

## NEW GOODS THIS WEEK

Boys Suits—Perfection make.  
 Taffetas—all colors  
 Novelty patent Pumps—cut low  
 with 2 straps  
 Silk Hosiery—All the new styles.

## BIRD & DEAN FAMILY OUTFITTERS

Brownfield

Texas

### FAIR MEETING CALLED FOR SAT. JUNE 24TH

On account of the fact that Uncle Billie Howard, President of the Terry county fair association was confined to his bed with sickness last Saturday, he could not be here to call the meeting to order, and the fact was not learned until after it was too late for anyone else to take charge of the meeting.

Secretary Wood E. Johnson has instructed us to announce that another meeting is to be held Saturday, June 24th, and delegates from every section of the county will be here, and he guarantees that some one will open the meeting.

There is quite a lot of business to come before the body, including the election of a manager to take the place of the late W. D. Winn, not to say anything about getting lined up on who is producing some new plant, grain or fruit, and to exchange ideas. Come one, come all.

**MOORE BROS.** of Lubbock for auto tops and curtains, made or repaired.

### ELDER GLASGOW SAYS OUR PEOPLE ARE MOST LIBERAL

It was learned recently that a young lady in the north part of town was possessed of a large cancer that would kill her in a short while, and it was learned that a prominent physician in Stamford, Texas could and would cure her for a reasonable sum of money. But this family came here worse than broke about six months ago. What was they to do.

Bro. Glasgow told them he believed the citizens of Brownfield would gladly supply the means if it was just brought to their attention. Acting on the word, he went forth with a subscription list, and before long had raised about \$80. He said he felt sure he could have gotten more, but thought he had enough for the present, but would give others a chance if it became necessary.

He said he never saw people respond as freely to the call of a poor and helpless family in his life, and he has had many experiences like this during his ministerial life.

**CUSTOM** crushing by Tankersley & Son.

### JUDGE GEO. W. NEILL FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY

We are pleased to be able to announce to the Democratic voters of Terry county that Judge Geo. W. Neill has consented to make the race for County Attorney, subject to the July primary.

Judge Neill was the first lawyer to practice his profession in the county, was its second county judge, which office he held successfully for four terms, and was the first mayor of the city of Brownfield.

Anyone of the old timers will tell you that Judge Neill was both efficient and economical in the discharge of his duties in any office he has ever held, and we know you will never regret having given him your vote if he is elected to fill the place.

**BULK GARDEN SEED** for sale at Brownfield Produce Co. warehouse. For reasons best known to himself, L. C. Burgess has requested us to announce that he had withdrawn from the race of County Attorney.

**MARKET** price for your cream at Brothers & Brothers.

### ERA OF GROWTH AND DE- VELOPMENT—NEW BUILDING

We told the readers last week that we could tell them of another new building in the near future, and are able to do so this week for the foundation is already laid. It is being erected by M. V. Brownfield on west main street, and will be concrete and 25x60 feet, immediately joining the drive in filling station belonging to his son, Ray.

In another week we believe we will be able to report two more buildings of concrete, but larger than this one just a few lots closer in to the square that will be occupied by one of our popular firms when complete.

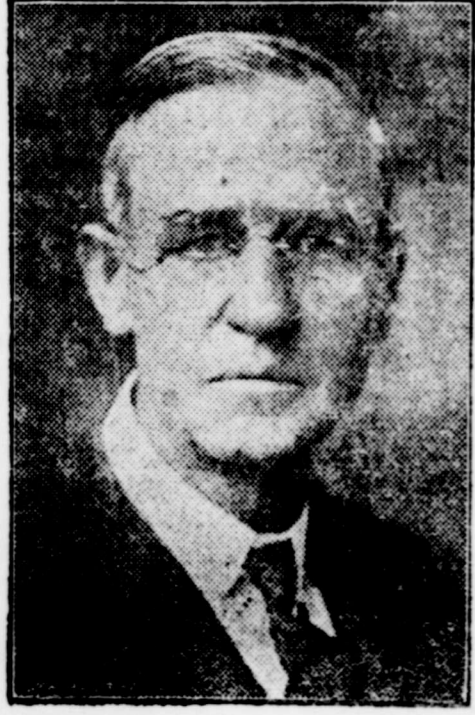
There is also strong talk of still another gin, to be owned and operated by the Farmers Union. However, we cannot give this as a fact just yet.

That the country around Brownfield is fast developing is noticeable by everybody. For instance we remarked to a very conservative citizen recently that we believe the soil acreage between Brownfield and the town of Meadow was equal to the old land acreage last year, and he readily agreed with us then remarked that the new land in cultivation between Brownfield and Seagraves would beat the old land acreage five to one.

An alwise creator has truly saved the best for the last, and the great editors and writers of Central and East Texas who recently visited the West Texas Chamber of Commerce meeting at Plainview, have gone on back to their homes and seen such a contrast in the two countries, and have turned themselves loose to such an extent with glowing tributes of praise to the Great South Plains that tens of thousands of people in that portion of the country have had their eyes opened like they never had them opened before, for they would not believe an editor or friend for that matter who lived here. With these many boost, people are going to flock to the South Plains in such droves this fall that it is going to take us to care for them.

With this prospect in view, it is none to early for the citizens of the town to take some definite action toward the 40-room brick hotel on the northwest corner of the square.

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



HON. CLARENCE OWSLEY  
Candidate for the U. S. Senate

FOR ALL kinds of hauling, call phone No. 95.

### HAPPY PATCH CLUB

Mrs. E. C. Roberts was hostess to the Happy Patch Club Monday evening. A large attendance of the members were present with the following guests: Mrs. Randal, Mrs. Fred Scudday, of Lubbock, Miss Wines.

A pleasant afternoon was spent visiting and needle work. Quite a few new patterns of crochet and tating were exchanged, and the hostess displayed a beautiful crocheted bed spread. At the close of the meeting, the hostess served delicious ice cream and cake to the following:

Mmes. Hurst, Shaw, Walter Scudday, Stricklin, Randal, Fred Scudday, Gracey, Winston, Kindrick, Head, Green, Jessie May, Ditto, Raymer, Geo. Snodgrass, M. M. Smith, and Misses Wines, Ditto and Winston.

The Club will meet Monday, June 19th with Mrs. Jno. Raymer—Reporter.

**ALL KINDS** of fruit and vegetables in season, at Bros. & Bros. A full line of racket goods at Chalmers; at a bargain.

### THE REVIVAL

The revival that is to continue two weeks, began Sunday at the tabernacle with good interest. The crowds at both the services on Sunday were excellent for the beginning. Rev. Hawkins preached with the same "old time fervor" that characterized his work here three years ago. The church people are expressing themselves in the highest terms of the messages of the evangelist.



PROF. C. G. SPINDLER  
Who is leading the song services in the Revival.

Prof. C. G. Spindler is proving himself an expert as a song leader, soloist and worker with the children and young people.

Six services are being held daily, at the tabernacle at 10 A.M. and 8:30 P.M. The children's service at 8:30 in the afternoon, and the men's service at the Presbyterian church, the young people's service at the Central Christian church, the Woman's service at the American Legion Hall, The Men's, Women's and Young People's services are held at 8:00 o'clock just preceding the night services—Press Reporter.

### THOUSANDS OF ACRES LAND TO FORFEIT SEPT. 1ST

We have a list of lands from the office of Commissioner Robison of the State General Land office giving notice that thousands of acres of land—all over the State will forfeit Sept. 1, 1922, if the interest is not paid before that time.

Of this about 3000 acres is in Terry county, 9000 in Yoakum county and 11,000 in Gaines county. Most of the land to be forfeited in Yoakum Co. is in block D; only 80 acres being in block K, that county.

Of the Terry county lands we notice the following: Section 56, block D14; N.W. 1/4 of Sec. 53, block D13; S.W. 1/4 of sec. 9, block K; section 13, block K; section 14, block K; N. 1/2 of section 39, block K; S. 1/2 of N. W. 1/4 of section 2, block C38.

### JAY BARRETT FOR COM- MISSIONER PRE. NO. 2.

We are glad to be able to announce to the voters of Precinct No. 2 that Mr. Jay Barrett, present commissioner of Precinct No. 2 has consented to permit his name to go before the voters for re-election for the second term. Mr. Barrett was one of the early settlers of Terry county, and it is a well known fact that he has succeeded well with his own business, and so far as we are able to learn, has succeeded as well as it is humanly possible to please his constituents.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT

The several Sunday Schools of the town showed some gain in attendance over the previous Sunday, but lost a little in offerings. The Methodist and Presbyterians had a joint Sunday School under the tabernacle.

Church	Attendance	Col.
Meth-Pre.	166	7.21
Baptist	134	3.54
C. of Christ	66	8.42
Christian	35	1.13
Totals	401	20.30

Lester Treadaway returned last week from Abilene where he attended Simmons College the past term. Lester found a job right away after arriving home, helping a local dray man.

**The COW, the SOW and the HEN—**  
 Will help make business good again.

## BROWNFIELD STATE BANK "A GUARANTY FUND BANK"

Conservative Accommodating Appreciative



### RURAL ROUTE NO. 1 OUT OF BROWNFIELD

In conversation with Postmaster T. G. Price recently, he informed us that Rural Route No. 1 out of this city was taking rapid shape, and he believed it would not be long until it was in operation. As for the one going south, he thought we would have to wait another year on the development of that part of the county for rural mail service, but that part of the county is growing very fast.

The first route will lead out southwest from Brownfield, and come in by Gomez, the star route from here to Tatum, N. M., going two miles north of Gomez, and the postoffice at that place is to be discontinued as we understand it. From thence the route is to bear in toward Harrisonburg toward the Neillmore community; thence to the Challis vicinity on the railroad between here and Meadow, thence back here.

### CARD OF THANKS

In token of our sincere thanks and heartfelt appreciation for the many kindnesses and expressions of neighborly love extended to us during the recent sudden illness and death of Mrs. J. R. Hill; we take this method of expressing acknowledgment of the same.

May the protective blessings of the Supreme Architect of the universe be with you and yours, are our invocations.

Sincerely,  
 J. R. Hill and children.

### BOND ELECTION CARRIES THREE TO ONE

The voters of Lynn county showed their progressive spirit last Saturday when the proposition to vote bonds to pave the public square, carried by a majority of three to one. Something near 273 votes were polled and only 47 voted against the measure.

The era to be paved will be around the public square and one block on each way.—Tahoka News.

### 6,000 ARIZONA STEERS IN GAINES COUNTY PASTURES

Heard & Cox are this week receiving 2100 two-year old steers belonging to Boice Brothers, of Arizona, to pasture. These steers were pastured near Cedar Lake, in the northeast part of the county, during the past few months. Over 4000 steers belonging to the same parties are being pastured on the Armstrong ranch, northwest of town.—Seminole Sentinel.

BRING your cream to Brothers & Brothers.

R. W. Shaw subscribed for the Herald last week, and had us send a copy also to his father at Frost, Texas.

For Sale—HONEY DRIP CANE seed, 2 cents per pound. J. J. Nettles, Meadow, Texas.

Tom May and family and Simon Holgate and family left this week for Devi's river near the Texas-Mexico border, to fish a few days. They will be joined in San Angelo by A.M. Brownfield and family, who are now visiting at Sterling City.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

This is to announce to my friends and acquaintances in and around Brownfield that I have purchased the North Side racket store from Mr. Corning, and it is my purpose to make some radical changes in the line of goods to be carried, and to re-name the establishment as below.

I will be pleased for you to call in and see me at your convenience. As the business grows, I aim to add more of those things needed in every home.

WATCH FOR FUTURE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## The Variety Shop

Mrs. H. T. Sefton, Pro. N. Sids Square

### A Defective Title May Rife Your Savings

You have heard or at least read of scores of people losing most, if not all, of their savings because of defective title to property.

Don't let this be your lot! Use the preventive. Let THE abstract specialists determine whether your claim to ownership of certain property is secure.

We'll cover the whole situation regarding the property, and should there be taxes, mortgages or liens on the property—we'll tell you about it—any property transfers will be pointed out. On the other hand if the property receives our O. K., you can bank on it.

Our years of experience and training, coupled with accurate systematic records, enable us to furnish an abstract that is a "dead shot"—one that hits the mark every time. Save the dollar marks, as well as valuable time lost in the courts. Discuss the subject with us now.

An abstract that's true will work FOR YOU.

**C. R. RAMBO, Abstractor**

BROWNFIELD, (Terry County) TEXAS

## —ICE COLD ICE—

and  
 Fresh Butter on Ice  
 —at the—

## 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**
- Alladin Aluminum** and Enamel Wares.
- Diamond Edge Tools and Cutlery**
- Good Year Tires and Tubes**
- A full line and all sizes.**

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

### Texaco Gasoline

When you ask for oil and they bring out TEXACO MOTOR OIL—that's SERVICE. Texaco Motor Oil is always good "body whether Light, Medium, Heavy or Extra Heavy, and always a clear, pale color.

RUN IT WITH  
 TEXACO GAS

Phone No. 5.

### Texaco Motor Oil

SAVE IT WITH  
 TEXACO OIL

W. M. Adams, Agent

THE TEXAS COMPANY



**THE TERRY COUNTY HERALD**  
Published Every Friday at  
Brownfield, Texas  
A. J. STRICKLIN, Editor and Prop.  
Subscription Rates  
One year: In Terry county, \$1.00; rest of Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico, \$1.25; all other states, \$1.50.  
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 Democratic 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 County Attorney  
Geo. W. Neill
- For Public Weigher Pre. Nos. 1-2  
E. A. (Aut.) Graham  
W. A. Bynum
- For Commissioner Pre. No. 3  
T. O. Hooker  
S. A. Shepherd
- For Commissioner Pre. No. 1  
D. S. Cunningham
- For Commissioner Pre. No. 2  
Jay Barrett

Emma Goldman, writing about affairs and conditions in Russia, says the following: "Senseless and cruel methods within have killed the revolution and placed the yoke of despotism upon the people's neck. All inspiration has been paralyzed; popular interest is dead; indifference and apathy are dominant." This coming from one of the most pronounced communists and archists is interesting and positive proof that condemnation by other observers is not too severe. It also shows the United States was right in not officially recognizing Russia.—Southwest Plainsman (Amarillo.)

In the recent election in the Loop, (Gaines county) school district, the proposition to raise the tax rate from 50 to 75 cents on the \$100 valuation, and also the proposition to vote a bond issue of \$7,000 to erect a brick school building were both defeated, and as a result, it is said there will be no school to amount to anything in that district, as the school population has grown from 25 to 75 in the past twelve months. With the rapid increase in population in this part of the country, it is a real proposition to provide adequate schools, and the people can surely set back the development of the country by defeating school propositions.

Frogs, frogs, frogs. The whole face of the earth is covered with frogs. No we have not been drinking. The lake south of the railroad is the greatest frog hatchery in the world, frogs about the size of a "high class" hotel beef steak are parading up and down the streets of Stanton, in the allies and by-ways in droves that would make the grasshopper and the locust plagues of biblical days seem tame indeed. A frog is an amphibious animal of the genus Rana, with four feet, a naked body, and without a tail. It is remarkable for swimming with rapidity, but the species infesting our town seem to be satisfied with only a small hop at different intervals. If they were mice, every lady in the town would be standing on the housetops crying to the male population for deliverance.—Stanton Reporter.

Texas lynched eight negroes during the month of May, and it was a poor month for necktie parties at that. We in the Panhandle are always glad of one thing, and that is that our country is free from the presence of the ignorant and criminal minded black man. It is just as natural for an ignorant negro to steal chickens or commit an assault as it is for water to run down stream. Down there in the lower lands of Texas a woman cannot go unguarded nor can a residence house be left unlocked at night. In the Panhandle no one thinks of locking a house and a home is never entered unless by mischievous children. A woman enjoys freedom unmolested in the Panhandle. Who was it in Central Texas that said the Panhandle of Texas is an uncivilized country, and then

read in the morning papers where a crime too revolting to read has been committed in the next township to his own Central Texas domicile.—Canadian Record.  
Up to this time the Plains has remained remarkably free from the negro pest, but we are going to have to watch our corners from this on to keep them out, for we are going to be invaded by men from east Texas whose Holy Trinity is the Nigger, Cotton and Mules, and whose spiritual life would be blasted if he were not permitted a whiff of rank garlic odor the last thing upon retiring at night, and the first thing when he opened his precious eyes next morning. If these heinous crimes that our dailies are filled with, were all visited upon the home of those who think that Adam was a negro, and all people descended from him, we could in a way bear the gaff, but a negro that and violates some rare jewel in the home of white people, is nearly always like a mad-dog, he strays out the place where he belongs to reach his beastly desires. We wondered, recently if it were not possible for our fair and neighboring city, Tahoka, to hire a white band, to go with them to Plainview, instead of going all the way to Fort Worth after a measly, buggy, stinking "nigger" band to parade before them. God forbid that our city ever goes that limit.

**HEAVY POSTAGE**  
A genuine curiosity has reached State Press from a kind customer named Amigo, who has a rendezvous in Galveston. It is the cover of a letter from some place in Soviet Russia. There are thirty stamps on it, each of the 1000 rouble denomination; a total of 30,000 roubles. This means that the sender of the letter from Russia to Galveston had to put on it the equivalent of \$15,000 and 2c represents the difference between Bolshevik animosity and normal intelligence. Old Man Lenin stated, as an excuse for the degeneration of Russian currency under the stimulus of his leadership, that he wanted to make money ridiculous. He succeeded in making Russian money ridiculous. That is the measure of his success. But in exhibiting the currency of his country in the role of a donkey. In nothing more than in the debauchery of their national assets have the Moscow Katzenjammers shown themselves driving dotards. In the heyday of their first revolutionary oratory they robbed the Russian municipal and provincial treasuries, the imperial treasury, the banks, the stores, the factories, the churches and the schools. They would show the world, they said vauntingly, how to rule. They destroyed capital with idiotic gusto, drove brains and character into exile, and made a mockery of the toilsewn experience of all the centuries. They spent their best efforts in the halcyon days of destruction, at devising means to amuse the people and to conjoin the "proletariat." They opened theatres, where they gave free shows. They employed movie actors, such as they could get with meal tickets, to delineate Bolshevik drama for the films, all while their country was going to ruin. They dismissed the schools, sneered at the churches, established atheism as their national cult and had a huge time generally. The result was as inevitable as time. Rags, starvation, pestilence, despair, crop failure, factory failure, human failure as never before imagined, now stalked through Europe's most populous nation in a pageant of misery. And, at last seeing the extremity to which their peevish incompetence had reduced mighty Russia, these same ragtag of statesmanship are searching the world for loans of capital to set up and start going again the machine which their unparalleled ignorance and depravity wrecked. They now ask for loans from those to whom they are already indebted, and which debts they jeeringly repudiated three years ago. They have discovered that capital, which they ruthlessly destroyed, is bread. And when one of their victims writes a letter to be sent to a civilized country, the writer must put upon it for postage the equivalent of what was once a fortune before intelligence and integrity was destroyed by traitors in enemy employment.—State Press in the Dallas News.

**MONEY TO LOAN** on Farms and Ranches at 8 per cent. Liberal terms. Geo. W. Neill, City.  
Last Sunday afternoon an enthusiastic crowd of Baptist workers from Brownfield, accompanied by their pastor, Rev. Ball, attended a rally at the local Baptist church. At this meeting plans were made for a summer campaign of Sunday School and B.Y.P.U. Institutes to be conducted over the entire Brownfield Association by a noted leader sent out by the State Board of Missions.—Tahoka News.  
**CANDIES** of all kinds at Brothers & Brothers, and they are fresh too



**The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY**  
by  
**H. Bedford Jones**

Illustrations by  
**Irwin Myers**

Copyright by Doubleday, Page and Company

**CHAPTER II.**  
**Masquers.**  
Joseph Maillard might have hopefully considered the note from the Midnight Masquer to be a hoax perpetrated by some of his friends, but he took no chances. Two detectives were posted in the grounds outside the house; inside, two others, masked and costumed, were keeping a quietly efficient eye on all that transpired.  
Each guest upon entering was conducted directly to the presence of Joseph Maillard himself, or of his wife; was bidden to unmask in this private audience, and was then presented with a favor and sent forth masked anew to the festivities. These favors were concealed, in the case of the ladies, in corsage bouquets; in that of the men, inside false cigars. There was to be a general opening of the favors at midnight, the time set for unmasking. All this ceremony was regarded by the guests as a delightful innovation, and by Joseph Maillard as a delightful way of assuring himself that only invited guests entered his house. Invitations might be forged—faces, never!

Lucie Ledois entered the presence of her stately relative, and after unmasking, dutifully exchanged kisses with Mrs. Maillard. Until some months previously, until she had come into the management of her own property—or what was left of it—Lucie had been the ward of the Maillards.  
"Mercy, child, how marvelous you look tonight!" exclaimed Mrs. Maillard, holding her off and examining her high color with obvious suspicion.  
"Thank you, ma'am," and Lucie made a mock courtesy. "Do you like little Columbine?"  
"Very much. Here's Aunt Sally; take Miss Lucie's cloak, Sally."  
An old colored servant bobbed her head in greeting to Lucie, who removed her cloak. As she did so, she saw that Mrs. Maillard's eyes were fastened in utter amazement upon her throat.  
"Isn't it pretty, auntie?" she asked, smilingly.  
"My goodness gracious!" the stern eyes hardened. "Where—where on earth did you obtain such a thing? Why—why?"  
Columbine's features flinched. She was a poor relation, of course, so the look in the older woman's eyes and the implication of the words formed little less than an insult.  
Quietly she put one hand to her throat and removed the collar, dropping it into the hand of Mrs. Maillard. It was a thing to make any woman's eyes widen—a collar of exquisitely wrought gold studded with ten great blazing star sapphires. Beside it the diamonds that bejeweled Mrs. Maillard's ample front looked odd and lifeless.  
"That!" queried Lucie, innocently, producing a scrap of diamond and dabbing at her nose. "Oh, that's very interesting! It was made for Queen Hortense—so was this scarf that keeps my ragged hair from lopping off! They were a present—only this morning."  
"Girl!" The lady's voice was harsh. "A present? From whom, if you please?"  
"Oh, I promised not to tell; he's a particular friend of mine. Aren't the stones pretty?"  
Mrs. Maillard was speechless. She compressed her firm lips and watched Lucie replace the sapphire collar without a word to offer. Silently she extended a corsage bouquet from the pile beside her; then, in a trembling voice, forced herself to explain about the favor inside.  
Slipping her mask into place Lucie was gone, not without relief. She knew very well that within half an hour Bob Maillard would be informed that she had accepted gifts of jewels from other men, with all the accompanying implications and additions that imagination could furnish. For, although Bob Maillard wanted very much indeed to marry her, his mother had no intention of sanctioning such a union.  
"Neither has Uncle Joseph," she reflected, smiling to herself, "and neither have I! So we're all agreed, except Bob."  
"Columbine!" A hand fell upon her wrist. "Columbine! Turn and confess thy sins!"  
She had come to the foot of the wide, old-fashioned stairway that led to the floors above, and beside her had suddenly appeared a Franciscan monk, cowed and gowned in sober brown from head to foot.

"You Frighten Me, Holy Man!" She Cried, Gaily, "Confess to You, Indeed! Not I!"  
"Never a better chance, butterfly of the world. Haste not to the dance, fair sister—tarry a while and invite the soul in speech of import!" Having passed the dragon at the gate, tarry a moment with this man of vows—" "Srivie me quickly, then," she said, laughing.  
"Now, without confession? Would you have me read your thoughts and give penance?"  
"If you can do that, holy man, I may confess; so prove it quickly!"  
The Franciscan leaned forward. His voice came low, distinct, clear-cut, and he spoke in the French which Lucie understood as another mother-tongue, as do most of the older families of New Orleans.  
"See how I read them, mademoiselle! One thought is of uneasy suspicion; it is typified by a hard-lipped, grasping man. One thought is of profound regret; it is typified by a darkly welling stream of oil. One thought— Suddenly Lucie had shrunk away from him. "Who—who are you?" she breathed, with a gasp that was almost of fear. "Who are you, monsieur?"  
"A humble brother of minor orders," and he bowed. "Shall I not continue with my reading? The third, mademoiselle, is one of hope; it is typified by a small man who is dressed all in gray."  
Lucie turned away from him quickly.  
"I think that you have made some grave error, monsieur," she said. Her voice was cold, charged with dismissal and offended dignity. "I pray you, excuse me."  
Not waiting any response, she hastily ran up the stairs. After her, for a moment, gazed the Franciscan, then shrugged his wide shoulders and plunged into the crowd.  
While she danced, while she chattered and laughed and entered into the mad gaiety of the evening, Lucie Ledois could not banish from her mind that ominous Franciscan. How could he have known? How could he have guessed what only she and one other barely suspected? There was no proof, of course; the very breath of suspicion seemed a calumny against an upright man!  
Joseph Maillard had sold that Terreboune land six months before any gas or oil had been discovered there, and eight months before Lucie had come into the management of her own affairs. He had not known about the minerals, of course; it was a case only of bad judgment. Yet, indubitably, he was now a shareholder and officer in the Bayou Oil company, the concern which had bought that strip of land.  
Lucie strove angrily to banish the dark thoughts from her mind. Why, Maillard was a rich man, a banker, an honorable gentleman! To doubt his honor, although he was a harsh and a stern man, was impossible. Lucie knew him better than most, and could not believe—  
"May I crave pardon for my error?" came a voice at her elbow. She turned, to see the Franciscan again beside her. "With a thousand apologies for impertinence, mademoiselle; I am very sorry for my faults. Will not that admission obtain for me one little dance, one hint of forgiveness from fair Columbine?"  
Something in his voice spelt sincerity. Lucie, smiling, held out her hand.  
"You are pardoned, holy man. If you can dance in that friar's robe, then try it!"  
Could he dance, indeed! Who could not dance with Columbine for partner? So saying, the monk proved his word by the deed and proved it well. Nor did he again hint that he had recognized her; until, as they parted, he once more left her astonished and perturbed. As he bowed he murmured:  
"Beware, sweet Columbine! Beware of the gay Aramis! Beware of his proposals!"  
He was gone upon the word.  
Aramis? Why, that must be the Musketeer, of course—Bob Maillard! The name, with its implications, was a clever hit. But who was this brown monk, who seemed to know so much, who danced so distinctly, whose French was like music? A vague suspicion was in the girl's mind, but she had no proof.  
Half an hour after that Bob Maillard came to her, and with impudent words made a path through the circle which surrounded her. "I know you now, Lucie!" he murmured. "I must see you at once—in the conservatory."  
She was minded to refuse, but assented briefly. The words of the monk intrigued her; what had the man guessed? If Bob were indeed about to propose, she would this time out of his hopes for good. But—was it that sort of a proposal?  
As she managed to rid herself of her admirers, and descended to the conservatory, she was highly vexed with herself and the Franciscan, and so came to her appointment with an equable frame of mind. She found Maillard waiting in the old-fashioned conservatory; he had unmasked, and was puffing a cigarette.  
"By gad, Lucie, you're beautiful tonight. Where did you get that collar of jewels?"  
"Indeed!" The girl proudly drew herself up. "What business is that of yours, sir?"  
"Aren't you one of the family? D—n it—Lucie! Don't you know that I want to marry you?"  
"My dear Robert, I certainly do not want to marry any man who swears to my face—you least of all!" she coldly intervened. "I have already refused you three times; let this be the fourth and last. Now, kindly inform me why you wished me to meet you here."  
"I have a chance to make some



money for you in a hurry," he said. "Your father left you a good deal of land up Bayou Terrebonne way."  
"Your father sold some of it," she put in, idly. His eyes flickered to the thrust.  
"Yes; but you've plenty left near Paradis. It's away from the gas field, but I'm interested in an oil company. We've plenty of money, and we're going to go strong after the liquid gold. That land of yours is good for nothing else, and if you want to make some money out of it I'll swing the company into leasing at a good figure and drilling there."  
"You think there's oil on the land?"  
"No." He made a swift, energetic gesture of dissent. "To be frank, I don't. But I'd like to throw a bit of luck your way, Lucie. That fellow Grammont—the prince, you know him—his an engineer and a geologist, and he's in the swim."  
"So," the girl smiled a little, "you would betray your business friends in

**THE FRUIT SEASON**

The fruit season is approaching, so why not buy your sugar before the anticipated rise on that article that is bound to come. 100 lbs. best granulated sugar for only..... \$7.25

Below we quote you prices on part of our complete line of Groceries:

Peace Maker Flour, per 100 lbs..... \$4.50  
King Komus Syrup, per gallon can..... \$1.00  
Mary Jane syrup per gallon can..... 65c  
White Karo syrup per gallon can..... 75c  
Grated Pineapples per gallon can..... 90c  
Loganberries per gallon can..... \$1.00  
Peanut Butter per 5 gallon pail..... \$1.25

We also carry a complete line of up-to-date Dry Goods.

**Lewis Brothers & Co.**

It's Sunday, you know—  
"If you will; at three. Something has happened, but I cannot speak of it here. Does any one else know that you—that you are interested in my affairs?"  
The pale gray eyes of the little gray man looked very innocent and wondering.  
"Certainly not, my dear! Why?"  
"I'll tell you tomorrow." Then she broke into a laugh. "Well, it is midnight—and the Masquer has not appeared. I'm almost sorry."  
The lights flickered off for a moment, then on again. The signal for unmasking!  
The dancing ceased. From the whole room arose a babel of voices—cries of surprise, exclamations, merry laughter. Columbine removed her mask. An instant later Joseph Maillard approached them, chucking to himself and looking hugely relieved.  
"Ha, Lucie! I guessed you beneath the Columbine daintiness! Have you examined your favor yet?"  
Remembering the girl caught at her corsage. Cries of delight were arising on all sides as the favors were revealed—most handsome favors, even for Mardi Gras! From the heart of the roses in her hand Lucie removed a bunch of old filigree work set with a group of pearls. She glanced about for Jaclin Fell, but he had vanished with Maillard. A voice rose at her elbow:  
"Mademoiselle, you are not less lucky than beautiful! Pearls to the pearl!"  
She turned to see the Franciscan—no longer masked, but now gazing at her from a frank, laughing countenance, still partially veiled by the brown cowl that was drawn up close about his head.  
"Henry Grammont!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I half suspected that it was you!"  
"But you were not sure?" he chuckled. "You're not offended with me, Lucie?"  
"I should be." She tossed her head. "You were impertinent, M. le prince!"  
He made a distasteful gesture. "None of that, Lucie! You know I don't like it—"  
"Oh, la, la!" she mocked him. "M. le prince is seeing America, n'est ce pas? He has come to America to find a rich wife, is it not?"  
Grammont's face lost its smile, and suddenly became almost harsh.  
"I shall call upon you at four tomorrow, Lucie!" he said abruptly, and turned. Nor did he pause to get her reply. An instant afterward Lucie was surrounded by a merry group of friends, and she saw no more of Henry Grammont.  
About five minutes later those in the ballroom distinctly heard, through the open windows, the heavy pulsations of an airplane motor.



**CHAPTER III.**  
**The Bandit.**  
Joseph Maillard's library was on the ground floor of the house; it was a sedate and stately room, and was invariably shut off to itself. Not even tonight, of all nights, was it thrown open with the remainder of the house.  
Here Maillard summoned half a dozen of his particular cronies and friends, after the stroke of midnight had assured him that there was no danger to be expected from the bandit. His son was not among the number. The half dozen were nearly all elderly men, and, with the exception of Jaclin Fell, all were men of prominent affairs.  
About the table grouped Maillard and his guests, Maillard, standing before a small wall safe that furnished open hearth, lifted his silver pipe and steamed with beads. The

order to make a bit of money for me!"  
Maillard stared at her. "Well, if you put it that way, yes! I'd do more than that for—"  
"Thank you," she interrupted, her voice cold. "I don't think I'd trust your sagacity very far, Robert. Good-night."  
She turned from him and was gone, dancing through the great rooms like a true Columbine.  
Midnight neared, and brought a concern to many; the Midnight Masquer had gained his name by invariably appearing a moment or two before the stroke of twelve. Jaclin Fell, who divided his time between enjoying the smoking room and wandering about among the masquers, perceived that Joseph Maillard was watching the time with anxiety.  
A large man, stern and a bit scornful of look, Maillard was imposing rather than handsome. He appeared the typical banker, efficient, devoid of all sentiment. Amused by the man's evident uneasiness, Jaclin Fell kept him in view while the moments dragged. One might have thought that the little gray man was studying the financier as an entomologist studies a butterfly on a pin.  
Shortly before twelve Columbine propped up to Fell and accepted the arm he offered her. They were for the moment alone, in a corner of the ballroom.  
"I must see you tomorrow, please," she breathed.  
"Gladly," he assented. "May I call"

**CICERO-SMITH LUMBER Co.**

**WILL APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE**

**CICERO SMITH LUMBER CO.**  
Brownfield, Texas

**WHAT RANDAL SELLS**

Perfumery and Toilet Articles  
Patient Medicine and Drugs  
School Tablets and Pencils  
Candies and Cigars  
Fill Prescriptions  
Fit Glasses  
Call on us—

**Randal's Drug Store**

**Read Your Home Paper**

**Good Eats**

Any time you will drop in we will be able to show you something either in our grocery or market lines that will "whet" your appetite.

Specials:—Fresh Channel Cat Fish every Friday. Imperial Valley Canteloupes every week.

**ENTERPRISE MARKET**  
Earl Anthony, Prop. — Brownfield

**Chemists Perfect Aspirin**

IS CALLED LAX-PIRIN

Physicians have for years used Aspirin with success, but have known of its constipating effects, and now use the genuine Laxative Aspirin for Headache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Asthma, and all pain. It is purified Aspirin tablets with a gentle laxative effect.

**WARNING:** Call for Lax-Pirin and get the only genuine Laxative Aspirin Tablets. Sold By—

**J. L. RANDAL**  
Brownfield — Texas



## Keep Your Money In Brownfield

By lumber and all kinds of building material from the T.R. Prideaux Lumber Co., and your money will never leave town. We are home people and your interests are ours; come and let us talk it over: we will help you save.

Now is the time to build when you can get the work done and the material to do it with. We handle the best.

"The place where it is entirely safe to trade."

WE HAVE A SMALL YARD—  
Help us to grow. Keep coming!

**T. R. PRIDEAUX, Mgr.**  
Brownfield, Texas

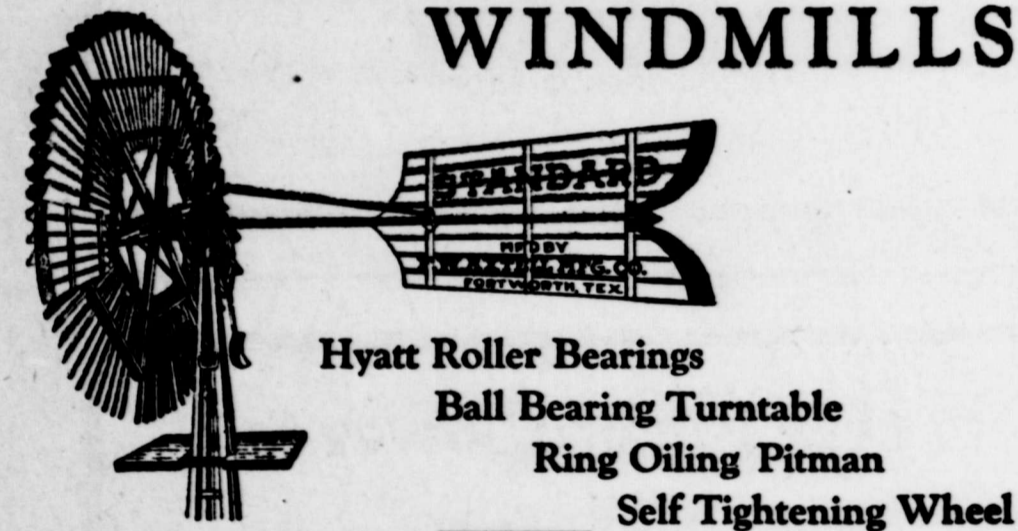
## SAY, LISTEN TO REASON!

To get the fullest enjoyment from your car this summer, have it shod with Goodrich castings and tubes, the motor in good mechanical condition—then keep it that way by using the best lubricating oils on the market.

Texico Motor Oils and Gargoye Mobiloil for sale at the Brick Garage.

**WALTER GRACEY**  
Res. Phone 47 Garage Phone 118

## NEW STANDARD ROLLER BEARING WINDMILLS



Hyatt Roller Bearings  
Ball Bearing Turntable  
Ring Oiling Pitman  
Self Tightening Wheel

SELF OILING—LIGHT RUNNING—NOISELESS  
Hyatt Equipped Windmills Never Squeak Nor Bind

Standardize on the Standard  
IT BRINGS WATER EVERY TIME THE WHEEL TURNS AROUND

Made in All Sizes  
9 ft., 10 ft., 12 ft., 14 ft., 16 ft., 18 ft., 20 ft., 22 1/2 ft.  
FOR SALE BY

**BROWNFIELD HDWE CO.**  
Brownfield — Texas

## Raise All The Chicks You Hatch

**Raise them the Pan-a-ce-a way**  
START them right—keep them growing—without any backset. PAN-A-CE-A gives chicks good appetite and good digestion—gives vigor to resist disease. PAN-A-CE-A prevents food fermentation—that's where most of the bowel troubles start. PAN-A-CE-A prevents and cures gapes, indigestion, diarrhea, leg weakness. PAN-A-CE-A your chicks and then watch them feather. A PAN-A-CE-A chick will out-feather a non-PAN-A-CE-A chick every time.

Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A makes chicks grow.  
We handle the Dr. Hess Line. Call on us.

**ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE**  
Tell us how many chicks you have. We have a package to suit.

**Dr. Hess Instant Louse Killer Kills Lice**

Try Advertising In This Paper

which he had been waiting was here; he launched his little thunderbolt with an air of satisfied importance.

"My friends, I have a confession to make!" he announced. "Today I received a note from the Midnight Masquer stating that he would be with us this evening, presumably at the hour of midnight, his usual time."

"These words brought an instant silence. The half-dozen men were tense, watchful, astonished. But Maillard swung up his silver cup and laughed gaily.

"I took full precautions, gentlemen. The hour of danger is past, and the notorious bandit has not arrived—or, if he has arrived, he is now in the hands of the law. So up with your cups, my friends—a lifelong health to Maillard's, and damnation to prohibition and the Midnight Masquer!" From everyone broke a swift assent to the toast, a murmur of relieved tension. The silver goblets were lifted, touched in a musical clinking of edges, and the aromatic breath of juleps filled the library as the drinkers, in true southern fashion, buried noses in the fragrant mint. Then, as the cups were lowered, from the recesses of the curtained windows at one end of the room came a quiet voice:

"I thank you, gentlemen! But I must remind you, Maillard, that there was not a time limit set in the note."

With a simultaneous gasp everyone turned. Maillard staggered; his face went livid. Every eye was fastened upon that amazing figure now advancing from the shadows of the recess.

It was the figure of an aviator, clad in leather from top to toe, the goggles and helmet shield completely masking his head and features from recognition. In his hand he held an automatic pistol, which covered the group of men before him with its threatening mouth.

"Not a sound, if you please," he warned, his voice thin and nasal—obviously disguised. "I trust that none of you gentlemen is armed, because I am very quick on the trigger. A very pleasant surprise, Maillard? You'd given me up, eh?"

For an instant no one spoke. Then Maillard moved slightly, moved his hand toward a button set in the wall near the safe. The voice of the bandit leaped out at him like this steel: "Quiet, you fool! If you touch that button—"

Maillard stiffened, and gripped the table edge with his shaking hand. The bandit bowed slightly, and addressed the gathering in a tone of dry gallantry:

"The rights of property are to me far more sacred than human life; there I agree with the law. So, gentlemen kindly empty your pockets on the table." His voice became crisp. "The jeweled scarfpins which you received as favors this evening may be added to the collection; otherwise, I shall not touch your private possessions. No watches, thank you, Maillard, kindly begin! I believe that you carry a wallet? If you please."

The banker could not but obey. His hands trembling with fear and rage, he took from his pocket a wallet, and emptied a sheaf of bills upon the table. One after another, the other men followed his example. When it came his turn, Jachin Fell drew a single bill from his pocket, and laid it down.

"You put some faith in that warning, Mr. Fell?" The bandit laughed. "Do you think that you will know me again?"

"I hardly believe so, sir," answered Fell in his apologetic fashion. "Your disguise is really excellent."

"Thank you." The bandit's voice held a thin mockery. "Coming from you, sir, that compliment is most welcome."

"What the devil does the fellow mean?" exploded Judge Forester. "Then you are not aware that Mr. Fell is a man of large affairs?" The bandit's white teeth flashed in a smile. "He is a modest man, this attorney! And a dangerous man also, I assure you. But come, Mr. Fell, I'll not betray you."

Jachin Fell obviously did not appreciate the passantry. His shy and wondering features assumed a set and hardened look.

"Whoever you are," he responded, a subtle click of anger in his tone, "you shall be punished for this!"

"For what, Mr. Fell? For knowing too much of your private affairs?" The bandit laughed. "Fear not—I am only an amateur at this game, fortunately! So do your worst, and my blessing upon you! Now, gentlemen, withdraw a few paces. All but you, Maillard; I'm not through with you yet."

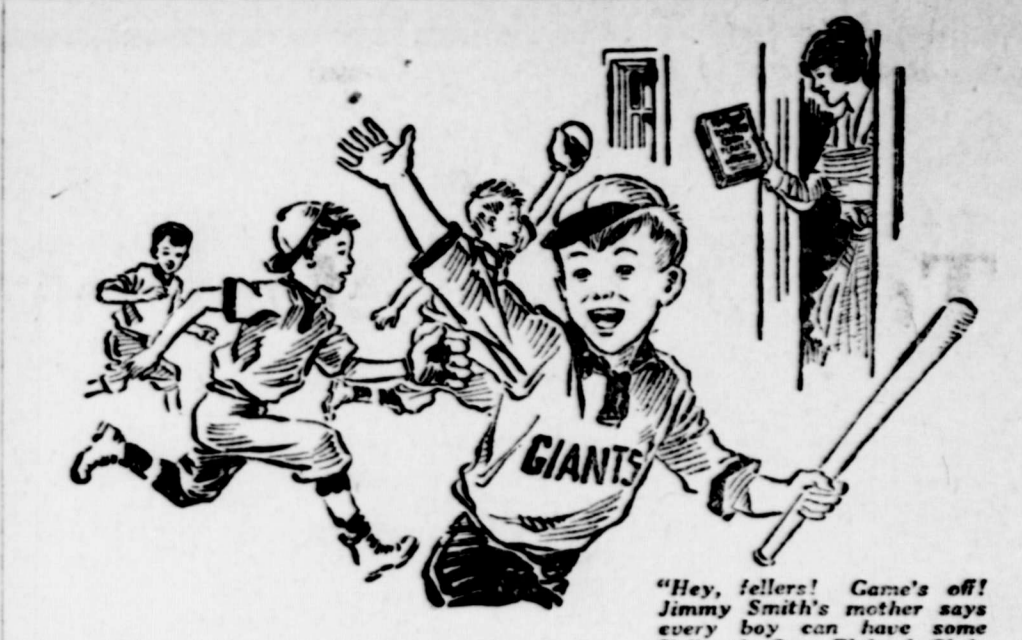
The automatic pistol gestured; under its menace everyone obeyed the command, for the calm assurance of the bandit made it seem extremely likely that he would use the weapon without compunction. The men withdrew toward the far end of the room, where a word from the aviator halted them. Maillard remained standing where he was.

The Masquer advanced to the table and gathered the heap of money and scarfpins into the leatheren pocket of his coat. During the process his gaze did not waver from the group of men, nor did the threat of his weapon lift from the banker before him.

### 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**



Easy to digest—  
perfect summer days food—  
**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**  
Heavy meals during warm weather encourage drowsiness, sluggishness and headache! Eat Kellogg's Corn Flakes liberally because they are the ideal summer food for youngsters and older folks. Kellogg's digest easily and let you walk or play or sleep in peace. And, they're satisfying to the keenest appetite. Delicious with fresh fruits!



## 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

no more talk, now!"

The command cracked out like a whiplash. With a shrug of helplessness the banker turned and fumbled with the protruding knob of the safe. With one exception all eyes were fastened upon this amazing Masquer. The exception was Jachin Fell, who suddenly alert and watchful, had turned his attention to Maillard and the safe, a keen speculation in his gaze as though he were wondering what that steel vault would produce.

All were silent. There was something about this Midnight Masquer that held them intently. Perhaps some were inclined to think him a jester, one of the party masquerading after the famous bandit's guise; if so, his last words to Maillard had removed all such thought. That inlet



"If You Don't," Was the Cool Threat, "I'll Shoot You Through the Abdomen."

ment had been deadly and terrible—and true, as they knew. Bob Maillard was not greatly admired by those among his father's friends who best knew him.

Now the door of the safe swung open. The compartments appeared empty.

"Take out the drawers and turn them up over the table," commanded the Masquer.

Maillard obeyed. From the last drawer there fell out on the table a large envelope, sealed. The Masquer leaped forward, seized upon this envelope, and crushed it into his pocket.

"Thank you," he observed. "That is all."

"D—n you!" cried Maillard, shaking a fist. "You'd try blackmail, would you?"

The bandit regarded him a moment, then laughed.

"If you knew what was in that envelope, my dear banker, you might not speak so hastily. If I knew what was in it, I might answer you. But I don't know. I only suspect—and hope. And now, my friends—a revoir!"

The Masquer sprang backward into the hall. The door slammed, the key clicked. He was gone!

Maillard was the first to wake into voice and action. "The other door!" he cried. "Into the dining room!"

He flung open a second door and dashed into the dining room, followed by the other men. Here the windows, giving upon the garden, were open. Then Maillard came to a sudden halt, and after him the others; through the night was pulsating, with great distinctness, the throbbing roar of an airplane motor! From Maillard broke a bitter cry:

holding out a paper. "It was pinned to the outside of the library door. I presume that your late visitor left it as a memento?"

Jachin Fell took the paper, the other men crowding around him.

"Ah, Maillard! The same handwriting as that of your letter?"

Upon the paper was penciled a single hasty line:

"My compliments to Robert Maillard—and my thanks!"

Bob Maillard sprang forward, angrily inspecting the paper. When he relinquished it, Fell calmly claimed it. "Confound the rogue!" muttered the banker's son, turning away. His features were pale, perhaps with anger.

"There was nothing but stock certificates in that envelope—and they can be reissued."

The festivities were not broken up. News of the robbery gradually leaked out among the guests; the generally accepted verdict was that the Masquer had appeared, only to be frightened away before he could secure any loot.

It was nearly two in the morning, when Jachin Fell, who was leaving, encountered Henry Gramont at the head of the wide stairway. He halted and turned to the younger man.

"Ah—have you a pencil, if you please?"

"I think so, Mr. Fell," Gramont fell beneath his Franciscan's robe, and extended a pencil.

Jachin Fell examined it, brought a paper from beneath his domino, and wrote down a word. The paper was that on which the farewell message of the Midnight Masquer had been written.

"A hard lead, a very hard point faded," said Fell. He pocketed the paper again and regarded Gramont steadily as he returned the pencil. "Few men carry so hard a pencil, sir."

"You're quite right," and Gramont smiled. "I borrowed this from Bob Maillard only a moment ago. Its hardness surprised me."

"Do you know, a most curious thing—"

"Yes?" prompted Gramont, his eyes intent upon the little gray man.

"That paper you brought us—the paper which you found pinned to the library door," said Fell, apologetically. "Do you know, Mr. Gramont, that oddly enough there were no pin holes in that paper?"

Gramont stilled faintly, as though he were inwardly amused over the remark.

"Not at all curious," he said, his voice level. "It was pinned rather stoutly—I tore off the portion bearing the message. I'll wager that you'll find the end of the paper still on the door downstairs. You might notice certain that its torn edge fits that of the paper in your pocket; if it did not, then the fact would be curious! I am sure to copy to have met you, Mr. Fell. I trust we shall meet again, often."

## TOKIO ITEMS

### By Little Boy

A Children's Day program will be given Sunday, and we will have dinner on the ground. Everyone invited. Mr. and Mrs. Wade, accompanied by Wilma and Irene Pippin attended church at Gomez, Sunday.

Miss Pearl Russing visited Miss Pearl Day, Sunday afternoon.

The young people enjoyed a social at Norman Lovelace's Friday night, and continued the fun with an ice cream supper at Mr. Atkinson's Saturday night.

Wilburn Pippin is visiting the Miller family near Meadow, this week. Messrs. Gound and Ward left Monday for a trip to New Mexico.

A singing at the school house Sunday night was enjoyed by all singers present.

We regret to say that some of the Tokio farmers had their crops hailed out during the recent rains. They are now busy getting more seed in the ground.

Misses Arthur Sawyer and Stricklin entertained quite a bunch of little folks last Saturday afternoon at the M. E. Sawyer ranch headquarters, whose ages ranged from three to five in honor of their little daughters, Queenelle and Sallie Truman.

The little folks were gathered up over town and carried out in two cars, and the time was spent in several games under the dense shade trees, and in learning to "skin-the-cat" from low limbs. After a round of amusements, a lunch of sandwiches were served.

It was real amusing to hear the childish expressions of thanks for the afternoon of pleasure.

### CANDIDATES AND VOTERS SHOULD READ CAREFULLY

June 17.—On or before this date, candidates for nomination for offices to be filled by voters of a single county or portion thereof shall file application for place on the primary election ballot with the County Chairman. Twenty-five qualified voters may also file.

June 19.—County Executive Committee must meet to determine order of names on primary election ballot, to name subcommittees to make up the ballot and transact other business.

June 20.—On or before this date candidates for primary election must pay ballot box fees.

July 19.—Subcommittees of county committee meet to make up primary election ballot.

July 12.—Not earlier than this day (ten days before primary election), qualified voters who expect to be out of the county of their residence on the day of the election may cast their ballots with the county clerk of their home county.

July 22.—Primary election day and precinct canvassing day for both the Democratic and Republican parties. Primary election opens at 8 A.M. and closes at 7 P.M.

July 26.—Presiding judges of election shall make returns on or before this day to county chairman.

July 29.—County executive committee canvass returns. Democratic and Republican county conventions.

August 1.—Managers of political headquarters, or others who have expended money in behalf of any candidate or political party, must file a statement with the County Judge in ten days after election. Within the same time candidates must file statement of expenses.

## MRS. DALLAS ENTERTAINS

On last Wednesday evening a few of the young people were delightfully entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dallas, in honor of Mrs. H. G. Lees of Big Spring, and Miss Jeannett Simmonds of Long Beach, Calif.

Progressive Forty-two prevailed throughout the evening. Prizes were awarded to Miss Kate Spivey and Mr. Morgan Copeland. Refreshments consisting of banana and nut cream and cake were served, after which special music was rendered and soon the guests departed, each reporting a delightful evening.

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

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Shields, of Abilene, were visitors to Brownfield Saturday night and Sunday, spending the night with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tudor, called on the Herald family early Sunday morning, and took the noon meal with Mrs. Ditto and family. Mr. Shields was the first station agent in Brownfield after the railroad came here, and has a host of friends here. He is conducting a mercantile business at Littlefield.

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

Miss Mildred Burgess, of Lubbock, recently home from the C.I.A. Division, is visiting friends here this week.

### The "Big Plunge" Brownfield's popular bathing resort, formerly opened, Monday.

If you want a loan on farm or ranch, see C. R. Rambo.

E. H. Jones and Robt. Welch, of Meadow, were here Saturday to represent that little city at the Terry County Fair meeting, but owing to the illness of the President no meeting was held, but if the gentlemen will come back the 24th, we assure them of a meeting. Mr. Jones is the popular hardware man of Meadow, while Mr. Welch is the hustling manager of the Cicero Smith Lumber Co. at that place. Both renewed for the Herald while here, and Mr. Jones ordered a full supply of stationery.

WANTED small 2nd hand coal cook stove. See H. T. Sefton.

Mrs. D. Lewis and the boys recently returned from their trip to Eastland county, and brought back a baby, "pussum" which is now quite a pet. There is however, likely to be a family row over the quadruple, as the good wife is already openly talking about how good the said "pussum" will go with a stack of Nancy Hall potatoes this fall, while the boys are recalled as determined that the file tail shall be allowed life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

NANCY HALL and Bradley Yum potato plants. Forty cents per hundred by parcel post prepaid. The Dixie Farm, Phone 9032, Lubbock, Texas.

Houston Shepherd handed us the price recently to keep the Herald a-comin' till as he said he could get away from old Terry. All right Houston, we'll supply the Herald to you free when you leave, and we figure we will not be out over two or three issues, if any.

## STOP THAT ITCHING

There is a lot of skin trouble in Brownfield and surrounding territory. We will sell you a jar of Blue Star Remedy on a guarantee for Itch, Eczema, Ring-worm, Tetter or cracked hands. Old Sores or Sores on Children. Will not stain clothing and has a pleasant odor.

Alexanders' Drug Store

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Meyers of Bronco, a girl the 12th inst. Mrs. Meyers is at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Walters.

Saturday will be graini ware day at Chapman's.

J. P. Cates was over from Plains recently and renewed for his Herald.

Mrs. H. T. Sefton has purchased the stock of racket goods on the north side of the square from J. S. Corning, and leased the building of him, and is closing out the racket goods as soon as possible, and will be known as the Novelty Shop from this on. Mrs. Sefton is a firm believer in advertising, and we want the readers to take notice what she has to tell them from time to time in these columns.

HEMSTITCHING: See Dumas Sisters at Lewis Brothers. Prices reduced to 10c per yard.

S. H. Holgate and family are sojourning for awhile on the Concho. They left with a load of fish tackle.

FOR SALE cheap: Sharples cream Separator, nearly new. W. T. Hester, Plains, Texas.

Mrs. H. G. Lees with her baby son, with her guest Miss Jeannett Simmonds of Long Beach, Calif., returned to Big Spring, Saturday, after having visited her home folks, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dallas and sons. Miss Simmonds and the daughter, Gertrude have been chums since small girls, and the visit was a happy occasion. Several social events were given in their honor.

Earl Anthony Jr., accompanied James H. Dallas on his trip by auto to Big Spring, Saturday.

For Sale—One span good work mules; safe for boys to handle. E. I. Free, Plains, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barcus and Miss Carrie Shepherd, passed thru Brownfield last week enroute to Colorado, where they will spend the summer. Mrs. Barcus and Miss Shepherd are daughters of Allen Shepherd who once lived in this county, but who lives in San Marcus at the present time.

**ALLEN**  
The House Reliable  
Oldest and Largest PIANO  
Music, Music Teachers,  
Supplies, etc., etc. Catalogue  
and BOOK OF OLD TIME  
SONGS FREE on request.  
Established 1898. SAN ANGELO

We learned Wednesday morning that Mrs. J. T. Pippin, of Tokio had died at 11 o'clock P.M. Tuesday, and is to be buried in Brownfield Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Stella Jackson, of Lubbock, is spending a few weeks with her friend, Mrs. Arthur Sawyer.



# 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



## O! TEMPORA O! MORES

On one of my seldom peregrinations about the country, a recent Sunday morning found me at a church in a neighboring city.

The speaker, a man past the "climacteric" and all shaven and short, with the air of one who feels sure of his case and the sympathy of his audience, took for his subject the unfortunate episode of Jephthah and his daughter. After a few platitudes, he launched out on his real theme of the times, of the manners, and proceeded to take the modern girl to task about her dress, its extreme brevity at both ends, and its bad effects on the opposite sex; and the evil consequences that would follow present day fashions if the dear delightful creatures didn't lengthen the skirt and extend the bodice upward to envelope the neck. At this juncture, a sweet faced creature, arrayed in purple and fine linen, and a form that would equal a Venus De Milo, whisked out of her seat, hit the aisle for the outside. Amen said I.

Girls wearing bobbed hair were given the euphonious title of Flapper, whatever that may be. God knows perhaps. The males were left with a few references to cigarettes and a few other minor delinquencies. There was no reference to the young man peeling his head to the top of his ears and eye brows and wearing his panties three or four inches above his shoe tops, exposing his graceful ankles to the vulgar gaze of all who looked his way. To me the girl looks better in kilts than the young man in knickerbockers.

Why should a woman or girl apologize for her God given form by enveloping her shapely limbs in swaddling clothes? The chisel of the sculptor and the brush of the painter have vied with each other in giving us the human form divine, nor is the beauty marred by the profanation of the fig leaf. This "old valley of dry bones" would have us believe that personal attractiveness is a fault, "that she has no right to be beautiful and that she is morally responsible for the contour of her throat, for the poise of her body, for the symmetry of her limbs, for the red of her lips, and for the dimples in her cheeks.

The writer's memory carries him back some fifty odd years to the days of hoop skirts, chignons, bustles, and the long dresses with trains; of yds. sufficient to make the present woman several dresses and some to spare. When she walked she carried the surplus skirt in her hand. It was expected however, it should be held sufficiently low not to expose the ankle.

With the enlarging of woman's sphere of action, her entrance into activities hitherto occupied by men, she began to cast off the long skirt to meet the new duties. The little girl who wore the pantalettes, with ruffled bottoms discarded them and lengthened the stockings and shortened the skirt, giving us the pretty ensemble of the present. The low neck and short sleeves or no sleeves have been with us since the Morning Stars sang together at the advent of woman, and will be with us—God be praised—until man ceases to admire the beautiful.

The present type of the Lords of Creation, have descended from their higher estate. They have discarded the hair-shirt and effected the feminine type; in fact they are things that would be a woman if they could but they want to do all they can to make folks think they are not a man, and very many of them succeed to a remarkable degree. The female of the species is outstripping the male in the race for perfection, in our schools, in the counting house, the office and many industrial pursuits, while in the so-called intellectual field she is giving him a race for the goal. She is forging ahead at a rapid pace, while he is content with success as a Short Stop, a Half Back, or wearing a hole in his trousers with his casual dependence on a goods box shooting Craps.

This man must be an Apostle of Count Tolstai and the Kreutzer Sonata his Bible. While not a student of the Bible, I do not recall a single instance where woman was criticized by our Savior for her dress or lack of dress. The part played by beauty of form and person would perhaps surprise many if enumerated. Says Creasy: "Arletta's pretty feet twinkling in the brook, made her the mother of William the Conqueror. Battling on the house-top made Bathsheba the mother of Solomon. Was the world made any worse by their living? The dancing of a pretty maiden cost a good man his life; this was bad. Esther became queen of Persia on her face and form, and to this good day her praises are sung by the Jew and Gentile alike.

From those days until the present most men have followed the path indicated by the woman they love, regardless of where the trail ended. They will continue to follow her lead until the heavens are rolled away as a scroll.

Girls: Disregard the croakings of effeminate men and attenuated females of doubtful age. Let them continue to reform you if it is their pastime. Dress as you please, which will always please a well sexed man. To me if we are to have the bathing suit and the intermingling of the sexes in scant attire, it is foolish: quibble or have quails at present fashions.

The would be reformers who say so much that means so little will continue to watch and admire you and feel sorry they are not able to take part. They will secretly wish they were young and pretty with the little limbs, shapely body and the bewitching face of the girl in the bathing suit.

How brilliant and mirthful the light in her eyes.

Like a star glancing out from the blue in the sky?

And lightly and freely her dark tresses play

O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they."

—Aesculapias.

**OFFICE EQUIPMENT COMPANY**  
Everything used in an office. Typewriters, all makes, bought, sold exchanged and rented. Repairing a specialty. Phone 126, Lubbock, Tex.

Dick Brownfield and family left last week for Sterling City, where they will visit his uncle and family.

## MEADOW BRIEFS

By Aesculapias

The past week saw two more buildings being erected in the Meadow community, by L. Westley Read on lands a few miles west of Brownfield. Each cottage is to have four rooms and portico. Fences are to be built and land broken for another year.

On Tuesday, June 6th, two youngsters put in appearance in this burg. A girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. the time to walk him about and W. B. Taylor and a boy at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hardin search for the paregoric bottle has not yet arrived, George is real proud of him; in fact will wake him up to show him to visitors—but he'll quit that.

Dr. Copeland dropped in on us a few days since and informed us that he had actually gone to farming. Had swapped his occupation for a good deal and was getting proficient in its use. I still think that most of his tilling the soil is done by dictation.

Miss Myrtle Jones is home from school at Abilene. She is an excellent girl and we are glad to have her with us.

Mr. G. T. Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Avery are off on visits to the old homes; the former to Altus, Okla., and the others to Seymour and Haskell, Texas.

Mr. J. W. Peeler and the children are visiting in Lubbock and the old man looks like a stray chicken. I have tried the baching habit and porcupine it bad.

Meadow is getting to be a Mecca for beggars. Most of them are females lugging about decrepit men with a few dogs and goats on the side, to be fed. The whole shooting match looks to be infested with—hell vellers. When women are shooting better men it looks as if this bunch would get rough-on-rats or some other varmin killer.

Regular services at the Baptist church Saturday and Sunday. Methodist men have organized a Sunday School with very good attendance.

Tradesday passed off very quiet, although there was a fair crowd in town.

Miss Inez Ketchum, one of the State B.Y.P.U. and Sunday School workers, was here last week, and conducted three training classes at the Baptist church. These classes were all given in B.Y.P.U. work. In the three classes there were twenty-three who took examinations. Miss Ketchum left the young people of the church on higher ground, and with a greater vision of service.

S. T. Murphy one of our readers at Tokio called Wednesday and had us send the Herald to his father at Munday, Texas. S. T. said there was no use in us keeping the good news about old Terry all to ourselves. He believes in "pouring it on 'em."

Uncle Mose Dumas, one of the old faithfuls, renewed recently. He has been a Herald reader almost since it started nearly eighteen years ago.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Ellington, a fine boy on the 8th inst. F.M. says it's the finest in the world, but

# 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

we figured that he was covering a lot of territory, even for a new dad. He'll likely grow up and be the herald correspondent from the Harris community.

## NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

The State of Texas, County of Terry.—Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Terry County, Texas, on the 16th day of May, A. D. 1922, by H. R. Winston, Clerk of said Court, for the sum of Nine Thousand Six Hundred Thirty-Eight and 14/100 (\$9,638.14) Dollars, and costs of suit, under a judgement for the foreclosure of a vendor's lien in a certain cause in said Court, No. 695, and styled G. P. Wirtz vs. J. M. Dean, placed in my hands for service, I, Wood E. Johnson, as sheriff of Terry County, Texas, did on the 16th day of May, 1922, levy on the following described real estate, to-wit: All the west 1/2 of section No. 104, in Block T in Terry County, Texas, less that part of said west half of said section

decided to the railway company for right of way, and levied upon as the property of J. M. Dean, and that on the First Tuesday in July 1922, at the Courthouse door of said county, in the town of Brownfield, between the hours of 10 o'clock A.M. and 4 o'clock P.M. on said day, by virtue of said levy and order of sale, I will sell said above described property at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of J. M. Dean.

And in compliance with law I give this notice.

Witness my hand this June 6, 1922.  
Wood E. Johnson,  
Sheriff Terry County, Texas.

## NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

The State of Texas, County of Terry.—Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain order of sale issued out of the District Court of Terry County, Texas, on the 16th day of May A.D. 1922, by H. R. Winston, the Clerk of said Court, for the sum of Four Thousand Eighty and 94/100 (\$4,889.94) Dollars, and costs of suit, in favor of H. F. Adams, in a certain cause in said Court No. 701 and styled H. F. Adams vs. J. T. Whitley, placed in my hands for service, I, Wood E. Johnson, as sheriff of Terry County, Texas, did on the 16th day of May, 1922, levy on the following described real estate, to-wit: The N.W. quarter of Survey No. 165 in Block T, Terry County, Texas, and levied upon as the property of J. T. Whitley, and that on the First Tuesday in July A. D. 1922, the same being the 4th day of July, 1922, at the Courthouse door in said county in the town of Brownfield, between the hours of 10 o'clock a.m. and 4 o'clock p.m. by virtue of said levy and order of sale, I will sell said above described real estate at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said J. T. Whitley.

In compliance with law I give this notice.

Witness my hand this June 6, 1922.  
Wood E. Johnson,  
Sheriff Terry County, Texas.

## ELECTION ORDER

Be it ordered by the Board of Trustees of the Johnson Independent School District that an election be held at the school house, in the Johnson Independent School District of Terry County, Texas, on the 8th day of July, 1922, to determine whether the Board of Trustees of said District shall have power to annually levy and collect a tax upon all taxable property in said district, for the support and maintenance of Public Free Schools in said Johnson Independent School District of and at the rate of Twenty-Five cents on the \$100.00 valuation of taxable property, making a total of not to exceed Seventy-Five cents on the \$100.00 valuation of taxable property in said district; such tax, if voted, to be levied and collected for the year of 1922, and annually thereafter, unless it be discontinued as provided by law.

S. C. Rawlins is hereby appointed manager of said election, and he shall select two judges and two clerks to assist him in holding said election.

None but property taxpayers who are otherwise qualified voters in said Johnson Independent School District shall vote at said election.

A copy of this order signed by the President and attested by the Secretary of this Board shall serve as a proper notice of said election, and the president shall cause notice of said election to be given according to law, Johnson Independent School District, By R. Stice, President.

Attest:—J. D. Williamson, Sec.

## NOTICE OF ELECTION

Whereas, the City Council of the City of Brownfield, deems it advis-

# 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**

the said J. W. Moore, and against the said O. T. Thomason and Lizzie Thomason, No. 703, on the docket of said Court, I did on the 25th day of May, A.D. 1922, at 11 o'clock A.M., levy upon the following described tract and parcel of land situated in the County of Terry, State of Texas, belonging to the said O. T. Thomason and Lizzie Thomason, to-wit: The Southeast One-Fourth of Section No. 170 in Block T, Terry County, Texas, and on the 4th day of July, A. D. 1922, being the First Tuesday in said month between the hours of 10 o'clock a.m. and 4 o'clock p.m. on said day, at the Court House door of said county, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said O. T. Thomason and Lizzie Thomason in and to said property.

Dated this, May 25th, 1922.  
Wood E. Johnson,  
Sheriff Terry County, Texas

## NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

The State of Texas, County of Yoakum.—By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Bell county, on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1922, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of the Temple Trust Company vs. W. E. Smith, Margaret Smith, (sometimes called Belle Smith) W. H. Dallas, O. T. Halley, L.C. Smith, and the Commonwealth National Bank, of Kansas City, Missouri, a banking corporation, No. 13940, and to me, as sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the First Tuesday in July, A.D. 1922, it being on the 4th day of said month, before the Court House door of said Yoakum County, in the town of Plains, the following described property, to-wit: 955 acres of land in Yoakum county, Texas, described in two tracts as follows:

FIRST TRACT: Survey No. Three Hundred Ninety One (391), Block D Patent No. 440, Vol. 38, Cert. 371, issued to John H. Gibson, containing 635 acres of land in Yoakum county, and being all of said survey except 5 acres conveyed by W. J. Luna to the public for graveyard purposes on September 15, 1909.

SECOND TRACT: The north one-half (1/2) of Section Four Hundred Twenty-Six (426), Block D, Cert. No. 386, issued to John H. Gibson, in the County of Yoakum, State of Texas, and being the same tract of land described in said mortgage from W. E. Smith and wife, Margaret Smith, to Temple Trust Company, dated June 4th, 1919, and which is recorded in Book 5 at page 110 et seq of the Records of Mortgages and Deeds of Trust for said Yoakum County, Texas, and here referred to for better description.

Levied on the 6th day of June, A.D. 1922, as the property of W. E. Smith and Margaret Smith (sometimes called Belle Smith) to satisfy a judgement amounting to \$6,210.85, in favor of the Temple Trust Company, a private corporation and of cost of suit.

Given under my hand, this 6th day of June, A. D. 1922.

J. C. KELLER,  
Sheriff Yoakum County

able to issue bonds of the said city for the purpose hereinafter mentioned:

Therefore, be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Brownfield, Texas, that an election be held on the 21st day of July, A.D. 1922, at which election the following proposition shall be submitted:

"Shall the City Council of the City of Brownfield, Texas, be authorized to issue bonds of the City of Brownfield, Texas, in the sum of Sixteen Thousand (\$16,000.00) payable twenty years from the date thereof, maturing serially, one of which in the sum of One Thousand (\$1,000.00) dollars maturing five years after its date, and one for a like amount maturing annually thereafter, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, the interest payable semi-annually, and to levy a tax sufficient to pay the interest on said bonds, and create a sinking fund sufficient to redeem them at maturity, for the purpose of purchasing, erecting and constructing an Electric Light & Power System for the City of Brownfield, Texas, as authorized by Title 18, Chapter 1, R.S. 1911, and Amended Section 4 and 5 of Article 11 of the Constitution, as Amended by the Thirty-Seventh Legislature at the Regular Session, adjourned March 12th 1921, and the Constitution and Laws of the State of Texas."

The said election shall be held at the Courthouse in the City of Brownfield, Texas, and the following named persons are hereby appointed to hold said election:

A. W. Endersen, Mgr. A.R. Brownfield, Clerk; John S. Powell, Clerk.

The said election shall be held under the provisions of Chapter 1, Title 18, R. S. 1911, and in pursuance with the authority hereinbefore mentioned and the Constitution and Laws of the State of Texas, and only qualified voters, who are property tax payers of said city, shall be allowed to vote.

All voters who favor the proposition to issue the bonds shall have written or printed upon their ballots the words:

"For the issuance of bonds."

And those opposed shall have written or printed upon their ballots the words:

"Against the issuance of bonds."

The manner of holding said election shall be governed by the Laws of the State regulating general elections.

A copy of this order, signed by the Mayor of the City of Brownfield, attested by the City Secretary of said City, shall serve as a proper notice of said election.

The Mayor is authorized and directed to cause said notice of the election to be posted up at the City Hall, and at one public place at each of the voting places of the City of Brownfield, for at least thirty days prior to the date of said election.

The Mayor is further authorized and directed to have said election notice published in some newspaper of general circulation published in said city, and which notice shall be published once each week for four weeks, the date of the first publication being not less than 30 full days prior to the date of the election.

Dated this, June 14th, A.D. 1922.  
Joe J. McGowan,  
Mayor, City of Brownfield, Texas.

Attest:—Morgan L. Copeland,  
(Seal) City Secretary

## NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

The State of Texas, County of Terry.—In the District Court of Terry County, Texas; J. W. Moore, Plaintiff vs. O. T. Thomason and Lizzie Thomason, Defendants.

Whereas, by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Terry County, Texas, on a judgement rendered in said Court on the 5th day of May, A.D. 1922, in favor of

## 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  
Mable A. Davis, R. N.  
Asst. Surg.  
Helen E. Griffith, R. N.  
Dietian  
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.

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,

Brownfield, Texas

## DR. H. H. HUGHES

Dental Surgeon

Office at the Brownfield Sanitarium.

Brownfield, Texas

## 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. 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. Pridoux, Sec.

## 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

# HARNESS AND SHOE REPAIRS

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

**AMERICAN SHOE SHOP**  
Brownfield Texas

# 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

We want your hauling—

No job to large to undertake—none too small to appreciate.

**BROWNFIELD TRANSFER CO.**

Res. Phone No. 94 Business Phone 112

# 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

**Herald \$1. in Terry County**