boost slaton
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convention

The Slaton Slatonite
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY IN THE INTEREST OF SLATON AND SLATONITES.



## TIIGER By EM B Ower <br> 

 Botr Reeves, the Kld, was niekamed Tiger Eye by his friends down in the Brazos country be-cause his "gun-eye" was yellow. When his father, "Killer Reeves"
died the Kid left Texas to avoid continuing his father's feuds. Reaching. Montana he is forced to draw on Nate Wheeler, an irate
nester. In the exchange of shots, Whecler drops dead, the Kid
later learning that Babe Garner ater learning that Babe Gak
who had also shot at the some time, really killed Wheeler Garner gets the Kid to join the
Poole outfit as a rim rider. The Kid succors Wheeler's widow and is interrupted by Pete Gorham
and some other nesters. He and some other nesters. He
shoots Gorham through both ears for coupling his name with Whee-
ler's widow. Later he rescues a girl, Nellie, and her dad from
Gorham, wounding Pete again. The girl, in spite of her belief
the Kid is an imported Texas kilthe Kid is an imported Texas kil-
ler, warns him the nesters will
kill him. The Kid warns Garner the nesters are attack on the Pool
meets Jess Markel, is boss of Me Pel, a Texan who That night the Kid shoots Markel through both hands when the latter attempts to kill him for
being the son of Killer Reeves, The rest of the gang approves of the Kid's action. While near Nelhe's home he hears the crack of rifle and finds her dad has been
shot from ambush and helps to carry the dead man into his house.
The kid's face was bleak and ol
when he turned to the bed and Nel
Jie's mother kneeling beside it, he
nims thrown out and clutching he
dead with the intensity of deapair
Nellie was holding herself calm i
spite of her horor. The kid saw he
in the kitchen, dipping water into th
wash basin on the bench beside th
back door. But as he went out t
wash her father's life blood from hi hands, he remembered her words
halted, looking at her strangely.
 inood with his hat in his hand, look-
ing down at the dead manand at the
woman huddled on the floor beside the

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| 隹's Nellie?" She stared around |  |
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| to nitern , but reurned to her wepp. |  |
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| T |  |
| in at the dorrway, | Babc |
| con IIII have to be goin' now.", | piece |
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| "Shoah will," said the kid, Prom. |  |
| , ised Neliie hed gro. Somehow it made | beved, his cleft chin resting on the |
| uld |  |
| ${ }^{e} \mathrm{~N}$ Nollie made mas |  |
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| blacken and shrink to a grinning death's-head before him. <br> He ought to have known, that first day. He ought to have seen that Eabe Garner had fired that rifle shot not to save the kid's life, but because he wanted to make certain Nate Wheeler was dead. <br> Up on the Bench there the other day, riding over to talk to Jess Markel. Babe lied and the kid knew he lied-and then had to go and swallow what Babe told him about that talk. Babe more'n likely told Jess all about Tiger Eye Reeves, and helped Jess plan how he could get him. Damn' fool-let Babe lie him blind. A coldblooded killer like that. <br> Kill the kid some of these days, more'n likely. <br> He remembered the look on Babe's face as he stood outside the Poole mess house, watching Jess Markel go by with his bandaged hands. <br> Babe had lighted a cigarette. He snapped the match in two-like these pieces, here in the kid's palm-and looked at the kid and said he'd rather be dead than crippled like that. <br> The kid's clenched hand rested on the saddle horn and his head was bowed, his cleft chin resting on the soft folds of his silk neckerchief. His eyes were staring. He saw Babe, in a new and terrible guise. <br> He was seeing Babe standing by the kitchen table, looking down at his shattered knuckles, and he was hearing Babe say, "Put a bullet through my damn brain, Tiger Eye! |
| :---: |


| it comin, Tiger Eye." <br> "He nevah had it comin' in front of his own doah. The killah cached himself behind a lerge up awn the hill. Left his boot tracks theoh-and a rifle shell." <br> "Yeah? Well-" <br> "Left anotha sign, Babe." <br> "Yeah? What sign's that?" <br> "Left this, Babe." He opened his palm. <br> Babe looked, lifted his glance to the bleak foce of the kid, and to that tiger stare of the yellow right eye. Babe's teeth caught at his underlip. His fingers quivered-but they did not go for his gun. They did not dare. Interruption came. The shrill, whistled signal all Poole riders knew. Babe's eyes searched the kid's face. He turned his back, pulled open the door, answered the call. <br> "Supper ready, Babe?" The Poole foreman owned that voice. <br> Cards lay as they fell till the foreman left again. Meant to go, all right. Didn't unsaddle his horsemeant to ride on to the Poole soon as he had his supper and the storm was over. Straight, honest man, name of Joe Hale. <br> The foreman talked while he ate largely of the supper Babe had cooked. Babe talked too, but not very much. Knew he't have to face it, soon as Joe Hale was gone. Shoah storming. So dark inside the kid got up and lighted the lamp. <br> The foreman emptied his third cup of coffee, wiped his moustache with his handkerchief, hitched the box seat two inches back, and drew his to bacco and papers from his pocket. Soon as he had his smoke going, he would get up and leave. <br> The foreman reached thumb and finger into the watch pocket of his vest, taking his time. <br> He finally drew a match from his pocket, looked at it, used it with little stabbing notions in the air to point his meaning while he talked to Babe. Gosh, did he always talk that | a-way? It seemed to the kid that half an hour passed bofore the cigarette was finally lighted. The foreman absently blew out the match, snapped it in two, dropped the pleces on the floor and got up, reaching for his hat. <br> Babe lifted his head and looked full at the kid. He saw the kid's lips loosen, saw them quiver as the kid's eyes met his with shamed understanding. <br> The kid sat down on the bunk, his arms resting on his knees and his face bent to the floor. Babe! He would have shot Babe just on the strength of a broken match! If the foreman hadn't come right when he did, he'd have killed Babe Garner-the best friend he ever had in his life. <br> Babe! Clearing the table, scraping the plates just as if nothing had happened. Stopping now to make himself a cigarette while the kid watched him from under his long eye-lashes. <br> German Remedy Stops 30 - Year Constipation <br> "For 30 years I had a bad stomach and constipation. Souring food from stomach choked me. Since taking Adlerika I am a new woman. Constipation is thing of the past."-Alice Burns. <br> Most remedies reach only lower bowel. That is why you must take them often. But this simple German remedy Adlerika washes out BOTH upper and lower bowel. It brings out all gas and rids you of poison you would never believe was in your system. Even the FIRST dose will surprise you. City Drug Store. <br> SORE GUMS NOW CURABLE. <br> You won't be ashamed to smile again after you use Leto's Pyorrhea Remedy. This preparation is used and recommended by leading dentists and cannot fail to benefit you. Druggists return money if it fails. Catching's Drug Store. |
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## Consider your Udam's Opple!! ${ }^{\star}$

 Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants,

## "Reach for a LUCKY instead"

Now! Please!-Actually put your finger on your Adam's Apple. Touch it-your Adam's Apple-Do you know you are actually touching your larynx? -This is your voice box-it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple, you are considering your throat-your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants - Reach for aLUCKY instead-Remomber, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE, and so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."



## Society-Churches

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| MET IN SCOTT HOME <br> The Ruth Wesley Sunday school | Former Slaton man |
|  | Wedded in lovingto |
| Friday afternoon in the home of K. C. Sett on Weat Garza street | R. J. Murray, president of the Sla- |
|  | ton State Bank and former resident |
| with Mrs. R. E. Weissinger as jointhostess. | of this city, but now of Labbock, wa united in marriage to Miss Helen Me |
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| hostess. | son, of that city, Saturday in Lov |
| al and Mrs. L. C. Odom presided dur- | The bride is the da |
|  | and Mrs. J. R. Meason of Roarin |
|  |  |
|  | Springs, but for several years has been making her home in Lubbock |
| Several contests amused tho | and has been employed as stenogr |
|  | and has been employed as stenogr pher in Mr. Murray's office. |
|  | Mr. Murray is well known on the South Plains, being prominently con- |
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|  |  |
| ath Ninth street, with | nected with numerous enterprises in all parts. He came to Slaton when |
|  | here until moving to Lubbock |
|  |  |
| WITH MRS, YOUNG |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | To Wednesday Club Mrs. J. H. Brewer was hostess to the Wednesday Study club on May |
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| 12th street, | the Wednesday Study club on May 6 th at her lovely home, 410 West |
|  | 6 th at her lovely home, 410 W Garza street. |
|  | The program on "Econom |
| Subject-Our Field, Our F |  |
| Irs. | , |
| Hymn-"Come Women Wide Proclaim." |  |
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| Devotional-Witness of the Resurrection by Leader. <br> Prayer-That we may be faithful |  |
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Market Specials FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

| STEM MEAT' | 12 c |
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| RIB Roast | 12 c |
| Steak | 17c |
| LOAF MEAT'T | 121/2c |
| Pronc Halls | 21c |
| FISH | 28c |
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Burrus \& White


Add to the Happiness
of the Girl Graduate
from school is one of the hish mo.
aturally, loving friends seek to mark approprite rememtronanceez and mone


PHONE 489
SLATON FLORAL CO.



Slaton's Only Flower Shop-

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 "I ought to be able to sell my stuff as soon egks and poutry to the And I ourgt to have ready cash just as soon as 1 make delivery. I 1 eot that too.
Switt $\&$ Company pays me for all they takec, as they take it, at the full market price. "I ought to patronize my own community, that's true. Well, swift $\&$ Company has 55,000 employes in over 500 towns and they towns and spend their money there too. They pack and distribute the Swift brands right where they live. Many of them are our helping to support our schools, stores and banks.
It seems to me that I'm getting a good,
square deal now. And it gives me a real feeling of security to know that I'm part of an organization of 55,000 employes and 48,000 sonable return on their investment and operate successfully on an average profit from all sources of only a small fraction of a cent per pound

| Women's Column $\qquad$ |  |
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|  | of an egg. Place in b <br> dish and bake for on |
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|  | Social Calendar |
| For the seventh grade student who has completed the required primary |  |
|  | citar, May |
|  | Earline McAlister |
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| Now that you have stored Wisdom and knowledge |  |
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## Wixy

A Producer"


## ANNOUNCING SLATON'S

Newest and Finest Drive In Service Station In OPENING SATURDAY, MAY 16th

COMPIETE SERVICE
Gas - Air - Oil - Water
Greasing - Repairs At One Stop

## FREE!

A QUART OF MAGNOLIA OIL

Have your crankcase drained on our op- ening day, and one quart of the new oil ning day, and one quart of the new oin

will be given FREE. Thus, if your crank-
ase holds 5 quarts, you pay for only 4.

## SUPERIOR PRODUCTS

Our Five New Pumps will supply you with MAGNOLIA Gasoline, nationally known as the best. DRIVE IN SATURDAY and let us service your car in our new modern Super Service Station - Slaton's Newest, Finest. We will fill your tank, drain your crankcase and refill with the proper grade as specified by laboratory experts. Your windshield will be cleaned and your radiator filled, all with a smile.

## We're Proud

of this new station, and want you to come in and get acquainted. Visitor or customer-Come and see us Saturday.
Farmers


