

A. J. STRICKLIN, Editor and Prop.

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One year: In Terry county, \$1.00;
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The six month rate on the above
will be 50c; 65c and 75c.
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35c and 40c.

Advertising Rates on Application.

Visitors from here at both Stanton and Lubbock last Saturday night report a very hard wind, hail and rain storm, causing thousands of farmers to have to replant. Terry county and adjoining territory needs rain, but we can wait awhile longer rather than anything of this sort.

The new State Highway System to be voted on in the near future, July we believe, is attracting attention and should do so, because it means more centralizing of our government in that as we understand it, the proposition gives the State and National Government charge of all main highways, and no matter where one comes within 300 miles of you or not, your taxes go to make this road. We have always maintained that the present motor car tax system was unjust, not that the maintenance of roads is not a good thing, but because it has to go to Austin, handled there and only a part thereof sent back to the county in which it originated. That part remaining at Austin benefited only the counties which made big bond issues for road purposes, and the thinly settled counties, just as large in area, has to maintain their roads the best they can and be cursed by tourist from the more populous and rich county for having such poor highways. If the law is what we believe it is, the taxpayers of small counties should land on it like a thousand tons of brick when they get a chance.

PLEASANT VALLEY
By Blue Eyes.

All the farmers are busy planting this week. We are needing rain out this way. The death angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Proctor and took their son, Ben. He was a fine young man and a true christian, and was loved by all who knew him. He is gone from this world to a better place, we know. Gone, but not forgotten. Sister Bolley preached at Pleasant Valley, Sunday. There was a large crowd out. Mrs. Grace Holt came over from Tatum to spend a few days with her mother, Mrs. Kinard. Miss Altie Butcher says she thinks that Mr. Bob Neepner needs his Ford repaired, for it is always out of running order on Sunday morning. Now Bob, you had better get busy and fix that old Ford. Mrs. Kinard gave an ice cream supper Thurs. night and all reported a nice time. Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers are here from Breckenridge. Ernest Beard has not had his Ford for a month, but he has worn out a new set of tires going to Union so much.

Burton Holley said he had learned how to gather butter cups. This is all the news this week.

MEADOW BRIEFS
By Acculapias

Our village was not reported last week; the writer had too much unfinished business on hand. Besides the Anti Klan Meet at Brownfield occupied the center of the stage and nothing unless very sensational could have received the slightest attention.

There were several of our prominent citizens left for the rendezvous somewhere west of Brownfield. Now whether any of them became members has not been revealed to me. Certain it is however, that one of them was very badly indisposed the next day. Too much blood-pudding perhaps, or the mental charges on the Catholics exhausted him. He is an excellent fellow and as he has recovered physically he will doubtless recover his mental poise in a few days. A condition devoutly hoped for.

Keeping the population up to the required quota continues unabated. A nice little girl is reported at the home of A. R. Lindsey on the evening of the 21st, and a boncing boy at the residence of C. F. McGuire. We extend a hearty welcome to the youngsters and congratulate their parents on their arrival.

W. R. Carruth and with their sons, Pierce and Richard, effected a landing in our midst recently. Dick looks fat and sassy and has undoubtedly been getting three squares per day.

Mrs. Bobby Terry, of Stephenville, Texas, with two of her children, are here to visit her daughter, Mrs. A. L. Moorhead.

Mrs. H. F. Williams and Mrs. Robt. Welch, both occupying beds at the Lubbock Sanitarium, are reported to be getting on nicely.

Mrs. E. A. Short, who has been quite sick for some weeks, is reported better.

Rev. Oden filled his regular appointment at the Methodist church Sunday and Sunday night. There were two additions to the church at the morning service.

J. A. Hickey has opened a new filling station just east of the postoffice. The railroad people continue to improve things about the depot. Crushed rock is being laid around and fill being made.

IDLE WIVES CLUB

A called meeting of the Idle Wives was held at the home of Mrs. E. G. Alexander, May 17th. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Dallas, President; Mrs. King, Sec-Treasurer; Mrs. Miller was elected a member. Mrs. Dallas appointed Mrs. A. M. Brownfield, Mrs. E. G. Alexander and Mrs. Fred Smith for the membership committee and Mrs. McGowan, Reporter.

Mrs. Fred Smith entertained the club May 25th. Seven games of 47 were played. Mrs. Dallas drew the high domino and received a beautiful hand embroidered buff set. An embroidered tea towel went to Mrs. Bell, who drew the low domino.

Mrs. Smith's home was made more lovely by beautiful cut flowers. A delicious salad course was followed with cream and cake, served to the following special guests and club members: Mrs. M. Smith, Bell, Snodgrass, Brown, Miss Rowe, Andersen, Miller, King, Brownfield, McGowan, W. N. and J. R. Lemmon, Alexander and Dallas—Reporter.

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



The Secret Adversary
by Agatha Christie

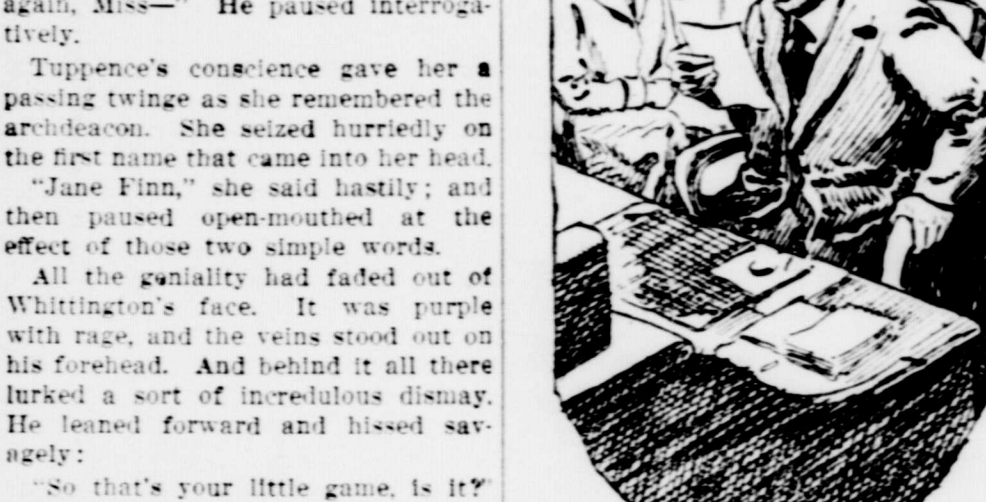
"And that is all? There are no other conditions?"
"None whatever. By the way, you are English, are you not?"
"Yes."
"Yet you speak with a slight American accent?"
"My great pal in hospital was a little American girl. I dare say I picked it up from her. I can soon get out of it again."
"On the contrary, it might be simpler for you to pass as an American. Details about your past life in England might be more difficult to sustain. Yes, I think that would be decidedly better. Then—"
"One moment, Mr. Whittington. You seem to be taking my consent for granted."
Whittington looked surprised.
"Surely you are not thinking of refusing? I can assure you that Madame Colombier's is a most high-class and orthodox establishment. And the terms are most liberal."
"Exactly," said Tuppence. "That's just it. The terms are almost too liberal. Mr. Whittington, I cannot see any way in which I can worth that amount of money to you."
"No," said Whittington softly. "Well, I will tell you. I could doubtless obtain someone else for very much less. What I am willing to pay for is a young lady with sufficient intelligence and presence of mind to sustain her part well, and also one who will have sufficient discretion not to ask too many questions."
Tuppence smiled a little. She felt that Whittington had scored.
"There's another thing. So far there has been no mention of Mr. Beresford. Where does he come in?"
"Mr. Beresford?"
"My partner," said Tuppence with dignity. "You saw us together yesterday."
"Ah, yes. But I'm afraid he won't require his services."
"Then it's off," Tuppence roared. "It's both or neither. Sorry—but that's how it is. Good morning, Mr. Whittington."
"Wait a minute. Let us see if something can't be managed. Sit down again, Miss—"
Tuppence's conscience gave her a passing twinge as she remembered the archdeacon. She seized hurriedly on the first name that came into her head. "Jane Finn," she said hastily, and then paused open-mouthed at the effect of those two simple words.
All the geniality had faded out of Whittington's face. It was purple with rage, and the veins stood out on his forehead. And behind it all there lurked a sort of incredulous dismay. He leaned forward and hissed savagely:
"So that's your little game, is it? Tuppence, though utterly taken aback, nevertheless kept her head. She had not the faintest comprehension of his meaning, but she was naturally quick-witted, and felt it imperative to "keep her end up" as she phrased it.
"Whittington went on:
"Been playing with me, have you, all the time, like a cat and mouse? Knew all the time what I wanted you for, but kept up the comedy. Is that it, eh? He was cooling down. The red color was ebbing out of his face. He eyed her keenly. "Who's been blabbing? Rita?"
Tuppence shook her head. She was doubtful as to how long she could sustain this illusion, but she realized the importance of not dragging an unknown Rita into it.
"No," she replied with perfect truth. "Rita knows nothing about me."
"How much do you know?" he shot out.
"Very little indeed," answered Tuppence, and was pleased to note that Whittington's uneasiness was augmented instead of allayed.
"Anyway," he snarled, "you knew enough to come in here and plump out that name."
"It might be my own name," Tuppence pointed out.
"It's likely, isn't it, that there would be two girls with a name like that? Quit fooling! How much do you know? And how much do you want?"
The last five words took Tuppence's fancy mightily, especially after a meager breakfast and a supper of buns the night before. She sat up and smiled with the air of one who has the situation thoroughly well in hand.
"My dear Mr. Whittington," she said, "let us by all means lay our cards upon the table. And pray do not be so angry. You heard me say yesterday that I proposed to live by my wits. It seems to me that I have now proved I have some wits to live by! I admit I have knowledge of a certain name, but perhaps my knowledge ends there."
"As I said once before," said Whittington snarlingly, "quit fooling, and come to the point. You can't play the innocent with me. You know a great deal more than you're willing to admit."
Tuppence paused a moment to admire her own ingenuity, and then said softly:
"I shouldn't like to contradict you, Mr. Whittington."
"So we come to the usual question—how much?"
Tuppence was in a dilemma. So far she had fooled Whittington with complete success, but to mention a palpably impossible sum might awaken his suspicions. An idea flashed across her brain.
"Suppose we say a little something down, and a fuller discussion of the matter later?"
Whittington gave her an ugly glance. "Blackmail, eh?"
Tuppence smiled sweetly. "Oh, no! Shall we say payment of services in advance?"
Whittington grunted.
"You're about the limit, that's what

you are!" he growled, with a sort of unwilling admiration. "You took me in all right. Thought you were quite a meek little kid with just enough brains for my purpose. All the same, someone's been talking. You say it isn't Rita. Was it—? Oh, come in!"

The clerk followed his discreet knock into the room, and laid a paper at his master's elbow.
"Telephone message just come for you, sir."
Whittington snatched it up and read it. A frown gathered on his brow.
"That'll do, Brown. You can go!"
The clerk withdrew. Whittington turned to Tuppence.
"Come tomorrow at the same time. I'm busy now. Here's fifty to go on with."

He rapidly sorted out some notes, and pushed them across the table to Tuppence.
The girl counted the notes, secured them in her handbag, and rose.
"Good morning, Mr. Whittington," she said politely. "At least, an revoir, I should say."
"Exactly. Au revoir, my clever and charming young lady."
Tuppence sped lightly down the stairs. A wild elation possessed her. "Let's give Tommy a surprise!" murmured Tuppence, and hailed a taxi.

The cab drew up outside the tub-station. Tommy was just within the entrance. His eyes opened to their fullest extent as he hurried forward to assist Tuppence to alight. She smiled at him affectionately, and remarked in a slightly affected voice:
"Pay the thing, will you, old bean!"



Whittington Snatched It and Read It

I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

CHAPTER II

A setback.
The moment was not quite so triumphant as it ought to have been. To begin with, the resources of Tommy's pockets were somewhat limited. In the end the fare was managed.

"Well," said Mr. Beresford, at length able to relieve his feelings, "what the—did you want to take a taxi for?"
"I was afraid I might be late and keep you waiting," said Tuppence gently. "And really and truly, I haven't got anything smaller than a five-pound note. Now let's go to lunch. How about the Savoy?"
Tommy grunted.
"How about the Ritz?"
"On second thoughts, I prefer the Piccadilly. It's nearer. We shan't have to take another taxi. Come along."

"Is this a new brand of humor? Or is your brain unimpaired?" inquired Tommy. "Tuppence, old girl, what has really come over you?"
"Oh, nothing," said Tuppence in a wretched open her bag. "Look here, and here, and here!"
Tommy growled.
"I must have been drinking unwisely! Am I dreaming, Tuppence, or do I really hold a large quantity of five-pound notes being waved about in a dangerous fashion?"
"Even so, O King! Now will you come and have lunch?"
"I'll come anywhere. But what have you been doing? Holding up a bank?"
"All in good time."
"And now tell me," said Tommy, unable to restrain his pent-up curiosity any longer, as they sat in state in the Piccadilly.
Miss Colombier said to him:
"And the curious part of it is," she ended, "that I really did invent the name of Jane Finn! I didn't want to give my own because of poor father—in case I should get mixed up in any thing shady."
"Perhaps that's so," said Tommy slowly. "But you didn't invent it."
"What?"
"No. I told it to you. Don't you remember, I said yesterday I'd overheard two people talking about a female called Jane Finn? That's what brought the name into your mind so pat."
"So you did. I remember now. How extraordinary," Tuppence talked out into silence. Suddenly she aroused herself. "What were they like, the two men you passed?"
"One was a big fat sort of chap. Clean shaven. I think—and dark."
"That's him," cried Tuppence, in an ungrammatical squeal. "That's Whittington! What was the other man like?"
"I can't remember. I didn't notice him particularly. It was really the outlandish name that caught my at-

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Let MUNSINGWEAR UNION SUIT YOU

MUNSINGWEAR is a household word of the Nation. Millions of women and children, men too, prefer and wear Munsingwear Union Suits. They ask for Munsingwear and never say just underwear. This national popularity is due to the service, comfort and all round satisfaction Munsingwear gives the wearer. Munsingwear is qualitywear. It fits and covers the form perfectly. It is non-irritating and has the habit of outwashing, outwearing, outlasting expectations. We like to recommend Munsingwear to our customers because we know that the usual service the garments render plus the reasonable first cost makes it the most economical in the long run. Our store is headquarters for women's and children's Munsingwear. Our stocks offer you a wide variety for selection.

No matter the size of your person or purse you can be Union Suited in Munsingwear with a season full of service and satisfaction. Come to our store for your undergarments—Ask for Munsingwear; never say underwear.

LEWIS BROTHERS & CO.
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS, PHONE NO. 29

BUILD

If you are thinking of building a mansion or a pig-pen, come around and we can fix you up with the proper credentials and materials. In other words when you say "BUILD" we have the stuff to do it with, makes no difference as to what it is.

Our Coal-Bins Runeth Over

CIGERO SMITH LUMBER CO.
QUALITY FIRST ALWAYS

"Of our adventure! Tommy, don't you see, if they are scared enough to run away like this, it shows that there must be a lot in this Jane Finn business! Well, we'll get to the bottom of it. We'll run them down! We'll be sleuths in earnest!"
"Yes, but there's no one left to sleuth."
"No, that's why we'll have to start all over again. Lend me that bit of pencil. Thanks. Wait a minute—don't interrupt. There!" Tuppence handed back the pencil, and surveyed the piece of paper on which she had written with a satisfied eye.
"Advertisement?"
"You're not going to put that thing in after all?"
"No, it's a different one." She handed him the slip of paper.
Tommy read the words on it aloud:
"Wanted—Any information respecting Jane Finn. Apply Y. A."
The day of disillusionment had been a Wednesday. On Thursday the advertisement had duly appeared. On Friday letters might be expected to arrive at Tommy's rooms.
He had been bound by an honorable promise not to open any such letters if they did arrive, but to repair to the National Gallery, where his colleague would meet him at ten o'clock. Tuppence was first at the rendezvous. She assumed herself on a red velvet seat until she saw the familiar figure enter the room.
"Well?"
"Well," returned Mr. Beresford prologically. "Which is your favorite picture?"
"Are't there any answers?"
Tommy shook his head with a deep and somewhat overcast melancholy. "I didn't want to disappoint you, old thing, by telling you right off. It's too bad. Good money wasted." He sighed. "Still, there it is. The advertisement has appeared, and—there are only two answers."
Tuppence snatched the two precious envelopes from him unceremoniously, and scrutinized them carefully.
"This paper, this one. It looks rich. We'll keep it to the last and open the other first."
"Right you are. One, two, three, go!"
Tuppence's little thumb ripped open the envelope, and she extracted the contents.
"Dear Sir:
"Referring to your advertisement in this morning's paper, I may be able to be of some use to you. Perhaps you could call and see me at the above address at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning."
"Yours truly,
"A. CARTER."
"27 Carshalton Gardens," said Tuppence, referring to the address. "That's Gloucester road way. Now for the other letter. I'll read it."
"Dear Sir:
"Re your advertisement, I should be glad if you would call round somewhere about lunch-time."
"Yours truly,
"JULIUS P. HERSHEIMER."
"Hi!" said Tommy. "Do I smell a Boche? Or only an American millionaire of unfortunate ancestry? At all events we'll call at lunch-time. It's a good time—frequently leads to free food for two."
Tuppence bobbed an eager assent.
"Now for Carter. Well, have no hurry."
Carshalton proved to be an unimpeachable row of what Tuppence called "ladylike looking houses." They rang the bell at No. 27, and a maid answered the door. She looked

Ford
TOURING CAR
New Price
\$298
F. O. B. DETROIT

This is the lowest price at which the Ford Touring Car has ever sold, and with the many new improvements, including the one man top, it is a bigger value than ever before.

Buy now. Terms if desired.

TUDOR SALES CO.
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

Joe and Eddie Black, formerly of this county, but now citizens of Oklahoma City, are here visiting. Joe recently invented a Ford oil tester that they are now manufacturing in the Oklahoma City capital.

STOP at the O.K. Wagon Yard for feeding, exchanging or trading; good accommodations.—C. E. Massengill, prop.

Among the good citizens and farmers that have recently renewed for the Herald are, H. N. Taylor and Henry French of the south side and

Rev. J. W. Baughman left this week for Clarendon to attend a Bible Conference for the next ten days. Prof. Humphries, of Ropes will fill his appointment here Sunday morning and evening at the usual hours.

FOR SALE—Half and half cotton seed; 1150 to 1200 lbs. makes 500 lb. bale; supply limited. Price \$200 per bushel at my home 1 1/4 miles west of Gomez.—Joe Davis, Gomez, Texas.

We were pleased to have renewal of J. E. Gracy to the Herald one day this week.

(Continued on page 3)

THE SALE IS OVER BUT

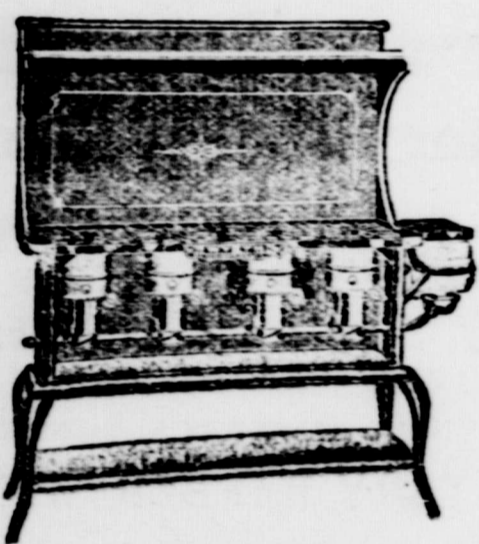
The price of merchandise remains the same. "WHY?" Because on May 1st we put business on a cash basis. We did not do this with any reflection toward anyone. It is simply a business proposition. We do not have the capital to operate a credit business. Therefore we believe we can make it interesting for you by saving you money on your purchases to the extent that you can afford to make other arrangements for the money.

We can save you money, our prices are cheaper. Try us.

A. B. COOK & SON
"Brownfield's Leading Dry Goods Store"
Brownfield, Texas
Phone No. 15

WYETH OIL STOVES

If you want a stove that burns a little oil and gives lots of heat, the WYETH with the "Kerogas Burner" is the stove to buy. Sold for less money than any other stove on the market.



Hardware and Furniture.

C. L. WILLIAMS

"The Furniture Man"

Our Undertaking Department is complete.



QUICK SERVICE
YOU CAN SAVE MONEY AND TIME BY LETTING US SAVE YOUR SOLES.
We use the **GOODYEAR welt system**

Our new machine is now ready for service. Come in and see for yourself some of the neat work we are able to put out on it. Men's half soles \$1.50 sewed or tacked. Ladies half soles \$1.25 Rubber heels from 50c to 65c.

MARTIN & SON
Makers of Genuine Hand-Sewed Cowboy Boots
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

A. M. Sullivan, prominent Tahoka citizen, had business in Brownfield, Tuesday.

Miss Lillie Mae Price, nurse in the Lubbock Sanitarium, was a visitor here this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Price. She had to go back Wednesday to accompany a patient to Waco, to consult a specialist there.

Dr. J. D. Moorhead and John Reed, prominent citizens of Meadow, were visitors here Tuesday.

Drs. W. N. and J. R. Lemmon and Rev. Wheatley, of Brownfield, were visitors to Post, Tuesday.—Post City Post.

GENUINE Edison Mazda lamps all sizes in stock—Hogate-Endersen Hardware Co.

The Secret Adversary

By **AGATHA CHRISTIE**

(Copyright Dodd, Mead & Company)

So respectable that Tuppence's heart sank. Upon Tommy's request for Mr. Carter, she showed them into a small study on the ground floor, where she left them. Hardly a minute elapsed, however, before the door opened and a tall man with a lean, hawklike face



"Ha!" said Tommy. "Do I smell a Boche?"

and a third man entered the room. "Mr. Y. A.," he said, and smiled. His smile was distinctly attractive. "Do sit down, both of you."

They obeyed. He himself took a chair opposite to Tuppence and smiled at her encouragingly. "There was something in the quality of his smile that made the girls' usual readiness desert her.

As he did not seem inclined to open the conversation, Tuppence was forced to begin.

"We wanted to know—that is, would you be so kind as to tell us anything you know about Jane Finn?" "Jane Finn? Ah?" Mr. Carter appeared to reflect. "Well, the question is, what do you yourself know about her?"

Tuppence drew herself up. "I don't see that that's got anything to do with it."

"Not that it has your name, really it has," he smiled again in his tired way, and continued reflectively. "So that brings us down to it again. What do you know about Jane Finn?"

"Come now," he continued, as Tuppence remained silent. "You must know something to have advertised as you did?" He leaned forward a little, his weary voice held a hint of persuasiveness. "Suppose you tell me."

"We couldn't do that, could we, Tommy?"

But, to her surprise, her companion did not back her up. His eyes were fixed on Mr. Carter, and his tone when he spoke held an unusual note of deference.

"I dare say the little we know won't be any good to you, sir. But such as it is, you're welcome to it."

Mr. Carter steeled round in his chair. His eyes asked a question.

Tommy nodded.

"Yes, sir, I recognized you at once. Saw you in France when I was with the Intelligence. As soon as you came into the room, I knew—"

Mr. Carter held up his hand. "No names, please. I'm known as Mr. Carter here. It's my cousin's house, by the way. She's willing to lend it to me sometimes when it's a case of working on strictly unofficial lines. Well, now"—he looked from one to the other—"who's going to tell me the story?"

"Fire ahead, Tuppence," directed Tommy. "It's your yarn."

And obediently Tuppence told it, telling the whole story from the forming of the Young Adventurers, Ltd. downwards.

Mr. Carter listened in silence with a resumption of his tired manner. Now and then he passed his hand across his lips as though to hide a smile. When she had finished he nodded gravely.

"Not much. But suggestive. Quite suggestive. If you'll excuse my saying so, you're a curious young couple. I don't know—you might succeed where others have failed. I believe in luck, you know—always have."

He paused a moment, and then went on:

"Well, how about it? You're out for adventure. How would you like to work for me? Expenses paid, and a moderate salary."

Tuppence gazed at him. "What should we have to do?" she breathed.

Mr. Carter smiled.

"Just go on with what you're doing now. FIND JANE FINN."

"Yes, but—who is Jane Finn?" Mr. Carter nodded gravely.

"Yes, you're entitled to know that, I think."

He leaned back in his chair, crossed his legs, brought the tips of his fingers together, and began in a low monotone:

"In the early days of 1915 a certain document came into being. It was the draft of a secret agreement—twenty—call it what you like. It was drawn up ready for signature by the various representatives, and drawn up in America—at that time a neutral country. It was dispatched to England by a special messenger selected for that purpose, a young fellow called Danvers. It was hoped that the whole affair had been kept so secret that nothing would have leaked out. That kind of hope is usually disappointed. "Danvers sailed for England on the Lusitania. He carried the precious papers in an oilskin packet which he wore next his skin. It was on that particular voyage that the Lusitania was torpedoed and sunk. Danvers

was among the list of those missing. Eventually his body was washed ashore, and identified beyond any doubt, the packet was missing!

"The question was, had it been taken from him, or had he himself actually seen him pass something to her in a small school out west. After the torpedo struck the ship, in the few moments during the launching of the boats, Danvers was seen speaking to a young American girl. No one else actually saw him pass anything to her, but he might have done so. It seems to me quite likely that he entrusted the papers to this girl, believing that she, as a woman, had a greater chance of bringing them safely to shore.

"But, if so, where was the girl, and what had she done with the papers? We set to work to trace her out. It proved unexpectedly difficult. Her name was Jane Finn, and it duly appeared among the list of the survivors, but the girl herself seemed to have vanished completely. Inquiries into her antecedents did little to help us. What we should call over here a pupil teacher in a small school out west, in the few moments during the launching of the boats, Danvers was seen speaking to a young American girl. No one else actually saw him pass anything to her, but he might have done so. It seems to me quite likely that he entrusted the papers to this girl, believing that she, as a woman, had a greater chance of bringing them safely to shore.

"Well, every effort was made to trace the young lady—but all in vain. No use was made of the draft treaty—as might very easily have been done—and we therefore came to the conclusion that Danvers had, after all, destroyed it. The war entered on another phase, the diplomatic aspect changed accordingly, and the treaty was never redrafted. Rumors as to its existence were emphatically denied. The disappearance of Jane Finn was forgotten and the whole affair was lost in oblivion."

Mr. Carter paused, and Tuppence broke in impatiently:

"But why has it all cropped up again? The war's over."

"Because it seems that the papers were not destroyed after all, and that they might be resurrected today with a new and deadly significance."

Tuppence stared. Carter nodded.

"Yes, five years ago, that draft treaty was a weapon in our hands; to-day it is a weapon in theirs. It was a significant blunder. If its terms were made public, it would mean disaster. . . . It might possibly bring about another war—not with Germany this time! That is an extreme possibility, and I do not believe in its likelihood, myself, but that document undoubtedly implicates a number of our statesmen whom we cannot afford to have discredited in any way at the present moment. He paused, and then said quietly:

"You may perhaps have heard or read that there is Bolshevik influence at work behind present labor unrest?"

Tuppence nodded.

"That is the truth. Bolshevik gold is pouring into this country for the specific purpose of procuring a Revolution. And there is a certain man, a man whose real name is unknown to us, who is working in the dark for his own ends. The Bolsheviks are behind the labor unions, the man is BEHND THE BOLSHIEVIKI. Who is he? We do not know. He is always spoken of by the unassuming title of 'Mr. Brown.' But one thing is certain, he is the master criminal of this age. He controls a marvelous organization. Most of the peace propaganda during the war was originated and financed by him. His spies are everywhere."

"A neutralized German?" asked Tommy.

"On the contrary, I have every reason to believe he is an Englishman. He was a professional man, he would have been pro-Brit. What he seeks to attain we do not know—probably supreme power for himself, of a kind unique in history. We have no clue as to his real personality. It is reported that even his own followers are ignorant of it. Where we have come across his tracks, he has always appeared at secondary level. Someone else assumes the chief role. But afterward we always find that there has been some nonentity, a servant or a clerk, who has remained in the background unnoticed, and that the elusive Mr. Brown has executed his own purpose."

"Oh!" Tuppence jumped. "I wonder—"

"Yes?"

"I remember in Mr. Whittington's office. The clerk—he called him Brown. You don't think—"

Carter nodded thoughtfully. "Can you describe him at all?"

"I really didn't notice. He was quite ordinary—just like anyone else."

Mr. Carter sighed in his tired manner.

"That is the invariable description of Mr. Brown! Brought a telephone message to the man Whittington, did he? Notice a telephone in the outer office?"

"No, I don't think I did."

"Exactly. The message was Mr. Brown's way of giving an order to a subordinate. He overheard the whole conversation of course. Was it after that that Whittington handed you over the money, and told you to come the following day?"

Tuppence nodded.

"Yes, undoubtedly the hand of Mr. Brown." Mr. Carter paused. "Well, there it is, you see what you are getting yourselves into? Possibly the finest criminal brain of the age. I don't quite like it, you know. You're such young things, both of you. I shouldn't like anything to happen to you."

"I'll look after her, sir," said Tommy.

"And I'll look after you," retorted Tuppence, resenting the manly assertion.

"Well, then, look after each other," said Mr. Carter, smiling. "Now let's get back to business. There's something mysterious about this draft treaty that we haven't fathomed yet. We've been threatened with it—in plain and unmistakable terms. The revolutionary element as good as declare it's in their hands, and that they intend to produce it at a given moment. On the other hand, they are clearly at fault about many of its provisions. The government considers it as mere bluff on their part, and rightly or wrongly, have stuck to the policy of absolute denial. I'm not so sure. There have been hints, indications, allusions, that seem to indicate that the menace is a real one. The position is much as though they had got hold of an incriminating document, but couldn't read it because it

"ANNOUNCEMENT"

The Brownfield Store of the Jones Dry Goods Company, Inc., is in full charge of--

Mr. W. J. Sheppard.

A thoroughly competent man with years of experience in the Dry Goods Business. Mr. Sheppard will be ably assisted by Miss Ann Hamilton, who has so efficiently served in this capacity since the store opened October 10, 1922.

L. B. Howard the writer of this announcement, has been transferred to Colorado City and bespeaks for Mr. Sheppard the same liberal and loyal patronage afforded the store under his management.

The Jones Dry Goods Co., Inc. is in Brownfield to serve the people.

We appreciate your patronage and are striving to please.

JONES DRY GOODS COMPANY, INC.
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

Repairs--Sign Painting

What is the use of throwing an otherwise good chair, table, desk, or bed in the rubbish, when a modest sum of money will make it as good as new. Consult with us.

JOHN S. POWELL, Prop.

FURN. & UND. SUPPLIES

Funeral Directors

Day Phone 25 Night Phone 122
BROWNFIELD BROS. CO.
Brownfield, Texas

ALLEN
The House Reliable
Piano and Music House

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at the Christian parsonage, Mr. A. M. Martin and Miss Lora Brooks were united in marriage, Rev. W. A. Kercheville, officiating. The bride is a charming young lady, daughter of W. A. Brooks of the Journal force. The groom is a young man of excellent character and is held in high esteem by all who know him. The young couple will make their home near Slaton, where Mr. Martin is making a crop. The best wishes of the Journal go with them.—Lamesa Journal.

The bride is a niece of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Sawyer of this city, and some of the old timers will remember her as a child when Mr. Brooks and family lived here years ago.

BIRTHDAY PARTY
Richard Kendrick entertained a number of his little friends, Saturday evening, May 20th, in honor of his fifth birthday. Each guest brought a nice little gift for which he was delighted. They played various games and then helped to put out the candles. Cake and candy were served to the following guests:
Clyde Dallas, Laverne Cook, Kathryn Holgate, Sallie Truman Stricklin, Mary Lee and Mattie Jo Gracey, Julia Ruth Markham, Virginia May, Verna Wren, Irene Adams, Lucile Harris, Mary D. and Margaret Souday, Vernon Brothers, Buster Brown, Chilton James, T. I. Brown, Richard Shepherd, Edward Lovelace.

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

We are glad to see the paint brush being applied at both the Magnolia and Texas Company oil stations. Let the Gulf Refining not lag behind.

WHY FEED A COW when you can buy milk for less money. Goodpasture Dairy.

NOTICE
This is to notify the public that all papers belonging to Green & Lumsden in Lynn and Terry counties are posted and everybody is forbidden to hunt, fish or in any way trespass on our property.—GREEN & LUMSDEN.

They all like "USCO" United States Tires are Good Tires

PROBABLY half the motorists of America ride on Fabric Tires. By the hundreds of thousands they have stuck to "USCO" year in and year out. If there ever was a tested money's-worth "USCO" qualifies—and to spare. Made by the makers of U. S. Royal Cords.



Where to buy U.S. Tires

Quality Filling Station, Brownfield, Texas
G. P. Mitchell, Meadow, Texas

MRS. DALLAS TO GIVE MEDALS NEXT YEAR

In the coming year Mrs. Dallas will offer a gold medal for the high school pupils making the greatest advancement in piano study and a silver medal for second. Also the same offer for the pupils in the grades.

The two medals this year were won by Rebecca May and Dora Dean Neill, gold and silver, respectively. Mrs. Dallas begins teaching July 1st. Work done by pupils entitle them to credits in college work.

A small child of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, of Yoakum county died here Saturday a few minutes after reaching the local sanitarium. It seems the little fellow was eating a piece of raw potato and ran to meet his father when a dog made an attack on the child causing it to swallow the piece of potato which lodged in the throat, causing death by suffocation. R. B. Collier of the Brownfield Undertaking Co. prepared the little body to be taken back to Yoakum county for interment.

MATTRESSES renovated and rebuilt at the Sanitary Wagon Yard, west of the depot.

Milton Leach, of Waco, who attended school here some years ago, is visiting the family of Judge Neill.

Misses Nancy and Lizzie Dumas returned Tuesday after another term in the Canyon Normal, which still better fits them for their chosen profession as teachers.

Ben Hurst carried his wife to Drs. Hutchinson & Peebler at Lubbock, Tuesday to have an operation performed for an abscess on the jaw.

Mary Criswell, of Plains, is visiting friends here this week and attending the closing exercises of our school.

J. A. Darden and family are out on the Gordon ranch with his brother, T. R. Darden. He and family recently returned from California to attend the funeral of his mother who died of partial paralysis at Abernathy, arriving just a little while after his mother died.

TOMATO and CABBAGE plants now ready at Brownfield Nursery.

Mrs. Floyd Stark, of Seminole, is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bynum.

SELL your chickens and hives at the Sanitary Wagon yard west of the depot.

Mrs. Russell returned Thursday from Slaton, where she visited relatives and friends.

ACALA and WEBB cotton seed; small or large quantities. See J. R. Carver, City.

Mrs. A. W. Endersen left Monday for Temple where she will visit relatives a few weeks.

Miss Stella Treadway returned home Saturday from O'Dessa, where she taught expression this term.

We are glad to report Robt. Welch's wife doing fine after an operation at the Lubbock Sanitarium.

Ben Hurst carried his wife to Drs. Hutchinson & Peebler at Lubbock, Tuesday to have an operation performed for an abscess on the jaw.

A TRADES DAY IN BROWNFIELD

Properly supported will do much toward promoting the **TERRY COUNTY FIRST** idea in the minds of our citizens and visitors. It should prove pleasant and profitable.

LET'S HAVE IT

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

A. R. Brownfield

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

Officers and Directors

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Brownfield — Texas



Higginbotham-Bartlett Company

THE BEST PLACE TO GET EVERYTHING TO BUILD ANYTHING

Lumber, Doors, Screens,

Paint, Wallpaper, Cement,

Windmills, Pipe, Wire, Posts,

Hardware, Staples, Glass,

Coal, Bolts, Screws,

And In Fact Anything In The

Builders' Line. Let Us Quote

You Our Prices.

HIGGINBOTHAM-BARTLETT CO.

Brownfield, Texas

LITTLE GEM BAKERY

We are now well established in our new building; are in position to give you better service every day. We can bake your bread, pies and cakes cheaper than you can bake them yourself.

All kinds of pastery cooking. Call and inspect our baking department any time.

LITTLE GEM BAKERY
Brownfield, Texas

After Every Meal

WRIGLEY'S

and give your stomach a lift.

Provides "the bit of sweet" in beneficial form.

Helps to cleanse the teeth and keep them healthy.

FOR

Drugs, Sundries, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Stationery and Prescriptions, go to

J. L. RANDAL, Druggist
Brownfield, Texas

MAKES THE WORLD BRIGHTER

Everything seems more cheerful when you are not run down at the heel—Bring in your shoes and let us fix them up.

Auto top and curtain patching a specialty.

Work must be paid for before leaving the shop.

PROGRESS SHOE SHOP
Fletcher Stewart, Prop.
Brownfield, Texas

HAUL anything at any time. Call Brownfield Quick Team Service, Lauderdale & Eicke. Phones 87 and 93.

J. J. Whitley and E. H. Green of the Gomez country.

FITZ Overalls



are constantly improving in every detail.

Don't judge them by what overalls used to be or by what some overalls are today.

FITZ overalls are made better in material, design and workmanship every time a real improvement is suggested. Cost is never considered.

For this reason FITZ quality and FITZ popularity are never excelled.

Try on one of our 66 sizes. Satisfaction is guaranteed.

We are receiving daily shipments of newest and most up-to-date spring and summer merchandise the market affords. Our overhead expense is light, therefore we sell for less.

ADAMS DRY GOODS CO.
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

HAULING Is Our Middle Name

When you want drayage or moving done quickly and efficiently with minimum breakage, phone 81 and we will be on the job.

Procter Transfer

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Brazil left one where they will attend summer normal day this week for Los Vagos, N.M. for the next several weeks.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD

Dear Jack—I am asking space in this week's issue of the Herald that I may assist its able editor in arriving at and presenting some of the facts as they are. The writer's part in the Anti-Klan speaking last Monday night as reported in the Herald is somewhat clouded and if the light is thrown in on my speech as it should be, it will be revealed that the speaker had, after careful investigation found that the ideals of the American Legion, as practiced in our community, were inferior to the Ku Klux Klan. The above statement would have come nearer giving justice to my speech and would have created less prejudice toward the issue. Facts are sometimes painful and stubborn things but if faced and dealt with by fair and red blooded men will only be the means of working out the community's salvation. Because a fact is firm, stubborn and inflexible is not sufficient reason to shun or avoid it and fall to the sensational and rose-colored. I feel too that you will not disagree with me when I remind you that the time sometimes overtakes us, that in order for truth to prevail, some one must stand in the breach, brush aside mere human relations, face his foe, rebuke the wrong and contend even to his death for eternal right.

It is never too late to arrive at the truth of an issue—truth that will give all their rights and none any special privileges. Having this in view, I beg leave to make a suggestion. The anti believe in my Monday night's speech I hit below the belt. I am willing to be weighed in the balances.

My suggestion is, let the editor take the matter in hand and appoint a committee, men of cool and deliberate judgement like Dallas, Kendrick, E. Brown, Judge Broughton, F. C. Smith, J. L. Randal or others that in the editor's judgement are competent, call into their council and disinterested attorney, Judge Bean for instance, (I will foot the bill) and after free and full investigation jury finds that one statement of mine relative to the construction of the Legion building and the things that have been carried on therein, is untrue, let the following process be carried out: Hoodwink the guy that stepped on the tom-cat's tail at the Anti-Klan meeting, march him around the square three times to the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner" with Judge Neill on his right

and Judge Gillespie on his left (he's little nearer my heart) stop at the tank near the northeast corner and let J. N. Lewis, the bellweather of the Anti act as master of ceremonies. As to the applause accorded the speakers you were almost right only you should have reported and marked up to my credit the "wailing and gnashing of teeth," that was to me at times as loud as the cheers for my opponents.

I am with you in believing that Terry county men are too big to let issues steal their reason; and if at times upon mount Carmel the prophets of Baal are thrown into confusion, let us hope that the heel of justice will bruise the serpent's head, and the live thunders of truth will clear up the atmosphere on the outside even if they sour a little milk in the pantry. Wishing for you and yours the very best I am yours fraternally

J. W. Baughman

It was originally the intention of the Herald to keep discussions pro and anti klan out of the Herald. In fact we held up an article by an able writer against the klan only last week, but since Rev. Baughman thinks the Herald might offend him we are willing to give him this space.

At the outset, we wish to state that the Herald has no objection to Rev. Baughman's position on this or any other issue. That's his God given and American right. Our report of the tabernacle meeting was not a discussion of any principles of either klan or anti-klan, but was merely intended as a news item. We reported two speeches against the klan, and Rev. Baughman's speech for it, and are borne out by klanmen who were well pleased with his speech. On the other hand the American Legion, nor many others who had boys in the muddy trenches of Europe appreciated his speech. As to expressing what was said, the Herald simply had another way of expressing the same thing. Rev. Baughman wants it to read "things practiced by the community Legion," and the Herald also qualified its statement by "local Legion."

Rev. Baughman also goes off half-cocked about the legality of things practiced, as he asserts, by the local post. Our article held no brief for, nor even mentioned whether Sunday 42 game were legal or not. In fact, we knew nothing about the law on the subject, and don't yet. He also wants us to get up some kind of a mob to try him. He is off again if he thinks we will take part or share in any such arrangement. We do not play 42 private or public, Sunday or any other day. Can Rev. Baughman say any more. We don't go to dances nor dance, nor encourage them. Can Rev. Baughman say any more.

Yet, with all that, we fail to see why a little simple game of 42 has ever ruptured any morals. We had a long sight rather our boys or girls played some simple game Sunday afternoon after having attended Sunday School and Church, than to add around all over the country in automobiles. We are glad our American youths have some life about them and are not what we are at our present age, for without fresh clean youth to put some new blood and vim into life, this would be a miserable world. You can no more produce the staidness of 60 or 70 in the youth of 16 or 20 than you can stop the sun in mid-heaven. It's not only against nature but against the purpose of the Creator himself.

We have always considered Bro. Baughman as one of our best friends and boosters, and we always grant and encourage criticism from our friends, for they mean only good toward us, and have nothing against this criticism of ourselves on this occasion, but we would much rather he had refrained from personalities in these columns of others.

Let's be reasonable humans.

S. S. CLASS ENTERTAINED

Mrs. Homer Winston entertained her Sunday School class at her home on the evening of May 22nd. Funny games were the features of the evening, such as puzzle games, animal making and grab bags. At a late hour refreshments consisting of cake and ice cream were served to the following:

Misses Vonelle and Kathrine Holgate, Vera May Hargus, Jessie Josephine and Viola Lee, Christine Price, Elizabeth Downing, Fay and Alma Brown, Rebecca May, Masters Lolan and Otto Flippin, Earl Anthony, Steve Hargus, Leonard Lewis, Ulysses Graham, James King, James Harley Dallas, Murphey May, Bernice Holgate.

The children left expressing to the hostess that they had spent a very enjoyable evening.

SEE J. W. YOUNGBLOOD for monuments. Phone 27, Brownfield, Texas.

LOCAL BANKER PRAISES HERALD PRINTING

Morgan L. Copeland, cashier of the Brownfield State Bank called in one morning this week after a large supply of blotters he has printed every few months to be mailed with customers' statements at the end of each month. He expressed entire satisfaction with the make-up, printing and general neatness.

He said: "I want you to state for the benefit of those who need printing in the Brownfield territory that I have always been highly pleased with the work done by our home printer; it has been turned out with neatness and dispatch and I find the price in line with and in many instances below the city shop and the quality of work just as good."

The Herald appreciates voluntary statements of this kind.

OLD TIMES MEET

On last Monday night, Jack and his pipe and Texie met the first arrivals on the front porch of their elegant remodeled home over in west town, with a personal welcome, then they came so thick and fast Jack said, Oh! shucks, the door is open and they know where they are at, and so huff they did. Some of the earlier said, "let's waste no time" and clackety-clack went the merry game, and soon all twelve tables, not to mention a quilt spread on the front porch were surrounded with the laughingest lot that ever assembled. Monkey-pap with his Johnnie shins was there with the goods, Monroe and Becky showed how old and young em are Mrs. Stark (nee Bynum) was here from Seminole. Geo. E. proved that it was better to bid and go set than never to bid at all. Grandma Daugherty, Dock Powell and Mrs. Dumas occupied the front porch. In fact about the whole bunch was there except Vade who had to stay at home with the big jaw. It was a pleasant evening and somehow no one could, and didn't try to keep from laughing out loud. But alas! alas! the lights blinked and the players winked, and forthwith came the well prepared sandwiches and juicy drink—we didn't know the name—but something about it will be remembered long after the name is forgotten. Then went away the friendly good old timers, feeling the better for coming.

The next meeting will be next Monday night at a well known spot on the prairie north of town. Ask some one of the bunch privately for particulars. This will be the rarest meeting of the season, and all old timers are expected to do their duty.—Wun em.

M. & M. CLUB

Mmes Brownfield and Bell entertained the Maids and Matrons Club at the home of Mrs. Bell, Tuesday, May 15th.

The business for the year was finished, this being the last meeting till September.

The hostesses served delicious sandwiches and tea to the following members: Mmes. Alexander, Dallas, Erdensen, Hardin, King, McGowan, Stricklin, Smith, Randal, Downing, Kendrick and Misses Treadaway and Wines.—Reporter.

REMEMBER—Good shows at the Legion Theatre every Friday and Saturday night.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

The State of Texas, County of Terry A. M. Brownfield, No. 733 vs. W. J. Ward, et al.

Whereas, by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Terry County, Texas, on the 24th day of May, A.D. 1923, in favor of A. M. Brownfield and against E. D. Westfall and E. E. Popham for the sum of Three Thousand Three Hundred and Thirty-two and 42/100 (\$3,324.42) Dollars, with interests and costs, and against E. D. Westfall, E. E. Popham, W. J. Ward and the Rotan State Bank of Rotan, Texas, for foreclosure of first vendor's lien on the west half (W. 1/2) of Survey No. One Hundred Fifty-five (155) W. & D. Ry Co., Certificate No. 87, Block T, containing 320 acres of land, in Terry County, Texas, No. 733 on the docket of said Court, I did on the 28th day of May, 1923, at ten o'clock A.M., levy upon the above described tract of land, and on the 3rd day of July, 1923, being the first Tuesday in said month between the hours of ten o'clock a.m. and 4 o'clock p.m., on said day, at the courthouse of said county, at Brownfield, Texas, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said W. J. Ward, E. D. Westfall, E. E. Poppin, and the Rotan State Bank, of Rotan, Texas, in and to said property.

Witness my hand at Brownfield, Texas, this 28th day of May A.D. 1923.

Wood E. Poppin, Sheriff, Terry County, Texas.

Witness my hand at Brownfield, Texas, this 28th day of May A.D. 1923.

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Witness my hand at Brownfield, Texas, this 28th day of May A.D. 1923.

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THE LUBBOCK SANITARIUM

A Modern Fireproof Building
Equipped for Medical and Surgical Cases—X-Ray and Pathological Laboratories
Dr. J. T. Krueger
General Surgery
Dr. J. T. Hutchinson
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Dr. M. C. Overton
General Medicine
Dr. O. F. Foebler
General Medicine
Miss Gracie Hinkley, R. N.
Superintendent
Geo. W. Briggs
Business Mgr.

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

T. L. TREADAWAY, M. D.

H. A. CASTLEBERRY, M. D.
Physicians and Surgeons
Office Over State Bank
General practice, Obstetrics, Medical Gynecology and Minor Surgery.
Office Phone 38
Dr. Treadaway's Res. No. 18
Dr. Castleberry's Res. is 2 rings on 502.
Brownfield, Texas

BROWNFIELD SANITARIUM

Equipped for Medical, Surgical and Obstetrical cases.
Dr. W. N. Lemmon,
Dr. J. R. Lemmon,

DR. H. H. HUGHES

Dental Surgeon
Office in the Brownfield State Bank Building
Brownfield, Texas

Brownfield Lodge

No. 205, A. F. & A. M.
Meets on Saturday night before the full moon in each month in the Masonic Hall.
H. R. Winston, W. M.
H. M. Pyeatt, Secy.

O.W. Gillespie Joe J. McGowan

GILLESPIE & MCGOWAN
Lawyers
Office in the State Bank Building
Brownfield, Texas

GEO. W. NEILL

Atty-at-Law
Office at Courthouse
Brownfield, Texas

Brownfield Lodge No. 539, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Tuesday night in the Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting Brothers Welcome.
R. L. Bowers, N. G.
Tom May, Secretary

Sanitary Barber Shop

A shop that lives up to its name in every sense of the word:
Sanitary, Service and Satisfaction
Nice tub and shower bath.
ONLY LAUNDRY BASKET IN BROWNFIELD
SANITARY BARBER SHOP
Bennett Bros, Props. Brownfield, Texas

Brownfield Produce Co.

We always pay the highest market price for your poultry, eggs and hides.
The Home of Farm Products.
J. R. CARVER, Produce Man

"DAY BY DAY IN EVERY WAY"

We are learning to serve you better and better. We clean anything but a guilty conscience, and do all kinds of alterations.
AMERICAN TAILOR SHOP
O. L. Jones, Prop. Phone 143 BROWNFIELD

Bonded Warehouse

We now have a fireproof bonded warehouse in connection with our Quick Team Service. Storage by the month or we will rent you floor space. Don't forget us when you want something hauled.
LAUDERDALE & EICKE
Brownfield, Texas