



**THE TERRY COUNTY HERALD**  
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**A. J. STRICKLIN, Editor and Prop.**

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This is notice to those who have been subscribing for the Semi-Weekly Farm News through the Herald, that we will take no more subscriptions for that journal. We do not care to be accused of being agent for any great (?) metropolitan journal that is making disparaging editorial comment about this section of our great state.

Volume 1 and No. 1, of the Seagraves Progress came to our desk last week with former Editor Bachman, of the Seminole Sentinel as the leader of its destiny. The Progress was brim full of current and local news of Seagraves and vicinity, but the patronage was not anything like what will be necessary to sustain a good paper in that bustling little city.

Editor Shelton of the Rotan Advance is just proud of his town and often calls it the "biggest little town in Texas" as a pet name. He aroused our interest in Rotan very much this week when he reported the arrival of a solid car load of crockery ware, among which was 500 gallon jugs. How far is it to Rotan?

Editor Bolivar of the Hedley Informer was copped up a whole week recently on account of a case of chick en pox that his little girl developed, and which at first the physician diagnosed as smallpox. We thought he had gone fishing, or had got too full of the Press Association at Amarillo, maybe, in advance. He is now permitted some privileges again by the pillman of Hedley, and the news-informer is again paying its weekly call at our desk.

Editor Haynes of the Lynn County News is laying it on McDuff lately. He not only toured the intervening country between Tahoka and Amarillo with friend wife to meet the boys at the P. P. A., but before he left home he tied on a brick building where the News is now located, to be sure that the News would be still "put" when they returned. Haynes is a hustler, and deserves all that is coming his way.

**MEADOW BRIEFS**  
By Anacapa

The correspondent at this place failed to materialize last week and there was no one here with a "familiar spirit" to call him up.

Our school closed last Friday and at night the students of Mrs. Burleson's room staged a play, entitled: "Meadow in 1943." We were given a glance into the future at what they imagined our town would be twenty years from now. The city council of that period were quite liberal in the matter of appropriations—possibly with an eye to present conditions here. Judging from present devel-

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**OUT OF THE DARKNESS**  
by Charles J. Dutton  
Illustrations by Lewin Myers  
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Currie heard the car as it stopped before the house and came out to greet Bartley. As Mrs. Currie was in town, we did not change for dinner. During the meal the murder was not mentioned. Bartley went to his room immediately afterwards. I sat with Currie for a while, smoking; then I excused myself. I was eager to learn what Bartley had discovered in New York. I found him in his room stretched out in a big armchair, one leg thrown over the arm, his pipe in his mouth. As I watched him I thought how little one would suppose that he was engaged in solving two mysterious murders. He looked up as I entered, smiled, and went back to his reading.

"How did your trip come off?" I asked.

"Well, Pelt," he drawled, as he placed his long yellow-covered book on the floor, "Aren'tino certainly knew the criminal life of the day."

His remark had, of course, to do with the book that had been read, and nothing with my question. Seeing my disappointment, he laughed. "The trip wasn't of much importance. The man did buy the whisky from Slyke. He had bought all that was in the vault, but had only removed one truck load when he was caught. He paid \$2,000 for it that afternoon, and left on the seven o'clock train for New York. His alibi is perfect; he knows nothing about the murder. The alibi of the men on the truck also is perfect. They do not reach Saratoga until noon on the day after Slyke's death. They deal only with one man."

"One man?" I echoed. "Who?"

He watched my face for a moment then replied simply, "Briffeur."

I had half expected that answer. I made the chauffeur's story that Slyke owed him money seem reasonable. I even hinted that the chauffeur had tried to blackmail Slyke, and made Briffeur's theory that Briffeur had killed Slyke seem not unreasonable.

"The men on the truck," Bartley continued, "did not know Briffeur's name; but their description of the man who unlocked the door of the vault for them fitted Briffeur."

"But—" I ventured.

"But what?" he countered.

"That connects Slyke and Briffeur." He was silent for a moment, his face grave. Then he said slowly "Yes, Pelt, it does. If the chauffeur had not been killed himself, he would be suspected of causing Slyke's death. But there is one thing—"

"And what is that?" I asked eagerly.

"Briffeur said some one else was implicated in that robbery. What I want to know is, who was that other man?" He paused, then added: "There is no doubt, Pelt, that Slyke had been selling whisky for some time. Where he got it, and who was in on it with him, we don't know. Maybe tonight we can find out."

Currie's voice called from below that the car was waiting to take us to Slyke's house, and we rose. As I started for the door, Bartley handed me a package and gave me a playful shove.

"Don't drop them," he laughed.

Currie's earnestness was almost laughable as he took the slate and turned it over and over, examining both surfaces. When he had finished he whispered to me, "The writing was not a darned thing on that slate."

The same method was employed with the other slates. First, Bartley would wash one side, then would call upon one of us to examine the slate and wash of the other side. I was left until the last, and I examined my slate very carefully before I touched it with the cloth. On the side which Bartley had washed little drops of water still clung. The unwashed side was dirty but showed no traces of having been written on.

When I had finished my task, Bartley took one of the slates and said: "You have seen there was no writing of any kind on these slates. I am going to give one to each of you. Miss Potter should place hers under her feet; Currie might sit on his; the rest of you can place them under your coats."

He gave us each a slate, and we did as he suggested. I wondered, as I placed mine under my coat, just what Bartley expected to discover. Somehow the whole thing seemed so absurd. He was so serious about it, however, that I began to believe that he must expect to receive a message of some sort. We sat silent and expectant. I, for one, feeling a little foolish.

Bartley, who had glanced at his watch several times, waited for five minutes to pass before he said, "Suppose, Currie, you look at your slate."

Currie grinned, as if to say he considered it all foolishness, but did as requested. As he glanced at his slate, the smile left his face, his jaw dropped, and his eyes grew big with wonder. He looked at it several seconds as if he could not believe his eyes, then slowly passed it to me. I eagerly glanced at it, and in my turn was startled. There, however, in a sprawling hand, running across the slate that had been blank a few moments before, was written, "Currie, people who steal whisky out of a vault at midnight will come to a bad end."

Almost unable to credit my eyes, I stared at the slate. Both sides had been so thoroughly washed that when Currie had taken it they were still wet. How the writing had gotten on the slate, I could not imagine.

Miss Potter gave a sudden cry. She had risen to her feet with shining eyes. Holding her slate in one trembling hand, she tried to speak, failed, then cried triumphantly: "It's a message—a message from Mr. Slyke! I was back to my side, and a second later his finger closed around mine."

I confess that I felt a bit like a fool as I waited there in the pitch darkness. What we were doing seemed childish; yet back of it all there was a general air of expectancy that I was tense with excitement. The great draperies had been drawn over the windows, and not even a ray of light penetrated the room. Just what it was that we were waiting for I did not know. Something might or might not take place, the medium had said. We sat in silence for a number of minutes, minutes that dragged endlessly. I must confess that to me they were not the most pleasant I had ever spent.

Someone drew a deep breath, and I thought the table had started to

trembling. A curious expression on his face, he placed it on the table, and we crowded round to examine it. This time the entire surface of the slate was covered with writing, in the same sprawling hand that had written on Currie's and mine. The letters were large and looked as if the person who had written the message had been very drunk. Too astonished to speak, we bent and read: "All will be well with me if you aid those who are trying to discover why I hid out. For my peace, do this: listen to the medium—, and the message trailed off in a large S."

"It's Mr. Slyke's writing," Miss Potter cried excitedly. "I recognize it. There was nothing on the slate when I placed my feet on it."

Bartley faced her gravely, with something in his manner that gave me the impression that he was not at all surprised at what was happening. "Then you are absolutely sure it is his writing?" he asked.

Not trusting herself to speak, she simply nodded.

At that moment the bell rang, and the butler passed through the room on his way to the door. In the second before his return, I saw Doctor King steal a look at his slate, and from the stricken look on his face, I knew that he, too, had received a message. Meeting my eyes, he gave me a faint, wondering smile and shook his head doubtfully.

The man whom the butler ushered in was the medium that Bartley had secured in New York. He was very tall and thin, dressed in black, with white, unhealthy face, shifty eyes, and hair a bit too long.

After he had been introduced, Bartley told us that we were to begin the seance at once. The first thing to be done was to place the medium in a chair in the corner and tie his hands and feet firmly. Roche was selected to draw the rope through the rings of the chair, the hands behind his back, and place a gag in his mouth so that he could not speak. He performed his task with the thoroughness of a police officer trained in the work; and when he informed us that the medium could neither move nor speak, I believed him.

At Bartley's suggestion we seated ourselves around the table. It was a small one, not very heavy in construction. We placed our hands on its surface as directed, and linked them together by looking the thumb and little finger of each hand around the finger of the hand next to it. We were told that under no circumstance were we to break this circle.

Bartley spent some time in making sure that we were arranged in the proper manner. I was seated with Currie on my left, my little finger clasped around his thumb, and Bartley himself on my right. He rose and turned off the lights, then groped his way back to my side, and a second later his finger closed around mine.

I confess that I felt a bit like a fool as I waited there in the pitch darkness. What we were doing seemed childish; yet back of it all there was a general air of expectancy that I was tense with excitement. The great draperies had been drawn over the windows, and not even a ray of light penetrated the room. Just what it was that we were waiting for I did not know. Something might or might not take place, the medium had said. We sat in silence for a number of minutes, minutes that dragged endlessly. I must confess that to me they were not the most pleasant I had ever spent.

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**MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS**

Whereas, the Honorable District Court of Dawson County, being this day in session, with the Honorable Clark Mullican presiding, and all the members of the Dawson County Bar to-wit: J. E. Garland, W. F. Robinson; V. O. Key, Gordon B. McGuire, C. P. Rodgers, and J. E. Brown being present; also the Hon. Walter Woodward of the Coleman Bar being present and participating; all business of the Court was temporarily suspended in respect to the memory of our deceased Judge and Friend, the Honorable W. R. Spencer; whereupon the following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted and ordered spread upon the minutes of this Court to become a perpetual record:

To the Honorable District Court and Bar of Dawson County—

In obedience your wishes have been prepared and offered for your adoption, the following resolutions in memory of our deceased Judge: Judge Spencer has been closely identified with the development of Western Texas since the year 1886. He was the first Judge of this district, having been appointed by Governor Colquitt in 1911, and successively elected at each election thereafter.

As a practitioner he was true to the cause of his client with a generous share of success in his litigation.

As District Judge the burnished steel of the advocate was sheathed in the scabbard of judicially and the profound lawyer, the polished gentleman was the esteem of the bar and the respect and implicit confidence of the people. Polite and dignified, Judge Spencer was the Chesterfield type; he was kind and generous by nature so much so that he could not have been rude and uncouth had he tried. This courtesy remained until his last breath was drawn. His

manner invariably indicated superior taste and refinement, while his hospitality toward his friends was of the true Southern type, unreserved and most generous in every particular. We share with the noble and lovable companion and relatives and a mighty host of friends the grief that has come to all because of the taking from us he whom we loved and esteemed.

March 30th, 1923, J. E. Garland, W. F. Robinson, Committee.

**COPPER THE MOST VALUABLE METAL**

We are accustomed to think that gold is the most valuable metal in the world, with the exception of platinum. These two metals, it is true, possess one characteristic that sets them apart from the common metal—their immunity to corrosion. Nevertheless, while gold is an accepted standard of value, the metal itself has contributed almost nothing to man's advancement. From the standpoint of usefulness, gold is handicapped by excessive weight, softness, low tensile strength, high electrical resistance, low heat conductivity. Even if we were to discover unlimited, easily workable deposits of gold, the world would only be to throw the effect's financial machinery out of gear.

On the other hand, we were to discover unlimited, easily workable deposits of copper, there is hardly a field of human endeavor that would not benefit. The telephone, the telegraph, and the younger brother, the radio, all depend upon copper. Without copper there would be no brass or bronze. Lacking copper there would be no such thing as electric lights and electric motors; we could not proceed with electrification of railroads and development of water power.—Industry.



