



**THE TERRY COUNTY HERALD**  
Published Every Friday at  
Brownfield, Texas  
A. J. STRICKLIN, Editor and Prop.  
Subscription Rates: One year, \$1.50;  
Six Months, 75c; Three Months, 40c.  
Advertising Rates on Application.

The Lubbock Avalanche has passed into volume 22 of its great career, and has added many good features and much costly machinery in the past year despite the depressed conditions of the country. Having reached a high goal among country journals, it has no idea of playing the part of Lot's wife and look back. It still has its eyes on the rim of the mountain of progress and is stepping toward that goal. Long may it wave.

Now that the railroad unions have accepted twelve per cent cuts in their wages, the shipper and consumer are now expecting the railroad barons to get busy with a sure enough cut in freight rates and restore the passenger fares back to normal, and to show some of their boasted "efficiency" in moving the crops. It would seem to a lay railroader that the employers might fall to the fact that the war is over in freight rates, as well as in employers' wages. And they might knife the wages of the big guns with the salaries of five and six figures and not make us cry.

Appropos of the appointment by President Harding of Abraham Lincoln Johnson, negro Republican National Committeeman from Georgia, to the post of Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, the Seminole Sentinel muses as follows:

Gaines county cast a few votes for Mr. Harding, too, and so we guess they approve stunts like the above. Too bad that those here who voted for a party that is in love with the

negro, can't have a burr headed coon to record their deeds. They will have to go to the District of Columbia to buy property in order to be accommodated. This is some of the so-called "normalcy."

Yes, it is some of the pre-Wilson "normalcy." The "normalcy" established by Teddy first at Scimitaria, Miss., with a kinkey headed "nigger" for postmistress. But this is what the dear people voted for, and shouldn't they ought to have it?

Once upon a time there was a merchant that decided that newspaper advertising did not pay and decided he would erect some large signs by the road side. In order to try the effect of his new plan, he asked old farmer Jones who came to town in a few days, how he liked his new advertising out over mile or so. Farmer Jones remarked that he faintly remembered seeing them, but that his old bus was naturally rearing to go and he was in a hurry to get the cream in to the merchants that was advertising to buy it, and the old woman and the children wanted him to come after the home paper any way to have it to read over Sunday in order to see what was going on over the county. In fact he passed the signs so darn fast that he could not read them and did not know whose they were. Though he heard wife say that she had noticed "Certain Merchants" had quit advertising, and he had merely dropped in to see if the sheriff had tacked the "closed" sign on the door. Moral: The biggest advertisers in the world use newspaper advertising exclusively. Why can't the little advertiser catch on.

The Japs continue to hunt something, and some of these days they are going to find it with Uncle Sam and they will wish a thousand years they had let well enough alone. Germany had the same idea that Jap fosters. Most folks like peace. At

## MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY

Will appreciate your business

CHESTER GORE, Mgr.

## A DANGER FORESEEN IS HALF AVOIDED

HOW MUCH IS YOUR PEACE OF MIND WORTH?

AT A TRIFLING EXPENSE YOU CAN SECURE FROM US AN ABSTRACT OF TITLE COVERING ANY PIECE OF REAL ESTATE IN YOUR TOWN OR COUNTY, INFORMING YOU OF EVERY CLOUD OR TAIN UPON ITS TITLE, IF ANY EXISTS, OR ELSE GIVING YOU THE ASSURANCE THAT ITS TITLE IS ABSOLUTELY AND INCONTES- TIBLY CLEAR.

WITH ONE OF OUR ABSTRACTS YOU BUY PEACE OF MIND, WHICH COMES FROM THE KNOWLEDGE THAT YOU ARE FORTIFIED AGAINST THE LOSS OF YOUR PROPERTY.

FOR YOUR SATISFACTION CONSULT US. YOU PLACE YOURSELF UNDER NO OBLIGATION.

C. R. RAMBO, Abstracter  
BROWNFIELD, (Terry County) TEXAS



See me for best Georgia Marble and Granite Monuments best work and Material.

J. F. WINSTON

Brownfield, Texas



least the far sighted consider peace good business. If the Japs, however, are thick headed, it is their funeral. Lamesa Reporter.

Not over two or three months ago, Editor Smith took Ex-President Wilson to a fine cleaning for going to war with Germany, and now he and friend Harding are just on the verge of a war with the little yellow men. Right about face. Forward March!

### IS THIS A BOOST OR ANOTHER VEILED KNOCK

Jack Stricklin, editor of the Brownfield Herald, keeps an old muzzle-loading scatter gun for any person, human or editor, who dares by inference or otherwise, cast an aspersion on the Brownfield section, or that surrounding portion which constitutes the best part of the universe. And the way Jack uses that old muzzle-loader sometimes gives the appearance and noise of a machine gun.

The editor of the Record sinned in speaking of the consolidation of the banks at Plains, in Yoakum county, when he said from appearances there was not business sufficient to maintain one bank at Plains, yet two had existed for years. Jack got down the old scatter-gun and demands that the injury to old Yoakum be righted. If Jack will put down his gun and think a second he may see the item in a different light. He states that the two banks have had at times deposits totaling \$150,000 and that we took "a slam at the cattlemen" for doubting the amount of business there.

Just lay the old muzzle-loader away. We are indeed surprised at the information that the bank deposits never passed \$150,000. We would have guessed that they had at times reached a combined figure of at least a quarter of a million dollars. The whole matter came about by you not understanding our little item.

What we intended to say, but perhaps were a little obtuse in the expression, was that from the looks of the little old buildings themselves to a tourist passing through town, that business would be very meagre in the two banks. We knew that there were thousands of cattle on the thousands of hills and that the cattlemen handle large sums of money. Anyone who knows the western country knows that a tourist sees a very small number of cattle in a day's journey, while the country surrounding may be pasturing a thousand trainloads. The appearance of a cow town and a cow range are two different propositions. We are surprised, however, at your statement that the combined deposits of the two banks never ran over \$150,000.

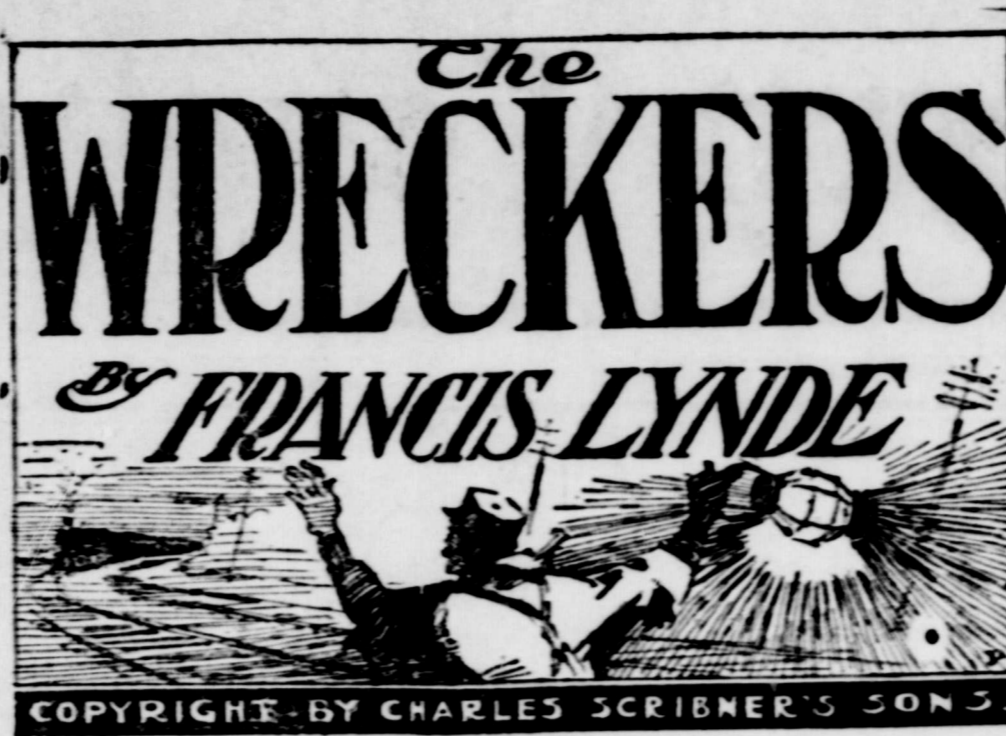
We will send you a certain story, entitled "The Immigrant" if you have not seen it. It might express our sentiments more clearly. You have us down wrong—Canadian Record. The trouble with the Record was not what he said about the consolidation of the two banks—the very bankers themselves agree with him on that or they would never have consolidated. But it said too much about other things not essential in the matter. Send along the book, however. We'll agree to try it once.

E. L. Shropshire of Dallas, has been the guest of his brother-in-law, E. M. Flemming and family, near Gomez, the past few days. He left Tuesday morning to attend the State convention of the Farmers Union at Lubbock.

Jack Head and family have moved back to Brownfield from New Mexico. Jack was the first County Treasurer of Terry County, and about the first barber in Brownfield.

### Hemstitching

Dumas sisters have installed a Hemstitching Machine in the balcony of Lewis Brothers & Co. Store. Bring us your work. We guarantee to satisfy. Mail orders given prompt attention. Rates 15c per yard.



### SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Graham Norcross, railroad manager, and his secretary, Jimmie Potts, are marooned at sea. They witness a peculiar train holdup, in which a special car is carried off.

CHAPTER II—Norcross recognizes the man whom he was to meet at Fortal. The latter orders Norcross the manager-in-charge of the Pioneer Short Line, which is a line of passenger and freight cars, headed by Breakers' Junction, president of the line. Norcross, hearing that Sheila Macrae is stopping at Fortal City, escapes.

CHAPTER III—Dodge overhears conversation between John Harris and Gustave Henkel, Fortal City manager, in which the latter promises to keep Norcross's name out of the papers. Norcross, hearing that Sheila Macrae is stopping at Fortal City, escapes.

CHAPTER IV—To enter the monopoly controlled by Hatch and Henkel, the Red Tower corporation, Norcross forms a company. Dodge threatens to leave office, unless Norcross agrees to keep Sheila Macrae's name out of the papers. Norcross agrees to do so.

CHAPTER V—Hatch, aware that Dodge has knowledge of his and Henkel's plan, offers him inducements to leave office. Dodge threatens to leave office, unless Norcross agrees to keep Sheila Macrae's name out of the papers. Norcross agrees to do so.

CHAPTER VI—Dodge connects Norcross' disappearance with machinations of Hatch and Henkel, and on receiving strength sent out to solve the mystery.

CHAPTER VII—With Kirgan, the chief of the police, Norcross escapes through a tunnel.

CHAPTER VIII—The rescue party finds and releases Norcross from captivity to which he had been subjected. Norcross, realizing the danger to his life, escapes to the city.

CHAPTER IX—Dodge follows an emissary of the Red Tower people, spying on Norcross, to a coal yard, where he discovers the hide-out of the Red Tower people, and at the risk of his life frustrates their plan.

CHAPTER X—At the home of Sheila Macrae, Norcross is reunited with his wife. He prepares to defend his home.

### CHAPTER XI

#### The Name on the Register

So long as I was holding on to the notion that the man outside was one of Clanshaw's thugs, hanging around to do the boss a mischief, I thought I knew pretty well what I should do when it came to the window. I really have hauled off and shot a man, in cold blood! That's a tough question, but I guess maybe I could have screwed myself up to the sticking point, as the fellow says, with a six-shooter pointed on the other side of that window—and the boss' life at stake. But when I saw that it was young Collingwood, that was a horse of another color.

What a jerk was the president's nephew doing prowling around Major Kendrick's house after eleven o'clock at night, lurching a pistol and peering into windows? I could see him quite plainly now. He had both hands on the sill and was leaning to pull himself up so that he could see into the end of the room where the fireplace was.

Just for the moment, there wasn't any danger of a blow-up. Unless he should break the glass in the window, he couldn't get a line on either the boss or Mrs. Sheila—if that was what he was aiming to do. All the same, I kept him covered with the automatic, steadying it against the door-jamb.

While the strain was at its worst, with the man outside fattening his cheek against the window-pane to get the sidewise slant, I heard the boss get out of his chair and say: "I'm keeping you out of bed, as usual; look at that clock! I'll go and wake Jimmie, and we'll vanish."

Just as he spoke, two things happened: a taxi chugged up to the gate and stopped, and the man's face disappeared from the window. I heard a quick padding of feet as of someone being run down, and the next minute came the rattle of a latch-key and voices in the hall to tell me that the major and his folks were getting home. I had barely time to pocket the pistol and to drop into a chair where I could pretend to be asleep, when I felt the boss' hand on my shoulder.

"Come, Jimmie," he said. "It's time we were moving along" and in a minute or so after he had said good-night to the major and Mrs. Kendrick, we got out.

At the gate we found the taxi driver doing something to his motor. With the spare from which I was still shaking, I made my legs wobble. I probed at the chance which our good and

was apparently holding for us. "Let's ride," I suggested; and when we got into the cab, I saw a man stroll up from the shadow of the sidewalk cottonwoods and say something to the driver; something that got him an invitation to ride to town on the front seat with the caddy when the car was finally cranked and started. I had a sight of our extra fare's face when he climbed up and put his back to us, and I knew it was Tarbell. But Mr. Norcross didn't know that. When we reached the Bullard the boss went right up to his rooms, but I had a little investigation to make, and I stayed in the lobby to put it over. On the open page of the hotel register, in the group of names written just after the arrival of our train from the West at 7:30, I found the signature that I was looking for, "Howard Collingwood, N. Y." Putting this and that together, I concluded that our young rouser had come in from the West, which was a bit puzzling, since it left the inference that he wasn't direct from New York.

Waiting for a good chance at the night clerk, I ventured a few questions. They were answered promptly enough. Young Mr. Collingwood had come in on the 7:30. But he had been in Fortal City a week earlier, too, stopping over for a single day. Yes, he was alone, now, but he hadn't been on the other occasion. There was a man with him on the earlier stop-over, and he also, registered from New York. The clerk didn't remember the other man's name, but he obligingly looked it up for me in the older register. It was Bullock, Henry Bullock.

I suppose it was up to me to go to bed. It was late enough, in all conscience, and I didn't know better than I did the early-rising, early-coming habits of Mr. Graham Norcross. I went to the room, after I had marked that Mr. Collingwood's room-key was still in its box. I went over to a corner of the lobby and sat down, determined to keep my eyes open, if such a thing were humanly possible, until our rouser should show up.

Finally my patience, or whatever you care to call it, was rewarded. Just after the baggage porter had finished singing his call for the night, my man came in, my man came in on the run.

When he rushed over to the counter and began to talk fast to the night clerk, I wasn't very far behind him. He was telling the clerk to get his man out of the room, as quickly as possible. While the boy was gone for the grips, my man made a straight shoot for the bar, and when I next got a sight of him—from behind one of the big soap-plated pillars of the bar-room colonnade—he was pouring the beer liquor down his throat as if it were water and he on fire inside.

That was about all there was to it. By the time Collingwood got back to the clerk's counter, the boy was down with the grips. Collingwood looked up sort of nervously at the big clock, and paid his bill. And while the clerk was getting his change, he grabbed the pen out of the counter instant, and made out as if he was shading in a picture, or something, on the open register.

A half-minute later he was gone. When the taxi purred away I turned to the open register to see what our man had been drawing in it. What he had done was completely to obliterate his signature. He had scratched it over until the past master of all the hand-writing experts that ever lived couldn't have told what the name was.

At two o'clock in the morning a fast westbound freight had left the track at Petroville Canyon, and before they could get the flagman out, a delayed eastbound passenger had collided with the ruins. There were no lives lost, but a number of people, including the engineer, the postal clerk and the baggage-man on the passenger, were injured.

The editorial, commenting on the wire stuff, was sharply critical of the Short Line management. It hinted broadly that there had been no such thing as sleeping on the road since Mr. Shaffer had left it; that the rank and file was running things pretty much as it pleased; and with this there was a dig at general managers who let old and time-worn department heads go to make room for their rich and incompetent college friends—which was meant to be a slap at Mr. Van Burt, our own and only millionaire.



Our Finest Low Shoe Styles are now on special display.

The long vamp with the high slender heel is the correct shape, and our Oxfords and Pumps carry these style points to the limit.

You will find these elegant low shoes well up to the "Diamond Brand" standard in point of service as well as style and fit, for the thirty-two years' experience of Peters Company is embodied in every pair, and the finest materials used—high grade leather in the heels, counters and soles to insure good wear.

The style illustrated is one of our many elegant numbers.

We can also furnish a long vamp Oxford in kid—in black or tan—and our Pump styles are very fine.

You Must See Them to Fully Appreciate Them,

and the sooner you come, the surer you are of a fit in just what you want.

Lewis Brothers & Company

LEWIS BROTHERS & CO.  
Brownfield, Texas

BREAD  
We have in stock at all times, the Martin's BUTTER FLAKE BREAD.

TURNIP SEED  
We have them now in stock (in the bulk.)

## CICERO-SMITH LUMBER Co.

WILL APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE

CICERO SMITH LUMBER CO.  
Brownfield, Texas

## YOUR--- TRADE APPRECIATED

We want to serve you during 1921, for your Drugs, Sundries and Medicines, Jewelry, Eye Glasses and your School Supplies. Come in when in need of anything in our line.

## Randal's Drug Store

## INSURANCE?

Yes, I write it—  
Life, Fire, Hail, Cyclone, Health, Accident, Disability, Automobile, Bonds of all kinds, In Standard High Class Old Line Companies. "Insure anything, Against everything."  
J. F. WINSTON  
"The Insurance Service Man."  
Brownfield, Texas

## MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



## WHY, TH' FLOOD!



## YOU GOTTA TO READ THE PAPERS TO KEEP UP TO DATE



## I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON ANY MORE SINCE MARIA MADE ME STOP IT



# O.K. Many Home Builders

HAVE PUT THEIR STAMP OF APPROVAL ON OUR SERVICE

THE MANY HOMES THAT WE HAVE HELPED TO PLAN AND BUILD IN BROWNFIELD ARE THE EVIDENCE OF THE FAITH BUILDERS HAVE IN US AND THE ATTRACTION OF MANY OF THESE BUILDINGS IS A SOURCE OF MUCH SATISFACTION TO US, IN THAT THEY STAND AS MONUMENTS TO OUR EFFORTS, REFLECTING OUR USEFULNESS TO THIS COMMUNITY.

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF BUILDING YOU WILL FIND OUR DISPLAY OF PHOTOS AND PLANS BOTH INTERESTING AND HELPFUL.

IT IS ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO SERVE YOU.

## A. G. McAdams Lumber Co.

THE PLACE WHERE IT IS ENTIRELY SAFE TO TRADE

Brownfield, Texas

## Sanitary Barber Shop

Service and courtesy is our motto.

Bynum Bros.

## City Tailor Shop

First class tailor work of all kinds.

W. A. Bynum Prop.

## GARAGE

and BATTERY STATION

We are prepared to overhaul that Ford of yours, and have modern equipment, such as cylinder re-boring machine, valve seating machine and burning in machine. We also repair or recharge storage batteries. Everything we do is done right by expert repair men. We are in position to make immediate delivery on Maxwell cars. We work on any make of cars, and do it right.

YOURS FOR SERVICE,

THE BRICK GARAGE  
Roy Harris, Prop. Brownfield

"ICE"—THAT'S ALL

W. S. Daniels, Prop.

The Herald \$1.50 A Year

## The Wreckers

By FRANCIS LYNDÉ

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say that the engine knocked it off into the river apparently without hurting anything. But two seconds later the entire train left the track and piled up all over the right-of-way."

The boss was sitting back in his chair and making little rings on the desk blotter with the point of his letter-opener.

"Upton, these knock-outs have got to be stopped."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the little millionaire; "you don't have to tell me that! If we can't stop 'em, Uncle Dunton will have plenty of good reasons for cleaning us all out, lock, stock, and barrel! I was talking with Carter, in the claim office, this morning. Our loss and damage account for the past month is something frightful!"

"It is," said the boss gravely. And then, "Upton, we've got together as bright as we might be. Has it never occurred to you that we are having too much bad luck to warrant us in charging it all up to the chapter of accidents?"

Mr. Van Britz blew his cheeks out until the stubby, cropped mustache bristled like porcupine quills.

"So you've been getting your pointers, too, have you?" he threw in.

Mr. Morris didn't answer the question directly.

"Put Tarbell on the job, and if he needs help, let him pick his own men," he directed. "We want to know why that boulder tumbled down ahead of Number Seventeen, and I want to see Tarbell's report on it. Keep at it night and day, Upton. The infection is getting into the rank and file and it's spreading like a sickness. If it becomes psychological, we shall have all the trouble we need."

"I know," nodded the superintendent. "I went through a sieve of that kind on the Great Southwestern, one winter. It was horrible. Men who had been running trains year in and year out, and never knowing that they had any nerves, went to pieces. If you'd snap your fingers at them."

"That's it," said the boss. "We don't want to fall into that ditch. Things are quite bad enough, as they are."

This ended it for the time. The Petrolite Canyon wreck was picked up, the track was cleared, and once more our trains were moving on time. But anybody could see that the entire Short Line had a case of the nerves. Kirgan, Kirgan, the cold-blooded, showed it one afternoon when he went to his office to return a bunch of blue-prints sent in for the boss's approval. The big master-mechanic had a round-house foreman "top the carpet" and was harrying him like the dike-men for letting an engine go out with one of her truck safety chains hanging loose.

Ever since we had gone together on the rescue run to Timber Mountain, Mart and I had been sort of chummy, and after the foreman had gone away with his foot in his hand, I joshed Kirgan a little about the way he had hammered the round-house foreman.

"Bad medicine," I told him. "It's worrying the bosses, too. What's doing it, Mart?"

"Maybe you can tell," he growled. "It's a hoodoo—that's what it is. Seven engines in the shop for the last nine days, and three of 'em haven't been fished out of the ditch yet. I wish Mr. Van Britz'd fire the whole jumpy outfit!"

It didn't seem as though being needed so much as a dose of nerve tonic of some sort. Tarbell was working hard on the problem, quietly, and without making any talk about it. And Kirgan was giving him all the men he asked for from the shops, quick-witted fellows who were up in all the mechanical details, and who made better spotters than outsiders would because they knew the road and the ropes. But it was no use. I saw some of Tarbell's reports, and they didn't show any crookedness. It seemed to be just bad luck—the landslide after another of it.

Meanwhile, New York had talked up again. President Dunton had been off the job somewhere, I guess, but now he was back, and the things he had heard to the boss were enough to make your hair stand on end. I looked every day to see Mr. Morris pinch the whole shooting-match into the fire and quit.

He'd never taken anything like Mr. Dunton's abuse from anybody before, and he couldn't seem to get hardened to it. But he was loyal to Mr. Chadwick; and, of course, he knew that Mr. Dunton's hot wires were meant to nag him into resigning. Then there was Mrs. Shook. I sort of suspected she was joshing him up to the tank, every day and every minute of the day.

It was one evening after he had been out to the major's for just a little while, and had come back to the office, that he met Mr. Van Britz, who was also working late. There was blood on the moon, and I saw it in the way the boss' jaw was working.

"Upton," he began as short as pie-crust, "have you thought of any way to break this wreck hoodoo yet?"

Mr. Van Britz sat down and crossed his solid little legs.

"If I had, I shouldn't be losing sleep at the rate of five or six hours a night," he snapped.

"There's one thing that we haven't tried," the boss shot back. "We've been advertising it as bad luck, keeping our own suspicions to ourselves, and letting the men believe what they pleased. We'll change all that. I want you to call your trainmen in as fast as you can get at them. Tell them—from me, if you want to—that there isn't any bad luck about it; that the enemies of this management are making an organized raid on the property used for the purpose of putting us out of the fight. Tell them the whole story, if you want to; how we're trying our best to make a spoon out of a spoiled horn, and how there's an army of grafters and wreckers in this state which is doing its worst to knock us out of the box."

"If you give the force something tangible to lay hold of, it will work the needed miracle. It's only the

mysterious that terrifies. Railroad employees, as a whole, are perfectly intelligent human beings, open to conviction. The management which doesn't profit by that fact is lame. If you do this and appeal to the loyalty of the men, you will make a private detective out of every man in the train service, and every one of them keen to be the first to catch the wreckers. You can add a bit of a reward for that, if you like, and I'll pay it out of my own bank account."

For a full minute our captive millionaire didn't say a word. Then he grinned like a good-natured little Chinese god.

"Who gave you this idea of taking the pay-roll into your confidence, Graham?" he asked softly.

For the first time in all the weeks and months of besting me, the boss dodged; dodged just like any of us might.

"I've been talking to Major Kendrick," he said. "He is a wise old man, Upton, and he hears a good many things that don't get printed in the newspapers."

I could see that this excuse didn't fool Mr. Van Britz for a single instant, and there was a look in his eyes that said he wasn't buying. Neither could I make much out of what he said.

"We'll go into that a little deeper some day, Graham—after this epidemic attack has been fought off. This idea—well, you confess that your own—is a pretty shrewd one, and I shouldn't wonder if it would work, if we can get it in motion before the hoodoo breaks us wide open. And, you say, the accusation is justifiable. That's all right, but you've got to get the Hatch outfit. That turned-over rail in Petrolite Canyon, for example, might have been helped along by—"

It was Kelson, Mr. Van Britz's stenographer, who interrupted the inter-ruption. He was in his shirt-sleeves, as if he'd just got up from his typewriter, and he rushed in with his mouth open and his eyes like saucers.

"They—they want you in the dispatcher's office!" he panted, jerking the words out at Mr. Van Britz. "Upton has let Number Five get by for a head-ender with the 'Flyer,' and he's gone crazy!"

### CHAPTER XII

#### The Helpless Wires

When Bobby Kelson shot his news at us we all made a quick break for the dispatcher's office, the boss in the lead. Upton, the night dispatcher, had been alone on the train desk, and the only other operators on duty were the car-record man and the young fellow who acted as a relief on the commercial wire. When we got there, we found that Tarbell had happened to be in the office when Upton blew up. He was sitting in at the train key, trying to get Crow Gulch, the one intermediate wire station between the two trains that had failed to get their "moss" wires, and this was the first I knew that he really was the expert telegraph operator that his pay-roll description said he was.

Upton looked like a tortured ghost. He was a thin, dark man with a sort of scraggy beard and bang hair, one of the clear-headed dispatchers in the bunch, and the very last man, you'd say, to get rattled in a tangle-up. Yet here he was, hunched in a chair at the car-record table in a round-house foreman's office, his face wreathed with the sweat standing in big drops on his forehead and his hands shaking as if he had the palsy.

Morris, the relief man, gave us the particulars, such as they were, speaking in a hoarse, broken voice. "I was afraid of breaking in on Tarbell's steady rattling of the key in the Crow Gulch station cell."

"Number Four"—four was the east-bound "Flyer"—was five hours off her time," he explained. "As far as I can get it, Upton was going to make her meet with Number Five at the blind siding at Sand Creek tank. She ought to have had her orders somewhere west of Baazine Junction, and five engines to have her back. But Upton says he simply forgot that the 'Flyer' was running late; that she was still out and had a 'moss' to make somewhere with Five."

Brief as Morris' explanation was, it was clear enough for anybody who is on the road and the telegraph. The regular meeting-point for the two passenger trains was at a point well east of Portal City. Instead of west, and so, of course, would not concern the Deers' Inter-urban, or other trains, since all crews were changed at Portal City. From Santa to Baazine Junction, some thirty odd miles, there was only one telegraph station, namely, that at the Crow Gulch lumber camp, some miles beyond the Timber Mountain "T" and the gravel pit where the wreck 1916 had been abandoned.

Unluckily, Crow Gulch was only a day station, the day wires being handled by a young man who was half in the pay of the railroad and half in that of the saw-mill company. This young man slept at the mill camp, which was a mile back in the gulch. There was only one chance in a thousand that he would be down at the railroad station at ten o'clock at night, and it was on that thousandth chance that Tarbell was rattling the Crow Gulch cell. It was five years ago, he said, that he was on duty that night, and he was now about half-way between Timber Mountain "T" and Crow Gulch. And four, the "Flyer," had just left Baazine—with no orders whatever. Which meant that the two trains would come together somewhere near Sand Creek.

Mr. Van Britz was as good a wire man as anybody on the line, but it was the boss who took things in hand. There is a telephone connection to the Crow Gulch saw-mill, and he tried that first. He looked at Tarbell.

The big young fellow who looked like a cow-boy—and had really been one, they said—glanced up and nodded: "The 'T's' can't respond." "Can't" says he can't raise anybody."

For the next three or four minutes the tension was something fierce. The boss and Mr. Van Britz hung over the train desk, and Tarbell kept up his incessant rattling at the key. I had an eye on Upton. He was still hunched up in the record-man's chair, and to all appearances had once more-blinded his eyes. Yet I couldn't get rid of the idea that he was listening—listening as if all of his willed-up senses had turned in to intensify the one of hearing.

Just about the time when the suspense had grown so keen that it seemed as if it couldn't be borne a second longer, Morris, who was sitting in at the office phone, called out sharply: "Long-distance says she has Crow Gulch lumber camp."

Mr. Van Britz jumped to take the phone, and we got one side of the talk—our side—in shock-like sentences: "That you, Bertman! All right, it's Van Britz at Portal City. Take one



"I Couldn't Get Rid of the Idea That He Was Listening."

of the mules and ride for your life down the gulch to the station! Get that! Stop Number Five and make her take siding quick. Report over your own wire what you do. Hurry!"

By the time Mr. Van Britz got back to the train desk, the boss had his pencil out and was figuring on Bertman's time margin. It was now ten-twelve, and Five's time at Crow Gulch was ten-thirteen. The Crow Gulch operator had just six minutes in which to get his mule and cover the rough mile down the gulch.

There was nothing to do but wait, and the waiting was savage. Tarbell had a nerve of iron, but I could see his hand shake as it lay on the glass-topped table. The boss was cool enough outwardly, but I knew that in his brain there was a heart-breaking picture of those two fast passenger trains rushing together in the night among the hills with no hint of warning to help them save themselves. Mr. Van Britz couldn't keep still. He had his hands jammed in the side pockets of his coat and was pacing back and forth in the long space between the train desk and the counter railing.

At the different tables in the room the sounders were clicking away as if nothing were happening or due to happen, and above the spattering din and chatter you could hear the excitement of the big chamberlaine clock on the wall, hammering out the seconds that might mean life or death to two or three hundred innocent people.

In horrible suspense the six minutes pulled themselves out to an eternity for that little bunch of us in the dispatcher's office who could do nothing but wait. On the stroke of ten-thirteen the time when Five was due at Crow Gulch for her siding, Tarbell tapped his relay to catch the five and tapped on the distant de-rotation. Another sounder was silent. There was hope in the delay, and Morris valued it.

"It's there, and he's too busy to talk to us," he suggested, in a hoarse voice; and indeed, the car-record man added: "That's it, it'd take a minute or two to get them in on the siding."

(To Be Continued)

### CARRY A PLEASANT SMILE TO THE SICK

Many of us well meaning fellows are chary of kindly words and acts. A friendly slap on the back accompanied by a pleasant word of greeting, adds to the making of a perfect day. Cultivate smile wrinkles—they are a great asset. Carry them to the sick room. Do not ask the patient how he is feeling. Your good common sense ought to tell you that he's feeling better if he's on the sick list. Tell him he's looking fine. Do not bore him by staying too long. Leave him a rose or a bunch of flowers or send them. Tell him you will accompany him to the hospital, your visit in your smile wrinkles goes further than any other. It is looking—look it in a friend's eyes and you will do him more good than medicine. Try it, you stand to win; you cannot lose, because in this game of kindness, there are no blanks while the deal is on.

A word of appreciation during life is better than an eulogy after death. A rose in the sick room is worth two wreaths at a funeral.—Selected.

E. M. Flemming, one of the successful farmers of the Gomez country, was on Monday, and said he and the wife of Gen. Wood had just about concluded their battle in his favor. He reports a good crop.

D. Westfall reports a good crop in his place between here and Gomez, although part of it is still young.

One cannot never tell just who is going to blow in on them these days. So it is always best to have your old gun cocked ready for bear. Two gentlemen walked into the Herald office Monday afternoon, escorted by a sure enough boy about seven years old, and we thought them that we recognized the man of the leading man but was determined to take no chances on an abrupt blow-out. It proved to be A. O. Shelton, one of the bustling real estate men that we here way back in 1909-10, together with his little son of Dallas, accompanied by Mr. W. E. Cochran, of Lamesa. Mr. Shelton is still in the real estate business and is making good being with the large firm of Frank G. Jester, room 303, Southwestern Life Building. But he is still just the same old "A. O." but he puts it down as "Thomas O. Shelton," down there in Dallas. Call again old friend.

We call your attention to the two local bank statements in this issue of the Herald. We believe that when you give them the once over, you will agree with us that old Terry is in good shape, considering everything, especially nation wide conditions.

Judge Graves has just returned from a trip with his family, embracing the big part of central and eastern New Mexico, and portions of the central panhandle, and he is of the opinion that Terry county is in better shape as a whole than in any portion of the territory he visited.

## Here's why CAMELS are the quality cigarette



BECAUSE we put the utmost quality into this one brand. Camels are as good as it's possible for skill, money and lifelong knowledge of fine tobaccos to make a cigarette.

Nothing is too good for Camels. And bear this in mind! Everything is done to make Camels the best cigarette it's possible to buy. Nothing is done simply for show.

Take the Camel package for instance. It's the most perfect packing science can devise to protect cigarettes and keep them fresh. Heavy paper—secure foil wrapping—revenue stamp to seal the fold and make the package air-tight. But there's nothing flashy about it. You'll find no extra wrappers. No frills or furbelows.

Such things do not improve the smoke any more than premiums or coupons. And remember—you must pay their extra cost or get lowered quality.

If you want the smoothest, mellowest, mildest cigarette you can imagine—and one entirely free from cigarettey aftertaste,

It's Camels for you.

# Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

## FORD PARTS REDUCED!

WE ARE PLEASED TO BE ABLE TO ANNOUNCE SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS ON GENUINE FORD PARTS.

WHEN BUYING FORD PARTS DON'T FORGET THE VERY IMPORTANT FACT THAT THERE IS A VAST DIFFERENCE IN GENUINE FORD PARTS AND THE MANY SUBSTITUTES FOUND ON THE MARKET.

ALSO REMEMBER THAT THERE IS A BIG REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF TIRES AND MANY OTHER LINES OF ACCESSORIES AND REPAIRS THAT WE CONSTANTLY KEEP IN STOCK.

COME IN TO SEE US!

## TUDOR SALES CO.

BROWNFIELD

TXEAS

## A SANITARY SODA FOUNTAIN

IS AT ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE. OUR DRINKS AND ICE CREAM ARE STRICTLY SANITARY AND CLEAN. WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT OUR FOUNTAIN AT ALL TIMES. PRESENT ICE CREAM PRICES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cone	5c and 10c
Plain cream	10c and 20c
1/2 pint of cream	15c
1 pint of cream	25c
1 quart of cream	50c
1/2 gallon of cream	\$1.00

Remember we serve Mission Cream—guaranteed to be strictly PURE AND SANITARY.

## Alexander's Drug Store

BRING your hats and hosiery to the Enterprise Market.

T. E. Lancaster, of Floydada, is here this week looking after business matters.

We understand that "Happy Jack" who held the Methodist revival here early in the spring, will conduct one for the Methodist church at Gomez in the near future.

Olen Cardwell have moved back home from Captain, N.M., where he has been working on a ranch.

Mrs. E. Brown and children returned last week from Lamesa, to which place they report a nice week's visit.

E. D. Koen and family left last week for Hamilton county where they will attend an association of the Primitive Baptist church and visit friends and relatives awhile. Will Moore and son, of Gomez, are running the store for Mr. Koen during his absence.

Rev. Coleman, pastor of one of the Baptist churches in Fort Worth, was here this past week visiting with his brother-in-law, Rev. J. E. Anderson, pastor of the local Baptist church, and filled the local Baptist pulpit on Sunday morning and night to good audiences.

FRESH MILCH COWS for sale. See L. R. Pounds, City.

City Marshall Brown and force, gave the streets a good dragging after the rain last week, that adds to their appearance very much as well as making traffic over them much nicer.

THE ENTERPRISE MARKET will bring your hats and hosiery.

Miss Clara Summit, of Idolou was here last week visiting her friend, Mrs. Strickland. She also visited the family of Ed Smith, of Plains a few days.

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

**Is Your Business Functioning?  
-IF NOT-**

WHY NOT TALK IT OVER WITH THE OFFICERS OF  
**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
WE OFFER SINCERE, FRIENDLY SERVICE AND—  
**Accommodations**  
CONSISTENT WITH SOUND BANKING PRACTICE. IF YOU ARE  
NOT ALREADY A DEPOSITOR WITH US, WE INVITE YOU TO OPEN  
AN ACCOUNT NOW AND BECOME ONE OF OUR NUMBER OF  
SATISFIED CUSTOMERS.

**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

**HONK YOUR HORN  
BUY A HAMMER  
BUILD A HOME**

We show you how. Yes we have everything  
to build anything.

AND SERVICE TO

**HIGGINBOTHAM-BARTLETT COMPANY**

BROWNFIELD

TEXAS

**Choicest  
Groceries**

And none too good for our customers. Let us serve you. Our aim is to give service second to none, and to keep the price right at all times. We will appreciate your business.

**KOEN CASH GROCERY**  
West Side of Square  
Phone No. 4. BROWNFIELD

**HOGVILLE**

By Dunk Bots

While it is dry and hot and dusty, it is well enough that we consider and discuss ways and means of combating the mud which will come later in the season. Most all mud authorities seem agreed that mud effects the human feet more than any other part of the body. Prof. Gape Allsup, teacher in the Wild Rose school, in discussing the matter a few days ago said in giving many thoughts: "Mud usually follows a rainy season, it affects the part of a person known as the feet. To get through a course of mud with as little difficulty as possible the person must put his or her feet down as seldom as possible to conform with good manners, an effort to keep the ground very hurriedly before the mud has time to take effect. On walking across deep mud it is advisable to hold the breath." The Wild Onion school teacher says he could write a whole book on the subject of "mud, its Cause and Effect." This book would no doubt be valuable authority on mud, as Prof. Allsup has encountered mud in all walks of life. But what we started out to say

is that there is a vast difference in mud and dust. The ladies can wipe the dust off their shoes on their hose—but mud—may!

Bulger Smothers may not go to church any more. He wore his new mail order suit to Bear Ford church last Sunday and the benches had not been dusted off and the suit was badly damaged.

The old Miser of Petunia Ridge, was in town yesterday after a match. Zero Peck lost his big Waterbury watch this week. It will be easy to locate if anybody gets in tacking distance of it.

The Postmaster has been notified that no new porch will be built at the postoffice. An inspector sent here found that the one now in use has almost been whittled away by members of the Hogville Loafers Club. Bub Smother's store porch has been spared on account of so many metal tobacco signs having been tacked on it. If it were not for these, he would expect them to start on it as soon as the porch at the postoffice is exhausted.

The train that runs between Hogville and Pumpkinville is going to have

to be discontinued. This train has always been operated on a sort of participating system or community plan by which all parties contribute by keeping steam wood cut, and every summer when it gets right hot the train has to quit business on account of running out of wood to fire the engine.

Bill Hellwanger was held up and robbed of sixty cents last night. They failed to get the one dollar bill he had in his shoe. He presumes they took the sixty cents he had in his pocket was all the money he had.

**MEADOW BRIEFS**  
By Aesculapias

The Methodist protracted meeting closed Friday night. There were additions by letter and the community is much better for the services.

The Baptist brethren had services Saturday and Sunday with two additions to the church.

Mr. Robert Saylor and wife are back from an extended visit to relatives in Wise and Johnson counties. He reports crops in the sections visited as looking fine.

Mr. Ralph Nabors and wife and Mrs. Era Moorehead, have returned from Stephenville and Desdemonia, where they attended the "Home Coming" and report a fine time. They also found things needing rain and considerable suffering from the extremely hot weather.

**HARRIS HAPPENINGS**  
By Sand Bur.

Monday, Alton Fitzgerald had a birthday fishery at one of the tanks in Mr. Ivey's pasture. Quite a number of people, both old and young, were there and all had a very enjoyable time. We hope that Alton will have many more birthdays and that each one will be happier than the one before.

Mrs. McMillian's mother has been quite sick this week but is better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Harris and Miss Fern, accompanied by F. M. Ellington and family, visited relatives at Meadow, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Harris returned to Brownfield, Tuesday.

The Harris community gave a miscellaneous shower at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Saturday afternoon for Mr. and Mrs. George McDowell. They received quite a number of pretty and useful gifts. Ice cream and cake were the other principal features of the afternoon.

S. T. Murphy and family, visited Clarence Robbins and family, Sunday. Mr. McMillian's brother and family, from New Mexico, are visiting them this week.

**C. E. PROGRAM**  
For Sunday, July 17th.

Lesson Topic: When to fear and when not to fear.  
Leader—James Harley Dallas.  
Song: Prayer.  
Scripture Reading: Matt. 10: 28-33  
When to fear—Jack Shelton.  
When not to fear—Joe Shelton.  
Recitation—"Seen" Things—Orho Flippin.  
What did Jesus himself do when tempted and in trouble—Jas. King.  
What can we have in our lives that will help us most?—Grady Goodpasture.  
Song—A Psalm of the Son of Man.

**BROTHERS & Brothers** delivers your groceries to your kitchen.

**TOKIO TALKINGS**  
By Grasshopper.

Mr. Stewart was able to be brought home Monday last week.

Mr. McColloch had the misfortune of getting his barn destroyed by fire Sunday morning. He lost all feed, saddles, harness, etc., except one set of harness which was left on the wagon.

Everyone enjoyed an ice cream supper at Bob Lovelace's Saturday night.

Roy Taylor got his shoulder knocked out of place when his saddle turned while riding a young horse, Sunday.

Messrs. and Mesdames Pippin and Wade visited with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Sunday.

Mrs. Ogletree and little son visited Mrs. Mangum and family, last week.

Mrs. Beulah Claunch and son, Worth, left for Dallas after a visit with Mrs. A. V. Taylor. Grandmother Jones accompanied her as far as Ranger for a visit with her son at that place.

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**HEALTH NOTES**  
By Dr. Manton M. Garrick, State Health Officer.

The only good fly is a dead fly. Good health means good business. Bad health is bad business.

We've whipped the Germans. Now let us whip the germs.

Beware of the dastardly "D's"—Dirt, Despair, Disease, Dampness, Death.

Without health is mockery. Tuberculosis kills more people every year than any other preventable disease.

If Saint Peter demanded a birth certificate, a whole lot of people in Texas would never gain admission to heaven. Is your baby registered?

The worry habit is bad for both mental and physical health. Don't worry.

Muffle the cough; smother the sneeze and expectorate not in public places.

Many mothers would be shocked at the very suggestion of "farming out" the baby, actually farm their infants out at home by turning them over, body and soul to hired help.

Many parents lament their inability to give their children "bigger opportunities." There is no occasion for such lamentation in regard to outdoor life—the "biggest opportunity" for the child to acquire health.

Children's first teeth should be retained and kept in good condition as long as possible. Moderately delayed second teeth proved to be better developed and more serviceable.

If you had rather live than die, roll up your sleeve and swat the fly.

The State Board of Health is not for the exploitation of men, but for the safety of all mankind. Its sole object is to save human lives; perhaps yours; perhaps your neighbor's. Every individual has a value to the State; therefore it is the duty of the State to safeguard the life of every human being.

The best service the local paper can render to its community is to cooperate with every local agency for the suppression of preventable diseases. The general health of the public should be the first consideration of all men. Strong, healthy children will form a sturdy race of men and women upon which to found future generations.

Births: To Mr. and Mrs. John Long, a boy July 8th. To Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Brazz, a boy on July 10.

BROTHERS & Brothers buys the best canned food put up to protect their customers.

**SAYS PANHANDLE BEST  
HOG FIELD OF THE WORLD**

"The Panhandle of Texas is the best hog raising country of the world said L. S. Palmer, familiarly known as "hog" Palmer, who left Amarillo early Thursday morning with fifteen carloads of hogs for California markets.

Mr. Palmer owns and operates a ten acre hog ranch at Canadian and has been shipping the animals from that city for the past eleven years. He has been in the hog business for twenty-eight years and believes he has shipped more hogs than any other man of his age.

Nine cars of the hogs shipped out Thursday will go to Los Angeles packers and six cars will go to San Francisco. The shipment averages 95 hogs to the car, with another shipment of four cars in the same train belonging to Strader and Whately, of Canadian; more than 1800 head were shipped. Mr. Palmer expects to load out at least 300 cars this season, and while on the present trip he will look into the matter of watering and icing the cars through the Arizona desert.

The hog train left early Thursday morning over the Santa Fe and additional cars will be added to the train enroute, and Mr. Palmer expects a solid train of thirty cars of hogs to leave Clovis. The hogs in the shipment will average 165 pounds and are considered a very choice lot.

In discussing the Panhandle as a hog country, Mr. Palmer was very enthusiastic. He declared that he had paid out approximately \$150,000 for hogs in the past four months, and by the way of emphasis he declared that "hog" money was the best money in the world, and it all stayed at home.

"Why, there is enough garbage in Amarillo, if properly conserved, to fatten 4000 hogs every year," he declared. "Hogs can be turned every three months, and 1000 head can be kept on garbage feed the year round, he continued."

The city of Wichita, Kansas, is maintaining from 1800 to 2500 hogs on its garbage, and by turning them every three months there are from 7000 to 10,000 hogs fattened every year.

Mr. Palmer declared he could buy a section of land anywhere in the Panhandle, take ten brood sows and ten milk cows and pay for it in five years. He expressed surprise at the indifference displayed in the hog market and added that "if the people would raise hogs and establish a production he would have a man in Amarillo to provide a top market."

"The Santa Fe or the Rock Island should by all means establish a regular weekly hog special," he continued. "For California will have to depend on Texas for its meat for the next fifteen months, and there will be a demand for four or five cars of meat a week in addition to the hog demand—Amarillo Tribune.

**HELL STAND HITCHED NOW**

The editor of the Cartersville News—a fine fellow too—in some manner mustered up enough courage recently to make an attack on the present styles and fashions of women, and in a manner struck a stump on one of his lady subscribers. Listen to what this good lady pours out for the Cartersville editor to drink in: Married man, you are a fake! Cut out your chaff for mercy's sake. Why should you lay silent stress on how we girls dress? If you don't like what we wear, then old grouch, why do you stare? If we don't please you, pray, Turn your face another way. We'll not melt for one or two Black-eyed rubber-necked things like you. If like Mother Eve, we chance to roam. Wife couldn't keep you at home. Now if this doesn't make our brother of the Cartersville News stand hitched we are wondering how much stuff like it that he requires to have a dose—A Georgia Exchange.

**THE DIFFERENCE**

There was a time when we wore patched breeches—we don't do it now. There was a time when we ate corn-bread and molasses—we don't do it now. There was a time when we had to ride a mule or drive a mare to a rattle-trap buggy—we don't do it now. Why complain then so much about the times? If you want to economize you can; but of course you are not going to do it.—West Texas News.

"Bill, I attended a wedding once and heard the preacher say, "What God has joined together let no man separate—or something like that.—In Prairie Rose, Friday night 15th.

Elder T. R. Chiam filled the pulpit at the Church of Christ, Gomez, Sunday morning and night.

**CONDEMNING EXTRAVAGANCE**

Miss Lolita Armour, daughter of the millionaire packer, had a much simpler wedding the other day than many girls who have a hundred times less money. She condemned the extravagance manifested by many of the brides and said that her wedding trousseau was made of "left-overs."

This young woman is entitled to great credit and if wealthy women generally would take that attitude, it might be possible to make wreckless use of money unpoplar.

A great deal of modern expenditure is incited, not by desire to have this or that thing that is bought at some extravagant price, but to make a show of the ability to spend without limit. Meanwhile many wealthy people do not share that desire, and live as simple as those of moderate means. They help establish the principle that extravagance is coarse and vulgar and contrary to the interests of the community. Some of the new rich folks, by the way they sling money around, appear much like a greedy boy that does not know how to eat at the dinner table—Taylor County Times.

**BEFORE BEHIND**

"Please hurry," said the wife, impatiently to her husband. "Have you never buttoned a dress behind before?"

"No," replied the husband, also impatiently, "you never had a dress that buttoned behind before."

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

Cleve Cobb, sheriff of Gaines county, accompanied by Judge Eden, of Fort Worth, was through here from Seminole, Wednesday, the former on his way to the Sheriff's Convention, at Amarillo, and the latter on his way home at Fort Worth.

**NOTICE OF TRUSTEES SALE**

State of Texas, County of Terry.—Whereas, on the 11th day of March, 1917, A. L. Cotten executed and delivered to H. T. McGee, Trustee, a deed of trust on the East Half of the South west Quarter, (SW 1/4) of SW 1/4 of survey No. 80, Block DD, Certificate 154, in Terry County, Texas, to secure the payment of seven (7) Vendor's Lien Notes of even date therewith for the sum of One Hundred Twenty-Two, (\$122.00) Dollars, each executed by A. L. Cotten and payable to the order of Thos. C. Spearman on or before December 1st, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924 and 1925, with 6 per cent per annum interest from their date, interest payable annually and providing that all principal and interest not paid when due shall bear interest from date due until paid at the rate of 8 percent, and further providing that failure to pay any of said notes or any installment of interest thereon when due shall, at the option of the holder or holders of said notes, mature all of said notes, and containing the usual provision for attorney's fees, which deed of trust is recorded in volume 4, page 228 of the Deed of Trust Records of Terry County, Texas; and

Whereas, Thos. C. Spearman is still the holder and owner of said notes, and the said A. L. Cotten failed to pay the notes due December 1st, 1919, and December 1st, 1920, and the interest on all of said notes due December 1st, 1918, 1919 and 1920, said Thos. C. Spearman declared all of said notes due and demanded payment thereof, and said A. L. Cotten failed and refused to pay the same or any part thereof, and the same are past due and unpaid, principal, interest and attorney's fees; and

Whereas, H. T. McGee, the Trustee named in said Deed of Trust, refused to execute said Deed of Trust, and I, Roscoe Wilson was appointed substitute Trustee by said Thos. C. Spearman, May 11st, 1921, by appointment duly recorded in Volume 19, page 434, of the Deed Records of Terry County, Texas, and I have been requested by the said Thos. C. Spearman to enforce said Trust, I will offer said above described land for sale between the hours of 10:00 o'clock A. M. and 4:00 o'clock P. M., at public auction to the highest bidder on the first Tuesday in August, 1921, the same being the 2nd day of August, 1921, at the Courthouse door in the town of Brownfield, in Terry County, Texas, to satisfy said notes, principal, interest and attorney's fees.

Witness my hand this 26th day of June, A. D. 1921.

ROSCOE WILSON,  
Substitute Trustee

**Brownfield Lodge No. 538, I. O. O. F.**

Meets every Friday night in the Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting Brothers Welcome.

Walter Scudday, N. G.  
J. C. Green, Secretary

**Brownfield Lodge No. 983, A. F. & A. M.**

Meets on Saturday night before the full moon in each month in the Masonic Hall.

E. T. Powell, W. M.  
J. F. Winston, Secretary

**Brownfield Camp No. 100**

Meets 2 and 4th Saturday night in the Odd Fellows Hall.

Visiting Sovereigns Welcome.

J. I. May, C. C.  
L. C. Burgess

**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 2rings 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.

**THE LUBBOCK SANITARIUM**

A modern fireproof building, equipped for medical and surgical cases.  
Dr. J. T. Krueger  
Phonics: Office 710; Res. 710  
Dr. J. T. Hutchinson  
Phonics: Office 209; Res. 216  
Dr. M. C. Overton  
Phonics: Office 710; Res. 407  
Dr. O. F. Peabler  
Phonics: Office 209; Res. 341  
Anne D. Logan, R. N.  
Superintendent  
Evelyn M. Holladay, R. N.  
Assistant Supt.  
Helen E. Griffith, R. N.  
Dietitian  
C. E. Hunt, Business Mgr.  
A chartered training school is conducted by Anne D. Logan R.N. Supt. Bright, healthy young women who desire to enter, may address Miss Logan.

**GEO. ALLEN**  
The House Reliable  
Oldest and Largest PIANO and MUSIC HOUSE in the South West. Largest Stock of Music. MUSIC TEACHER'S Supplies, etc. Catalogue and BOOK OF OLD TIME MUSIC FREE for the asking. Established 1884. SAN ANGELO

**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.**

**We Do Abstracting Only.**

We have the oldest and most complete and up-to-date set of abstract books in the county. We do our work personally. Have no other job or position to take part of our time. We know how and will do work that will stand the test anywhere.

**GUARANTY ABSTRACT & TITLE CO.**  
W. B. DOWNING, Sec. L. C. BURGESS, Mgr.  
Brownfield State Bank Building  
Brownfield, Texas

**LIST YOUR PROPERTY**

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

**SHELTON-COOK LAND COMPANY**  
BROWNFIELD TEXAS

**R. L. GRAVES**  
Atty-At-Law

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

**JOE J. MCGOWAN**  
Atty-At-Law

Office in the State Bank Building  
Brownfield, Texas

**A bird like this makes a model husband**



HER NICE new husband STEPPED OUT of the house. WHISTLING LIKE A BIRD. THAT ALARMED young wife. ESPECIALLY WHEN SHE FOUND she'd picked THE WRONG package. AND INSTEAD of oatmeal, HAD GIVEN him birdseed. BUT DON'T think from this THAT EVERY guy YOU HEAR whistling, HAS NECESSARILY BEEN ROBBING the canary. OTHER THINGS inspire. THE ALMOST human male. TO BLOW through his lips. AND MAKE shrill noises. A RAISE, for example. OR A day off when A DOUBLE header is on.

OR AN everyday thing. LIKE A good frog. ON ONE of those smokes. THAT SATISFY. WHICH CERTAINLY are. THE REAL birdseed. FOR MAKING men. TRILL THEIR pipes for joy. SO LADIES, if hubby. GOES AWAY whistling. YOU NEEDN'T worry. ALL'S SWELL.

WHEN you say that Chesterfields "satisfy," you're whistling. You know—the instant you light one—that the tobacco in it are of prime sections, both Turkish and Domestic. And the blend—well, you never tasted such smoothness and full-flavored body! No wonder the "satisfy-blend" is kept secret. It can't be copied.

Did you know about the Chesterfield package of 10?



Read Your Home Newspaper