

SPECIALS

FOR NEXT WEEK—

\$35.00 Suits	-----	\$29.75
Gingham	-----	17 1-2c to 65c
Percals	-----	20c
Sport Shirting	-----	20c
Mens Unions	-----	85c

BIRD & DEAN

FAMILY OUTFITTERS

Brownfield

Texas

WHY NOT TRADE IN HOME TOWN?

You can buy your goods cheaper. We stand behind all you buy from us.

We are never satisfied until you are satisfied. We are home people and your interests are ours.

Our stock of merchandise is of the best, and we are enlarging our stocks to meet every demand and shall endeavor to do so as time demands.

Call and see our goods and get our prices before you buy elsewhere, if you please.

COLLIER BROS. FUR. & UND.

Day Phone 28 Night Phone 148



This big handsome 5 burner New Perfection Oil Range is built especially for big families, and for year-round use. It has the famous quick-heating, clean-cooking blue chimney burner that has made New Perfection the favorite with more than 4,000,000 women. Let us show you its many advantages.

Ask us about the new model New Perfection Oil Range with SUPEREX Burners that cook so fast so good.

NEW PERFECTION Oil Cook Stoves & Ranges

HOLGATE-ENDERSEN HDW. Co.
Brownfield, Texas

CITY DADS LET SIDE WALK CONTRACT TO OSCAR COVEY

Oscar Covey has received the contract from the City Council at 20c per square foot, including curbing. Nearly five blocks of walks will be built and charged to and paid for by the owner of the lot, and the city will put in five crossings. Building operations will begin right away.

These walks will begin at the South Plains Telephone building on east Hardin street, running west to the front end of the Bird & Dean store, and then cross the street to the First National Bank thence across 5th st. to the Holgate-Endersen Hardware store, and thence west across that block to the Hill Hotel; thence across 6th street to the Turner Land office; across that block to McAdams lumber yards, and on across that block to the Panhandle & Santa Fe right-of-way, who are expected to finish the job. Going back to 6th street, the city will build a crossing over Hardin street to the Brownfield State Bank, and side walk construction will continue south on that block to the corner at Lewis Bros. store.

These will all be standard 12 foot walks with curb, and this five blocks and crossings will only be a starter of walk construction that will take place here in the next few years if our prediction, now that the ball has been started.

JOHNSON COMMUNITY TO HAVE GOOD SCHOOLS

R. Stice, hustling farmer of the progressive Johnson community was in Saturday and was in high spirits over the results of the school election in that community, wherein they voted 18 to 3 to raise their local maintenance school tax from 5c on the \$100 valuation to 7c.

These splendid farmers want a school in their fine community second to none, and are going to have it if possible, and thereby keep the children and money too in that community as long as possible. It also means that they can have three instead of two teachers, add another grade if they want to, as well as the grade of the school.

Not so long ago we heard a good man of this city, who we know opposed the recent tax raise in this city for school purposes, and used all his power and influence for its defeat, acknowledge that it had cost him in the neighborhood of \$1000 to keep his two children in school this year. He has educated several children, and just think what he could have saved even to have been able to keep them at home just one more year.

WHAT JUDGE SPENCER WILL DO WITH THE MONEY

Wonder what a Judge thinks about? This question has bothered the mind of the writer ever since we used to play court in the days a stick horse was used to hustle in the jym, and bottles, necked together with "hand-cuffs" of binder twine were brought before the Judge, and verbal battles, far removed from the kind that has been waged in the district court room here the past week, were made by the leader of the "gang" who happened to be sheriff, judge and prosecuting attorney. Time dragged on and it remained for an old friend of Judge Speer to disclose the secret, and we will give an insight into the matter.

Suspended sentences seemed to hang heavily upon all concerned thru the past term of court, but when a very favorable letter was delivered to Judge Spencer the first of the week concerning his oil interests in Dawson county, a bystander asked him abruptly what would be done with the money if he should strike oil in his well, now under the drill.

Quick to answer all kinds of quizzes, the Judge spoke from off his heart and mind, answering, "Buy a pair of suspenders for every pair of pants I have."—Lubbock Avalanche.

CATTLE DEALS AT SEMINOLE THE PAST WEEK

Cox & Heard report the sale of 400 steer yearlings belonging to W. T. Price to Bob Puckett, of Amarillo. The also sold 100 belonging to B.C. Crouch to Mr. Puckett. J. J. and Andy Williams this week sold 200 steer yearlings to the same buyer.

These steers will be pastured on the Jno. C. Hart ranch south of Seminole.—Seminole Sentinel.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARMS AND RANCHES AT 8 PER CENT. LIBERAL TERMS

Geo. W. Neill, City.

SUNDAY MAIL SERVICE FOR BROWNFIELD

Notice for bids has been posted at the local postoffice for bids to carry the mail to Lubbock, leaving here on Sunday morning at 9 A. M. and returning after all the noonday trains have run in that city.

Several of the car men are bidding on the job, including a few business and professional men.

This will mean much to the business interest of our little city, as well as the convenience of the citizenship.

The contract calls for the service to begin on August 23d.

BASEBALL GAME

The Brownfield boys arrived on time Tuesday evening and a ball game worth your while followed. The regular endings were played and the score stood 4 to 6 in favor of Lamesa. It will be remembered that on the 4th of July our boys wet to Brownfield and were defeated. They are a nice bunch of fellows and our boys and our people enjoyed their visit. They played a fair, clean game and are a gentlemanly bunch and dead game.—Lamesa Reporter.

The Brownfield boys have the same feeling toward the Lamesa bunch and are anxiously awaiting the return game. A team that will not play fair ball should be boycotted by fair minded teams and towns.

THE S.C.C. CLUB

Misses Lois Brownfield and Tera Baughman entertained the S.C.C. at the home of Miss Baughman, Wednesday, July 12th.

After six games of Forty-two, each one was allowed to grab for his prize. Dainty refreshments were served to the following: Misses Daugherty, Miller, Spivey, Hamilton, Elizabeth and Nancy Dumas, Mozelle and Stella Treadway, Wines and Lorelle Brownfield.—Reporter.

TWENTY MONTHS OLD BABY SHOT NEAR SLATON

Slaton, Texas, July 17.—While visiting at the home of Ray Edwards, residing five miles in the country, this afternoon, J. S. Edwards, Jr., six year old son of J. S. Edwards, of this city, while at play, accidentally shot and killed the 20-month old daughter of Ray Edwards.

The gun was a 22 calibre. The parents of both are distracted. Funeral services will be held Wednesday morning.

SOUTH PLAINS ODD FELLOWS TO MEET AT SLATON IN AUG.

Arrangements are being perfected for the annual convention of the South Plains Odd Fellows' Association, which will be held at Slaton on Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 14-15. This association comprises the counties of Dickens, Crosby, Lubbock, Garza, Lynn, Dawson, Yoakum and Terry. Something like 400 Odd Fellows and Rebekahs are expected to attend the meeting, and they will be given a hearty welcome by the citizenship of Slaton.—Slaton Slatonite.

COMMUNITY HOUSE WARMING.

July 22nd, at 8:30 on the American Legion Lawn.

Come, everybody, especially Legion and ex-service boys, and let the American Legion and Auxiliary help make the evening pleasant for you.

An interest program will be rendered, and refreshments will be served throughout the evening.

LAMESA BOY BURIED WITH MILITARY HONORS

The body of Floyd T. Rice killed in action in the Muse-Argonne drive, November 1, 1918, arrived here from France, Monday evening accompanied by a military escort.

Funeral services were held yesterday at 3:50 p.m., at the Methodist church, the local post of American Legion having charge.

A large number of our people attended to do honor to the noble boy who made the supreme sacrifice on the far away battlefields of France.

The family moved from Dawson county to Arkansas some years ago. They came to Lamesa to receive the body of their hero boy and witness the last sad rites over his mortal remains as they were laid away in their final resting place in Lamesa cemetery.—Lamesa Journal.

VOTE FOR CHAS. W. ROBERTS FOR REPRESENTATIVE FROM THE 119th DISTRICT.—SEAGRAVES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

PURPOSE

This bank has one unalterable purpose, and that purpose, we hope, is your purpose, to help this country realize its maximum prosperity in such a way that all may share it.

Sixteen years a public servant, protecting your business with absolute safety, offering you those inestimable assets of courtesy, appreciation and friendly co-operation which are valuable to you.

BROWNFIELD STATE BANK

"A GUARANTY FUND BANK"

Conservative — Accomodative — Appreciative.

R. A. BALDWIN

Candidate for Re-Election to the Legislature, 119th Representative District

Mr. Baldwin is our present representative in the Legislature having served one regular and four special sessions, or about one full term. We point with pride to his splendid record of service in behalf of this district and of West Texas.

He is one of the leading lawyers of West Texas, honest, courageous and aggressive, and on the right side of every moral question. Mr. Baldwin is preeminently fitted by education, training and experience for the important office of lawmaker. His experience and familiarity with the machinery of the State government will equip him for even more efficient service.

If anyone can secure laws favorable to our agricultural, educational and industrial interests and a square deal for West Texas, we believe Mr. Baldwin is that man.

The work to come before the Legislature the next two years demands men of sound judgement and genuine ability. The people pay the price of foolish laws, inefficiency and inexperience. As a man, as a lawyer, and as a wise, cautious and efficient legislator, we commend Mr. Baldwin to your favorable consideration in the Primary July 22nd.

"A vote for him is a vote for the best interests of West Texas.

Very sincerely yours,
Baldwin Campaign Committee
(Political Advertisement)

A CLEAR TITLE ISN'T ANY TRIFLE

No, indeed! It's one of the most important things connected with the buying or exchanging of property. A clear title is the passport through the years; it's a clear mirror which reflects solace to you and those who come after you.

You will never be able to realize what you paid for a piece of property if the title isn't perfectly clear. You will never be free from the clutches of law unless your property claim is flawless.

What are you going to do? Not simply trust that the fates will be on your side, surely. Your better judgement will tell you to see the abstract specialists right away—before your property is taken right away from you.

We will consider it a pleasure to show you how completely ready we are to draw abstracts that go into the life of property thoroughly—a TRUE analysis of the property is the only abstract of title worth while—because.

An abstract that's true will work FOR YOU.

C. R. RAMBO, Abstracter

BROWNFIELD, (Terry County) TEXAS

GROCERIES

Phone your order for we have fresh groceries to fill them. Below we give a few of our prices:

Light Crust Flour	-----	\$4.35
6 lb. cady of crackers	-----	85c
No. 1 Sunkist pork & beans, 6 for	-----	25c
No. 1 tall Sunkist pork & beans, 3.25c	-----	
No. 2 tall (same brand) 2 for	-----	25c
Golden Rod Corn	-----	15c
Alaska sockeye salmon, 3 for	-----	1.00
Mesa, red pitted cherries 3 for	-----	1.00
Jam Strawberries 3 for	-----	1.00
B. Berry and L. Berry 3 for	-----	1.00
White Swan Catsup, 3 for	-----	1.00
Delmonte sliced pinapples, 3 for	-----	1.00

NATIONAL CASH GROCERY

GASOLINE KEROSENE MOTOR OILS

Shift into neutral and stop your car whenever you find the Big Red Star. Everytime you gas gets low fill your tank with Texas Company.

Milage Goes UP. Upkeep Comes DOWN

When you use Texico, the straight run gasoline, every drop the same. More power and flexibility in your motor. Any car is a better car if you will use nothing but Texico Galoline and Motor Oils. Make the test and see how much further down the road you'll go when you are using Texico. Call 5 when in need of anything in the petroleum line. Yours for Quality.

Phone No. 5. THE TEXAS COMPANY W. M. Adams, Agent

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.

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

For County Treasurer: Mrs. Lula Smith

For County Attorney: R. L. Graves

For Public Weigher Pre. Nos. 1-2: E. A. (Ant.) Graham

For Commissioner Pre. No. 3: T. O. Hooker

For Commissioner Pre. No. 1: D. S. Cunningham

For Commissioner Pre. No. 2: Jay Barrett

For Commissioner Pre. No. 1: J. J. Nettles

For Commissioner Pre. No. 2: J. P. Crowley

For Commissioner Pre. No. 3: S. A. Shepherd

For Commissioner Pre. No. 1: D. S. Cunningham

For Commissioner Pre. No. 2: Jay Barrett

For Commissioner Pre. No. 1: J. J. Nettles

For Commissioner Pre. No. 2: J. P. Crowley

"DON'T KILL MY BIRDS"

A Plains farmer has placed in front of his farm a large, well painted, durable sign which says in letters that can be read at a distance: "Don't kill my birds."

The economic value of birds is being more generally recognized since destructive insects have multiplied in proportion to the decrease in the insectivorous bird population.

Hackberry gall worms are making havoc among shade trees in Dallas and other places, and when asked if they were not a pest, the city forester said: "We have had them right along, but when birds were more plentiful they lessened the damage done by them to such an extent that it was not serious. If the birds are not protected better in the future than in past years, both city and country will pay a big price for neglecting a duty we owe the birds for a service they have rendered. If we continue destroying birds, toads, lizards and other enemies of insects we must pay a higher cost of producing crops as well as fruits, flowers and trees."—Farm & Ranch.

A TYPICAL LIQUOR TRIAL

The court officer called three times: "Rosa Smith," "Rosa Smith," "Rosa Smith." And down the aisle to the bar waddled a three hundred pound negro woman. She was black not simply with honorable pigment, but with dirt and grease. Two lawyers stepped forward to represent her—a firm who could hardly be retained for less than \$500.

Piva, the lawyer tried to throw out the search warrant because the information on which it was based had a slight error in the description of the location. This failed.

Second, the lawyer contended that inasmuch as the government itself incited and consented to the crime, and consequently, no crime was committed. The taking of evidence began. It seems the government agent walked into the house and found Rosa at the dining table. She asked: "Do you want something?" "Yes, I want a half-pint," whereupon she called to a man in the kitchen: "Get him a half-pint." The man came into the room and conducted the government man into the sitting room, closed the door and was heard handing cans in the dining room. A few minutes later he came to the sitting room door opened, save the government agent a half-pint, collected \$200 and closed the door again.

The council contended that Rosa did not sell the liquor at all, although it was her house. They contended

that even the man did not sell the liquor, that he left the house and bought it from another bootlegger for the agent simply as a matter of accommodation and that by doing so he acted as agent of the buyer, and no crime was committed.

Rosa was found guilty of selling and possessing contrary to law.

Rev. H. H. Bowers, of Miami, former pastor of the Presbyterian congregation at this place, but now the pastor of the Miami church, is here this week visiting (?)

WANTED—I want to lease grass for fifty head of horse stock. Want good grass and plenty of water; write me what you have and your price.—M. C. McCrummen, Lubbock, Texas.

A telegram was received by Elder C. B. Glasgow Wednesday morning to the effect that Lillie Mae Hopper, who is at Stamford for treatment of cancer, died at 10:30 P.M. Tuesday, and that the body would be shipped here for burial.

It is reported here that J. W. Gordon prominent ranchman died last Saturday. Little credence was given the report as the detail were too meagre, and his brother, Martin, has never been notified.

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

The local manager of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce has succeeded in getting the whole organization behind the move to induce the State Fair directors to build a new, big, well heated and ventilated Agricultural hall. An auto and several other permanent buildings have recently been built by the State Fair management, but the agricultural building is the same old fire trap that has done service for years, and is at present open and cold and very uncomfortable in the winter or fall when blue northerners strike Dallas. This being primarily an agricultural state, that department should be the best if possible and worthy the great State it represents. Another thing is that the dates are too early for the Panhandle and West Texas, which send three-fourths of the exhibits to the fair. Mr. Shelton deserves credit for insisting this move.

PHONE No. 95 for all kinds of hauling. A. C. Waisenant.

J. F. Winston and son, Homer, returned this week from Clyde, California county, where a family reunion was held, and Homer saw two aunts and numerous cousins that he had never seen before.

MARKET price for your cream at Brothers & Brothers.

Note the ad of the Quality Filling Station in this issue. They are going to use plenty of printers ink, and we predict for them a good business.

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

O. L. Jones, the tailor, has moved to his new location in the concrete building recently erected by A. R. Brownfield. Note his ad in this issue of the Herald making his announcement.

Mrs. J. L. Randal is in Lubbock this week the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Percy Spencer.

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

Mrs. C. Sears came in last week from a visit to relatives in Falls Co. she came near being in a wreck, as some bolts had been taken from one of the rails presumably by strike sympathizers, one of the bolts of which she brought home. While no one was seriously hurt, the passengers were considerable shaken up.

CUSTOM crushing by Tankersley & Son.

Mrs. J. C. Criswell and children, of Plains, Texas, were over Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Randal. They came over with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dixon, who were visiting their daughter, Mrs. Red Tudor.

BROTHERS & Brothers deliver your groceries to your kitchen.

The Cicero Smith Lumber Co. have this week erected a simple Demster windmill in front of their yards. This is a tall bearing mill that needs oiling only once a year. They have also built sidewalks in front of their yard.



The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY by H. Bedford Jones

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—During the height of the New Orleans carnival season, Lucile LeLan, a wealthy young woman, is mysteriously killed in the city. Her father, Mr. LeLan, is a prominent citizen, and her death is a great shock to the community. The police, under the leadership of Chief Inspector Masquer, are called upon to investigate the crime. Masquer has a hunch that the murderer is a man of the carnival, and he is determined to find him.

CHAPTER II.—Lucile LeLan, recently the ward of her uncle, Joseph Maillard, is the Columbian.

CHAPTER III.—In his library Joseph Maillard and a group of friends are holding a card party. The door is opened by the Midnight Masquer, who is dressed in a black and white costume. He has a message for Maillard, and he is determined to see him.

CHAPTER IV.—Lucile LeLan, the last of an old family, is in straitened circumstances. Her father, Mr. LeLan, is a prominent citizen, and her death is a great shock to the community. The police, under the leadership of Chief Inspector Masquer, are called upon to investigate the crime. Masquer has a hunch that the murderer is a man of the carnival, and he is determined to find him.

CHAPTER V.—Granmont's chauffeur, Hammond, is a man of the carnival. He is a man of the carnival, and he is determined to find the murderer of Lucile LeLan. He is a man of the carnival, and he is determined to find the murderer of Lucile LeLan.

CHAPTER VI.—Ben Caherre, an individual of many characters, is appointed to be associated with Joseph Maillard. He is a man of the carnival, and he is determined to find the murderer of Lucile LeLan. He is a man of the carnival, and he is determined to find the murderer of Lucile LeLan.

CHAPTER VII.—The police are called upon to investigate the crime. Masquer has a hunch that the murderer is a man of the carnival, and he is determined to find him. He is a man of the carnival, and he is determined to find the murderer of Lucile LeLan.

CHAPTER VIII.—Comus.

From the time they left the LeLan house with Lucile Gramont, he had no opportunity of seeing his chauffeur in private until, later in the afternoon, he left the Maison Blanche building. He had enjoyed a thoroughly satisfactory interview with Joseph Maillard. The car was waiting for him in Royal street, not far from the Montpelier, and Gramont approached it to find Hammond in deep worry over the outcome of the interview with Fell.

"Well, cap'n?" he exclaimed, anxiously, as Gramont drew up. "You're smiling, so I guess it ain't a pinch."

"Don't worry. The stuff is returned, and the matter is now closed. We can forget all about the Midnight Masquer. Now, there's another and more important thing that I want to speak with you about, a matter of business."

"Hold on, cap'n," interrupted Hammond, quietly, his eye on a spot behind Gramont. "One of your friends is headed over this way, and if I know anything about it, he's got blood in his eyes."

Gramont turned, to see Bob Maillard approaching. The latter addressed him without any response to his greeting.

"Have you a moment to spare, Gramont?"

"All afternoon," answered Gramont, cheerfully. He affected not to observe Maillard's air of heavy business, nor the frowning suspicion that lurked half-hidden in the other's glowering features.

The two were standing a bit apart, and Hammond was fusing with one of the headlights, but Gramont suspected that the chauffeur was listening avidly. "I've just come from a talk with dad. How did it happen that you sold him that stock of yours in the country?"

Gramont smiled a little. "I happened to need the money. Why?"

"But why the devil didn't you hang on to that stock? Or if you needed money, why didn't you come to me?" explored the other, angrily.

"Heavens!" droned Gramont, who was quite willing to exasperate young Maillard to the limit. "You seem frightfully concerned about it! What's the big idea, anyway? I offered the stock to your father at a discount. He realized that it was a good buy, and took it. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing wrong, if you put it that way," snapped Maillard, angrily. "But it's a confounded sly way of doing things."

"Now, just wait right there!" Gramont's eyes smiled slyly. "I don't take that kind of talk, Maillard. I'm off in the morning to start work on this present building, to be sure, was one of the city's finest, up to date in every way, with an abundance of room—and yet everyone said that Comus would never be the same. About the opera house had clung the romance of many generations. About it, too, had clung the affections of the people with a fierceness beyond reason. More famous buildings had been allowed to go to ruin, than the Hotel Boreale, but the opera house had been kept in repair for Mardi Gras. It was itself—a landmark. Nothing else would ever be like it."

From his seat in the Laverne box Gramont contented himself during the early evening with the common rule of all the "backcuts"—that of looking on idly. More than once he saw Lucile LeLan called out, among others of the fair sex, as a dancing partner for some member of the Krewe. None of the male guests, however, was allowed to participate in the festivity until Rex and his queen should arrive—at midnight; thus, Gramont saw almost nothing of Lucile during the evening.

While in search of smoking companions, Gramont encountered many of his acquaintances, and among them Doctor Anselv and Joseph Fell. The three strolled off together into one of the unused passages leading to other parts of the building. They opened a window and stood watching the crowd that surged in the street below, constantly increasing as the hour grew later, for the procession of Rex would be well worth seeing and nobody

"Thanks, I'll be glad to be relieved of the job," Gramont turned and addressed his chauffeur. "Hammond, you'll kindly remember this conversation, in case your future testimony is needed."

"Confound you, what do you mean talking that way?" broke out Maillard. "Do you suppose I'd deny firing you?"

"I don't care to have you offer any reflections on my actions, Maillard," said Gramont, evenly. "My course in this matter is perfectly open and above board, which is more than you can say for your doings."

"What?" Maillard clenched his stick and took a forward step, anger working in his face. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say—and perhaps I can prove it. Remember the oil concern to which you persuaded my precious father to sell some of Miss LeLan's layon land? Remember the real estate company to which you persuaded him to sell her St. Landry parish property? You had interests in both concerns; I don't imagine you'd care to have your share in those transactions exposed. Further, I entirely understand your indication over my getting rid of this fellow before the crash, and it'll become you to assume any such attitude."

Maillard glared at him for a long moment, a red tide of rage flooding and ebbing from his heavy countenance. Then, mastering himself, he turned away without further speech.

Leaving Hammond to take the car home, Gramont headed for Canal street to mingle with the carnival crowd and revel in his new-found sense of freedom. Now that he was his own master, he felt like a new man. With a boyish abandon he tramped the streets merrily, exchanging jests and confetti, shoves and bladder-blows, laughs and kisses, Mad-dog and red-hot rivalry were in the very air, and Gramont drank deep of these youthful tones. When at last he wandered home to his pension, he was footsore, weary, disarranged and tossed—and very happy. The wine of human comradeship is a good wine.

That evening the Comus ball, the most exclusive revel of the most exclusive aristocracy of the southland, crowded the edifice in which it was held to capacity. Here evening dress was prescribed for all the guests. The Krewe of Comus, in grotesque and magnificent costumes which had been in the making for months. The Krewe is to the South what the Bohemian club is to the western coast, with the added advantage of organization.

Despite the revels of the Krewe, however—despite the glittering jewels, the barbaric costumes, the music, the excitement—an indefinable air of regret, almost of sadness, pervaded the festive of Comus, and it was as if something to be sensed, rather than observed definitely. Some said, afterward, that it was a premonition of the terrible event that was to happen this night. Wrong! It was because, for the first time in its long history, the Comus ball was held in one of the newer public buildings instead of in its accustomed place. Everyone was speaking of it. Even Maillard the banker, that cold man of dollars, spoke unashamedly of it when Gramont encountered him in the smoking room.

"It doesn't seem like Comus," said Maillard, with a vexed frown. "And to think that we had just finished redecorating the opera house when it was burned down! Comus will never be the same again!"

"I didn't know you could feel such emotion for a burned building, Maillard," said Gramont, lightly. The banker shrugged a trifle.

"Emotion? No. Regret! None of us, who has been brought up in the traditions of the city, but regarded the burning of Comus as a great loss. The opera house had been kept in repair for Mardi Gras. It was itself—a landmark. Nothing else would ever be like it."

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WE HAVE IN STOCK

- ORGANDAS—Brown, Black, and also Lavender. GINGHAMS—Checks and plain. VOIL—Dotted, Plaid, Flower. LINEN—Pink, Lavender, Green and Blue. PERCALIS—Light and Dark. DRESS CRETON—Light and Dark. We carry a complete line of notions.

Lewis Brothers & Co.

mean to miss anything upon this night of nights.

Suddenly, at the sound of an approaching footstep, the three men turned. The electric lights were going in all of the hallways, and they perceived that the individual approaching them was a member of the Krewe of Comus. He was also, it became evident, giving a share of his allegiance to Bacchus, for his feet were obviously unsteady. He was clad in a particular costume, which was crowned by the exaggerated head of Mephisto.

"Wonderful! who I am, aren't you?" he thumped. "Well, don't worry; 'sail between of friends tonight. Tell you what, m' friends—come with me and I'll find you a HI drink, eh? Real old Boone plimack—got it from some boys in Louisville, been savin' it up for tonight."

He wagged his head at them, and pursued his subject in a half-maddened burst of confidential assurance.

"Havin' a little party in one of the rooms," he continued. "All of us friends—lots more fun than dancin'. And say! I'm going pull something great, positively great; you don't want to miss it, gentlemen! You come along with me and I'll fix it for you. Come on, Gramont, that's a great fellow! You'll had a disengagement today—don't matter tonight, notin' matters tonight, notin' at all. Mardi Gras only comes once a year, eh? Come along, now."

Joseph Fell very civilly refused the invitation, as did the others. Gramont, who now recognized their accoster, was less civil in his refusal. Mephisto regarded them with vicious regard.

"No joyment in you, any more? Better even along with me, I've got the biggest joke of the season ready to pull off—something rich! Gramont, come on!"

"Thanks, no," responded Gramont curtly.

The masquer gave up the struggle and moved on down the empty hallway.

"I wonder who that was, now?" mused Doctor Anselv, frowning. "Evidently someone who knew us; at least, he recognized you, Gramont."

"So it seemed," said Joseph Fell. His tone, like his eyes, had a scolding fire. "A party of those drinking, eh? That will make trouble. The Krewe won't like it. Who was he, Gramont? Sounded like—"

"Yes, Maillard." At Gramont's response a whistle broke from Doctor Anselv. Joseph Fell nodded assent.

"You took the words out of my mouth. So Bob is drinking again, eh? Hello, Gramont—where to?"

Gramont tossed his cigar through the open window.

"I think I'll make my adieux, Fell. I intend to be up early in the morning and get off to work."

"What?" protested Anselv in astonishment. "You must stay until Rex comes, at least! Why, that's the event of the carnival! The evening hasn't started yet."

"I'm growing old and sober, doctor," and Gramont chuckled. "What's more, I was drifting with the crowds all afternoon, and I've just begun to realize that I'm dead tired. Rex or no Rex, I'm afraid I'll best say goodnight, gentlemen."

Returning to the auditorium, Gramont sought out his hosts and made his farewells, although not without encountering some opposition. At length he was free, he had obtained his hat and coat, and as he passed out of the building he again met Fell and Anselv, who were finishing their cigars at the entrance. He had them a final adieu and plunged into the crowd.

It lacked half an hour of midnight. For a little, Fell and Doctor Anselv stood talking, then tossed away their cigars and turned into the building.

They halted in the foyer before the appearance of two men—Joseph Maillard, looking extremely agitated, and behind him old Judge Forester, who wore a distinctly worried expression.

"Ah, here are Fell and Anselv!" exclaimed Maillard, almost with relief. "—ah—my friends, I don't suppose you've seen Bob recently?"

Anselv was silent. Joseph Fell, however, responded with a cold nod of assent.

"Yes," he said in his peculiarly toneless manner. "Yes, we have. At least, I believe it was he—"

"I'm worried," said Maillard, anxiously, hurriedly. He made an expressive gesture of despair. "He's in costume, of course. I've been given to understand that—well, that he has been—well, drinking."

"He has," said Joseph Fell, without any trace of compassion. "A number of the rooms in the building, and they must have been visiting it frequently. I trust for your sake that the foot hasn't become generally known inside."

Maillard nodded. Shame and anger lay heavily in his eyes.

Judge Forester, in his kindly way, laid his hand on the banker's arm. "Tut, tut, Joseph," he said, gently, "Boys will be boys, you know; really, this is no great matter! Don't let it hit you so hard. I'll go with you to find the room, of course. Where is it, Joseph?"

"We'll all go," put in Anselv. "We'll have a little party of our own, gentlemen. Come on, I believe we'll be able to discover the place."

The four men left the foyer and started through the corridors.

"I hear," said Judge Forester to Doctor Anselv, as they followed the other two, "that there has been astonishing news today from the Midnight Masquer. It seems that a number of people have received back property this afternoon—but the landlord had taken. It appears to have been some sort of a carnival joke, after all."

"A poor one, then," responded Anselv, "and in doubtful taste. I've heard nothing of it. I wouldn't mind getting back the little cash I lost, though I must say I'll believe the story when I see the money."

He broke off quickly.

As they turned a corner of the corridor to the four men came realization that they had attained their goal. From one of the rooms about were sounded snatches of a belated waltz, as being roared forth loudly.

They halted, to distinguish, from which door the singing proceeded, the chorus was broken off by an abrupt and sudden silence. This silence was accentuated by the preceding noise, as though the singers had checked their madrigal song in mid-career.

"Did they best us coming?" No, that wouldn't matter a hang to them—but what checked them so quickly?"

"This door," said Fell, indicating one to their right. He paused at it, listening, and over his features came a singular expression. As the others joined him, they caught a low murmur of voices, a hushed sound of talk, a rattle as a number of chairs fell from a table.

"Curse the queer!" observed Joseph Fell, frowning. "I wonder what happened to them so abruptly? Perhaps the deal was finished—they're having a game. Well, go ahead, Joseph! We'll back you up as a deputation from the blackouts, and if you need any moral support, call on Judge Forester."

That gentleman flung open the door, and Maillard entered at his side. They then came to a startled halt, at the center of the scene which greeted them. The room was large and well lighted, windows and transoms closed for the occasion. Tobacco made a bluish haze in the center of the room stood a table, littered with glasses of various shapes, with scattered cards, and

(Continued on page 2)

WHERE DO YOU FILL YOUR CAR. Don't try to deceive your car. Spin right around to the new Quality Filling Station. We sell only high grade oils and gas. Give us a trial; we can please you. Tires tested, radiators filled; crank cases drained free and refilled with quality motor oil at junk prices. See us before buying tires and tubes. Everything we sell is true to name and quality. QUALITY FILLING STATION. J. A. Gamble, Manager. Phone No. 43.

WHAT THE DEVIL D'YOU MEAN? that report I was engaged to make. When the report comes in, my resignation comes with it. "All right. Let it come here and now, then." Maillard's tone was ugly. "If you're so blamed anxious to get out of the company, get out!"

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

Keep Your Money In Brownfield

Buy 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 grow — Keep Coming

T.R. Prideaux Lmbr CO.
Brownfield, Texas

NOTICE!

I have bought the filling station and auto accessory, tire and tube business from Walter Gracey, and will appreciate the trade of his old customers, and as many new ones as possible. I will have some good news for my customers from time to time in these ads.

Come in to see me.

GLEN HARRIS, Prop.
Phone 118 Brownfield

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 basket. 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 gases, 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 sell.

Dr. Hess Instant Louse Killer Kills Lice

Try Advertising In This Paper

The Mardi Gras Mystery

By
H. BEDFORD-JONES

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

Copyright by Doubleday, Page and Company

and money. About this table had been sitting half a dozen members of the Krewes of Comus. Now, however, they were standing, their various identities completely concealed by the grotesque costumes which cloaked them. Their hands were in the air.

Standing at another doorway, midway between their group and that of the four unexpected intruders, was the Midnight Masquer—holding them up at the point of his automatic!

Maillard was the first to break the silence of stupefaction.

"By heavens!" he cried, furiously. "Here's that d-d villain again—hold him, you! at him, everybody!"

In a blind rage, transported out of himself by his sudden access of passion, the banker hurled himself forward. From the bandit burst a cry of futile warning; the pistol in his hand veered toward his assailant.

This action precipitated the event. Perhaps because the Masquer did not fire instantly, and perhaps because Maillard's mad action slammed them, the nearest members of the drinking party hurled themselves at the bandit. The threat of the weapon was forgotten.

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All We Ask Is a Trial

If you have not used a sack of our flour, we take this method of asking you to do so. We KNOW that we are selling a

Quality product and so you'll agree after you have tried it. It is made of our own panhandle wheat right here on the Plains—and there's no better in the world. We handle both the Great West and the Amaryllis, the former a hard wheat and the later a soft wheat flour. Order a sack. We guarantee it absolutely.

WILLIAMS & BOWERS

Exclusive Dealers

Where Your Taxes Go

How Uncle Sam Spends Your Money in Conducting Your Business

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

Author "Washington Close-Up," "Banks and Financial Systems," etc. Contributor Political and Economic Articles to Leading Periodicals and a Writer of Reputable Articles on the National Government's Business Methods.

Copyright, Western Newspaper Union

MAGNITUDE OF BILLIONS

I have been throwing the incredible figures at your head. Now that you are not anybody else has the faintest conception of what one billion dollars really is. We speak familiarly of billions as a commonplace, but most of us live our lives in terms of hundreds.

I have shown you that every one of us, man, woman and child, in this country, paid last year \$33.77 each toward the support of the government. Of course, every person does not pay exactly \$33.77. A great many pay more and some pay less; but those who pay the most try to take it out of those who pay the least by increasing the price of what they have to sell, or of services rendered or work performed, so that it averages out at \$33.77. Some pay more than their share, others pay less. This is called an incident of taxation. The whole point is that we all pay; that we pay more than we ever paid before; and there is no present prospect of our paying less for some years.

In this way we have all paid our share in the World War. The net cost of that enterprise to date has been \$24,100,000,000, or, including our loans to the foreign governments, which have not been repaid, \$33,455,000,000. These are official treasury figures. Do not let your eyes run over them lightly. Thirty-three billion four hundred and fifty-five million dollars is an almost incomprehensible sum. The cost of running the national government is now around \$5,000,000,000 a year. The experts say that for the next two or three years the cost of the government will not descend below about \$4,000,000,000 a year.

I want you clearly to understand the sum that we are spending, the overwhelming size of such sums. We chatter about billions nowadays without in the least knowing what is a billion. Let me try to bring it home to you. It is now, roughly speaking, 1920 years since the birth of Christ. We do not know precisely and accurately at what hour and on what day Christ was born. But under the Gregorian calendar, according to which we now reckon time, we have a record of the days since January first of the year one, Anno Domini. From the beginning of the year one to January 1, 1921, there elapsed about 701,267 days, or, to reduce it further, 16,300,408 hours, which being reduced again, means 1,009,824,480 minutes.

I will ask you to remember that the whole history of the modern world from the first second of the year one to the last second of the year 1920 has been compressed into 1,009,824,480 minutes.

Now let us suppose that with the permission of the Roman authorities the United States had established a disbursing officer at Jerusalem on the first day of the year one with instructions to pay the cost of the government night, Sundays and holidays included, right down through the centuries to New Year's day, 1921.

Suppose he had been given \$3,686,005,796 to start him on his long spell of spending. That is one estimate of the sum that it cost to run this government in 1920. On the morning of January 1, 1921, this mythical disbursing officer, giving money away at the rate of \$5 a minute, would have spent only \$5,049,122,400, and would still be one of the richest men in the world. He would have had in his hand \$336,883,396 of the original sum. Paying out at the rate of \$5 a minute for more than 1900 years, he would not have kept pace with the cost of upkeep of this government for the one single year 1920.

Suppose this imaginary government spender had been authorized to pay out at the rate of \$23 a minute through the centuries. He would not have finished, on January 1, 1921, paying for our share of the cost of the World War by some \$784,036,960. He would have had much left over after paying out \$23,235,968,000. He would have been paying out nearly 40 cents every second the clock ticked for more than 19 centuries without being able to discharge our share of the World War cost.

Do you ever bother your head about these bushels and bushels of dollars that you contribute to the support of the government? You earned them. You know whether they came easily or not. Do you know where they go after they leave you, how they are spent, whether wisely or foolishly?

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

O. B. Smith and two daughters, of Hollis, Okla., are here visiting their son and brother, Fred Smith and family.

Mrs. Merriweather, of Clovis, N. M., was here recently visiting her many old friends. Her daughter, Miss Henne is in a hospital at Lubbock.

It's all your money, contributed for the proper and economic conduct of your business. There is no such thing as government money. The government never earned a cent.

You own the government and you support it, and it is merely administered by men of your selection. I have always been puzzled about why you do not take an active and eager interest in what becomes of your money that you pay in taxes.

But let's go on and get down to cases.

FORD PROPOSAL INDORSED BY MR. EDISON

Just preceding the announcement that the agricultural committee had rejected the Ford proposal, we had the following interview given by Mr. Thomas A. Edison to the Universal News Service.

Freedom for America from dependence upon Germany for potash, essential to the manufacture of fertilizers was predicted by Thomas A. Edison before the Senate Agricultural Committee today, if Henry Ford's offer for the government power project at Muscle Shoals is accepted.

Edison disclosed for the first time that within 75 miles of Muscle Shoals there are enormous potash deposits. He said he can develop a chemical process to make the deposits available for manufacture of fertilizers at Muscle Shoals.

Potash under this plan, he said, would be much cheaper than the supply from Germany, besides freeing the United States from the German monopoly. And with this aid, Edison continued, Ford would be able to revolutionize the manufacture of fertilizers.

Edison expressed the opinion that if Ford gets the Muscle Shoals project, he will build up a vast industrial center in the Tennessee Valley that will spread prosperity throughout the south and extend its benefits to all parts of the world.

The Jersey wizard smiled at the crowd of correspondents and spectators who had gathered to hear him testify.

Telling the committee that the presence of a crowd made him nervous, he requested that everybody be excluded except members of the committee. His request was granted and the hearing was held behind closed doors.

The inventive genius emphasized to the committee that Ford is a big man and will develop this project in a big way. He explained, however, that any proposal for the department of Muscle Shoals on a plan that would assure cheaper fertilizer would have his hearty approval.

Content With Little. "It seems to me," said Marthe, with the wisdom that the simple in heart acquire with pain and travail, "that in this world a woman's only chance of happiness is if she loves. Being loved doesn't make her so. . . . Love is a fire, so it must have fuel to keep it alight, but a woman's fuel needs very little, and that is rather a good thing perhaps, for she seldom gets much."

"The Journey Home," by Sybil Lethbridge.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

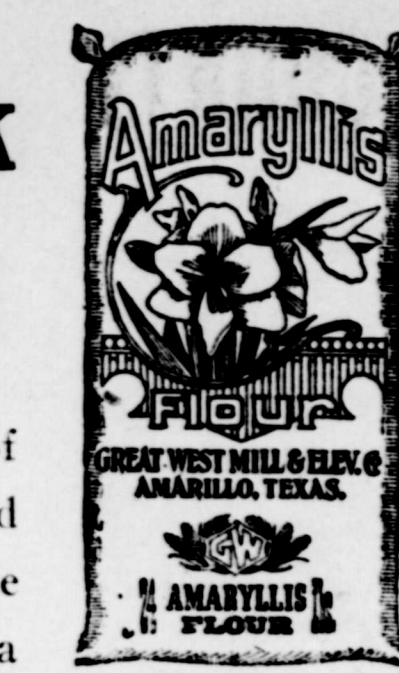
Baptist Church
Sunday School at 10 A.M.
Preaching 11:40 A.M. and 8:00 P.M.
Intermediate B.Y.P.U. 2:30 P.M.
Sunbeam Band 3:30 P.M.
Junior B.Y.P.U. 4:00 P.M.
Prayer meeting Wed. at 8:30 P.M.
C. E. Ball, Pastor

Church of Christ
Bible School every Sunday at 10:00 A.M.
Worship begins at 11:00 A.M.
Lord's Supper at 11:45 A.M.
Bible Class each Wed. at 3:30 p.m.
Song practice every Wed. night.
Preaching every 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11:00 A.M. and 8:00 P.M.
Everybody please be on time. Visitors are always welcome.
C. B. Glasgow, Minister.

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



Sliced peaches with Kellogg's Corn Flakes!

Can you imagine anything so good to eat early on a warm morning or for lunch as sliced peaches and milk, all-cold and fine—and Kellogg's Corn Flakes, crispy and delicious!

Est plenty of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and fruit and know the happiness of feeling sprightly, despite the heat! Kellogg's Corn Flakes are exactly the sort of diet you need. They are not only satisfying, but nourishing as well and just wonderful for little folks, in particular, because they digest so easily.

Be certain to get Kellogg's Corn Flakes in the RED and GREEN package bearing the signature of W. K. Kellogg, originator of Corn Flakes.



Also makers of KELLOGG'S BRUNNLES and KELLOGG'S DRAN, each and all made in the U.S.A.

Read and Heed

Read this little poem, then let the Brownfield Nursery pull you out of the hole:

My cow went dead And blew the house
My horse went lame I live in away
I lost forty bucks Tax Assessor came around
In a poker game Charged me up with
Storm came up one day A hole in the ground

Some tough luck we will admit, but plant orchards, vineyards and berry patches for commercial purposes and you will soon be independent.

DO YOU KNOW that fifty dollars worth of nursery stock varieties selected and furnished by us, will add from \$500.00 to \$1000.00 value to your farm within three years time?

We invite you to call and see the trees growing and get our prices, which we assure you will be right.

Located two blocks South of High School **BROWNFIELD NURSERY**
Jno. B. King, Owner

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

285

Cut Your Delivery Costs

And remember—the lowest first cost, the lowest upkeep and the highest resale value of any motor car ever built.

Expand your sales zone—reach more customers. Figured from every conceivable standpoint a Ford Chassis, and a body to suit your needs will not only speed up and substantially lower the cost of your light delivery and hauling, but it will establish for your business an invaluable reputation for promptness and efficiency. Buy now. Terms if desired.

Tudor Sales Co.
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

Mrs. Blevens Tidwell and children, from Carlsbad, N.M., are in Terry county visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S.W. Jones and family.

Lost:—A retreat casing size 34X4 1/2 between Brownfield and Lubbock. Finder please return to Noah Bell.

Mrs. J. A. Halley, Miss Alfreda and two sons, are guests of Mr. Halley's sister, Mrs. Dallas, for a few days. Mrs. Halley is the wife of the Guaranty State Bank, of San Angelo, Tex.

Jake Leedy and A. M. Sullivan, of Tahoka, were visitors here Monday.

Elmer C. Roberts drove his Stricklin's car to Big Spring, where returning with Roy Ball, he also had business in that

Mrs. Stricklin and the children left Sunday for Big Spring to attend the bedside of her brother, Cleve Holden, who got his leg badly mangled in a big pump cogwheel near the Itan tank. He was pumping for one of the oil drill companies that are operating in that vicinity. The company is talking of sending him to Dallas to have skin grafted on his limb.

Mrs. Stricklin and the children left Sunday for Big Spring to attend the bedside of her brother, Cleve Holden, who got his leg badly mangled in a big pump cogwheel near the Itan tank. He was pumping for one of the oil drill companies that are operating in that vicinity. The company is talking of sending him to Dallas to have skin grafted on his limb.

Elmer C. Roberts drove his Stricklin's car to Big Spring, where returning with Roy Ball, he also had business in that

OUR HOMES ARE IN TERRY COUNTY

We want farmers and stockmen to know that we are striving to co-operate with them in making—

TERRY COUNTY FIRST

In production, and as a place to build one's home.

R. M. Kendrick
E. T. Powell
T. R. Prideaux
D. J. Broughton

A. R. Brownfield
Officers and Directors

W. A. Bell
Tom May
Fred Smith
H. H. Longbrake

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Brownfield Texas



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

REMOVAL NOTICE

We have moved to the new concrete building first door east of the new filling station, where we are better prepared to take care of your business. Yours for service,

AMERICAN TAILOR SHOP

O. L. Jones, Prop. BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

TO THE MEMORY OF JUDGE W. N. COPELAND

Written by his old friend, Hon. W. R. Spencer, Judge of the 72nd Judicial District.

A shadow of sincere sorrow fell over the hearts of his many devoted friends and relatives when the Pale Horse and his all conquering Rider, on Wednesday, July 5th, summoned Judge William Newton Copeland of Lubbock, Texas, to eternal rest.

William Newton Copeland, was one of the pioneers of West Texas. He was born December 7th, 1849, at Subliqua, Georgia, and received his education in the public schools of his native state.

He came to Texas when 20 years of age and spent the greater part of his life on the frontier of West Texas. He assisted in the organization of Runnels County, this State, in the year of 1880, and was elected first county and district clerk and served two terms and refused to stand for re-election, and went back to his cattle business, which by this time had grown extensive.

In the early 90's he moved to the Plains country and settled in what was then the unorganized county of Terry, and engaged in stock raising and also in the mercantile business at Meadow, in said county, in both of which he was successful. He assisted in the organization of Terry county in the year of 1904, and was elected its first county judge, serving two terms. He afterwards served as one of the county commissioners of said county for several terms.

He later moved to Lubbock, Texas, where he engaged in the drug business for a time, and also served for a time as city recorder, and in Lubbock he continued to make his home until his death. He was married to Miss Martha Dean, in Grayson county, Texas, on August 18, 1872, and for nearly 50 years of married life himself and his devoted wife, "had climbed the hill together," and such a hill!

To this union was born six children, Ed, Otis, Charley, Harry, Newton and Mrs. Irene Cosby, all of whom are living except Ed, the oldest, who died a couple of years since. His surviving widow and all the living children were present at his funeral.

Judge Copeland joined the Baptist church when only 16 years of age and remained a staunch "Land mark Baptist" in all that term implies to the day of his death.

It will be forever a fond recollection to the writer that many hours were spent with this strong, brave and heroic soul, and in discussing the various problems of life. It was his greatest desire to leave the world better than he found it, and believing this, he always aligned himself on the moral side of every question and was always found on the side of law and order. He was friendly with everybody and took a kindly interest in things in which his friends were engaged.

A great writer has said: "When I go down to the grave I can say I have finished my days' work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My days' work will begin again the next morning. The Tomb is not a

blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the night; it opens on the dawn."

How true it is, that this little span we call human life, does not end with the dissolution of the body. Philosophy fails to relieve heartaches caused by death, but the departure of a good man with an untarnished record of honor and helpful usefulness does not leave the mourner so hopeless and miserable as does the giving of one who has not contributed to the happiness and betterment of the old world.

Judge Copeland was truly a good and useful man. For nearly forty years the writer knew him intimately and well. As a friend he was loyal to the core.

The brightest spot in my memory for him, however, will be his devoted love for his family and his desire that they should be useful and honorable members of society. Remembering our friend's strong and happy personality, we can best express ourselves in the following beautiful lines: "Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moaning at the bar."

When I put out to sea, But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound or foam, When that which deep from out the boundless deep

Turns again home, Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I embark; For though from out our borne of time and place

The floods may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have crossed the bar."

And we know that our friend, ready and without a tremor, met his Pilot face to face, that same good Pilot who said: "I am the resurrection and the life, and he that believeth in me, though he be dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.—Lubbock Avalanche.

WHERE DO YOU FILL YOUR CAR?

Don't try to deceive your car. Spin right around to the new Quality Filling Station. We sell only high grade oils and gas. Give us a trial; we can please you; tires tested, radiators filled, crank cases drained free and refilled with quality motor oil at junk prices. See us before you buy tires and tubes. Everything we sell is true to name and quality.—Quality Filling Station, J. A. Gamble, Mgr. Phone No. 43.

GAINES COUNTY CHILD BITTEN BY RATTLESNAKE

The three year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Stanley is quite sick from the effects of a rattlesnake bite, Wednesday afternoon, while playing in the yard at the ranch home a few miles south of Seminole.—Seminole Sentinel.

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

W. S. Self and Mr. Smith, of Meadow, were here Tuesday.

WE BUILD A BRIDGE

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

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

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

Call us.

HIGGINBOTHAM-BARTLETT CO.

Brownfield, Texas

MEADOW BRIEFS

By Aesculapius

On the thirteenth your correspondent reached his sixty-third mile post. The journey seemed to have been made quickly. The road has not been extremely rough, and oh, the good times I have had and am still having. If time and space were at my command, I might get remissent.—(The Herald wishes for you many more happy returns of the day.—Editor.)

Our assistant banker has returned from her visit to the old home, looking pleasant, and reports a fine time among old friends and relatives. Earl celebrated her coming by sweeping out the bank and washing his feet.

Mrs. M. P. Harris and Miss Gladys Tomlinson, of Cone, Crosby county, mother and niece of Mrs. J. B. Reed, were visitors here the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnett, of Colorado, Texas, are visiting with John Arnett. Mr. Arnett is the father of the Arnett boys and an old settler of the Plains.

Mrs. Whipp and daughter, Margaret, of Lubbock, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Peeler the past week. The young lady has a host of friends and admirers here who were delighted to have her with them.

Mrs. J. L. Moorhead, of Tuscola, Texas, visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday. She has been over a considerable part of the Plains and pronounces this the best she has seen. N. S. Copeland spent the past week at Brownfield leading the song services for the Church of Christ.

Mr. Montgomery who lives south of town, had a mix up with a mule a few evenings since, and came off with a dislocated shoulder. It appears that the mule escaped injury. It is best not to have an argument, or get demonstrative with this historic animal, for since Baalam's time they have usually did the unexpected.

The singing convention met here Sunday and a large gathering of people were in attendance. The church was not large enough to accommodate the crowd, and there were quite as many outside as in. The singing was excellent and enjoyed by all. There were solo duets, quartets and singing by the whole family. The dinner was ample and all who chose to stay had all they wished. As on similar occasions: the pie hunter was in evidence and it is astonishing how much pie and custard these human vultures will hold. Otherwise there was nothing that occurred to mar the enjoyment of the occasion.

The next session will be held at Tokio in October.

The new postoffice is under way, and in the near future it will be found east of the drug store.

The Cicero Smith Lumber Co. is erecting extensive sheds for lumber, which argues well for the future of Meadow. These far seeing business men know what they are about. Watch us grow. Come to Meadow

THE BLUE WEED AND ITS ERADICATION

The blue weed (Helianthus ciliaris) is the worst weed pest of a considerable section of west and south-west Texas, western Oklahoma and New Mexico and Arizona.

Mr. R. E. Karper, Superintendent of sub-station No. 8, Lubbock, Texas, recently completed a series of experiments in the eradication and control of the blue weed; and the Texas Agricultural Experiment has issued bulletin No. 292 describing Mr. Karper's experiments and conclusions, together with directions for the control of the pest.

The bulletin is illustrated and the reader will be enabled to easily identify the weed under discussion. A copy will be mailed free upon request to B. Youngblood, Director, College Station, Texas.

C. E. PROGRAM

Grow—2 Peter 3:18.
Leader—Mrs. Shelton.
Song.
Talk by Leader. Prayer.
Recitation—Growth: Vincible Holgate.
Object talk—Guthrie Cook.
How may our society grow.—Otho Flippin.

Solo—O Jesus Christ Grow Thou in Me—Miss Wolford.
Questions to be answered by the society.
Benediction.

MARRIED

Mr. Oscar Sawyer and Miss Effie Tankersley, popular young people of this city, were married last Friday, Rev. J. W. Baughman pastor of the Methodist church, officiating.

Oscar is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Sawyer, and Miss Effie is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Tankersley. They left for Sweetwater and Electra Saturday.

Herald offers congratulations.

HARRIS HAPPENINGS

By Sand Bar.

The little folks of the community, together with their parents enjoyed themselves very much at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Murphy, Thursday for their little daughter, Jaunita, she being seven years old on that day. After the seven candles on the birthday cake had been lighted and blown out, ice cream, cake and lemonade were served, and later in the afternoon ice tea was enjoyed by all. The occasion will long be remembered, for in honor of the seven years, each small guest was treated to seven dishes of ice cream, not all at one time, however. The homerec received several pretty and useful gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Alexander visited at the home of Arthur Cobb, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Tandy made a trip to town this week. Mr. Tandy is having some dental work done.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Crowder and their small daughter, Nelvan Jean, and Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Murphy and Dewey Jr., from the Johnson community, spent Thursday night with S. T. Murphy and family.

Brit Clare and family made a business trip to Brownfield, Saturday.

Arthur Cobb took a load of hogs to Brownfield, Wednesday, returning Thursday.

F. M. Ellington and Mrs. J. N. McDowell went to Brownfield, Wed. and visited the later's son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. George McDowell, who are moving to Snyder this week on account of a lack of work in Brownfield.

Mrs. P. M. Williams was operated on at Lubbock last week. We failed to learn any particulars or how she is getting along, but hope she is doing as well as possible.

Jaunita Murphy had the bad misfortune to fall on a knife Saturday morning, which almost severed the end of her thumb. She was rushed to the sanitarium at Brownfield, but was too late to save the part that was almost cut off. The doctors took off all of the first joint, and she is doing as well as could be expected at this time.

Brit Clare and F. M. Ellington helped S. T. Murphy windmill, Thursday morning.

Will Fitzgerald from near Gailsport last Saturday and Sunday with the home folks here.

Roy Fitzgerald and family took Mrs. Fitzgerald's mother and sister, Mrs. Vennum and Edna back to Roswell, this week.

HALF dozen grade Jersey cows for sale; prices right. See W. C. Jones, 8 miles south of town.

R. B. Ingle, insurance man of Ralls, accompanied by S. T. Reynolds, manager of the Bird & Dean store at Lorenzo, were here last week visiting and prospecting.

BET A DOLLAR—It's a West Texas paper, by West Texas writers for West Texas folks. Won't you bet a dollar that it is worth reading? Just \$1.00 per year. Money back any mo. you are not satisfied.—The Plains Journal, Lubbock, Texas.

Mrs. W. H. Dallas was hostess to the Maids and Matrons Club, with a few friends outside the organization, on Monday afternoon, July 10th. The classic musical program was beautifully rendered. The two operas, "The Bohemian Girl" and "Il Trovatore"

were the chief titles. Piano, vocal and stories were given of these wonderful works. The color scheme of white and yellow was charmingly carried out in decorations; also in the serving. The lovely grand piano was in splendid tune and all enjoyed each number as was elicited by hearty applause. The club and hostess are greatly indebted to the young ladies who gave their time and talent to make this occasion so very appreciative and so thoroughly enjoyable.

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

Miss Wolford, singing evangelist, is at home with Mrs. J. O. Brown.

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

C. Sear's mother is here from Hunt county visiting him and enjoying the Plains breezes.

ELECTION ORDER

Be it ordered by the Board of Trustees of the Gomez Independent School District that an election be held at the school house, in Gomez, Terry County, Texas, in said Gomez Independent School District on the 29th day of July, A.D. 1922, to determine whether the Board of Trustees 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 Gomez Independent School District, of and at the rate of Fifteen Cents on the \$100.00 valuation of all taxable property, making a total of Sixty-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.

J. M. Thomason 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 qualified voters in said Gomez 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.

Gomez Independent School District
By W. H. Black, President
Attest—B. H. Brannan, Secretary

COUNTY JUDGE'S ORDER

The State of Texas, County of Terry—

Whereas, on the 26th day of June, 1922, a petition was presented to me for an election in Common School district No. 21, in this county on the question of authorizing a tax of and at the rate of 50 cents on the \$100.00 valuation of taxable property in said district, for local maintenance purposes and to supplement the school fund of said district, said petition bearing the requisite number of property taxing voters of said district and being in every respect in conformity with law.

Now therefore, I, D. J. Broughton, as County Judge of Terry County, Texas, do hereby order that an election be held on the 24th day of July, 1922, at the residence of S. T. Miller, in said district established by order of the County Board, recorded in Vol. 1 at page 21 of the minutes of the School Districts, to determine whether a majority of the legally qualified taxing voters of that district desire to tax themselves for the purpose of supplementing the State school fund apportioned to said district and for local maintenance purposes, and to determine whether the Commissioners' Court shall levy assess and collect a tax of and at the rate of 50 cents on the \$100.00 valuation of taxable property in said district, for said purposes.

S. T. Miller is hereby appointed presiding officer of said election and he shall select two judges and two clerks to assist him in holding the same, and within five days after said election, make due returns thereof to the Commissioners' Court.

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

"For the School Tax."
"Against the School Tax."
All persons who are legally qualified voters of this State and of this County and who are resident property taxpayers in said district shall be entitled to vote at said election.

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

Dated this 27th day of July, 1922.
D. J. Broughton,
County Judge, Terry County

T. L. TREADAWAY, M. D.

H. A. CASTLEBERRY, M. D.

Physicians and Surgeons

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

Brownfield, Texas

BROWNFIELD SANITARIUM

Equipped for Medical, Surgical and Obstetrical cases.

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

DR. H. H. HUGHES

Dental Surgeon

Office at the Brownfield Sanitarium.

Brownfield, Texas

Brownfield Lodge No. 982, A. F. & A. M.

Meets on Saturday night before the full moon in each month in the Masonic Hall.
Geo. W. Snodgrass, W. M.
Thos. R. Prideaux, Sec.

HARNESS AND SHOE REPAIRS

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

AMERICAN SHOE SHOP

Brownfield Texas

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

Brownfield, Texas

Headquarters for Alfalfa Hay, also Bran, Shorts and Kimbell's Best flour.

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Business Phone 74 Residence Phone 94

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JOSH DRIVES TILL HE FINDS HER

Hello Josh, where are you going? I am hunting a Magnolia Filling station. What's the idea? Well, there is no idea except facts. I have got 24 miles to the gallon out of their gasoline for the past 500 miles, and God knows when I ever put in lube oil. You know I drained my crank case before I started and filled with Magnolia, the dependable lube, and she still stands full. I don't see why the Magnolia Petroleum Co. didn't tell me years ago that their lube would run twice as far as the ordinary lube. Here's a station Josh and I believe I'll get some too. You know a fellow never gets too old to learn. Phone No. 10. Magnolia quality with their oils and gasses and guarantee with every drop.

Magnolia Petroleum Co.

Phone 10.

Tom May, Agent

NOTICE

When you have light hauling see the new delivery boy.

VERNON CARVER

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cigarettes



10¢

They are GOOD!

Herald \$1. in Terry County