spent several months trying to circumvent me about the squatters, and Eve and I would have had no quarrels at all if he had attended to his own affairs."

He spoke moodily, conscious that he had treated his wife harshly, yet unwilling to admit it.

Mrs. Robertson, touched with the same feeling, sat up, wiping her face and brushing back her hair. She, too, remembered now all the bitter words she had flung at her daughter.

"Marcus," she said, "if—we—get Eve back again—"

"If we get her!" he interjected, his face going snow-white. "Of course, we'll get her. Why say such ridiculous things?" He turned away to hide the emotion her tremulous question had filled him with. "It will be my death if we don't," he ended.

Mrs. Robertson raised her chin and spoke.

"But Marcus," she exclaimed, "there's been something on my mind ever since—since—Oh, you don't think the squatters have her, do you?"

"I don't know," moaned Marcus, and he sat down quickly as if his legs would no longer bear the weight of his body.

And they were sitting thus, each busy with his own unspeakable unhappiness, when the servant entered.

"There's a girl here, sir," she began, and Marcus sprang up.

"Bring her in," he cried. "Bring her in instantly!"

The maid hesitated.

"She's queer looking, sir," she said timidly, "and she's wet through. She's one of them squatters."

"Bring her in, I said," ordered Marcus once more, and the girl went out, closing the door softly.

Polly crept into the warm room, her teeth chattering, her legs unsteady. Her first glance fell upon Mrs. Robertson who, when she saw her, made a husky throat sound. Then the brown, fearful eyes traveled to the tall man, no longer an enemy to be hated, merely a wounded human creature, like her dear ones in the Silent City, to be loved and comforted.

"I got your woman in my shack," said Polly, straight to him, swallowing.

"God he thanked," screamed Mrs. Robertson.

Something snapped in MacKenzie's head, and for a moment he feared he was losing his mind. Polly thought by the blank expression of his face that his wits had gone completely. Ignoring the woman whom she detested, she went rapidly to MacKenzie's side.

"I had her roped up in the bed when you was there tonight, mister," she told him, the words tumbling over each other in the haste of confession. "I were goin' to chop her head off to get even with you. But—but—my dear Granny Hope, an' the Biggest Mammy in All the World wouldn't let me."

It seemed an eternity to the quaking young speaker before Marcus threw up his hand and took a long breath.

"She—she's alive?" he demanded hoarsely. "You're very sure she isn't dead?"

"Girl," he bounded up and grasped Polly's arm, "if you lie to me—"

"I ain't lyin' to you, mister," interrupted Polly duly. "You don't need to be scared for Miss Eve, but now you'd best come along to my hut an' get her. She's mournin' for you in Granny Hope's coop-hole, covered up with blankets."

Something like a huge fist struck MacKenzie. The conviction that the squatter girl's words were true lifted him immediately from the bottom depths of hopelessness. The sudden

inrush of joyous relief brought with it a mental illumination, and he saw himself as others had seen him. The terrible, blighting uncertainty he had borne for a few maddening hours the girl before him had known for months. If she were to blame for his suffering, what was the measure of his own responsibility?

He turned swiftly to his mother-in-law and said huskily:

"Call some one to get this child some dry clothes. Take anything of Eve's you can find that will keep her warm, and for God's sake, take those ragged boots off her feet!" He sprang to the bell. "I'll order the team."

When he had given his orders to the servant who appeared at the door, he sank back into a chair, and Mrs. Robertson went swiftly out.

Utterly oblivious of the squatter girl's presence, Marcus MacKenzie buried his face in his hands. The new Polly, the Polly of the Sun, crept forward and touched him.

"Your woman's all right," she said huskily. "Don't cry! She told me about—about the little kid a-comin' in the summer, an' she howled like mad to come along with me. But I says to her she couldn't walk all this way to we're alone," he whispered.

The soft tones vibrated sympathetically as she voiced the assurance, MacKenzie thrust up his hand and clasped the slim brown fingers.

"Tell me something about it while we're alone," he whispered.

"Well, sir," she began, so low that MacKenzie had to raise his head to hear, "all the squatters here you, but none of 'em was wicked like me. I said, I did, that you couldn't be hurt no way, only through your woman, an'—an'—I was goin' to cut her head off with the ax an' then sling 'er in the lake. I s'pose I'm goin' to get sent up for years, but I just had to come and tell you."

Before MacKenzie, aghast at the danger his dear one had faced, could answer, Mrs. Robertson entered, followed by Evelyn's maid.

"I'll get my own," exclaimed Marcus, jumping up. "Dress the girl warm and send along Evelyn's fur motor coat!"

A furtive smile curled the maid's lips as she helped pull off Jerebald's heavy coat, and then grew broader as Polly slipped out of Daddy's great boots. Yet the woman admitted to her as she slipped them off, and affirmed the squatter girl in her mistress' beautiful clothes that she was pretty, even prettier than Mrs. MacKenzie.

When the robing process was finished, Mrs. Robertson glanced over the little figure and readily acknowledged to herself that there was something of elegance in the girl's bearing, even if she were a squatter.

"Come here!" she said. A haughty gesture indicated the spot. "Right here before me!"

Polly's shaming legs carried her within a few inches of the angust presence.

"You're very sure, girl," asked Mrs. Robertson, "that my daughter's safe in your shack? How did she come there?"

Polly remembered Larry Bishop and Eve's hopes, and had been instrumental in bringing them within the prison shadows, and if any one suffered from the deed done that night, it must not be her friends. She alone must take the blame!

"I wheedled 'er there, ma'am," she replied humbly. "I'm goin' to tell man all about it."

Marcus entered and started back as he caught sight of Polly. How beautiful she was, bedecked in his wife's clothes! Then it came to him that even in her rags she had had a distinctive loveliness. But that Eve and Evelyn—As that precious name went through his mind, his thoughts flew to the squatter's hut where his frail young wife awaited him.

"Come along quickly," he said, zinging directly to Polly.

How changed he seemed, how gentle he was as he took hold of her arm and led her away; and so preoccupied was she with this thought that the beauty of the clothes which she wore made no impression upon her. She wondered dully when MacKenzie lifted her boldly into the sleigh and the coachman hurried to the horses, just what he intended to do with her tomorrow.

She looked back upon the time the authorities had sent Meg Williams to a reform school and also recalled the girl's home-coming after her term had been served. Now that she herself was in danger of the like treatment, Polly searched her mind for the details that Meg had given of the horrible place.

As the horses trotted along the boulevard, Polly's chin sank into the warm fur about her neck, and until they turned into the narrow lane from the road, no one spoke a word.

"Go straight to the lake, Hank," ordered MacKenzie, and at the sound of his deep voice, Polly felt another shock of surprise. She had heard it so often in strident abuse! Now it was actually pleasant listening.

Down the hill through the furry flakes of snow the strong horses picked their way. Once the cutter neared turned on its side but righted itself. The Hopkins but was dark when they

dove up before it. Marcus jumped into the snow, picked Polly out of the cutter as if she had been a kitten, and waded through the drift to the narrow path leading into the house.

SEAGRAVES SAYINGS

By Sage Brush

(delayed)
Seagraves has been washed very clean of late as there has been much rain in this part of the country. The farmers are all busy planting now. Talking about the rain, we just happened to think what we read in the Herald last week by the man at Rotan having so much rain. Well, we believe we can go ahead of him, and maybe so the gun will be passed off this way. We heard a man say the other day that he had a barre' laying on one side of the house with both ends knocked out. The barrel was laid so that the bung hole was up and it rained in so fast the barre' ran over, but still it did not rain as hard on that side of the house as it did on the other, for it washed a brick wall up hill on the other side.—We are glad to announce that the gun will be retained on the South Plains indefinitely.—Editor.

AFTER LINGERING ILLNESS DR. J. W. ELLIS PASSES AWAY

At about midnight Wednesday (May 10th) death came as a relief from the long illness with which Dr. J. W. Ellis had suffered the past few weeks, seeming as if every day would be the last. He was a patient and courageous sufferer, never murmuring and almost always in a jovial spirit in spite of his condition, of which he was entirely aware. Funeral services were conducted at the Baptist church at 3:00 o'clock, yesterday by the pastor, Rev. T. J. Shand, after which interment was had in the family burying ground, near the old home of his boyhood, near Maxdale. One of the largest gatherings ever seated in the church met to do homage to one of our people who had succeeded to disease, no doubt contracted while serving his country overseas, during the world war.

The doctor practiced his profession in the west for several years, coming back to the country of his boyhood about nine years ago and established a practice here in Killeen, which he did very successfully till he volunteered his services to his country and was sent to San Antonio, where he was for some time before being sent overseas. While, of course, he had exceptions and did not have to enter the army, besides being over age, he felt it to be his duty to go with the boys of the country he loved, and thus place himself in a position to serve them while they served their country, and his. He felt the weight of duty so heavily that he told friends that should he fail to go with the boys and thus place himself in a position to serve them when they needed the aid of a physician, he would feel that he was shirking a sacred duty. While he said his family needed him, he would leave them in the protective care of a God able to care for them and go with the boys, which he did and remained to the end, if we are not mistaken. Coming from the army in broken health, he soon realized that his trouble was one hard to control and would most likely never be overcome. Though all was done for him that could be done, his condition slowly became worse till the past several weeks he had been confined to his room.

Thus another one of our citizens have gone to the land "over yonder" but he was not afraid to go, and met the end cheerfully.

We extend sympathy to the bereaved wife and son and other relatives.—Killeen Herald.

THE HAPPY PATCH CLUB

The Club met with Mrs. M. Smith Monday May 22. No business came before the house, and all met in a social way. Quite a few patterns of needle work were displayed.

Mrs. W. C. Smith presented the Club a beautiful patch work pattern in the blue. Mrs. M. Smith displayed a beautiful bed spread in patch work done in pink.

After an hour or two of work and visiting, refreshments of ice tea, sandwiches and candy were served to the following members: Meses, Walter Gracey, Hurst, Cleve Williams, Holgate, Stricklin, Roberts; Meses Ditty, Daugherty, visitor, Mrs. Roberts of Coahoma, Mrs. Dick Brownfield and Mrs. Reutro.

To the club members: Please bring your work of some kind as the hostess will surely give you a job of darned soon. Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Neill, May 29th, 1922.—Reporter.

A NOCTURNAL MESSENGER

Lindsay had been listening for half an hour to the lecture from his father on the evils of late nights and late risings in the morning.

"You'll never amount to anything," said the father, "unless you turn over a new leaf." Wagging his forefinger, he concluded, "remember, it's the early bird that catches the worm!"

"Yes," agreed Lindsey, "but how about the worm? What did he get for turning out so early?"

"My son," replied the father, "that worm hadn't been to bed; he was on his way home!"—Ex.

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Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Williams motor-ed to Lubbock, Tuesday.

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

HE PUT THE GIRL DOWN BEFORE THE DOOR, AND TURNING, CALLED TO THE COACHMAN:

"Drive the team down the road, Hank, out of the wind! I'll call you when I want you!"

It was Polly's trembling hand that unlatched the shanty door. It was she who struck a match and touched it to the candle. Then she pointed to Granny Hope's room.

"She's in there, mister," she said, trembling like an aspen leaf.

Then because she was about to face an outraged wife in the presence of a powerful husband, she sat down, shaking with fear from head to foot. (To Be Continued)

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It is made of the best grade galvanized steel throughout. Top rim reinforced by clinched on Patent tub top. Shell reinforced by two triple weldings or corrugations. Shell and bottom lined by original Columbian double lock seams which form a 4-ply steel reinforcement around bottom edges. All seams and joints built by hydraulic pressure, in tanks built by Columbian Machinery. Extra bottom and inner side shell formed by special tooling (over the substantial) with special reinforcing, metal rivets, etc., and metal rivets.

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COLUMBIAN STEEL TANK CORPORATION
COLUMBIAN STEEL TANK CORPORATION
Lubbock, Texas

The 5-year warranty and making of a special discarding the steel of pure Columbian Red Bottom Tank. This will save the tank to the owner.

Brownfield Hdwe Co.
Brownfield, Texas

Handwritten: 15, 15

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

Brownfield Christian Endeavor Program

For May 28th. Mary Shelton, Leader.

Lesson.—Great Foreign Missionaries. Act 13: 1-12.
Song.—From Greenland's Icy Mts. Talk.—By Leader.
Prayer.
Song.—"Help Somebody To-Day."
Questions for Discussion.—By Endeavor.
Can a non-missionary church be a true church.—Bro. Wheatley.
Can a Christian Endeavor help foreign missions.—Lillian Webb.
Life of David Livingstone.—Virgil Shaw.
Special Music.—Theresa Lemmon.
The Brownfield Christian Endeavor Union will meet at the Presbyterian church May 28th, 1922. Everyone invited to attend.

The Lamesa water works bonds recently voted sold to a Toledo, Ohio firm for \$3.26 above par. This shows how the outside world is viewing the Great South Plains.

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

Seminole recently voted a school local maintenance tax of \$1.00 on the \$100.00 valuation. Prof. Farrar has been retained by Seminole for the 1922-23 term.

NOTICE OF ORDINANCE

Passed by the Town Council of the town of Brownfield, Terry County, Texas.

BE IT ORDAINED by the town Council of the town of Brownfield, Terry County, Texas, that on and after the 1st day of June, 1922, it shall be unlawful for any person to allow any animal to graze within the incorporated limits of the town of Brownfield, Texas, unless same be securely staked and not then unless staked sufficient distance from streets, roads and thoroughfares as not to interfere with the passage thereon. Any person violating this ordinance shall upon conviction be fined in the sum of not less than \$100 nor more than \$200, and each such animal, day or instance, shall constitute a separate offense.

The above Ordinance passed at a called meeting of the Council of the town of Brownfield, on the 15th day of May, 1922.

I, Morgan L. Copeland, Secretary of the Town of Brownfield, Texas, hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the ordinance passed as same appears of record in the Minute Book of the Town of Brownfield, Texas.

Morgan L. Copeland,
Secretary of the Town of Brownfield

FOR BLUE BUGS

HEAD LICE, STICK-TIGHT FLEAS, CHINCHES, CIGARS AND OTHER DISCOMFORTING INSECTS.
TERRY COUNTY'S BLUE BUG REMEDY
TO YOUR CHICKENS, MONEY BACK GUARANTEED BY
J. L. RANDALL, Druggist

COUNTY JUDGE'S ORDER OF ELECTION

The State of Texas, County of Terry.

Whereas on the 15th day of May, 1922, a petition was presented to me for an election in Common School District No. 14, of this county on the question of authorizing an additional tax of and at the rate of 50c on the \$100.00 valuation of taxable property in said district for the purpose of supplementing the State school fund apportioned to said district, said petition bearing the requisite number of signatures of property taxpayers voters of said district, and being in all respects in conformity with law.

Now, therefore, I, D. J. Broughton in my capacity as County Judge of Terry County, Texas, do hereby order that an election be held on the 10th day of June, 1922, at the school house in said Common School District No. 14 of this county, as established by order of the Minutes of the School Districts of this county, as shown in Vol. 1 at page 78 of the minutes of said school districts, to determine whether the majority of the legally qualified taxpaying voters of said district desire to tax themselves for the purpose of supplementing the State school fund apportioned to said district, and for local maintenance purposes, and to determine whether the Commissioners' Court shall be authorized to levy, assess and collect annually a tax of and at the rate of 50c on the \$100.00 valuation of property in said district for that purpose, in addition to the taxes now levied against same.

C. J. Bonham is hereby appointed presiding officer for said election and he shall select two judges and two clerks to assist him in holding

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

NOTICE

When you have light hauling see the new delivery boy.
VERNON CARVER

clerks to assist in holding same, and shall within five days after said election, make due returns thereof to the Commissioners' Court of this county as is required by law for holding a general election.

The ballots for said election shall have written or printed thereon the following:

"For the additional school tax."
Against the additional school tax.
All persons who are legally qualified voters of this state and county, and who are resident property taxpayers in said district shall be entitled to vote in said election.

The Sheriff of this county shall give notice of said election by posting three notices at three public places in said district for three weeks before said election.

Dated this, May 15th, 1922.

D. J. BROUGHTON,
County Judge, Terry County, Texas

COUNTY JUDGE'S ORDER OF ELECTION

The State of Texas, County of Terry.

Whereas, on the 15th day of May, 1922, a petition was presented to me for an election in Common School District No. 14 of this county on the question of issuing bonds to provide funds for the expenditure in payment of accounts legally contracted in constructing and equipping a public school building of wooden material in said district, and authorizing a tax upon all taxable property within said district sufficient to pay the current interest on said bonds and provide a sinking fund, sufficient to pay the principal at maturity, said petition bearing the requisite number of signatures of property taxpaying voters of said district, and being in every respect in conformity with law, and it appearing that the said Common School District No. 14 has been heretofore established in accordance with law, and that said district contains an area of more than nine square miles, and that no other district has been reduced in area below nine square miles by reason of the creation of this district, and that said District No. 14 does not embrace any territory taken from other school districts that has an outstanding issue of bonds at date of such inclusion in this district.

Now, therefore, I, D. J. Broughton, in my capacity as County Judge of Terry County, Texas, do hereby order that an election be held on the 10th day of June, 1922, at school house in said Common School District No. 14 in this county, as established by the order of the County Board of Trustees, of date the 19th day of July, 1921, which is recorded in book 1 at page 18 of the minutes of said Board to determine whether the legally qualified taxpaying voters of the said district desire the issuance of bonds on the faith and credit of said district in the amount of \$1,500.00, the bonds to be of the denomination of \$100.00 each, numbered consecutively from one to fifteen both inclusive, payable in twenty years from their date, and bearing six per cent interest per annum, payable annually on April 10th of each year, to provide funds to be expended in payment of accounts legally contracted in constructing and equipping a public school building of wooden material in said district, and to determine whether the Commissioners' Court of this county shall be authorized to levy, assess and collect annually a tax of and at the rate of 50c on the \$100.00 valuation of property within said district sufficient to pay the current interest on said bonds, and providing a sinking fund sufficient to pay the principal at maturity.

C. J. Bonham is hereby appointed presiding officer for said election and he shall select two judges and two clerks to assist him in holding

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 Springs 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

Brownfield Lodge No. 903, 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. Pridaux, Sec.

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. Peebler
General Medicine
Anne D. Logan, R. N.
Superintendent
Mamie A. Davis, R. N.
Head Nurse
Helen E. Griffith, R. N.
Nurse
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. 530, 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

HARNES AND SHOE REPAIRS

DON'T JUNK YOUR HARNES OR OLD SHOES WHEN A LITTLE WORK. LET UMPHRESS 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

HARRIS HAPPENINGS

By Sand Bur.
(delayed)
We have had another good rain and everybody is rejoicing. Crops and gardens are looking good, but little chickens and turkeys are not doing so well. It is hard to get all the coons up one tree it seems.
Brit Clare and family spent Sunday with S. T. Murphy and family.
Mrs. J. W. McDowell who has been attending the bedside of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Geo. McDowell at Brownfield, returned to the home of her daughter, Mrs. F. M. Ellington, Sat. night. Mrs. Geo. McDowell recently underwent a tonsil and adenoid operation at the Brownfield sanitarium and is doing nicely.
Brit Clare and family called on Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fitzgerald and Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Fitzgerald one day this week.
Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Ellington and Master Preston, from Meadow, and F. M. Ellington took dinner with Mr.

and Mrs. Geo. Alexander, Sunday.

S. T. Murphy, Brit Clare and F. M. Ellington made a trip to Brownfield, Saturday.
Quite a number of the west side neighbors stormed F. M. Ellington and family with a singing Saturday night.
Mmes. Murphy and Ellington called on Mrs. Roy Fitzgerald, Thursday P.M.
L. R. Fitzgerald and family visited at S. T. Murphy's Sunday P.M.
E. H. Tandy and family took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fitzgerald, Sunday
Cord of Thanks
We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for the many manifestations of love and respect, and the help rendered during the recent illness and death of our beloved husband and father. May God's richest blessings rest upon each and every one of you in our prayer.
Mrs. W. D. Winn and family

TOKIO ITEMS

By Little Boy.
The singing at the school house Sunday night was enjoyed by all that were present.
The people of Tokio are preparing for a Children's Day, to be had in the near future. Everyone that lives near here, young people and old, would be glad to have you come and take part with us, and help all you can. We meet next Saturday the 27th to practice. Everyone interested is requested to be there.
Mrs. Lewis and little daughter, Tanja, from Calahan county, are here on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Cecil Johnson.
Mrs. Horace Stewart from Breckenridge, Texas, came in late Sunday evening to visit her parents for some time. We understand that Mr. Woods and family of the same place, accompanied him here.
Sunday School report: Attendance 63; chapters read, 277; lessons just very good; collection 75c.

A Birthday Party

On Tuesday May 16th, quite a few little friends met at the home of Doris Bandy to help celebrate her 10th birthday. Outdoor and indoor games were played and enjoyed by all. Cake and lemonade was served to the following:
Jaunita and Helen Shaw, Norma Dell Welch, Fern and Linnie Bee Thornton, Otis Orvaline and Mary D. Price, Jaunita Loudon Cornelious, Margaret Jackson and Milford Condra.—Reporter.

CUSTOM CRUSHING BY Tankersley & Son.

F. E. Walters is building a nice lot of pews for the Christian church.

DON'T FORGET US

DON'T FORGET US when in need of barber work for we do more for your face than George Washington did for his country.
Agents for Panhandle Steam Laundry. Tub and Shower Baths.

SANITARY BARBER SHOP
Rich Bennett, Prop. Brownfield, Texas

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