

WARM CLOTHES

The time has arrived When Warm Clothing is in demand.

Our stock is complete in Winter Weight, Underware, Wool shirt, Corduroy and Moleskin Suits. Sheepskin lined Vest etc.

BIRD & DEAN

FAMILY OUTFITTERS

Brownfield

Texas

PROSPECTS GOOD FOR UP-TO-DATE HOTEL

A subscription list is being circulated in Brownfield by Red Tudor in an effort to get enough stockholders to erect a \$40,000 brick hotel. The last time we saw the list something like half the amount had been taken and many were to be seen. Mr. M.V. Brownfield, for whom the town is named proposes to take \$10,000 of the \$42,000 stock.

People leave Brownfield every day because of inadequate hotel accommodations, and our business men who have some capital see it and are now endeavoring to give the traveling public a hotel of the first class.

The husband looked up from the newspaper he was reading to say: "I see Thompson's shirt store has been burned out."

"Whose?" asked the wife who was slightly deaf.

"Thompson's shirt store" said the husband.

"Dear me" said his wife sympathetically, "who tore it."

STEWART-DOSS

Not a few of the people of the town and surrounding community were surprised Sunday afternoon to learn that Mr. Fletcher Stewart and Miss Gertrude Doss had been united in marriage by Rev. H. H. Bowers, pastor of the Presbyterian church, late in the afternoon.

These are among the most prominent of our young people, beloved by their many friends, and the Herald is very happy to join in congratulations.

EATS! SPEECHES! SONGS!!!
There will be a meeting of Howard Post No. 269, American Legion, at the Courthouse in Brownfield, Thursday night, Dec. 1st.

All Legionnaires and Ex-Service men who are not members are urged to attend.

ALL KINDS OF fruit and vegetables in season, at Bros. & Bros.

A. L. Turner is now representing the Davis & Son Livestock Commission Co., of St. Joseph, Mo.

ICE AND LIGHT PLANT AT LUBBOCK BURNED

Lubbock, Nov. 15.—Fire tonight totally destroyed the ice and electric light plant of the Texas Utility Company. The loss was estimated at \$200,000. The origin was unknown.

Two cars of crude oil, used to run the plant, were also burned, and for a time about 40 car loads of cotton seed and other farm products on the switch track near the ice and electric plant were threatened by the blaze, but a speed breaking run by a switch engine from Slaton saved the cars.

After the blaze was seen to be beyond control, efforts of the fire fighters centered on saving that end of the town from becoming fired.

(Two girls to an automobilist who had come upon them walking down the road and invited them to ride.)

"No, we don't want to ride, we are just coming from one."

HOUSE WANTED: 4 or 5 rooms, with garden and water; prefer east part of town; will pay in advance. O. P. Morrison at Curry place.

The army of the disabled keeps growing



The Red Cross is spending Ten Million Dollars a Year to help the ex-service man and his family — Annual Roll Call Nov. 11-24, 1921

To bring before the country in visual form the vast problem it is helping to solve, the American Red Cross has prepared for its Annual Roll Call, Nov. 11 to 24, a poster showing how rather than diminishing the total of World War veterans entitled to Federal aid continues to grow. Red Cross Service to these men is costing \$10,000,000 a year.

LUBBOCK WANTS PERMANENT SOUTH PLAINS FARM EXHIBIT

The Clover Leaf Creamery Company is making additional improvements in their equipment that is overflowing their present work room, and a part of it is being installed in the front of their building. This necessitates the removal of one of the best agricultural displays ever established in this city and one that has gained considerable attention, not only from local folks, but from visitors to the city passing along the way between the city and the depot.

Brownfield, in Terry county, has consistently won first place in the South Plains Fair each year and are known at the Dallas Fair for their long period of representation at that place. They not only have one or two men who know how to arrange an exhibit to be effective, but also to win awards and represent the county. And better than that—they have a bunch of progressive farmers who appreciate the value of showing the best possible produce from their county to the outside world, and the result is that the exhibit committee never has any trouble getting the proper material with which to arrange an exhibit.

It is a plan that has long been under consideration with the Lubbock Chamber of Commerce but for various reasons has been delayed to erect a special building or reserve near the station or at the station for the exclusive purpose of presenting to the traveling public the remarkable products produced throughout the South Plains section. When this is done, each of the South Plains counties will be invited to maintain an exhibit in the space granted them together with advertising of their county and section and in this way we will be able to present to the traveling public a united front to show them the productive possibilities of our South Plains section.

Terry county is to be congratulated upon the spirit of her citizenship, and especially her progressive farmers through whose efforts and care it is possible to always present a real exhibit to the public that favorably advertises the county. It takes a lot of time and trouble to get the proper material together in the proper condition and at the proper time and folks has to have an unselfish interest in their section to take that time and trouble.

Lubbock was glad to have their exhibit at the fair and in the city up until this time and hope it will be maintained.—Lubbock Avalanche.

R. M. Kendrick, President of the First National Bank, left Saturday for Fort Worth, where he went on business for that institution. Luther French is helping out at the bank in his absence.

HOUSEWIVES get Magnolia kerosene and notice the difference.

WHY ATTEND SUNDAY SCHOOL?

There are many goodly and worthy institutions all over this fair land, many of which could be patronized more loyally than they are. The Sunday Schools of our nation are quite loyally attended by the younger of the land and justly so.

Parents who send their children to Sunday School are giving them the one great opportunity of life, that of receiving the principles of right living that is going to influence them for the right to a very great extent so long as they shall live. However whenever possible, parents should bring their children to Sunday School instead of sending them, for in so doing, you will give them another opportunity that will be of untold value and joy to them in after years, for if they become Christian men and women, they will always refer with pride to their parents bringing them to Sunday School, while if they are not Christians, they will almost invariably state that "my parents made me attend Sunday School" and they usually say it so that one sees a trace of regret.

To the writer, the Sunday School can only be surpassed in its influence for good moral development of the children, save only the home influences. Don't think for a moment that the Sunday School is for children and young folks alone. Adults and all should attend its ordinances and they will find its influence of untold value in keeping you in good spiritual standing with God and your fellow man.

Come to Sunday School regularly and see.

J. A. Darden

DO YOU NEED GLASSES?

See Prof. Shaw who will give you the most careful examination and put up the very best lenses in the latest style frames or mountings.

Frank Davis, one of our hustling farmers was in Saturday, shopping.

R. Stitt, of the Johnson community was in one day recently and informed us that the recent box supper netted them 80 odd dollars. This will go toward a well and windmill for the school.

MILLINERY SALE: For the next two weeks I will sell everything in the millinery line at cost. Mrs. T.A. Fancett.

W. H. Castleberry and family were here from Meadon, Saturday, shopping with our merchants.

KEEP YOUR MONEY AT HOME. Don't forget Nat J. B. King will have a full line of n-very stock this fall. Lots of this stock will be grown here in Terry county. Don't risk ordering from an outside nursery when you can select from a full line of stock and get what you want. Prices right and trees guaranteed to be live and healthy.

SAFEGUARDING YOUR WEALTH

SAFEGUARDING YOUR WEALTH IS SECOND IN IMPORTANCE ONLY TO THE MAINTENANCE OF YOUR HEALTH, BECAUSE THE PEACE AND COMFORT OF YOUR OLD AGE AND PERHAPS THAT OF YOUR FAMILY DEPEND UPON THE SECURITY OF YOUR POSSESSIONS.

WITH THIS BANK YOU HAVE ALL PHASES OF PROTECTION PRACTICED BY BANKING INSTITUTIONS, PLUS THE GUARANTY FUND ASSURANCE AND EVERYTHING THAT APPRECIATIVE, CONSERVATIVE, AND ACCOMODATING BANKING SERVICE CAN MEAN TO YOU.

BROWNFIELD STATE BANK

"A GUARANTY FUND BANK"



MALLET RANCH HOUSE BURNED SUNDAY

Pat J. Ross, manager of the Mallet Ranch was in Monday after supplies and informed the Herald that the ranch house and main headquarters of the ranch burned Sunday afternoon while everybody was away. He did not know whether Mr. D. M. De Witt, the owner, who lives in Fort Worth carried insurance or not, but Mr. Ross was pretty sure that the headquarters would be rebuilt.

Mr. Ross said if it had not been for the fact that the wind was from the southwest the barns and other buildings and corral would have gone, but as it was only a small area of grass northeast of the house was burned before people arrived and stopped the fire. Of course no one being there, the house and contents went, and Pat informed us that the duds he had on was his entire wardrobe.

MAGNOLIA Kerosene is clear and colorless while burning.

Ruth:—"What are you thinking about?"

Chan:—"Just what you are thinking about."

Ruth:—"If you do, I'll scream."

GOVERNOR URGES CHILDREN STUDY ARMAMENT PARLEY

Austin, Nov. 19.—Regarding the call for school children to study the proceedings of the armament conference, Governor Neff Saturday made this statement:

"The history that is being made by the disarmament conference at Washington will be frequently referred to by writers, speakers and thinkers for generations to come. It constitutes an epoch-making milestone that inflexibly marks the march of man."

"Students of today, who are to be the men and women of tomorrow, should have as a part of their daily curriculum the detailed proceedings of this worldwide conference now assembled in our country as it seeks to turn away the tide of civilization from the war-wrecked shores of the past."

The combined Mission Societies of the town are giving a chicken dinner on December 3rd. Dinner 50c.

Mrs. Dallas and Mrs. Stokes are giving a recital of their pupils in music, voice and expression on the evening of Dec. 9th. The patrons and the public are cordially invited to attend.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burnett, a girl on the 13th. J. M. and Mrs. Hosea Key, of Gomez, a boy last week. To Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Martin a girl Nov. 12th. To Mr. and Mrs. Ray Brownfield, a girl Nov. 15th. To Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jenkins, a girl Nov. 16th.

Jim Moore, of Clovis, N. M., was here last week visiting his father, A. P. Moore and family, of Gomez. He is now working for a wholesale produce company at Clovis. Jim was accompanied by Mr. Carl Moss, creamery man of that city.

Bill Duncan loaded two cars and Kay Brownfield loaded six cars of cattle here Saturday for the market. Mr. Duncan's ranch is near Tatum, N. M.

Will Peckal left Saturday for Temple, where he will reside for some time. Will informed us that he had rented his farm near Seagraves. He informed us that he liked to farm in this county, but did not fancy hatching. We hope he may soon return with a housekeeper of his own.

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

THE BEST TIRE BUY TODAY

"MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON THE GOODYEAR TIRE THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND"

Here Are The New Low Prices On Goodyear Tires And Tubes.

THE FOLLOWING PRICES ON POPULAR SIZES ARE TYPICAL OF THE VALUES NOW OFFERED IN GOODYEAR TIRES.

FABRICS		CORDS	
30X3 Smooth tread	\$9.85	30X3½ All-Weather	\$18.00
Regular Tube	2.00	Heavy Tourist Tube	2.80
30X3½ Non-Skid	10.95	33X4 All-Weather	33.40
Regular Tube	2.25	Heavy Tourist Tube	3.85
30X3½ All-Weather	14.75	34X4 All-Weather	34.25
Heavy Tourist Tube	2.80	Heavy Tourist Tube	4.00
33X4 All-Weather	26.80	32X4½ All-Weather	41.90
Heavy Tourist Tube	3.85	Heavy Tourist Tube	4.75
34X4 All-Weather	27.35	33X4½ All-Weather	42.85
Heavy Tourist Tube	4.75	Heavy Tourist Tube	4.90
32X4½ All-Weather	34.05	34X4½ All-Weather	43.90
Heavy Tourist Tube	4.75	Heavy Tourist Tube	5.10

THE NEW PRICES ARE THE LOWEST EVER PLACED UPON GOODYEAR TIRES—FAR LOWER, EVEN, THAN BEFORE THE WAR. AND GOODYEAR TIRES TODAY ARE BETTER THAN EVER—LARGER, STRONGER, HEAVIER AND MORE DURABLE.

BUY GOODYEAR TIRES AND TUBES NEXT. DRIVE UP AND WE WILL PUT THEM ON FOR YOU.

Holgate-Endersen Hardware Co.
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

Gasoline Kerosene Lubricating Oils

There is a difference. Why not use the best when it cost no more. Give the Texas Co. your next order and judge for your self. Quality Goods and Courteous treatment is our motto. Phone No. 5 and get the Best.

The Texas Co.

W. M. Adams Agt.

THE TERRY COUNTY HERALD
Published Every Friday at
Brownfield, Texas
A. J. STRICKLIN, Editor and Prop.
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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.

We have heard it remarked that the American Legion was purely an officers organization, but if the membership at Brownfield, Lubbock and other South Plains towns is any indication of the contents of the organization throughout the United States, then officers are very scarce articles, unless perhaps you want to call a sergeant or corporal an officer.

Hang on to life for another five or six years. You may have your curiosity satisfied as to the kind of people who exist on the planet Mars. A body of astronomers will use an abandoned mine in South America for the purpose of constructing a powerful telescope 1,300 feet in length. This telescope will reach from the bottom of the shaft to the surface of the ground, and its magnifying power is expected to be sufficient to bring Mars within a mile of the earth. We may even be able to settle the mooted question as to the length of the skirts Martin women wear. Don't die yet.—Ward County News.

The two Lamesa papers have been well filled with a lot of rot from the pen of an anti-church fanatic here of late, but classed as advertising. The Herald need to be offered the same old dope by the No-Hell-Fire people in plate form, and refused, and we are inclined to think we would also turned it down if paid for at so much per. These howling yaps as a rule never built anything, and are tearing down that which God fearing and self respecting men have labored ages to build up. They are generally so self conceited with their own godliness that they are not unlike their predecessors that Christ came in earth to fight with when here on the earth—the self-righteous Pharisee, and can see no good in the balance of the people—the Publicans. If it were not for the "So Called Churches" as he terms them, this writer might at this time be a Cave Man carrying a big stick for his supposed enemies. The glorious Church of Jesus Christ will survive all the slurs of these carping critics, and shine forth a beacon light to the lost souls of man, when the worms have devoured the putrid bodies of His slanderers, and their

souls are crying out for the rocks to hide them. We are glad that Terry has but few if any of this ilk, and that they are so ashamed of this damnable doctrine that they never yelp in the hearing of our people.

MEADOW BRIEFS
By Aesculapius
(delayed)

Our city continues to improve. The Commissioner, Mr. Barrett, has been grading the roads in our community the past two weeks, and has a grade from the county line of Hockley Co. through our town. We feel very grateful for this recognition of our existence. It is a pity, however, that this road cannot be extended on to Brownfield along the railroad.

Dr. Moorhead has moved into his new shack, and his former home has been taken by Mr. Cheshire. We extend him a hearty welcome to our city.

There is considerable improvement going on throughout the community. Mr. Eubank has built a nice residence in the southern part of town. Mr. Kirkpatrick, of Galveston, has built on his section west of town, and Mr. McQuire has moved into the house and will cultivate the place the coming year.

D. J. Harris is erecting a barn at his new home and making other improvements.

The Methodist are preparing to build a new church here. Bro. J. Nettles is out with a subscription list. Everybody should contribute to such enterprises. There is but one church building in town, which is owned by the Baptist, and they have been very kind in extending the privileges of their church to others, but there is no place like home, in churches as in dwellings. The Christian people, it is rumored, will build soon. There is a large body of them here, and we sincerely hope they will build.

The railroad has a work train here. It is presumed they intend building a platform for loading cotton and other products. We have needed it all fall, but will be glad to have it anyway, even though the season is about over.

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

Nothing equals
SAPOLIO
for
scouring
and
polishing
cutlery.
Makes all
metalware
look like new



MY EXPERIENCE IN THE WORLD WAR

By Homer R. Winston

Before we leave Winchester, I want to give you a letter that was handed to every soldier while on the train enroute:
Windsor Castle—
"Soldiers of the United States—
The people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the armies of many nations now fighting in the Old World the great battle of human freedom.
The Allies will gain new heart and spirit in your company.
I wish that I could shake the hands of each one of you and bid you God speed on your mission.

April 1918. George, R. I. Fram Winchester we went to South Hampton and crossed the English Channel that night, landing in La Harve, France. The boat was very small and carried about 1400 of us in peace time her capacity was 300 I was told, so you can guess how crowded we were. Her name was "Queen Alexander" and belonged to the British. Talk about a running boat, that was one of them; right over one wave and through the next one. If you stayed in the hull, you would smother and if you got on the deck, the waves would take you off. After awhile we got out to where the warships were real high, and they gave the command to lock all doors. Then we all got sea sick, and we would not have given a red cent if we met the whole German fleet, for death would have been a pleasure to the condition we were in for a few minutes. The general opinion was that to get sea sick, you were not much of a man, and your veins did not flow red blood but we changed our notion presently.

Stayed at La Harve three days; another one of these rest camps made out of tents and cinders from some. I don't know. On the 3rd day, oh! boy! Box cars (400 homes and 4000 chateaux) meaning 40 men and 8 horses, for two days and nights and headed somewhere. Very small cars; couldn't sit down at the same time. Some trip, and gently reminded us of the good old Pullmans in the U.S.A.

Landed at La Police, from whence we went to a camp near Rochfort. This is the town from whence La Fayette sailed to help Geo. Washington lick the British. Here we had Packard trucks issued to us and about the time we thought we were going to the front, orders changed—had them taken away from us—very disheartening. Boarded the box cars again for "somewhere." While on these beautiful box cars, our meals consisted of hard tack, corn wafers and gold fish, which gave our stomachs a good job of warming it up with a churning process so it could be digested.

After three days and nights, we landed at a small place called Raceys Ounce, near the mountains in the eastern part of France. We billeted about two miles from the town on a large hill, in a huge stone barn. A small stream lay between us and the town. The first night we decided we would have a bath, so down to the creek we went. The first one that hit the water did not give up any squeak, for fear some of the balance would not follow, but in about two minutes about 20 hit it at the same time and they gave a yell like Comanche Indians, for ice would have been warm beside that water. It was melted snow right out of the mountains. This taught us the lesson that "all is not gold that glitters." Around in this part of the country the 90th division with the exception of the artillery was billeted. Talk about real work, we were having to do it. Every branch was getting ready for the test for all we knew that it would not be many days until we would be facing the Germans. On August 12th, we went to Dijon (Paris) and got about 200 trucks. On the 15th we left our billets for good and arrived with the trucks near Toul at a small town by the name of Choloy. Here we witnessed air raids every night. This was rather exciting, as this was our first sight of the war. We knew we were right on the front, but it was 20 miles away, we found out later, and when we returned to the place some six weeks later, it seemed like a rest camp 1000 miles from the battle line.

(To be continued)

Mrs. Owens, of Slaton, was here last week visiting with her sister, Mrs. T. I. Brown.

THE STAR-TELEGRAM Bargain days are on and the Herald will be glad to take your order for this splendid daily paper. Daily and Sunday one year \$6.75. Six week day edition one year, \$5.60. Let us renew your paper.

Bert Doddridge, conductor on this line of the Santa Fe, with headquarters at Seagraves, accompanied by his wife and Mrs. Lindsey and daughter, spent Sunday in Brownfield. Mr. and Mrs. Doddridge were the guests of Rev. Baughman and wife, and Mrs. Lindsey and daughter visited at the home of Mrs. W. W. Ditto.

BROTHERS & Brothers delivers your groceries to your kitchen.

MEAD CYCLE CO.
S. N. Canal Street, Chicago, U.S.A.
Gentlemen—Send me (free) the big new Mead Ranger Catalog. Send special Factory-to-Wholesale prices and full particulars of the 30 days free trial and Easy Payment terms.
Name _____
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The CLAN CALL
by
Hapsburg Liebe
Illustrations by
Irwin Myers
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SYNOPSIS.
"The reason whatever," stilled Dale. "Well, and her clear brown eyes looked at him squarely, 'I come back because your mother she said I would be a burden to Mr. McLaughlin, that's why.'
"Mrs. McLaughlin," said Dale; "not Mr. McLaughlin."
"A burden to Mrs. McLaughlin, and I ain't a-goin' to be the killing of nobody!" vehemently. In a softer voice, she went on, "Mrs. McLaughlin and her husband and her folks has made up my mind, and the whole town was crazy about 'em when I left. Jimmy Fayne is awful good-lookin' and rich, ain't he, Bill? He liked me better'n any of 'em, less it was Pat herself. You know Jimmy, don't ye, Bill? Dale nodded, frowning, and turned his sober gaze toward the toes of his high laced boots. Yes, he knew Jimmy Fayne, and he held him in contempt. The pampered son of a wealthy cotton speculator, weak, devoted to high nights, remarkably handsome to romantic and unsophisticated girls but not to men and women who had cut their wisdom-teeth—that was Jimmy Fayne.

Bill Littleford was speaking again; he "died" to come back here, Bill Dale, because I thought they might need me here as well as because I was afraid I would be a burden to Pat—I mean afraid I would be a burden to Pat. Seems that I can't talk proper at all! I've tried and tried, I've spent half of my time just a-tryin' to do this proper. Pat, she'd put down words I mustn't say on a sheet of paper, and I'd study 'em. After that, show, you see, ain't half the right words with 'em so's I'd know.

"Your mother was the last to come to see me, Bill. 'So this,' she says to Pat, 'is the 'charismatic princess' I don't know what that meant, but I 'spect it's somethin' bad. I went into the house, because I didn't want to say anything, and her yore own mother. But I listened, and I heard her say the rest, and this is it:—
"What'll you do when the in-innovation wears off, Patricia? she says. 'She'll be a burden to you, Patricia; you'll have a half-savage person tagging after you, like a lady bear!'
"That's what it was she said, Bill Dale. . . . I'm shure they do need me here, and I ax ye this, Bill Dale: Are you sorry to see me come back?'"

"Perhaps they do need you," Dale slowly stripped the tiny leaves from a fern. "But that is not sufficient reason to warrant your staying here. Of course, I'm not sorry to see you, Babe. But you must go back to Patricia very soon. If you had been a burden to Patricia, she would have told you."
Dale put out a foot and idly rolled an acorn across the path with one bare big toe.
"But I—I don't think I want to go back," she protested. "I'd rather stay here, a heap rather."
"What'll you do go back," declared Dale, "you really must."
Ben Littleford's daughter was silent. For a moment she absently watched the playful antics of a little boomer squirrel on the side of a nearby hickory. Then she arose.
"Look," she uttered—it was one of the charming wiles of her—"Look at

CHAPTER X
The Barbarian Princess Goes Home.
Miss Elizabeth Littleford held an interesting sight when she alighted from a northbound afternoon train at the Halfway switch. Just below the long siding a shorter siding had been put in—the railway company had been hastened, no doubt, by the great influx of old Newton Wheatley—and from it had been unloaded a small geared locomotive, a dozen or so of little coal cars opening at the ends, and miles of light steel rails with kegs of spikes for them.

That toward her home a crew of men worked like bees at the building of a wreath of round timbers that had been cut from the nearby woods; she also recognized these men as Morelands and Littlefords, and she knew that the "Pat" she had seen before her, because of the distance and the clothing she wore, and because they were too busy to pay any particular attention to her.

Farther out toward Doe River another crew of men was at work clearing the way for the little narrow-gauge. She heard the sounds of the ax and the saw, the hammer and the steel, and once there came to her ears the great rull of exploding dynamite as a cliff was blown clear of its foundations.

Miss Elizabeth Littleford smiled happily. And she had not been happy for a long time. Patricia McLaughlin, with whom she had been staying, had been ill since the last time she saw Bill Dale, and he had been ill since she had seen him. She would have gone to see the men, had it not been that she feared she would be a bother.

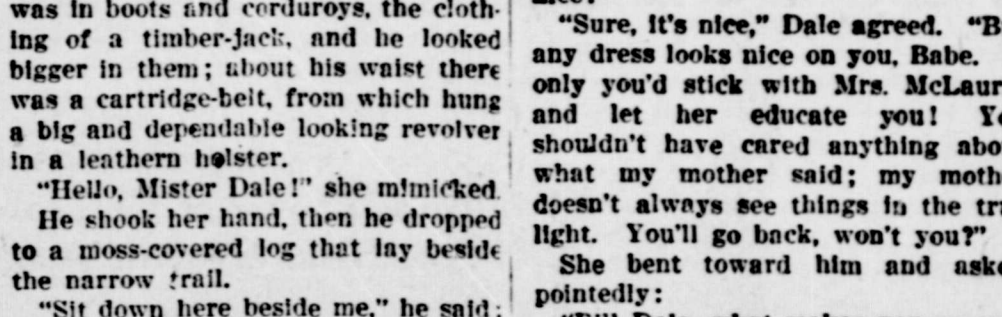
There was another interesting sight when she reached the foot of the mountain. David Moreland's mountain. In the upper end of the broad valley, mid way between the "settlement" and the opening of the Moreland coal vein, two large buildings were well along in their course of construction. She put down her bundle of clothing, shaded her eyes with her hand and tried to find Bill Dale among the builders. But the distance was too great; a man down there was but a mere speck. . . . Before she went on, she removed her shoes and stockings. It was hard for Babe Littleford to be come accustomed to wearing useless shoes and stockings in warm weather.

When she had reached the foot of the mountain, she didn't take the by-path her people had been wont to use in order that they might avoid contact with the Morelands. There was no need of avoiding contact with the Morelands now, thank goodness! Then a voice hailed her from the laurels out here, and the voice she loved better than any other—
"Hello, Miss Littleford!"
Babe stopped and faced him, and she blushed furiously when she saw him. He was coming rapidly toward her with his hat in his hand, and his brown hair was rumpled and damp with perspiration. She saw that he was in boots and corduroys, the clothing of a timber-jack, and he looked bigger in them; about his waist there was a cartridge-belt, from which hung a big and dependable looking revolver in a leather holster.

"Hello, Mister Dale!" she mimicked. He shook her hand, then he dropped to a moss-covered log that lay beside the narrow trail.
"Sit down here beside me," he said, and he added: "I've been going hard all day, and I'm pretty tired."
She let fall her bundle and her shoes and stockings, and obeyed.

"Why did you come back, Babe?" he asked as though he were displeased.
"Cause," she answered—and she

BAKER GUNS
For fifty years known to the trade as the best for service.
\$48.00 to \$385.00
Send for BAKER BOOK-LET describing the entire line.
Baker Gun Company
314 Broadway, New York



CASH! CASH! CASH!

Beginning Monday Nov 14, 1921 we will sell for cash only. This is the time of year to pay debts and not to make them, so please come in and pay your account so we will be in position to accomodate you next spring when you will need it—

Below we quote a few specials for the week ending Saturday Nov. 19, 1921.

Sugar per 100 lbs	\$6.90
Spuds per 100 lbs	4.00
Blue Label Karo Syrup 6-10 per case	4.00
Red Label Karo Syrup 6-10 per case	4.25
Imperial Club Corn per doz.	1.75
Country Style Sausage 30c size per doz.	2.50
Red Crown Virginies 40c size per doz.	3.00

Lewis Brothers & Company
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

states, if you had an education."
Babe Littleford pursued with child-like earnestness: "To be such a splendid woman?"
Dale lifted his gray eyes and answered her frankly:
"Because I expect to marry you some day."
Babe Littleford blushed deeply. Her eyes were glad, filled with rejoicing. If he didn't love her now, at least just a weeny-teeny bit, he wouldn't be thinking of marrying her some day, certainly, and this conclusion made her happier than she had ever been in all her life before. She wished wildly that she could hug him with all her might—and she had a big notion to do that. But what would he think of her? Well, there would come a day when she would surely hug him with all her might. She would snuggly break his blessed bones, almost.
"Will you go to Patricia tomorrow?" he asked.
She really believed that she ought to go. But the thought of leaving him was more hateful than ever, now that she knew he meant to marry her. She strove to change the subject—
"See that little, teeny flower over there—that little, teeny, blue one?" she asked, pointing. "That's a day-flower. It's the prettiest blue of any. They call it a day-flower because it don't last but just one single day."
And again, pointing: "See that little, teeny, purple flower over there at them twisted laurels? That's called Job's tears, and they don't last but one day, neither. That little red, spidery thing is bee balm. Over yonder at the hickory is monkshood. I learned the names out of a book Major Bradley loaned me. Hadn't he better be a-goin' home? It—it—be a comin' out pretty soon, won't it?"
Said Dale, "Will you go back to Patricia tomorrow?"
"I—I've been a-wonderin'," murmured Babe, "Which is proper, Bill, just for me? Which is proper, Bill, just for me? Which is proper, Bill, just for me?"
Dale spoke quickly. "Burst for you, burst for me. Will you go back to Patricia?"
Beaten, Babe Littleford drew a long breath and smiled.
"Yes, Mister Dale," she answered hesitatingly. "I will. I'll go where you want me to go, ef—it it comes to Torment. Now tell me how it comes that I find my people and their enemies as thick as m'lasses in a jug, while we walk on."
When Dale returned to John Moreland's cabin from having seen Babe Littleford safely to her father's door, he found Major Bradley and By Heck waiting at the gate. Heck had some important bad news, he said.
"Better not tell me about it until after supper," replied Dale. "I'm as hungry as you ever were, By."
They went in to sit down to one of the best meals Adlie Moreland had ever prepared. When they had finished eating, John Moreland led the way into the best room, where they took chairs. The major produced cigars. By Heck, swollen with a thinking of greatness, lighted the wrong end of his weed, faced Dale, and began to unburden his mind of the weight of information.
"Well, Bill, old boy," he began—and then stopped to wonder why his cigar wouldn't smoke as well as the major's. "Well, Bill, old boy," he went on, smiling. "Henderson Got, he's been here as busy as a one-armed man in a blue-bleebee's nest. I can't see, look, what's wrong with this here accuser. Babe went and brung about twenty-five trays from two places known as Jeeben Cove and Hinton's best, and she work his mine when he git it. He's all a-puttin' up with them here. The Torreys is part injun, Chas. L. L. and I've heered it said by they was as bad or wuss'n a snake's broth."
Major Bradley blew a puff of smoke upward. "More of a puff of bluff, perhaps," he suggested.
"I'm inclined to think . . ."
(Continued on

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T. A. NOWELL, The Repair Man

The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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fully said Dale, "Well, we'll avoid trouble as long as we decently can; and when we can no longer get around it, we'll call in as much of the law as we can get, and meet it half-way. Eh, Hayes?"

"Sure," nodded the mining expert.

Dale was on his way to the new siding the following morning, when he met Henderson Goff. Again Dale was forcibly reminded of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. Goff stepped out of the trail, smiled and spoke with apparent good humor. Dale passed him without a word.

Then the shyster's coal man called out, "Ready to sell yet?"

The Moreland Coal company's manager halted and faced about with a puckering of his brows.

"For a fair price, yes."

"Just what would you call a fair price?"

"Oh, somewhere between two and three hundred thousand," promptly.

Goff sniffed, and the corners of his mouth came down.

"You don't want much. You won't get it from me."

"I don't want it from you."

Dale turned and went on. He was sorry that he had stopped to talk with the fellow.

That afternoon he again met Goff in the trail. The bare sight of the shyster made him very angry now, and his right hand felt upon the belt of the big revolver on his hip. Goff was about to sidestep in the brush, when Dale caught him roughly by the arm.

"See here," he said sharply, "you're about cut your little switch. We've had enough of you. You can't get take coal at any price, and the sooner you get yourself out of this country the better and safer it will be for us. To be plain, I'm pretty sure to thrash you the very next time I see you. Now move on!"

Goff went off laughing wickedly.

"Oh, all right, Dale; go ahead and build the little road for me!" he said.

Late that night every sleeper in the valley of the Doe was awakened by a great, rumbling explosion, which was followed almost immediately by another great, rumbling explosion. Before the reverberations had died away, Bill Dale had dressed himself and was standing on the wide-plank front porch, and he was only a few seconds ahead of John Moreland.

Then there came the tearing sound of a heavy explosion miles to the eastward.

"Do ye know what it is?" inquired the mountaineer.

"They've stolen our dynamite from the tobacco-barn, and blown up the office and supplies building and the commissary building; also they've blown up the big trestle near the siding," Dale answered.

"At's my guess, too," said Moreland.

Within the next half hour Dale and Hayes, Major Bradley, and the men of the Morelands and the Littlefords had gathered around the wreck of the two big, unfinished frame buildings. Dale blamed himself much for having left dynamite unguarded in the tobacco-barn—but nobody else blamed him for it.

"It's time to let the law in," he said when he had viewed the jumbled mass of broken planks and timbers by the light of lanterns. He turned to stallow Luke Moreland.

"You get on my horse and ride to Cartersville for the sheriff. Tell him he can get the best posse in the world right here, if he needs one. It's the proper thing, isn't it, major?"

"Yes," said Major Bradley, "it's the proper thing. You've got a real grievance now. But I fancy Goff had nothing to do with this; he is shrewd enough to know that a thing like this would cook his goose. Goff has been playing a bluff game all along, you know. Some Balls or some Torreys, perhaps a mixture of both, have done this without Goff's knowing anything about it. I'd have Sheriff Flowers arrest several of the Balls and several of the Torreys, and try to scare them into turning state's evidence to save themselves."

The major finished in a low tone, because of the probability for eavesdroppers, and in this he was wise.

"We'll do that," Dale decided.

He faced Hayes, his right-hand man, and began to give orders like a veteran general manager. The men were to take their rifles with them to work in the morning, but they were to fire no shot unless it was in defense of life or property. In the morning every available wagon in the valley was to be sent to the little sawmill that was in operation ten miles toward the lowland for more building material.

By Heck joined them then. He guessed a just what had happened, plucked at Dale's sleeve and whispered:

"Spoken I takes a sneek of two toward them lowdown, walnut-eyed, knock-kneed, dabbled Balls and Torreys and finds out what I can find out; hey, Bill!"

The answer came readily: "Sure, you be detective. But be careful that you don't lose anything for us, y' know, if you don't gain anything."

By Heck and his rifle disappeared in the darkness of the mountain night.

A little after work-time that day Bill Dale started alone on the way of the narrow-gauge railroad for the siding. He wished to see for himself just what the damage had been to the trestle, and he hoped to meet Goff, or a Ball, or a Torrey, and learn something that would be to his advantage.

Before he had covered two miles, he had seen two of the enemy skulking through the woods, and he recognized them for Torreys from Jerusalem Cove and Hatton's Hell; he knew it by their very swarthy skin, their high cheekbones and their coarse black hair, the outcroppings of the Cherokee Indian blood in them. They looked cunning and wicked. Dale loosened in its holster the big revolver that Major Bradley had persuaded him to carry for his own protection. John Moreland had taught him how to use firearms.

At a point near where the little stream that flowed past the Halfway

switch emptied into Doe river, where Doe river turned almost squarely to the left, Dale halted abruptly. He had seen a man dart behind a scrubby oak some thirty yards ahead of him; quite naturally, he concluded that the fellow meant to rattle him, and he, too, stepped behind a tree, a big hemlock.

A silent minute went by. Then Dale put his hat out on one side of the tree and peeped from the other side; it was an old trick that Grandpapa Moreland had told him about. A rifle cracked promptly and sharply, and a bullet-hole appeared in the rim of his hat!

Following it, there came the coarse, bass voice of Black Adam Ball, the mountaineer Gollath:

"You can't fool me. I jest shot to put a hole in yore new hat and to show ye 'at I ain't no bad shot. You can't hit my hat!"

Dale's temper, the temper that had always been so hard to keep under control, rose quickly. He tried to reason with himself, and couldn't; his passion mastered him. He snatched the big revolver from its holster and cocked it. With as steady a hand as ever he aimed, he fired, and he meant to take aim at Ball's slouch hat, the half of which was in plain view at one side of the scrubby oak.

"I fooled you once, back there in the middle of the river," he cried hotly, "and now I'm going to fool you again!"

There was in his voice that old, old primitive rage, which frightened him, and puzzled him too, in his better moments.

He let down the bead until it was barely visible in the notch, and eased off the trigger. The revolver roared and spat forth a tiny tongue of flame and a little cloud of white smoke. Ball sprang erect, wheeled, and fell crashing to the leaves!

Dale dropped his weapon. He went as white as death, and his two hands clutched uncertainly at his throat. He was a murderer! No, he wasn't—his bullet had gone wild; it had struck Ball's head on the other side of the tree, by accident. But how could he prove that it had been an accident? Would any jury believe him? It was far from probable.

He stepped from behind the hemlock and went toward the writhing Gollath, whose legs only were visible now.

Then a third shot rang out on the morning stillness. It had been fired from a point some little distance away, and Dale's condition of mind at the moment was such that he didn't even note the direction from which the sound had come. He was un hurt, and he had not heard the whine of a bullet or the pattering of shot on the leaves. When he looked about him, he saw no one; neither did he see any telltale smoke. Perhaps, he thought dimly, it had been a squirrel-hunter that had fired that shot. He forgot about it very quickly for the time being, and went on toward Adam Ball, who now was lying perfectly still.

There was a bullet-hole through and through the great, shaggy head. The face behind the short, curly black beard was of the colorless hue of soapstone. The giant hillman was dead.

Bill Dale knelt there beside Black Adam. Again he clutched at his throat with his two shaking hands, and this time he tore his blue flannel shirt. All here, it was merely a piece of black oilcloth folded over leaves of white paper. Small holes punched through at each end allow a black silk cord to bind the lock and provide for hanging it up at the same time.

A powder box and a rouge box shown below it are covered with black lacquer and decorated with colored sealing wax that simulates ribbon and flowers.

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A powder box and a rouge box shown below it are covered with black lacquer and decorated with colored sealing wax that simulates ribbon and flowers.

Anyone who knows how to handle a paint brush and oil colors or understands the new art of

Terry County Farmers

are entitled to a fair profit for their corn and feed crop. And there should be a way to realize it. We would be pleased to talk the business over with any farmer who has given it thought. Perhaps we can help you.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS



PLAINS NOTES

By Paraphraser.
Weather fair and warmer. Everybody is working hard to get everything in readiness for the School Carnival to be held here Saturday, Nov. 26th.
The merchants have donated liberally to help provide necessary expenses. There will be everything that is good to eat in the refreshment hall. A rest room has been provided for the ladies with children.
The afternoon will be taken up with basketball games. Brownfield second team of boys will play Plains' first team, and the second team of Brownfield girls will play Plains' first team of girls. Gomez has sent word that she will be on hand to match a team or two.
Sheriff Keller is making this part of the country unhealthy for bootleggers.
F. L. Boyd sold to J. L. Cleveland 48 two-year-old heifers and a registered bull this week.
J. T. Bowers returned home last week after an extended stay at Sweet water where he has been taking treatment, and on his return seemed much improved in health, but his friends will hear with regret that he is not doing well this week.
Mr. Bean, who bought the Llewellyn ranch, arrived in town this week with his family, and will live in the Turner house until they can get possession of their own property.
Mrs. Moreland, who was ill last

week, is much improved.
Mrs. C. J. Bedford returned Saturday from a visit of a week in Lubbock.
Mr. and Mrs. Padgett and the Misses Stelbach, spent Saturday in Brownfield.
HARRIS HAPPENINGS
By Sand Bur.
Martin Gordon spent Thursday night with Brit Clare.
E. H. Tandy and family visited at J. R. Hill's Sunday.
S. J. Murphey and family visited relatives in Floyd county Saturday and Sunday.
W. H. Harris accompanied by S. S. McLane, went to Brownfield, Friday. George Alexander delivered his calves to Neilley Bradshaw, Saturday.
P. M. Williams and W. B. Cotton took a bunch of cattle to Meadow for Mr. Cotton and shipped them out on Saturday.
F. M. Ellington spent Saturday night and Sunday with the Ellingtons at Meadow.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Alexander and Miss Thelma Latham took dinner with Add Cox and family, Saturday.
USE Magnolia Floor Oil to mop your floors; there is none better.
Money Price is fixing to move out on a farm south of town, where he will make a crop next year.
BROTHERS & Brothers buys the best canned food put up to protect their customers.

RED CROSS WORKING FOR HEALTHIER U. S.

Thousands Aided by Instruction In Care of the Sick, Food Selection and First Aid.

How the American Red Cross guides thousands of persons to health is shown in a summary of the society's activities in the health field based upon the annual report for the last fiscal year. Through its Nursing Service, its Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick courses, nutrition classes, First Aid classes, Life-Saving classes and Health Centers and in numerous other ways designed to acquaint masses of citizens with proper methods of living, the Red Cross carried its message of health into all parts of the country.
The work of the Red Cross during the war in its traditional field of nursing, furnishing the military and naval establishments of the nation with 19,877 nurses, is well known. And there are today 37,787 nurses registered with the American Red Cross and subject to call in emergency. During the fiscal year, 1,531 Red Cross nurses were accepted for assignment to Government service, 388 by the Army and Navy and 1,143 by the United States Public Health Service.
In addition to the nurses enrolled by the Red Cross for Government service, the Red Cross itself employed a total of 1,348 public health nurses in the United States and Europe. By far the greatest number was employed in the United States, 1,237, while 111 were in foreign service.
Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick classes, giving thorough instruction in the proper care of the sick in instances where the illness is not so serious as to require professional nursing care, during the fiscal year numbered 5,170. A statistical picture of the Red Cross operations in this field follows:
New classes formed during year..... 5,170
Classes completed during year..... 6,220
New students enrolled..... 101,068
Students completing course..... 73,432
What the Red Cross accomplished in giving proper instruction through its Nutrition Service is indicated by the following table:
New classes formed during year..... 142
Classes completed during year..... 184
New students enrolled..... 2,341
Students completing course..... 2,013
In addition to the above, a total of 22,006 children were given instruction in the proper selection and preparation of foods.
Through its 209 Health Centers, the Red Cross reached 90,252 persons. In these Health Centers, 4,015 health lectures were given and 780 health exhibits held.
In the United States last year, 75,432 persons were killed and 3,500,000 injured in industrial accidents. To prevent this enormous waste the Red Cross held 5,100 first aid classes with a total of 104,000 students enrolled.
Paper Manufactured From Wood.
The chief raw materials from which paper is made are spruce, hemlock, poplar and pine woods, rags, straw and old paper. Three-fourths of the entire output is manufactured from wood pulp.
Greatest Cotton Producer and User.
The United States consumes more raw cotton and spins more cotton yarn than any other country, producing more than 99 per cent of the yarn required for domestic industry.

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

SPRINGS FROM THE FAMILY TREE

Snaggle-tooth Liz and toothless Jim. Were horrible sights to see; Liz was only twenty. Jim just twenty-three. They loved each other dearly. And were married one day in June; Poor Liz developed a toothache. First night of their honeymoon, Jim took her to a dentist. It to be removed with gas. Who made her toothless too. Now Liz looks like forty. While Jim looks forty-two. Two children came to Liz and Jim. A sickly looking pair; Malnutrition played its part. And left its traces there. The girl was thin—scurvy. Her life scarce worth while: She was always in the dumps—Were and Adenoid smile. The boy was not the healthy child. That boys now-days should be; And, like his dad, he soon will be. Son's toothless at twenty-three. Had Liz and Jim been healthy. Had nutrition done its part. These children would not have been sickly. Or their lives handicapped from the start.

MORAL

So when you are young, keep well; Keep the teeth free from debris; Don't be a Liz at twenty. Or a Jim at twenty-three. Remember an ounce of prevention is worth its weight in gold. A toothbrush in time saves many a man. From growing prematurely old. That health is your greatest asset. That from sickness you should be free; If you wish a healthy family. To spring from the family tree.

A LARGE Variety of Christmas gifts will be found at the Church Bazaar, Dec. 10th.

Uncle Bart McPherson left this week for Comanche, Texas, where he will spend the winter with his son, Will, and family.

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

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W.M. Thomson, a girl the 18th.

FACE POWDER
ontee
TRY THIS fragrant, velvety powder that removes the shine so perfectly, and stays on so long—doesn't easily blower brush-off. Lovely tints to match every complexion. 50c a box. Take one home today.

Alexander's Drug Store

City Hall, City of Brownfield, November 21st, 1921.
NOTICE OF ELECTION
By the authority vested in me by law and in accordance with Ordinance No. 14 of the City Council of the City of Brownfield, Texas, passed and adopted the 21st day of November, 1921, I, Geo. W. Neill, Mayor of the City of Brownfield, Texas, do hereby order that an election be held within the said city on the 30th day of December, 1921, at the office of the County Judge, in the Courthouse of said City, whereat the qualified property tax paying voters thereof may determine if serial bonds of this city in the amount of Sixteen Thousand and no-100 (\$16,000.00) dollars, being thirty-six bonds of Five Hundred (\$500.00) dollars each, Nos. One and Two due and payable August 1st 1927, and two bonds in their numerical order due and payable on the 1st day of August of each year thereafter until the whole have become due; for the purpose of building, extending and equipping an Electric Light Plant for the City of Brownfield, Texas, and to draw interest payable semi-annually, and due on the 1st day of February and August of each year after the issuance of such bonds and a tax sufficient to meet the interest and

NOTICE!

We have a bunch of steers, the pick of Terry Co. that we are going to sell at 12 1-2c to 17 1-2c per lb. Also have a bunch of prime hogs to sell at 15c to 20c per lb. Buy your meats where they are cut right and handled sanitary.

ENTERPRISE MARKET

CAKE!

WE HAVE ON HAND A FULL LINE OF CAKE, STORED RIGHT HERE IN BROWNFIELD, WHERE YOU CAN INSPECT IT YOURSELF, BUT OUR PRICES ARE AS LOW AS ANY.

SPEND YOUR MONEY WITH PEOPLE WHO HAVE INVESTED MONEY IN YOUR TOWN.

West Texas Gin Co.

BROWNFIELD TEXAS

Wanted Cream

We have taken over the Wichita Cream Station formerly run by Cook & Son. Bring us your cream; a good test for good cream and a square deal to all.

Fresh and Staple Groceries at the National Cash Grocery

R. W. HEADSTREAM Prop.

create a sinking fund to retire such bonds at their maturity shall be levied; and by virtue of Ordinance No. 15, passed and adopted on the 21st day of November, 1921, by the City of Brownfield, Texas, it was ordered that a proposition be submitted to the qualified voters of this city if serial bonds in the sum of Eighteen Thousand and no-100 (\$18,000.00) dollars, being thirty-six bonds of \$500.00 each, maturing two each year, beginning August 1st, 1927, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, interest, payable semi-annually, on the 1st day of February and August of each year, of this city to be issued for the purpose of Building, Extending and Equipping a Water Works System for the city of Brownfield, Texas, and for the levy of a tax sufficient to meet the interest and create a sinking fund to retire same at their several maturities.
J. C. Green, A. M. Brownfield, A. W. Enderson and Clyde Lewis are hereby appointed to hold such election in the office of the County Judge, in the Courthouse, City of Brownfield, Texas.
Those desiring to vote in favor of issuance of serial bonds in the sum of Eighteen Thousand (\$18,000.00) dollars for building, extending and equipping a Water Works system for this city, shall have written or printed on their ballots: "For the issuance of Eighteen Thousand (\$18,000.00) dollars Water Works bonds maturing serially and levy of tax to meet the interest and sinking fund." Those opposed to such a proposition shall have written or printed on their ballots: "Against the issuance of Eighteen Thousand (\$18,000.00) dollars Water Works bonds maturing serially and levy of tax to meet interest and sinking fund." Those desiring to vote in favor of this proposition in this city, printed in the English language and which has been published and printed for one year next preceding the date of the first publication hereof, and causing this notice to be posted in four public places in said city.
In testimony whereof I have signed these presents and caused the same to be signed by the Secretary of the City of Brownfield, Texas, and attested by the seal of said city on the 22nd day of November, 1921.
Geo. W. Neill
Mayor, City of Brownfield, Texas.
Fred C. Smith
Secretary, City of Brownfield, Texas.

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

Brownfield, Texas

Branch Office: Seagraves, Tex. Equipped for Medical, Surgical and Obstetrical cases.

Dr. W. N. Lemmon, General Practice, Obstetrics, Diseases of Women and General Surgery.

Dr. J. R. Lemmon, General Practice, Laboratory Examinations and Assistant Surgeon.

Eyes tested for glasses.

DR. H. H. HUGHES
Dental Surgeon

Office at the Brownfield Sanitarium.

Brownfield, Texas

THE LUBBOCK SANITARIUM

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

Dr. J. T. Krueger, General Surgery
Dr. J. T. Hutchinson, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Dr. M. C. Overton, General Medicine
Dr. O. F. Paebler, General Medicine
Anne D. Logan, R. N., Superintendent
Mamie A. Davis, R. N., Dietitian
Helen E. Griffin, R. N., Dietitian
C. E. Hunt, Business Mgr.

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

Brownfield Camp No. 1088
Meets 2 and 4th Saturday night in the Odd Fellows Hall.

Visiting Sovereigns Welcome.

J. T. May, C. C.
I. C. Burgess, Clerk.

N. R. MORGAN
Atty-At-Law

Will announce location of office later.

Brownfield, Texas

Geo. Allen
The House Reliable
Grand and Latest PIANO and MUSIC HOUSE in Brownfield, Texas. Latest Music, MUSIC TEACHERS, Supplies, etc., etc. Catalogue and BOOK OF OLD TIME SONGS FREE for the asking. 20c x 27c (Published by Geo. Allen)

TO THE PUBLIC:

Owing to the hard times and that prices have all come down I have cut the price of my work in my barber shop as follows: Shaves, 15c; Hair Cuts, 25c; all other barber work in proportion.

FRANK TURNER, Prop.

City Tailor Shop

First class tailor work of all kinds.

W. A. Bynum Prop.

LIST YOUR PROPERTY

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

SHELTON-COOK LAND COMPANY

BROWNFIELD TEXAS

Brownfield Lodge No. 536, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Friday night in the Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting Brothers Welcome.

W. W. Winn, N. G.
H. R. Winston, Secretary

R. L. GRAVES
Atty-At-Law

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

21000 Brownfield, Texas

Brownfield Lodge No. 983, 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. E. Pridgen, Sec.

JOE J. McGOWAN
Atty-At-Law

Office in the State Bank Building

Brownfield, Texas

CALL NUMBER 4

When you need groceries. We will put them in your kitchen.

National Cash Grocery

R. W. Headstream, Mgr.

"Stockmen Attention"

We manufacture 43 percent Cottonseed Cake and meal, and can save you money as we are the closest mill to you. We are prepared to make quick shipment on all orders. Write or wire us for quotations before you buy.

FULLER COTTON OIL CO., Snyder, Texas.

Maguolia High Test Gas

Magnolia Petroleum Co. puts more kick in their Gas for winter use. Gasolene must be higher test in cold weather to be good. Fill up with Magnolia high grade gas next time and see the difference. Call for Magnolene the Dependable Lube.

Magnolia Petroleum Co.

TOM MAY, Mgr. BROWNFIELD