

THE SLATON SLATONITE

W. DONALD, Publisher and Owner. \$2.00 Per Year.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS.

VOL. 10. NO. 50. AUGUST 26, 1921

Business Change

E. C. FOSTER HAS BOUGHT AN INTEREST IN THE FURNITURE, HARDWARE AND UNDERTAKING BUSINESS OF A. E. HOWERTON, AND HAS ASSUMED THE ACTIVE MANAGEMENT OF SAME. MR. McCLINTOCK WILL STILL REMAIN WITH THE FIRM READY TO SERVE ALL OLD FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS, AS WELL AS NEW ONES. THE SAME HIGH GRADE LINES WILL BE CARRIED AND PRICES REDUCED AS LOW AS THE LOWEST. IN FACT, WE ARE NOW OFFERING MANY ARTICLES AT LESS THAN COST. CALL IN AND LET'S GET ACQUAINTED. EVEN THOUGH YOU DO NOT WANT TO BUY ANYTHING.

Foster & Howerton

E. C. FOSTER SLATON, TEXAS A. E. HOWERTON

O. Z. BALL

"Pay Less and Dress Better"

GENTS' FURNISHINGS
AND TAILOR SHOP

Come in and see our line of high grade Gents' Furnishings. We can save you money. Let me order you your FALL AND WINTER SUIT. I can save you money and guarantee a fit.

O.Z. Ball, C

Card of Thanks.

We want to thank the good people of Slaton for their help after the fire had destroyed our home. May the Lord's richest blessing be yours.
J. J. JORDAN,
WIFE AND CHILDREN.

BAPTIST REVIVAL GROWING IN INTEREST DAILY

A series of revival meeting began at the Baptist church last Sunday, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Jno. P. Hardesty, with Singer Woods of Sherman in charge of the music. Services are held both morning and evening in a large tabernacle on the church lot. Interest is increasing daily. The general public has a cordial invitation to be present at each service.

CHURCH OF CHRIST REVIVAL CLOSED THURSDAY NIGHT

The revival under the big tabernacle on the public square, conducted by Elder J. S. Warlick of Dallas, for the Church of Christ, came to a close last night after a very successful campaign for Christianity. Yesterday 25 additions to the church were reported. The meetings have been largely attended, both morning and evening, and much has resulted to the entire community surrounding Slaton.

Children's Play Hour.

Under the direction of Mrs. F. E. Callaway the children are enjoying themselves each Friday afternoon from 4 to 5 o'clock at the county park. Quite a few were present last Friday and had a good time but Mrs. Callaway wants more of them to come out this afternoon. She invites all the mothers to come along and bring the children.

MRS. GEORGE MCKENZIE DIED IN AMARILLO LAST SATURDAY NIGHT, AUG. 20

Mrs. Tessie McKenzie wife of Geo. McKenzie, Santa Fe engineer, died last Saturday night after a lingering illness, at the family home, 605 Johnson street, Amarillo. Her family had moved to Amarillo from Slaton only about six weeks ago.

The remains were shipped to Slaton Sunday and conveyed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McDonald. Funeral services were held at the Baptist church Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Jno. P. Hardesty. Burial followed in Englewood cemetery here. Funeral directions were under the direction of Foster & Howerton, undertakers.

Pallbearers were: J. W. Hood and B. M. Holland, Masons; W. D. Eads and H. O. Puett, Engineers; Gib Elkins and J. F. Conklin, Firemen.

Mrs. McKenzie was 26 years of age a consecrated Christian, being a member of the Baptist church. She is survived by her husband, father, A. H. Grantham, and three sisters, as follows: Mrs. Lora Dickson of Farwell, Mrs. May Means of Schiltree, Mrs. J. S. McDonald of this city.

FATHER MRS. FRANK SUMNER KILLED BY ACCIDENT

Tuesday night Mrs. Frank Sumner of this city received a message stating that her father, T. C. Anderson of Breckenridge, had been accidentally shot and was in a serious condition. She left the following day to attend his bedside but Mr. Anderson died before she reached Breckenridge, according to a telegram received Thursday by Mr. Sumner from her. The telegram also stated that the body would be taken to Sadler, Grayson county, for burial Friday.

Mr. Anderson was proprietor of a soft drink stand in Breckenridge, and was reaching for a package on an upper shelf when the pistol went off. He was 52 years old and the father of thirteen children.

KU KLUX KLAN IN SLATON.

It is now an established fact that Slaton has an organization called the "Ku Klux Klan," for on Tuesday evening near 12 o'clock, some fellow sneaked up to the front porch of the editor's home and deposited a watermelon bearing the inscription "K. K. Klan." It is needless to state that the Donald family have very disapproved the melon, inscription and all, and it was a good one. From all indications it came from the Rose Hill Dairy and Truck Farm, owned by W. F. Florence, as Mr. Florence reports having missed this particular melon from his patch.

DR. FOSTER OF OZONA BECOMES IDENTIFIED WITH LOCAL BUSINESS INTERESTS

Dr. E. C. Foster of Ozona, Crockett county, with his wife, has arrived in Slaton and become identified with the business interests of the town. He has bought a two-thirds interest in the Howerton Furniture and Undertaking business, and has assumed active management of that institution. Mr. McClintock, who has been with this store for a long time, will remain with the business also.

Dr. Foster, although has been a practicing physician for a number of years, is not a novice in the business world, but has had considerable experience, and comes to Slaton highly recommended as a good business man and ideal citizen.

Your attention is directed to the announcement of Foster & Howerton elsewhere in the Slatonite.

BRUNK'S COMEDIANS WILL BE HERE ALL NEXT WEEK

This popular tent show will be in Slaton for a week's engagement beginning Monday, August 29th. They will appear under canvas, using their new \$4,000 tent, seating 1800 people, which will be located on the lots just north of the Slaton State Bank.

Everyone will remember Brunk's Comedians on the occasion of their visit here last year. They are a fine bunch of artists, have a nice line of clean shows, and nothing that would shock the modesty of anyone. Mr. Sadler, the comedian and owner of the show, has special talent, and is a favorite with Texas audiences. His wife, known as Billie Sadler, does some fine work, and shares with her husband in the liberal applause they receive. They have an excellent band to furnish music.

Remember the date, starting Monday, August 29th. They will play at popular prices.

CLOSE IN FARM BARGAIN.

244 acres within half a mile of the city limits of Slaton, 100 acres in cultivation, good 6-room house and barn, at only \$100 per acre.

Or would cut this up into two or three tracts, at \$125 per acre including improvements, \$85 per acre unimproved. If you want to buy a farm let us show you some bargains.

WILLIAMS & SELMON.

MOVE THE COUNTY SEAT.

Dear Parents:

School Starts Sept. 5

HAVE YOU SUPPLIED THE CHILDREN WITH THE CLOTHING THAT THEY WILL SOON NEED FOR THE FALL TERM? WE'VE HAD IT IN MIND FOR A LONG TIME AND HAVE PURCHASED A DANDY LOT OF THINGS SUITABLE FOR SCHOOL WEAR.

DURABLE CLOTHING IN GOOD
STYLE AND WE WILL BANK
THE PRICE IS RIGHT.

MANNISH LITTLE SUITS FOR BOYS—SHOES JUST LIKE DAD'S. UNDENIABLY CHARMING DRESSES FOR GIRLS. HOSIERY AND FURNISHINGS IN ALL GRADES AND ALL QUALITIES—RICH AND ABUNDANT. HERE ARE A FEW OF THE SPECIAL SCHOOL DAY OFFERINGS:

Shoes: Gun Metal, Vici and Kangaroo \$2.50 to \$7.50
Boys' Knickerbocker Suits: All the latest styles, and priced very moderately at from \$5.00 to \$19.75
Girls' Dresses: The latest and best at \$1.25 to \$5.00
Hosiery: Double Knee, Heel and Toe. Fine ribbed for girls and heavy ribbed for boys, per pair 25c to 75c
Boys' Hats and Caps: All shapes and colors 75c to \$2.00

WE URGE SHOPPING IN THE MORNING. THE SAVINGS ARE SUCH THAT NO THIFTY PERSON CAN AFFORD TO OVERLOOK THEM. BUT—COME WHEN YOU CAN!

CORDIALLY.

ROBERTSON'S

"J.M." ALWAYS CALL FOR "J.M."
S. & H. GREEN STAMPS

Had You Ever Thought About It This Way ?

—There are about 110,000,000 people in the United States and out of that number there are 109,999,999 people trying to get your money!

—There's just ONE FELLOW trying to save your money. Who is he?
—Well, then, how hard are you working on the job?

—Right now, while everybody else is thinking soberly, is a good time to cut out the "fine feller" business and begin to lay up for the days to come. If they're to be fair days—all right. If they're to be rainy days—then we'll have the umbrella ready.

The Slaton State Bank

Be the Captain of the Dollars You Earn !

WHO COMMANDS YOUR DOLLARS?

AN ACCOUNT IN THIS BANK IS THE BEST PLAN EVER DISCOVERED FOR DISCIPLINING YOUR DOLLARS. IF YOU PUT INTO THIS BANK—BEFORE THE OTHER FELLOW PERSUADES YOU TO SPEND THEM—A CERTAIN PART OF THE DOLLARS YOU HAVE EARNED, THEN YOU ARE IN COMMAND OF THOSE DOLLARS. THEY WILL WAIT—ACCUMULATING—UNTIL YOU DECIDE IN WHAT WAY THEY WILL SERVE YOU BEST. SAVINGS ACCOUNTS IN THE FIRST STATE BANK HAVE BEEN THE FOUNDATION OF THE PROSPERITY OF HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE IN THIS SECTION.

The First State Bank of Slaton

Member Federal Reserve System A Guaranty Fund Bank
Where Service is a Religion and Courtesy is Born Smiling.

OFFICERS

H. G. ROWLEY, President
F. M. CULBERSON, Vice Pres. and Cashier
W. B. RUSSELL, Assistant Cashier

**PLAN ON FOOT TO MOVE
LUBBOCK CO. COURT HOUSE**

Every stranger that visits Lubbock always gets a rumor that the railroad shops, round house, division offices, reading room and Harvey house, and everything else connected with the Santa Fe plant is going to be moved to that city. And according to the rumor it will only be a few days until the work will start, that engineers are then busy laying out the grounds for the plant, and one fellow came to Slaton a few days ago and reported that Lubbock had raised a fund of \$25,000.00 to buy the land and move the Santa Fe plant up there. Think of it! Planning to squander twenty-five thousand dollars to move the division to Lubbock!

But the Slatonite has better news than that. It is current rumor that petitions are being prepared for signers, which will call for an election to move the county seat to Slaton. While Slaton is not the geographical center of the county, yet it may be the logical point for the county seat on account of its importance as a railroad center, its fine farms, fine schools, and many natural advantages. Many people make the prediction daily that Slaton will be the largest town in Lubbock county within five years.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

The Slatonite and Progressive Farmer, both one year for only \$2.25.

Cool, delicious drinks at Teague's Confectionery.

Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Adams returned Saturday from a two weeks' vacation spent at Galveston.

Ice cream carried every day now at Teague's Confectionery.

B. M. Holland, vice president and cashier of the Slaton State Bank, was a visitor in Lubbock Tuesday evening.

Capt. Paul P. Murray and Chas. H. Graves have returned from a fishing trip to the Concho country.

Fred Blumentritt of Miles, Texas, left for home Monday after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Klattenhoff.

Mrs. M. E. Robertson of Abilene is a guest at the home of her son, W. A. Robertson and family.

F. R. King and family of Lubbock spent the week end here visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Todd.

Mrs. W. H. Proctor has returned from a two weeks' visit to Mrs. A. B. Robertson at Abilene.

Mrs. W. R. Wilson returned Wednesday from a visit with her sister, Mrs. G. A. Guthrie at Merkel.

Claude Robertson, wife and baby of View, Taylor county, are visiting the former's brother, W. A. Robertson and family.

Paul Owens, official watch inspector for the Santa Fe, was called to Kress last Friday to adjust a clock for the company there.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Thompson are now living at Crosbyton temporarily, where Mr. Thompson is relieving a conductor on the Santa Fe branch.

Mrs. A. B. Vandeburn and son Dow have returned to their home in Duston, Okla., after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Edwards.

Nicholas, little son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Montague, underwent an operation for adenoids Tuesday. He is reported doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Dock Hampton and children of Lockney spent Sunday in Slaton the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Edwards.

Mrs. W. T. Bohannon and daughter have arrived here from Dallas to join Dr. Bohannon who recently opened a dental office in this city.

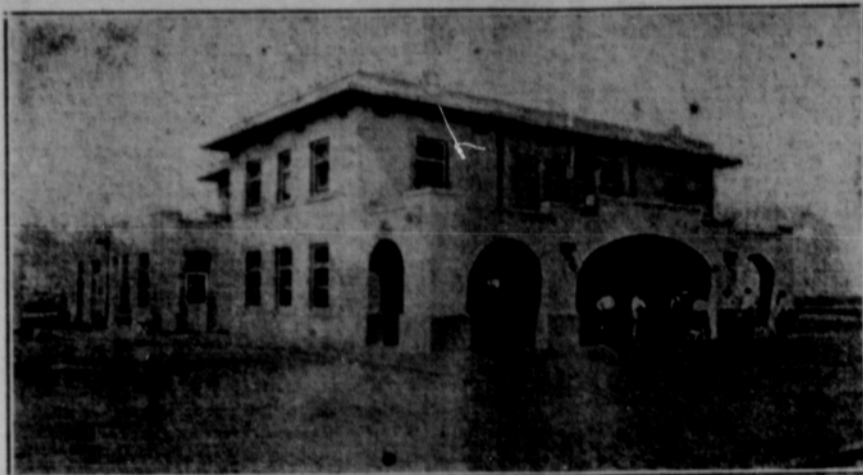
S. F. King of Abilene arrived here yesterday for a visit to friends. Mr. King was formerly manager of Rockwell Bros. lumber yard in Slaton.

Carl George, who underwent an operation in a Lubbock sanitarium about two weeks ago, was able to be brought home Wednesday.

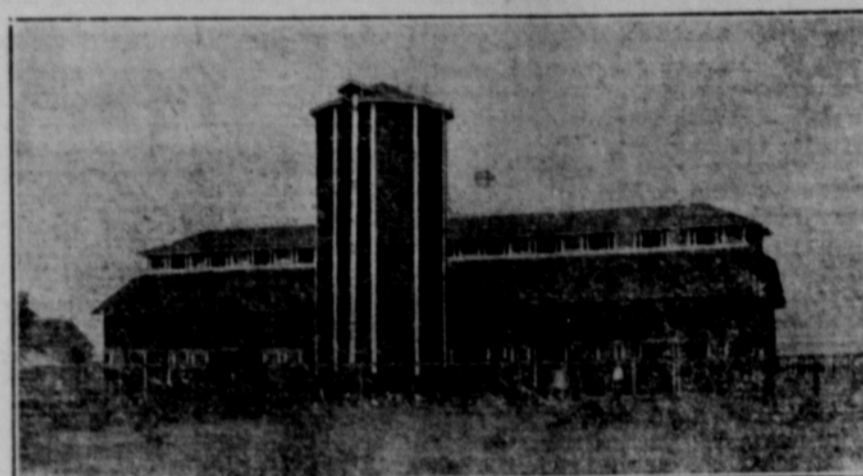
Miss Lillian Landers of Temple is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Belle Landers, at the home of S. A. Abbott.

Miss Zona Bean has returned home after a visit of more than three months to an uncle, John Bean at Marfa, another uncle R. B. Bean at Alpine, and Ira Ford and family at Ford Ranch in the Davis mountains.

S. T. Wilson and family have returned to their home at Sherman after a ten days' visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wilson. They were accompanied home by Mr. Wilson.



Santa Fe Harvey Eating House at Slaton.



220-Ton Silo and Barn for 300 Head of Blue Ribbon Hereford Cattle on the Farm of Geo. Boles, North of Slaton.



First School Building Erected in Slaton. Two Others Are Now in Use.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Tucker and children left Sunday in their car for an extended visit to relatives at Sulphur Springs and other East Texas points.

Mrs. L. W. Williamson of Plainview arrived here Saturday for a visit to her son Bonnie Williamson and was also a guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Anderson.

Mrs. A. J. Rhodes of Whitewright has returned home after an extended visit with her daughter Mrs. J. S. Edwards and family, and son Rowland Rhodes and family.

Wayne Freeman of Santa Anna is the guest of his cousins K. C. and Val Tudor at Carr Ranch. Before returning home he will also visit relatives at Childress.

Misses Erma Mae and Maurice Hardesty left yesterday for Brownfield, to take teachers' examination. Both ladies will teach in Meadow school the coming term.

Dan Henry little son of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Hubbard, underwent an operation at Lubbock last Friday when he had his tonsils and adenoids removed. He is getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Killough of Amarillo have arrived in Slaton and are visiting Mrs. Lee Green until they can secure a house. Mr. Killough will be connected with the Santa Fe here.

Messrs. T. W. Austin and family, F. V. Williams and family and J. Lon Hoffman left Thursday for a two weeks' automobile trip to various points in New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Howerton left yesterday in their car for California. They expect to make that state their future home. They have many close friends in Slaton who will regret to see them leave.

Mrs. John Allison and children left yesterday for their home at Burkburnett after a six weeks' visit to Mrs. Allison's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Kuykendall, and sister, Mrs. J. R. Bean and family.

Mrs. E. P. Bowen and daughter Gretchen of Wichita Falls are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cal Doherty. They drove through in their car and were accompanied by Mrs. Edwards and daughter Miss Ruby and son Ralph in their car, who are on a vacation trip and to see this country. Mr. Bowen will join the party here and they will proceed to New Mexico points.

C. L. Bassenger was in town this week with a load of melons grown on the J. K. Bassenger farm, and their

deliciousness could not be excelled by those grown in the East Texas sandy lands. They have five acres planted to watermelons this year and state that the production was good.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Dyer and little daughter Joy, have returned from a week's visit with relatives in Stamford and Olney. They were accompanied home by the former's mother, Mrs. J. F. Dyer of Olney, who will visit them and a daughter, Mrs. A. M. Watson and family.

**G. C. RHODES OF MEMPHIS
BUYS CITY MARKET & GROCERY**

G. C. Rhodes of Memphis, Hall county, has bought the City Market & Grocery from Williams & Selmon, and has assumed active charge of the business. Mr. Rhodes is experienced in this line and will do nought enjoy a nice trade. He will move his family here as soon as he can secure a house. Mr. Rhodes stated that looked for a location all over the Panhandle and South Plains as far north as Amarillo, but decided that Slaton had the best future of any town that he had visited.

**LOCAL ODD FELLOWS
ENTERTAINED GRAND MASTER MURRAY LAST FRIDAY**

Grand Master Joseph Murray of the Odd Fellows was in Slaton for a short time last Friday and was met at the station by a committee from the local lodge and entertained with a luncheon at the Harvey House.

W. B. Montague Home.

W. B. Montague has returned home from a trip to El Paso and Los Angeles, where he was called on account of the death of a brother-in-law, C. Brahm, at El Paso. The remains of Mr. Brahm, accompanied by Mr. Montague, were taken to Los Angeles, where deceased has a daughter, Mrs. T. J. Little, residing. There they were cremated and the ashes returned to El Paso and deposited in a monument at the family burying ground in Concordia Cemetery.

**MUCH INTEREST MANIFESTED
CHURCH OF CHRIST REVIVAL**

Eld. J. S. Warlick of Dallas is conducting a revival for the Church of Christ in a large tabernacle on the public square. Large crowds attend both morning and evening and much interest is being manifested. Up to Thursday five additions to the church were reported. The meeting will continue until Thursday night, Aug. 25. The general public has a cordial invitation to be present at each service.

The Slatonite and Progressive Farmer, both one year for only \$2.25.

BARRIER BROS

A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE LUBBOCK, TEX



WE ARE GLAD TO ANNOUNCE THAT MRS. G. H. MONTGOMERY, WHO IS AN EXPERIENCED MILLINER, VERY PLEASANT AND EFFICIENT SALESLADY, WILL BE IN CHARGE OF OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT, AND THAT HER STOCK, VERY SHORTLY, WILL BE AMPLE TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR REQUIREMENTS. SHE IS JUST BACK FROM A FEW DAYS IN MARKET AND SHE SAYS THE NEW FALL HATS ABOUND IN SMARTNESS. PANNE AND LYONS VELVETS FORM SOME OF THE MOST HANDSOME HATS, WHICH ARE LAVISHLY EMBROIDERED IN CHENILLE AND ORIENTAL EMBROIDERIES. MANY A NEW COSTUME WILL DEPEND ON ONE OF THESE NEW CREATIONS FOR ITS SPOT OF COLOR.

WE'VE RECEIVED THIS WEEK FROM UTZ & DUNN, MANUFACTURERS OF FINE SHOES FOR WOMEN, SOME VERY CLASSY NUMBERS, WHICH WE WILL DESCRIBE. A LOW HEEL IN BLUCHER, A NEW TOE, IN VERY FINE BROWN KID, AND SAME THING IN BEAUTIFUL BLACK KANGAROO.

ANOTHER ONE, A NIFTY SPORT, MILITARY HEEL, A NEW SHADE OF BROWN, TRIMMED AND BALL STRAP, FAWN OOOZ FOXING. PRICED AT \$11.50 (Plus 15c War Tax.)

FOR DANCING BEST BLACK KID, TURN VERY TRIM COVERED LOUIS HEEL, INLAID SCALLOPED TONGUE; THE VERY NEWEST THING FOR EVENING WEAR, AND PRICED AT \$12.00 (Plus 20c War Tax.)

A FULL LINE OF STAPLE OXFORDS TO FIT ALL FEET AND POCKETBOOKS.



PLENTY OF BILLIKENS FOR THE CHILDREN'S SCHOOL WEAR AT NEW LOWERED PRICES

APPRECIATION.

We have sold the City Market & Grocery to G. C. Rhodes, who is experienced in this line and will continue to give you low prices and good service. We desire to thank the public in general for the liberal patronage they have given us in the past.

WILLIAMS & SELMON.

You lose many opportunities of saving both time and money if you fail to read the advertisements in The Slatonite.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING PAYS

CLOSE IN FARM BARGAIN.

244 acres within half a mile of the city limits of Slaton, 100 acres in cultivation, good 6-room house and barn, at only \$100 per acre.

Or would cut this up into two or three tracts, at \$125 per acre including improvements, \$85 per acre unimproved. If you want to buy a farm let us show you some bargains.

WILLIAMS & SELMON.

Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark—you know what you're doing but nobody else does.

Business Change

Having bought the City Market and Grocery, I will appreciate any and all business that I may get. Will give you as low prices as possible, and will deliver anywhere in town, both evening and morning. Phone No. 43, or come and give your orders and get acquainted. Yours for service.

G. C. RHODES

Hardware, Implements Machinery

WE ESPECIALLY CATER TO THE NEEDS OF PEOPLE THAT WANT SOMETHING WORTH THE MONEY. WITH OUR LARGE STOCK WE CAN SUPPLY YOUR WANTS IN ALL KINDS OF BUILDERS' HARDWARE, IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS, ENGINES, TRACTORS, WINDMILLS, PUMPING FIXTURES, PIPE, ETC. IF YOU GET IT HERE YOU KNOW THE QUALITY IS WHAT YOU PAY FOR. LET US ESTIMATE YOUR NEXT BILL.

Forrest Hardware

The House of Satisfaction Phone 6, SLATON, TEXAS

J. F. FINCHER'S TIN SHOP

WILL BE OPEN IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS IN THE LARGE FORREST LUMBER CO'S. YARD. WILL BE IN POSITION TO HANDLE ALL KINDS OF TANK WORK. WELL AND AND WINDMILL WORK, ROOFING OR ANYTHING THAT'S MADE FROM SHEET METAL. ALSO GENERAL REPAIR WORK A SPECIALTY. ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Oxy-Acetylene Welding and General Auto Repairing

Our shop is equipped with all modern appliances for doing the best work and are time savers, therefore you get it done for less. Our stock of Tires, Tubes, Gas, Oils, Greases and Automobile Accessories is complete. Bring us your business.

Slaton Auto Shop

The Shop That Appreciates Your Trade. SLATON, TEXAS

We are as Busy as a Bee

BUT THAT'S THE WAY WE LIKE TO BE, AND BESIDES WE WILL WELCOME ALL THE BUSINESS OF NEW CUSTOMERS THAT WE CAN GET. OUR STOCK IS SO COMPLETE THAT YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING YOU WANT IN OUR LINE. GIVE US A FAIR TRIAL.

J. S. LANHAM

TELEPHONE NO. 5 SLATON, TEXAS

We Sell **SKINNER'S** The Highest Grade Macaroni Egg Noodles, Spaghetti and other Macaroni Products

ATTRACTIVE HOMES

MAKE AN ATTRACTIVE TOWN.

Build Yours Now

ROCKWELL BROS. & CO.

HOME BUILDERS

Telephone 15

Telephone 15

HOGVILLE LOCALS.

Isaac Hellwanger had the conversation part of his whiskers cut off while trying to count the teeth in a saw-mill Tuesday.

Sim Flinders had an awful big crop of blackberries and mulberries growing wild on his place this summer, but as he didn't feel like picking them on account of the rush of the fishing season, he let the jaybirds do it on the shares.

A young couple in the Calf Ribs neighborhood ran away in a horse and buggy and got married. The horse, however, kept his head.

After diligent inquiry around the postoffice it has been decided that traveling in an auto at sixty miles an hour does not necessarily mean that the traveler will be sixty miles away at the end of an hour.

Since Dock Hocks got mad and busted up the moonshine still on Gander Creek a few nights ago he stands much higher physically than he does socially in the community.

The Tickville Tidings declares there are three times in a man's life when he is highly esteemed and prominent, and that is when he marries, dies, or pays his subscription.

There is going to be an airplane come over Hogville Saturday afternoon and Luke Mathews is going to have his whiskers trimmed so that he can get a better view of it.

Sidney Hocks says he caught his girl trying to deceive him again. She started off her last letter by saying that she seated herself with pen in hand, and then she went ahead and wrote it with a pencil.

Washington Hocks says a person's tongue is a little like a mule, as it is sometimes as hard to stop, and when it gets contrary cannot be held in the road.

What was at first supposed to be the beginning of a big building boom here failed to develop, as the excavating which was observed near the postoffice earlier this week proved to be Sim Flinders digging fish worms.

Miss Flutie Belcher is convalescing from a bad cold, which she contracted Wednesday night when she went out without her hair net.

Miss Gondola Henstep is looking for the strange agent who came through here last week and sold her some insect powder for talcum.

A bigger church bell has been placed on top of the Hog Ford church. The old one could be heard for some distance but never did take effect on some people.

The mail carrier for some time has had unusual noises about his buggy, and at first he believed it was the mail screaming, but the noise ceased today when he greased his axles.

Frisby Hancock finds that he has been doing most of his walking with his right foot, as he has had to have that shoe half-soled and the other one don't need it at all.

Jefferson Potlocks is building himself and family a storm cellar. It was made large enough also for the family racket.

Tobe Moseley celebrated his birthday last Sunday. Tobe has long been a resident of this community has been married twice, has two good shot guns, and loves okra.

Poke Easley believes roosters come nearer having the community spirit than anybody. One will start crowing at midnight, and every other one in the neighborhood will join in and help him.

The Rye Straw storekeeper is fixing his front doorstep so that it will be easier for his customers to get in. They will continue to have the same old hard time getting out.

A NEW MONEY CROP.

The sweet potato bids fair to soon become an important money crop for the South. Modern curing plants enable the farmers to keep their potatoes in prime condition long after they have been taken from the ground, and demand good prices when properly cured.

Sweet potatoes are grown to a limited extent only in the North, West and East, and even where it is grown the quality is inferior. The sweet potato reaches perfection only in the South, and people of other sections of the country as a rule know little or nothing of them.

That sweet potatoes grow in popularity wherever they are introduced has been proven time and again. The supply never exceeds the demand.

All that is needed to make the sweet potato one of the principal crops of this section of the Plains country is a campaign of education and suitable curing plants, in order to acquaint the people of other parts of the country with the merits of the potato grown in this locality.

These things can be done, and they will be done. We can do with our sweet potatoes just what the people of California have done with their oranges and lemons, and what the people of Oregon have done with their apples. And they won't be long about it, either.

GIRLS WALK HOME FROM CANYON TRIP.

Amarillo.—Seeing two young girls walking down the sidewalk at two o'clock Saturday morning, two members of the police force stopped them to inquire their business on the streets at that hour.

"We are just walking in from an automobile ride which we took to the canyon," the girls explained.

"Well, we will take you home," the police said, and after giving them a little fatherly advice, deposited them at the paternal domicile.

FATHER SLAYS HIS DAUGHTER AND HIMSELF

Floydada, Texas, Aug. 19.—G. M. Todd, 61, prominent ranchman of the northeast part of Floyd County, and his daughter Ethel are dead as the result of a double tragedy enacted this morning about 7 o'clock while the father was temporarily deranged. Testimony at an inquest conducted by Justice J. C. Gaither of Floydada showed that the daughter had been killed by gun shot wounds inflicted by the father and the latter walking into an adjoining room turned the gun upon himself, dying almost instantly.

The daughter was shot one time. The only eye-witness to the killing was Mrs. Irvin Todd, who fled to the place where her husband was working. When they reached the house the father was found dead with powder burns on his person and a .44 Winchester by his side. The family has been prominent in the county for a number of years. They formerly resided at Tulia, where G. M. Todd engaged in the furniture business.

No member of the immediate family survives. Other relatives live in Kansas and have been notified. The funeral will be held in Floydada.

BEEN ON SEA 5 YEARS; DIDN'T KNOW OF PRO LAW

New York, Aug. 22.—Sandy Duncan, engineer of a tramp steamer, landed here today after a four years' absence during which time he had not heard of prohibition in the United States. Sandy leaned an elbow on the bar, placed one foot comfortably on the rail and ordered confidently, "But I can't sell you whiskey," replied the bar tender.

"And why not," demanded the amazed Scot.

"Its against the law."

"I've heard of discrimination against negroes in some places," he declared hotly.

"And I remember in Shanghai a

coolie couldn't get everything a white man could. But this is the first time I've ever known a Scotchman to be discriminated against. And with whiskey, too."

Sandy fumed incredulously while the bartender tried to explain prohibition. Finally he proceeded to the nearest police station to complain. He can't believe it yet.

FOUR SHOTS FIRED INTO THE HOME OF HALL COUNTY'S PROSECUTOR

Memphis, Tex., Aug. 21.—The home of County Attorney William J. Bragg was fired into Wednesday night about midnight. Four steel clad bullets entered the living room ranging just above the bed where the occupants were asleep. They were fired in rapid succession from a fast running automobile. The officers of Hall County have been very active of late and a general crusade against lawlessness is on in the county. The supposition is that opposition to law enforcement gave rise to this act. Several moonshine stills have been raided and more than thirty arrests made. Several petty thefts have taken place and with one still location raided several hundred feet of garden hose were found all of which had been stolen from lawns in the city. The owners of the hose identified it and got it back.

POSTED.

This is to notify the public that all pastures belonging to O-6 Ranch are posted, and you are forbidden to hunt, fish or trespass in any way on these lands.
H. L. JOHNSTON.

Teague's Confectionery carries a full line of stationery, toilet articles, proprietary medicines and drug sundries, at a price you can afford.

A SENSIBLE Vacation

"FIX UP AT HOME"

—Spend your vacation in the way which will do the most good for your health, pocketbook and home—

Build, Paint Up, and Repair

—There may be a dozen important jobs you've intended to have done. Do them yourself during vacation. Call or phone us for prices. We will give you a service you'll appreciate.

Forrest Lumber Co.

TELEPHONE 156

SLATON, TEXAS

Fresh Bread 10c Per Loaf

You can always get fresh bread here and it is just 10 cents per loaf. Give this bread a trial and if it is not satisfactory call and get your money back. We appreciate the liberal business we are getting and shall strive hard to merit a continuance of same.

City Bakery & Cafe

MRS. SWAN, Proprietor

Phone 147, SLATON, TEXAS

SLATON BATTERY & WELDING CO.

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CAPS' OLD HOTEL BUILDING

ALL WORK IN OUR LINE WILL BE HANDLED IN A CAREFUL MANNER, PROMPT SERVICE RENDERED AND ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

A full line of Tires, Tubes, and Gates Half Soles, at popular prices

We are prepared to furnish you with fresh and cured meats daily. We deliver anywhere in the city. Just phone 124

Slaton Meat Market

J. C. MASON, Proprietor

IN SIMMONS' GROCERY

TELEPHONE 124

WOMEN OF MIDDLE LIFE

A Dangerous Period Through Which Every Woman Must Pass

Practical Suggestions Given by the Women Whose Letters Follow



Afton, Tenn.—“I want other suffering women to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. During the Change of Life I was in bed for eight months and had two good doctors treating me but they did me no good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and in a short time I felt better. I had all kinds of bad spells, but they all left me. Now when I feel weak and nervous I take the Vegetable Compound and it always does me good. I wish all women would try it during the Change of Life for I know it will do them good. If you think it will induce some one to try the Vegetable Compound you may publish this letter.”—Mrs. A. KELLER, Afton, Tenn.

Mrs. Mary Lister of Adrian, Mich., adds her testimony to the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to carry women safely through the Change of Life. She says:

“It is with pleasure that I write to you thanking you for what your wonderful medicine has done for me. I was passing through the Change of Life and had a displacement and weakness so that I could not stand on my feet and other annoying symptoms. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and the first bottle helped me, so I got more. It cured me and I am now doing my housework. Your medicine is certainly woman's friend and you may use this testimonial as you choose.”—Mrs. MARY LISTER, 608 Frank Street, Adrian, Mich.

It is said that middle age is the most trying period in a woman's life, and owing to modern methods of living not one woman in a thousand passes through this perfectly natural change without experiencing very annoying symptoms.

Those smothering spells, the dreadful hot flashes that send the blood rushing to the head until it seems as though it would burst, and the faint feeling that follows, as if the heart were going to stop, those sinking or dizzy spells are all symptoms of a nervous condition, and indicate the need for a special medicine.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a root and herb medicine especially adapted to act upon the feminine system. It acts in such a manner as to build up the weakened nervous system and enables a woman to pass this trying period with the least possible annoying symptoms.

Women everywhere should remember that most of the common ailments of women are not the surgical ones—they are not caused by serious displacements or growths, although the symptoms may be the same, and that is why so many apparently serious ailments readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it acts as a natural restorative and often prevents serious troubles.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon “Ailments Peculiar to Women” will be sent to you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

Nothing Left.
Ralph—How about that £1,000,000 will case?
Gerald—Oh, they settled that to the satisfaction of the lawyers on both sides.
“Ah! Anybody else get anything?”—London Answers.

Turn About.
Bix—“Do you ever have your own hat blocked?”
Dix—“Sure; generally about a year after I have my ‘block’ hatted.”

Literary Invention.
“Yes, sir,” said the author. “I figure I've got the one best seller of all histo-ry.”
“What's the plot?” inquired the publisher, doubtfully.
“Never mind the plot,” said the author. “You know everybody skims and jumps about in a book. Well, I've just picked out the places they jump to, and put 'em all in the first two chapters.”
With a cry of joy the publisher embraced the author and threw him out the window delightedly.

ASPIRIN

Name “Bayer” on Genuine

Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Advertisement.

Citizen Worth While.
“Every man should aspire to serve his country,” remarked the perpetual candidate for office.
“I quite agree with you,” said Mr. Dubwaite, “but he ought not to let ambition get such a strange hold on him that it interferes with his earning a living. My idea of a patriot is a man who is also a good producer.”—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Hold Tight.
Rub—“What do you think of the street car company?”
Dub—“I stand up for them every day.”

Whenever a girl begins to straighten a young man's necktie—well, that settles it.

Don't Go From Bad to Worse!

Are you always weak, miserable and half-sick? Then it's time you found out what is wrong. Kidney weakness causes much suffering from backache lameness, stiffness and rheumatic pains, and if neglected brings danger of serious troubles—dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Texas Case
Mrs. W. M. Holtzen, Elceira, Tex. says: “My back was so lame and sore I could hardly move. There was a steady bearing-down pain across the small of my back and it bothered me continually. When I bent I became dizzy and weak and black specks floated before me. My head ached and my kidneys were inflamed. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and was fixed up in fine shape.”
Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Liggett's Killers

KING PIN PLUG TOBACCO

Known as “that good kind”
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SWEET DREAMS The Greatest MOSQUITO REMEDY Ever Made
Liberal Bottles 35c. SOLD EVERYWHERE

FRECKLES Positively Removed by Dr. Barry's Freckle Ointment. Free sample of the ointment sent on request.
Dr. C. W. Barry, 2579 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER
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LUCY'S TONSILS.

Now, there were two tonsils and they had made their home in Lucy's throat. Tonsils always make their homes in throats. They do not care for other kinds of homes.

They are all alike in that way. Now people are very different. Some people like to have their homes in country places. Others like to have their homes in big cities where there are crowds and crowds of people.

Still others like to have their home in seaside places, so they can be neighbors of dear old Mother Ocean.

But Tonsils like to make their homes in throats. And these twin Tonsils were in Lucy's throat.

One Tonsil was named Ton Tonsil and the other was Tom Tonsil.

“Hello, Ton,” said Tom, “are you up to mischief?”

“Indeed I am,” said Tom. “I'm causing trouble. How about you?”

“Doing all I can think of and I've a good many pranks left to play, too,” said Tom. “I tell you what we have a loyal and faithful little friend in Susy Sore Throat. She's a mean one.”

“She's a good playmate for us. She's going to be with us today. Gracious me, it's surprising how Susy does turn up, and half the time no one knows from where she comes.”

“She's going to bring her little half-brother along with her—you know—Ronald Raw Throat. They're very fond of being together.”

“I think we'll have a fine party,” said Tom Tonsil. “I feel puffed up with excitement already.”

“So do I,” said Tom.

“I tell you Lucy's throat is a fine home for us,” said Tom.

“Yes,” said Tom. “It's gorgeous. We have had lots of room to grow big



“Went to the Big Doctor.”

with pride, and we have. We've grown big with Tonsil pride.
“They say it's not nice for Tonsils to grow so proud because they've nothing to be proud of—but gracious me, that is just the point.
“Things that have no reason to be puffed up and proud are usually the kind that are most conceited.
“And those creatures who are modest and not conceited are usually the ones who can do things. You'll almost always find it is that way.”
“That's the way it usually is,” said Tom. “Well, we mustn't talk any more. We must get bigger and bigger and just let Lucy know we're making ourselves quite at home in her throat.”
“In fact, she needn't think she has any rights to her own throat. We're the ones with rights.”
“And don't forget us,” said the little Adenoid cousins. “Don't forget us.”
“We won't,” said the Tonsil Twins. “We won't forget you.”

Along then came Susy Sore Throat and Ronald Raw Throat, and Carrie Cold came, too, and so did Clarence Cough. Oh, they all came and had a party in Lucy's throat.

Well, they liked the party so much that they came again and again. Sometimes they had little parties and sometimes big parties.

One day, however, Lucy decided to let her Tonsils know that they could not make their home any longer in her throat.

So she went to the big doctor who had promised to take them out and who had told her that they would get rid of those wretched little Twins.

It wasn't pleasant to think of getting rid of the Twins. They wouldn't come out by a mere kind word. No, they had to be cut out. Harsh ways had to be used with them. But Lucy was brave—and she knew that once she got rid of those wretches her throat would never again be the place for the Tonsil parties.

So the big doctor took the Tonsil Twins out and their Adenoid cousins along with them, and the Tonsils wept red tears as they left Lucy, but they said, each to the other:

“It was all our fault for behaving as we did!”

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union)

Just as of old, the world rolls on and on,
The day dies into night—night into dawn—
Dawn into dusk—through centuries untold—
Just as of old.
—James W. Riley.

SUCCULENT SALADS.

Salads using lettuce for the main portion of the salad should not be mixed until just before serving to insure the crispness of the lettuce. Let-t-u-c-e should be washed, drained and wrapped in a thin cloth. Old curtains, good for nothing else, make fine salad cloths. Wrap the lettuce in the cloth and lay in the ice chest, then it will be always ready.

Tomato and Cucumber Salad.—A very simple but attractive salad is one arranged on a long dish or platter. Place the sliced cucumbers in overlapping slices and a few tomatoes also sliced and arranged in the same manner. Let each serve himself taking one or both. Pass the dressing with the salad.

Pear Salad.—Cut peeled and quartered pears into eighths and arrange on lettuce with a little chopped apple and celery. Sprinkle with shredded almonds and serve with a rich mayonnaise dressing.

Pineapple and Cheese Salad.—Place a ring of pineapple on a crisp leaf of curly lettuce and fill the center with a ball of cream cheese softened with cream and sprinkled with paprika. Serve with a mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

When the canned pineapple is used, as is the common custom, the juice thickened slightly and mixed with olive oil and a dash of lemon juice makes a very palatable dressing to serve with the salad.

Seldom, if ever, was any knowledge given to keep, but to impart. The grace of this rich jewel is lost in concealment.—Bishop Hall.

CANNING WITHOUT COOKING.

An old recipe for canning peaches, handed down for several generations, required the peaches to be peeled and packed compactly in jars, covered with sugar, shaken down until the can was full of fruit and sugar, sealed and buried three feet under the ground. This recipe has been tried and the fruit is delicious, flavor rich and color good. Another year the same process was used, the jars kept in the ice chest until cold weather, then transferred to a cold fruit closet, with results as good. The fruit jars should be sterile and cold when the fruit is packed. Sterilize the fruit jars by putting them into a deep pan of cold water after they have been thoroughly washed; bring to the boiling point both jars and tops. Dip the rubbers, before adjustment, into boiling water, put on the tops and set out to cool.

Canned Raspberries.—Wash and drain the berries, add an equal weight of sugar to the berries after every berry has been crushed. Allow to stand over night, or 24 hours in a cool place, stirring occasionally to be sure that the sugar is all dissolved. Seal in sterilized jars that have been well chilled and keep in a cool, dark place. Strawberries and raspberries canned in this manner are excellent for shortcake, sauces for puddings or ice cream. Ripe currants are delicious canned this way, but it is vital that every currant is crushed, otherwise fermentation sets in and the whole jar is spoiled.

Preserved Grapes.—Wash the bunches carefully, removing any bruised fruit. Lay, after draining, in carefully sterilized jars, sprinkle a thick layer of sugar over the layer of grapes, then repeat, using plenty of sugar. Cover carefully, sealing the top of the jar with paraffin. Set in a cool place and in the winter one may revel in these bunches of deliciousness.

Currant Jelly Without Cooking.—Press the juice from the currants and strain it. To each pint allow one pound of sugar; mix well until dissolved. Pour into jars or glasses and let stand, well covered, in the sun for three days. Grape jelly may be made in the same way, using one cupful of the strained juice to two cupfuls of sugar; pour into the glasses at once after the sugar is dissolved and the next day it will be jelled. Seal as usual and put in the cellar.

Nellie Maxwell



NO DIFFERENT.

The regular conductor of the advice to the love-lorn column being away, the red-headed office boy had been temporarily promoted to that job, under the general supervision of the sporting editor.

“Here's a gink who wants to know how long girls should be courted,” the office boy reported. What'll I tell him?
“Use your own brains, boy!” the sporting editor growled. “Tell him just the same way as short girls, of course.”

The Tripping Tongue.

Artist (meeting friend at exhibition)
—Well, how do you like Brown's picture?
She—That one? Why, I thought it was yours—but since it isn't, I can speak freely. Miserable daub, isn't it?

And it wasn't until an hour later that she realized that she had given him a back-hander.

Conservatism.

“What sort of business is Glipping in now?”

“He says he's doing a little something in oil.”

“Remarkable!”

“Why so?”

“That's the first time I ever heard of an oil operator who didn't claim to be juggling with millions.”

Not Very Deep.

He (calling)—Reading poetry are you?
She—Yes, I'm wading through Tennyson.

He (glancing at page)—Ah! And you've just got to the middle of ‘The Brook.’”



NO INDEED

“So you wouldn't want to marry an old guy, eh?”
“Not if that was his only qualification.”

A Trial Then.

A motor car
Is lots of fun
Unless the blamed thing
Will not run.

Hoping for a Benign Review.

First Show Manager—Do you believe in the influence of environment?
Second Ditto—Yes; on my first nights I always put the grumpest critic in Seat B9.

What It Cost.

“Your wife looks stunning tonight, her gown is a poem.”
“What do you mean,” replied the struggling author. “That gown is two poems and a short story.”

Preserving an Appetite.

“When I was a boy my parents did not allow me to read dime novels,” remarked a serious citizen.

“Neither did mine,” replied Miss Cayenne. “I'm very grateful to them for not allowing me to indulge in sensational fiction to an extent that might spoil my taste for the modern motion picture thriller.”

And Then the Storm.

Madiste—Really, madam, this gown makes an entirely different woman out of you.

Customer's Husband—Take it, Helen—never mind the price!

Human Dynamo.

“That judge is a human dynamo. He electrified the courtroom during the trial.”
“And what is he doing now?”
“Charging the jury.”

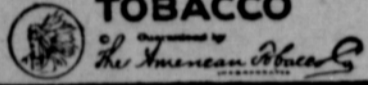
Fine for Writers.

Inspiration ink—It flows freely.
This is a sign we have never seen, but we hope to see it some day in a notion store.



50 good cigarettes for 10c from one sack of

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO



80 Years Old - Was Sick

Now Feels Young After Taking Eaton's for Sour Stomach

"I had sour stomach ever since I had the grip and it bothered me badly. Have taken Eaton's only a week and am much better. Am 80 years old," says Mrs. John Hill.

Eaton's quickly relieves sour stomach, indigestion, heartburn, bloating and distress after eating because it takes up and carries out the excess acidity and gases which cause most stomach ailments. If you have "tried everything" and still suffer, do not give up hope. Eaton's has brought relief to tens of thousands like you. A big box costs but a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

ARMY BLANKETS

Commercial Blankets

Gray, Blue, Plaid or Assorted Colors \$2.50



Blankets are reclaimed, thoroughly re-cleaned, and every one is guaranteed to be in good condition. We purchased this splendid stock in enormous quantities for spot cash, as surplus, and offer at retail at less than actual wholesale cost to us, in order to convert into cash immediately.

Army O. D. All-Wool Blankets \$2.75 and \$3.50

First lot at \$2.75 has slight imperfections. These blankets are reclaimed, thoroughly renovated and each guaranteed to be in good condition. We believe they are worth twice the price asked.

Mail orders will be filled at above prices, plus 25 cents for each blanket, to cover cost of mailing. Send us your check or money order.

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Harmless, purely vegetable, infants' and children's regulator, formula on every label. Guaranteed non-narcotic, non-alcoholic. MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP The infants' and children's regulator. Children grow healthy and free from colic, diarrhoea, flatulency, constipation and other trouble if given it at teething time. Safe, pleasant—always brings remarkable and gratifying results. At All Druggists



Cuticura Soap AND OINTMENT Clear the Skin Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (©, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR AUGUST 21.

PAUL PREPARES FOR WORLD CONQUEST.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 15:1; 15:5. GOLDEN TEXT—But we believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved.—Acts 15:11. REFERENCE MATERIAL—Gal. 2:11-21; 1:1-25; Eph. 2:4-22. PRIMARY TOPIC—Some of Paul's Helpers. JUNIOR TOPIC—Beginning of the Second Missionary Journey. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Revisiting Friends in Asia Minor. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Paul Champions Christian Liberty.

I. The Controversy in the Church at Antioch (vv. 1-5).

This difficulty was a most serious one, for it threatened the disruption of the church into Jewish and Gentile divisions.

The question was, "Shall Gentile converts be required to keep the Mosaic law as a condition of salvation?" This issue was brought on by the coming of certain men from Jerusalem who declared, "Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved" (v. 1). The question was so difficult that Paul and Barnabas were unable to put them to silence. These Jewish legalists had the letter of the Scriptures on their side; they could point to the commandments where this was enjoined upon believers (Gen. 17:14). Paul could not point to any Scripture where it had been abrogated. If Paul could plead that Abraham was justified before he was circumcised, his antagonist could say, "Yes, but after justification the rite was divinely imposed." The brethren at Antioch decided to refer the matter to the mother church at Jerusalem. Accordingly Paul and Barnabas and others were sent as a deputation to Jerusalem.

II. The Deliberations of the Council (vv. 6-21).

1. Peter's Speech (vv. 7-11). He argued that God had borne witness to His acceptance of the Gentiles by giving the Holy Spirit to them the same as unto the Jews. Since, therefore, God had not put a difference it would be folly for them to do so. God's action in sending Peter unto them was the unanswerable proof that there was no distinction to be made.

2. Paul and Barnabas rehearse their experience (v. 12). They told how that God had set His seal of approval upon their preaching of salvation by grace through faith apart from works, by the working of signs and wonders through them.

3. The argument of James (vv. 14-21). He took the fact declared by Peter and showed how it harmonized with the prophecy of Amos. He showed that the reception of the Gentiles was not in conflict with God's plan, but in strict harmony therewith. God's plan for the ages is as follows: (1) Taking out from among the Gentiles a people for His name (v. 14). This is what is now going on—the calling out of the church. (2) After the church is completed and removed the Israelitish nation will be converted and restored to their land and privileges by the Lord himself at His return (vv. 16, 17). (3) Following this will be the conversion of the world through the agency of converted Israel (v. 17; cf. Rom. 11: 15). His judgment was that the Gentiles should not be troubled with things that are Jewish, but should be warned against the perils of heathenism, such as meat offered to idols, fornication, and blood.

III. The Decision (vv. 22-29).

The mother church at Jerusalem came to a unanimous agreement and accepted the resolution offered by James. They not only sent a letter stating the decision of the conference, but took the wise precaution to send influential men along with Paul and Barnabas to bear the same testimony by word of mouth. This letter denied the authority of the Judaizing teachers (v. 24), and declared the method by which this decision had been reached (vv. 25-27).

IV. The Second Missionary Journey Begun (15:36; 16:5):

1. Contention over John Mark (vv. 36-41). Paul was suspicious of Mark because of his desertion on the former journey. Barnabas took Mark and sailed to Cyprus. Paul chose Silas and went through Syria and Cilicia confirming the churches. The Lord thus overruled it to good, for it gave an opportunity for wider dissemination of the gospel.

2. Finding Timothy (16:1-5). This was at the very place where Paul on his first journey had endured cruel stoning. Timothy was with Paul through much of his work ever afterward, a great blessing to him.

DODSON WARNS CALOMEL USERS

It's Mercury! Attacks the Bones, Salivates and Makes You Sick.

There's no reason why a person should take sickening, salivating calomel when a few cents buys a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone—a perfect substitute for calomel.

It is a pleasant, vegetable liquid which will start your liver just as surely as calomel, but it doesn't make you sick and can not salivate.

Children and grown folks can take Dodson's Liver Tone, because it is perfectly harmless.

Calomel is a dangerous drug. It is mercury and attacks your bones. Take a dose of nasty calomel today and you will feel weak, sick and nauseated tomorrow. Don't lose a day's work. Take a spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone instead and you will wake up feeling great. No more biliousness, constipation, sluggishness, headache, coated tongue or sour stomach. Your druggist says if you don't find Dodson's Liver Tone acts better than horrible calomel your money is waiting for you.—Advertisement.

There are several kinds of mistakes that a man goes on repeating until he is caught.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores. Advertisement

Of Course.

"This story says: 'The hero drank in her beauty.'" "Through his eyeglasses, I suppose."—Boston Transcript.

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"AFTER EVERY MEAL"

WRIGLEY'S Newest Creation

10 for 5c



A delicious peppermint flavored sugar Jacket around peppermint flavored chewing gum.

Will aid your appetite and digestion, polish your teeth and moisten your throat.

B129



The Flavor Lasts



"My beau he is particular, About the way I'm dressed, So Maggie uses Faultless Starch, So I can look my best."

FAULTLESS STARCH

Children Cry For

Fletcher's

CASTORIA

Special Care of Baby.

That Baby should have a bed of its own all are agreed. Yet it is more reasonable for an infant to sleep with grown-ups than to use a man's medicine in an attempt to regulate the delicate organism of that same infant. Either practice is to be shunned. Neither would be tolerated by specialists in children's diseases.

Your Physician will tell you that Baby's medicine must be prepared with even greater care than Baby's food.

A Baby's stomach when in good health is too often disarranged by improper food. Could you for a moment, then, think of giving to your ailing child anything but a medicine especially prepared for Infants and Children? Don't be deceived.

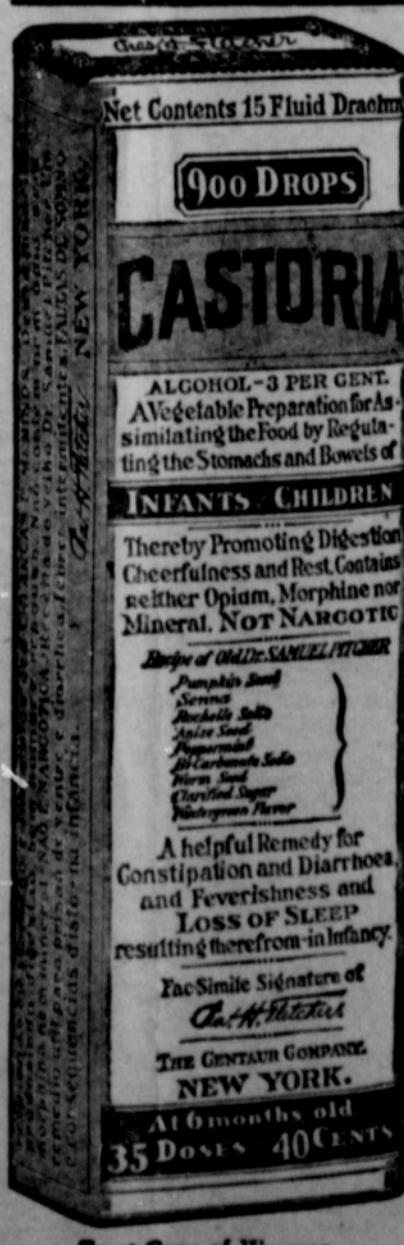
Make a mental note of this:—It is important, Mothers, that you should remember that to function well, the digestive organs of your Baby must receive special care. No Baby is so abnormal that the desired results may be had from the use of medicines primarily prepared for grown-ups.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.



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**A Strange Man
 In a Strange Town
 In a Strange Country**

But I am still conducting a Shoe and Harness Repair Shop.

I am nothing but a kid and novice in the Shoe Repairing business after 40 years' experience, and guarantee not to make them look worse than when you bring them in to be repaired.

Bring in your work, or I will have to go out and board with you.

R. A. Henderson

J. J. JORDAN

Plumbing and Windmill Work

ALL WORK GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

LET ME ESTIMATE YOUR JOB AND SHOW YOU HOW REASONABLE I CAN DO THE WORK.

CALL PHONE NO. 6.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN

(Copyrighted by W. T. Foster.)

Washington, Aug. 25.—During early part of the week centering on Sept. 1 a high temperature wave will cover Alaska, all the northern Pacific slope, northern Rockies and northern plains sections, including British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, carrying with it the warmest weather of September. Following it will come one of the two most severe storms of the month with more than the average rainfall. The other severe storms of the month will pass eastward in about four days, crossing meridian 90 near Sept. 1 and reaching Atlantic States about Sept. 4. I expect frosts near Sept. 4 east of Rockies in Canada and they may reach some of our northern middle States.

A week of severe storms and at least an average rainfall will begin near Sept. 8 and continue to at least include 15th. These conditions promise good cropweather to large parts of this continent and will be favorable to at least two-thirds of the best winter grain sections of America and Canada. No great change of rain locations is expected, but a minor change will take effect not far from Sept. 2 that will be most favorable to the Pacific slope and will increase the rainfall to a less extent east of Rockies.

Dangerous storms are expected during the week centering on Sept. 13 and not far from Aug. 31. It will be well to be on the lookout for bad storms during the first half of September and plan your out doors work for last half of the month. Canada probably will get killing frosts during the week centering on Sept. 17 and our northern States during the week centering on Sept. 22. Severe storms and bad weather are also indicated for weeks centering on Oct. 3 and 24, Nov. 14 and 28, Dec. 29.

None expects the coming Winter to average so warm as last Winter. Coal dealers want you to believe that the coming Winter will be extremely cold and there will be some severely cold Winter weather, particularly last part of December, but I am expecting an average Winter. The great change in location and amount of precipitation will occur in October. Not much change in the general amount of precipitation for America and Canada, but it will be better distributed. The most important change will be in the evaporation which has been excessive in eastern sections for several months. That excessive evaporation will disappear in October, after which the moisture that falls will remain in the soil and do much more service than for several months previous. This matter of evaporation is of more importance than the amount of rain and should be worked out for each locality. The important thing to know for 1922 is the evaporation for each section and it can be definitely known.

HEAT POPS CORN FROM STALKS IN EAST TEXAS

Field Looks as if Visited by Heavy Snowstorm.

Hagerville, Texas, Aug. 22.—It's an ill wind that blows no good. The weather got so hot here last week that practically every crop was burned on the stalk. Apples were baked on the trees and sweet potatoes in the ground. Corn shriveled in the heat, turned up the blades and melted to the ground. Jim Bartley crawled out in the shade of a tree and lay there to watch his three acres of popcorn "burn down."

But that popcorn was nearer matured than Jim thought and as he lay there mopping his face with a big rag he saw something which made him bear-eyed and wild. As the sun climbed toward the zenith the grains began to pop. For three hours the cracking of the popcorn continued until the ground was covered with white, flaky grains. It looked as if a heavy snowstorm had visited the country.

Saved the trouble of popping his corn or even the expense of buying a popper Jim began to scheme how to turn the work of the heat into coin. That night when it was cooler he worked out a plan. He would hitch the old gray mare to the cart the following morning and begin to haul the popped corn to the cribs. Then he would salt it down and later scoop it in a wagon and take it to the market. He would ship carloads of it to the northern markets and from the proceeds buy a farm in a cooler climate.

Other farmers in the vicinity, having lost their crops because of heat, were glad to assist Jim shovel up and haul in the popped corn. They accepted the popped corn as their pay, and Jim says he will be living on popcorn for a year. Meanwhile the farmers in the vicinity will have enough popped corn to "keep the wolf from their door" until something else turns up that will help them live until time to plant another crop.

Slaton 3-6; Tahoka 4-5.

In the matched games of baseball played on the home grounds with Slaton Friday and Saturday Tahoka won the first game by a score of 4 to 3; Slaton winning the last battle by a score of 6 to 5. Both contests were unusually interesting and were greatly enjoyed by the large crowd of fans that witnessed the games.

Taylor was on the mound during both games with the Slatonites, and pitched real ball, with Hall Robinson at the receiving end of the line.

The Slaton players are all clean, straight fellows and it was a pleasure to have them with us for the two games.—Lynn County News.

POST CATTLEMAN TURNS MAIZE CROPS INTO PROFIT

Post, Texas, Aug. 20.—In a very recent issue of a prominent Amarillo paper, it was stated that according to official figures there are now more cattle in Kansas and other north central states, fattening for the fall market than in 1919 or 1920.

This is doubtless unavoidable, but is a lamentable fact, especially when there are farmers all over West Texas who have sufficient grain on hand to fatten and finish a carload of cattle each. Many of these farmers are new in the West and have grown the native sorghum grains only to be sold on the market, and this last year when prices slumped, it left them with granaries filled with grains for which there was practically no market.

Necessity has ever been the mother of new enterprises; it was necessity that brought the farmer west to dot the Plains with little pioneer homes, and it is this same spirit that is teaching them the profit of feeding cattle for market.

A notable step in this direction was made by J. W. Jackson and his sons, who live several miles west of the town of Post.

Mr. Jackson, like countless other ambitious farmers, wanted to utilize his surplus maize which was left on hand after the first of January. He carried his problem down to the little town of Post, and laid it before his friend, J. F. Hartford, who has had a lifelong experience in the livestock industry and who had for many years tried to interest the farmers of the section in cattle feeding. Mr. Hartford urged him to feed his grain to cattle.

Mr. Jackson saw the bigness of the idea and immediately purchased twenty-two head of calves from the range, and put them in the pen on feed. His process of feeding was simple. He made a grinder and ground the feed himself by hand. He fed nothing but ground bundle maize, ground threshed maize with a small amount of ground cotton seed with the maize. The calves were fed nothing else, and gained an average of over three pounds daily. They weighed when put in the pen on January 15, 450 pounds and when shipped to the Fort Worth market on May 10, weighed an average of 816 pounds per head.

These calves easily topped the market that day, bringing the best price paid that day in Fort Worth. Why? Because they were finished baby beef, and cattle of that class do not come to the market every day. Mr. Jackson's profit on this operation, after charging the full market price of the grain against the calves, paying the freight to market and commissions for sale, was \$30 per calf.

This was a test well worth following up. Perhaps in every case the margin of profit would not be so wide, but certainly there is nothing about it that the average farmer could not do, without previous experience or training.

Many people from various parts of Texas have visited Mr. Jackson's pen and have gone away deeply impressed with the phenomenal showing these cattle have made. He has also had visitors from Illinois and Indiana who are quite ready to confirm the story this article contains.

This same man is now feeding, by the same process, forty-four head of two-year-old steers, which he purchased from the range herd of the Double U Company. These cattle will be ready for the market within the next forty-five days, after having been fed from 100 to 120 days, and they will be finished, dry-fed cattle. Mr. Jackson's profit on this latter operation will be very considerable, even at the low price of cattle.

"SWEETWATER AMERICAN" IS LAUNCHED AT SWEETWATER

O. H. Roberts, for more than a year managing editor of the Sweetwater Daily Reporter, has commenced the publication of a week at Sweetwater which he was pleased to christen the "Sweetwater American." The initial number of the publication appeared Sunday.

Roberts left the Terrell Publishing Company about a month ago, on account of differences between him and W. M. Woodall, president of the company. Woodall has since been in charge of the paper.

Editorial rooms of the American are located in the City National Bank building, while the paper is being printed in Abilene until Roberts can get a printing plant in operation.

Under the management of Mr. Roberts the Daily Reporter became very antagonistic toward the city administration at Sweetwater and it was noticed that his fight against Mayor Sheppard and members of the Board of City Development was featured in lengthy article on the first page of the American Sunday.—Colorado Record.

A RECIPE FOR HOME BREW.

A Missouri friend
 Sends this recipe
 For making home brew:
 Chase a wild bull frog
 For three miles
 And gather up the hops
 To them add
 Ten gallons of tan bark
 Half a pint of shellac
 Bar of home-made soap
 Boil 26 hours
 And strain
 Through an I. W. W. sock
 To keep them from working
 Then bottle
 And add
 One grasshopper to each pint
 To give it the kick.
 —Author still at large.

If Your Eyes Bother You See Me EXAMINATION FREE



Building Campaign Just Started

A building campaign is just being started in Slaton. Therefore right now is the time to secure desirable building lots, both business and residence lots. We have a few remaining choice lots at original prices. Come in now and pick out a desirable building location. Conditions are looking good for Slaton and we look for more building activity in the next six months than at any time in the past.

R. J. MURRAY & CO.

R. J. Murray (AS OLD AS THE TOWN) J. T. Overby

H. C. JONES I. E. MADDEN

JONES & MADDEN

INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS

Office in Rear First State Bank SLATON, TEXAS

General Automobile Repairing

WE ARE NOW IN POSITION TO GIVE YOU THE BEST SERVICE OBTAINABLE. WE DO FIRST CLASS WORK WITH A GUARANTEE BACK OF IT. OUR PRICES ARE REASONABLE AND WE GUARANTEE TO PLEASE YOU.

Lee Green & Co.

THE SLATON GARAGE. TELEPHONE 73



HEALTH IS BEST MAINTAINED BY THE JUDICIOUS USE OF REMEDIES DESIGNED TO AID NATURE IN THROWING OFF THE IMPURITIES OF THE BODY AND KEEPING THE SYSTEM IN PROPER CONDITION. WE SELL SUCH REMEDIES.

BEAUTY IS ENHANCED BY THE USE OF OUR PURE GRADE LOTIONS, CREAMS AND OTHER MODERN REMEDIES FOR DEFEATING THE RAVAGES OF TIME AND HARD WORK. NATURE PROVIDES YOU WITH A FACE AND FIGURE, BUT NATURE EXPECTS YOU TO AID IN THEIR PROTECTION.

Get Your School Supplies Here

J. V. HOLLINGSWORTH

FORMERLY SLATON DRUG CO. TELEPHONE 92



CORRECTING DAD

By JACK LAWTON.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Arthur had received another of Aunt Sarah's letters, and a letter from Aunt Sarah usually spelled trouble. These missives were the one irritant in his college career. Aunt Sarah had complained of everything in the family household, and now, the last—and greatest offender—was old dad himself. Arthur gripped his chair and scowled. It was all right to bowl over the chauffeur or the last house decorator, but dad—he wasn't going to stand for that. Then Arthur's frown changed to amazement. His father, infatuated with a young silly nobody, and contemplating marriage again? Surely, this was impossible. Aunt Sarah's imagination had run away with her. He would go straight home and ascertain the fact of the matter; so Arthur packed and went. His father was alarmingly frank and regardless.

"If I choose to marry," he coolly asked his indignant son, "whose affair is it? And as for the girl being young and not in our station, those small matters trouble me not at all. If Maisie can overlook the difference in our ages, I am sure that I shall make no objection. And when it comes to station—well, she evidences a natural talent in the clever expenditure of money. I have money to spend, and I rather think that it will give me more pleasure buying things for a pretty, grateful girl, than for an indifferent son who takes the spending of money as a matter of course. I will certainly marry Maisie."

Arthur leaned forward with an incredible stare.

"Maisie!" he repeated unbelievably. "Maisie?"

The older man nodded.

"She sings in musical comedy," he explained, "the name is, I believe, a variation of Mary."

"Musical comedy?" the son again repeated, parrotwise.

"Why not?" Tower, the elder, demanded impatiently.

"That is where I first saw her, in musical comedy. A pretty rural act that quite took my fancy. So did the girl. I got Simpson, the manager, to introduce us. Found out later that Mary Field, Maisie, that is—had made her debut into stagerland through embroidering frocks for a leading lady; made handwork a specialty in order to support herself.

"If you have any objections, it does not make the slightest difference. I intend to ask her to be my wife, and will even hold out wealth as an inducement. And there is no love in my case—that is, not as the meaning of the word goes. You left me, a lonely old man in a troubled prison—for Sarah's iron rule and Sarah's complaints are no relief to the loneliest. If Maisie can cheer, and help in a measure to forget past sorrows—Well, that is all I ask of her."

The young man, seated in the big mahogany chair, gazed over at the old man across the somber room. Arthur had never noticed before the lines of sadness beneath the weary eyes; neither had he been fully aware of that recently whitened hair. So old dad had been lonely, deserted.

The big house, in all its luxury, was most depressing—poor dad! But he must not let this scheming little actress annex so easily his father's fortune. He would see her first, and consider dad's problem later. Arthur got out the car and drove in the direction Aunt Sarah gave him. "It was written on the back of a pink letter from the girl," she contemptuously told him.

Maisie was at home; domestically at home in a tiny flat, with a singing bird in the window.

"Come in," invited Maisie, "but please excuse me if I go on sewing." She was as charming as Arthur had indignantly fancied, with a refined superior sort of charm, however, which he had not fancied at all. The sewing upon which she busied herself was a gay covered cushion for his father's favorite chair.

"In place," she sympathetically informed Arthur, "of those gloomy dark green things that are all about."

And as they talked she confided, softly, her regret concerning his father's desolate life, and her own helpless desire to brighten it. "For, what can I do?" asked Maisie hopelessly, "and Mr. Tower is such a dear, good man."

The mercenary idea of marriage had evidently not entered the girl's pretty head. Arthur returned home thoughtful. His father thereafter was gratefully aware of his son's kindly interest and attentions. Then one day Arthur sprang the news.

"I am going," he announced, "to marry Maisie."

The elder Tower stared, then with an odd expression, more of relieved satisfaction than of chagrin, he sank into his chair.

"The awful creature!" gasped Aunt

Sarah. "She is bound to get the money one way or another."

"Maisie never would have married for money," Arthur declared, "and, of course, now she knows that dad will cut me off for being a traitor. But, Maisie and I love each other. Our sorrow is in leaving father alone."

Arthur's father came slowly forward, with outstretched hands.

"Why alone, Art?" he asked smiling. "There's lots of room in this big house for my son and his wife. And it looks to me as if this were the end—of our problem."

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Hollingsworth have returned from a two weeks' visit to relatives and friends at Waco and other central Texas points. They made the trip in their car.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Sledge left Friday for a visit to friends and relatives at Eldorado, Altus, and Watonga, Okla. They will be joined in Oklahoma by the former's father J. M. Sledge of Austin, who will accompany them on their trip.

Hon. R. A. Baldwin returned Sunday from Austin in order to deliver the graduation address at West Texas State Normal at Canyon on Tuesday. En route home he tried an important law suit at Belton. Mr. Baldwin will soon return to Austin to resume his duties in the Texas Legislature.

Mrs. J. W. Hood has returned home from a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Mathis at Plainview, and while there also attended a family reunion. She was accompanied home by a sister Mrs. J. P. Green and family of Fort Worth, a brother C. D. Hickey and family of Roswell, N. M., a brother I. M. Mathis and wife of California, and another brother, H. W. Mathis of Belin, N. M.

'GOLDEN CREAM'

It's the chief aim of the manufacturers to place their brands of BETTER BREAD on every table in this territory, for ordinary bread does not meet your needs.

WE WANT AN AGENT FOR SLATON.

Every loaf shipped fresh. Every loaf good eating. Eat more "Golden Cream," "Blue Bird," and "Mother Goose" Brands.

Manufactured by

HOME BAKERY

STAMFORD, TEXAS

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE: Late edition of Harvard Classics, consisting of 50 volumes, at the extremely low price of \$40.—A. E. HOWERTON.

FOR SALE: Have a few extra good Poland-China boar pigs farrowed June 14th from litter of ten. Emancipation and Giant Buster breeding. Will sell at prices to suit the times and deliver pedigrees with pigs.—NEWT CANTRELL, Box 144, Slaton, Texas.

FOUND: A sum of money. Owner can get same by describing it and paying for this ad. Apply to J. K. ROGERS.

FOR SALE: Two dining room suites. See Mrs. J. H. Teague, Jr. and Mrs. J. H. Teague, Jr.

FOR SALE: Three dandy residence lots, in fine community, well located, near schools. Or would consider to trade for lots in East Slaton. See W. DONALD, at Slatonite office.

CLEFFIE WATSON, Notary Public. Slatonite Office. Phone 20.

FOR SALE: Good, new 2-room house, wired for lights, good location, good outbuildings. At a real bargain. Cash or terms to suit. See W. DONALD, at Slatonite office.

FURNISHED Rooms for light house-keeping. Apply CANNON HOUSE.

PAINTING and paper hanging. This is a good time to do it. My prices are reasonable. See me. E. A. GALE.

WOULD you like to buy a home and pay it out like paying rent? Do you owe money on your home, land or business property on which you are paying from Seven to Ten Per Cent Interest? Would you like to borrow money at THREE PER CENT INTEREST to buy, build or improve a home or business property and be allowed SEVEN YEARS in which to pay it back? Would you like to make an INVESTMENT that in a few months will earn a substantial dividend? Reliable agents wanted in your locality. Consult or write the United Home Builders of America. J. G. McCarroll, General Agent, Box 1081, Lubbock, Texas. Room 209 Security State Bank Building.

FARM for trade or sale: My farm in Taylor County, 132 acres, well improved, no incumbrance; seven miles of Merkel, fourteen miles of Abilene. Will trade for Plains farm or sell. Address B. N. Billingsley, Merkel, Texas.

"I smiled— and he shot me"



AFTER MONTHS and months, MY WIFE persuaded me, TO HAVE it done, SO I went around, TO THE photographer, AND GOT mugged, WHEN THE pictures came, I SHOWED them to a gang, OF AMATEUR art critics, AND PROFESSIONAL crabs, DISGUISED AS friends, WHO FAVORED me, WITH SUCH remarks as, "DOESN'T HE look natural?" "HAS IT got a tail?" "A GREAT resemblance," AND THAT last one, MADE ME sore, SO WHEN friend wife, ADDED HER howl, I TRIED again.

THIS TIME they were great, FOR HERE'S what happened, THE PHOTOGRAPHER said, "LOOK THIS way, please," AND HELD up something, AS HE pushed the button, AND NO one could help, BUT LOOK pleasant, FOR WHAT he held up, WAS A nice full pack, OF THE cigarettes, THAT SATISFY.

LIGHT up a Chesterfield and sense the goodness of those fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in that wonderful Chesterfield blend. Taste that flavor! Sniff that aroma! You'll register "They Satisfy." You can't help it.

Did you know about the Chesterfield package of 10?

They Satisfy Chesterfield CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

PASTE THIS IN YOUR HAT.

The man who kicks about the clothing the women wear when out should have a care and rest his nose ere it looks like a snout. If you'd make this a better land just mind your own affairs. Attend to your own business and the women will mind theirs. If knee high skirts offend your eyes, do not follow them around. Just pass the low necked women by and look down at the ground. If some fair Juno likes her shape, and puts it on display, it isn't up to you to gape and protest in dismay. Clean minded men won't knock the way a woman cuts her waist. He'll see the dear thing every

day and compliment her dome. So if the styles affect your dome and shock your pure sweet life, stay off the streets, my friend, go home and rubber at your wife.—Swiped.

A REAL BARGAIN.

320 acres 1 mile from Slaton, 100 acres in cultivation, good well, windmill and sheds for stock, concrete foundation laid for 6-room house, two cars lumber on the ground, other good improvements, and it all goes at only \$65.00 per acre, with terms to suit. WILLIAMS & SELMON.

BOOST FOR SLATON.

The Cupboard.

Passenger (after first night aboard ship)—"I say, where have all my clothes vanished to?" Steward—"Where did you put them last night?" Passenger—"I folded them up carefully and put them in that cupboard over there." Steward—"I see no cupboard, sir." Passenger—"Are you blind, man? I mean that one with the round glass door to it." Steward—"Bless me, sir, that ain't no cupboard. That's the port hole."

MOVE THE COUNTY SEAT.

IF NO ONE BUYS COAL DURING THE SUMMER

EVERYONE WILL WANT IT AT THE SAME TIME IN NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER. THERE AREN'T ENOUGH COAL MINES, ENOUGH COAL MINERS, ENOUGH COAL CARS, ENOUGH TRAINMEN, ENOUGH HAULERS, NOR ENOUGH COAL YARDS TO SUPPLY SUCH AN ABNORMAL DEMAND AS THAT WOULD BE. ORDER COAL NOW. SAVE MONEY. SAVE WORRY.

PANHANDLE LUMBER CO.

OUR AIM—TO HELP IMPROVE THE PANHANDLE

ALL CLOTHES LOOK ALIKE TO OUR WASH TUB

BUT THEY LOOK DIFFERENT WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH THEM. THOROUGH, PAIN-TAKING EFFORT IS GIVEN EACH AND EVERY JOBB BROUGHT TO OUR TAILOR SHOP, AND WE FEEL SAFE IN ASSURING OUR CUSTOMERS EVERY SUIT OR DRESS YOU BRING HERE WILL BE DONE RIGHT. WE CALL FOR AND DELIVER ALL ARTICLES.

DeLong THE MERCHANT TAILOR

LET US MAKE YOUR OLD CLOTHES LOOK LIKE NEW. TELEPHONE AND WE WILL CALL FOR AND DELIVER THEM AT THE SAME PRE-WAR PRICE \$1.50 CLEANED AND PRESSED.

SLATON SLATONITE

Issued every Friday morning
Slaton, Lubbock County, Texas.

W. DONALD, Editor and Publisher
Miss Cleffie Watson, Society Editor

Subscription, per year \$2.00

Entered as second-class mail matter
at the postoffice at Slaton, Texas.

HEARD AROUND TOWN.

I was in Forrest Hardware
Talking to T. A. Worley
About some of the wonders
Of Grand Canyon, Arizona
From which place
Mr. Worley and family
Have just returned
When HE came in
And for a few minutes
He looked into the show cases
Without saying anything—
Just sort of stood on one foot
And then on the other
And I should imagine
He was about 8 years old
And finally Worley went to him
And asked him what he wanted
And he up and said
He wanted to buy a gun
And Worley rummaged around
And finally dragged out one
That shot a cork
With a string tied to it
And the boy looked at it
Turned to one of lofty disdain
And the expression on his face
And he told Worley
That he wanted a REAL gun
And Worley hunted around
And brought out a cap pistol
And showed it to him
But there was nothing doing
And he said again
That he wanted a real gun
To shoot birds with
And Worley went back
To the rear of the store
And came back again
With a shot gun
A double barreled one
And the boy looked at it
With keen admiration
Showing in his eyes
And he took it
And looked it all over
And examined it carefully
And finally he said
That he would take it
And Worley said "all right"
And the boy asked
How much it would be
And Worley told him
Thirty-five dollars
He looked kind of stunned
And for a moment or two
And swallowed hard
And finally said to Worley
That he'd come in again
And I don't know for sure
But I'm confident
That he expected to get it
For about 65 cents
Because I saw him
Counting his money
Before he came in.

The Slatonite says Lubbock County
now possesses three gallons of pure
"D" whiskey recently captured from
local "mooners." Shucks! that ain't
no booze, man; you just ought to
have had a peep into Terry's cellar
door before the big smash came.—
Terry County Herald.

Card of Thanks.

To the officers and employes of the
Santa Fe Railway at Slaton and Amarillo,
Texas:
I take this means of expressing my
appreciation of the kindness shown
me during the illness and death of
my loved one. Be assured I will never
forget the kind treatment received
during this time. Please accept my
sincere thanks. G. W. McKENZIE.

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS.

In compliance with the law I must
insist that car numbers and license
number be kept on all cars in Slaton
and lights must be on when operated
from dusk in the evening until good
daylight in the morning. After Sept.
1st failure to comply with the law
will subject the driver to a fine.
D. C. HOFFMAN
City Marshal.

Teague's Confectionery carries a
full line of stationery, toilet articles,
proprietary medicines and drug sundries,
at a price you can afford.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

J. S. Edwards was among the visitors
in Lubbock Tuesday.

Ice cream carried every day now at
Teague's Confectionery.

Miss Velma Dawson of Wilson was
a visitor in Slaton Saturday.

Toilet articles of every description
at Teague's Confectionery.

M. D. Jones has gone to Dallas to
buy dry goods in the wholesale markets
of that city.

Mrs. Florence Gwynn has been
quite sick during the past week but
is reported much improved now.

Miss Mickie Everett of Post was
the guest of Miss Aline McDonald
Monday.

Mrs. P. H. Whalen, who was bitten
by a spider on Aug. 6, is reported to
be improving nicely.

Mrs. E. A. Gale was surprised on
her birthday this week by a nice gift
from her son J. D. Gale.

Mrs. W. W. Stone and son Lee
have gone to Sherman for a visit to
relatives and friends.

Louis Steffens is suffering from a
broken arm, caused by an effort to
crank a car.

A. J. Payne of the Robertson D. G.
Company, was a visitor in Lubbock
Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCollum have
gone to Bells for a visit to relatives
and friends.

FOR SALE at big bargains, two
new 6-room houses. Cash or terms.
See N. L. or M. B. TATE, Slaton, Tex.

W. P. Hamlett and family of Wilson
were among the out-of-town shoppers
in Slaton Friday.

Mrs. M. A. Evans returned Monday
from a visit to her daughter Mrs.
A. L. Foster and family at Wilson.

M. A. Pember and son Royce have
returned from a two weeks' vacation
trip to New Mexico points.

W. P. Florence and family and Mrs.
Florence's father J. A. Spinks who is
visiting her, were visitors in Lubbock
Thursday.

Miss Irene Levey returned Tuesday
night from Canyon where she has
been studying during the summer session
at West Texas State Normal.

Mrs. Sam Canon and children of
Abilene are guests at the home of the
former's sister Mrs. J. W. McDonald
and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hood and children
have returned from a visit to the
former's parents in Comanche county.
They made the trip in their car.

Mrs. A. M. Watson returned home
Sunday after a two weeks' visit to
her daughter, Mrs. D. H. Suite at
Magdalena, N. M.

Misses Claudia and Hazel Hobbs of
Wichita Falls were here Saturday en
route home from Wilson where they
had been visiting relatives.

Mrs. J. B. Hollensed of Sherman
has returned home after a visit to
her sister, Mrs. J. W. McDonald and
family.

J. W. McDonald and family have
returned from a several days' visit
to relatives and friends at Abilene
and other Taylor county points.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Ely of Merkel
have returned home after a visit to
the latter's sister, Mrs. J. W. McDonald
and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Short have returned
Slaton to reside after a several
months absence, during which time
they visited in New Mexico, Perryton,
Texas, where they own property,
Sayre, Okla., Bowie, Decatur, Fort
Worth, Waco, and Temple, Texas.
They also attended the Christian en-

BIRTH REPORT.

Mathias Chesser and wife, Aug. 15,
boy.

Edgar R. Sellers and wife, Aug. 20,
boy.

Perry Moss and wife, Aug. 22, boy.

W. T. Medlin and wife, Aug. 24,
boy.

Mr. Huckabay and wife, Aug. 19,
girl.

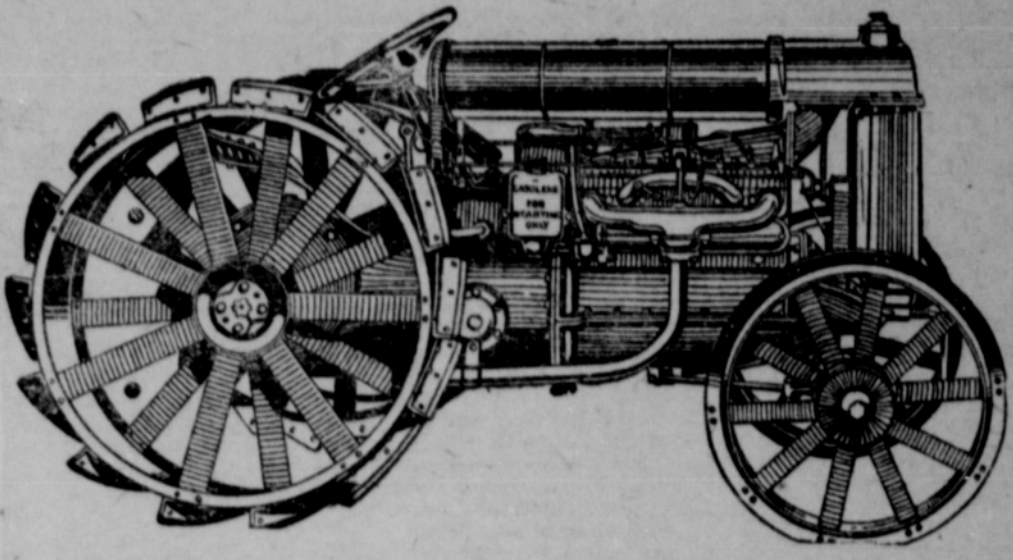
MARTIN'S SCREW WORM KILLER
Kills with one Application. Heals
wounds and keeps off FLIES. More
for your money and your money back
if you don't like it. Ask RED CROSS
PHARMACY.

E. W. Jennings & Son
PAINTERS AND PAPER HANGERS
SLATON TEXAS
First Class Work
Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.

For Blue Bugs
HEAD LICE, STICK-TIGHT-FLEAS
and all Blood Sucking Insects, simply
feed "Martin's Blue Bug Remedy" to
your chickens. Money back guarantee
by RED CROSS PHARMACY.

S. R. Cade and little granddaughter
Aubra Larhue, returned Sunday
from Brownwood where they have
been visiting Mrs. Cade and children

Fordson



\$694.60 DELIVERED TO YOU.

STEADY, LIGHT, ALERT, POWER TO SPARE, AND ECONOMICAL OF OPERATION. WATCH A FORDSON TRACTOR IN ACTION AND YOU WILL WONDER HOW THOSE APPARENTLY CONTRADICTORY QUALITIES OF STRENGTH, LIGHTNESS, POWER AND SPEED COULD EVER BE COMBINED IN ONE UNIT.

THE FORDSON'S SPEED IS AVAILABLE FOR HAULING HEAVY LOADS FOR LONG DISTANCES. ITS POWER IS AVAILABLE FOR DRAGGING PLOWS OR DISC HARROWS IN THE HEAVIEST SOIL OR FOR RUNNING THE CUTTING BOX, GRINDER OR THRESHING MACHINE. WE TAKE PRIDE IN HANDLING SUCH A COMPACT, PORTABLE PLANT. WE ARE EQUIPPED WITH EVERY FACILITY FOR GIVING SERVICE FOR THE FORDSON, AND ALSO CARRY THE CELEBRATED OLIVER PLOWS.

Slaton Motor Company

H. G. STOKES, Manager
SLATON, TEXAS

campment at Belton, Baptist encampment
at Lampasas, and Baptist encampment
at Cristobal.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dowdy and child
of Woodward Okla., have returned
home after a visit to Mrs. Dowdy's
parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Jordan.

Miss Norene Robertson has returned
home from a several weeks' visit
to her friend Mrs. D. H. Suite,
at Magdalena, N. M.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Forrest of Ralls
were guests of the former's parents,
Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Forrest here Wednesday.

Mrs. W. L. Foreman and two children
Thelma and W. L. Jr., are here
from Temple, visiting Mrs. M. A.
Foreman.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Stephens have
returned from an extended visit to
relatives in Grayson and Fannin
counties.

Miss Anna Mae Hardesty of Abilene
is a guest at the home of her
uncle, Rev. John P. Hardesty and
family.

Prof. Claude V. Hall of Snyder was
in Slaton Tuesday en route home
from Canyon where he held the chair
of History during the summer session
at the West Texas State Normal.

Mrs. E. L. Blundell and family who
have been spending a month at the
home of her sister, Mrs. Ed Tenn, returned
Tuesday to their home in Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Olive, Mr. and
Mrs. Bill Guinn, Mr. and Mrs. John
Martin and children returned Sunday
from a week's fishing trip on the Concho
river.

A large bunch of German Millet is
on display at this office that was
grown by Mrs. Annie Higbee on her
farm near town. She has 80 acres and
it is estimated that it will produce
25 bushels per acre.

Miss Lorena Holland, who has been
attending the Canyon State Normal,
has returned to the home of her
brother, B. M. Holland, to spend a
week before leaving for Perryton to
teach in the public schools there.

Julia Alice, daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. W. P. Florence, has returned
from a Lubbock sanitarium, where
she had her tonsils removed. She is
reported doing nicely.

S. R. Cade and little granddaughter
Aubra Larhue, returned Sunday
from Brownwood where they have
been visiting Mrs. Cade and children

for several weeks. Little Miss Corinne
Cade accompanied back to Slaton
for a visit until school starts in
Brownwood.

Messrs. H. D. Talley and T. A.
Worley and families have returned
from a three weeks' auto trip to Grand
Canyon, Arizona, and other points of
interest on the route. They report a
delightful time and having seen many
wonderful things. They brought back
a large selection of curios secured on
their trip, but it is said, very little
money.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Henderson have
returned from a five weeks' visit to
relatives and friends in several Oklahoma
and Texas points. They re-

port a delightful visit but that they
suffered considerably from the extreme
heat.

T. L. Reed, one of our good farmer
friends, residing just southwest of
town, brought in two stalks of popcorn
yesterday that were fine. One
contained six well developed ears and
the other five. Mr. Reed brought the
seed here from Grayson county and
says that this land produces much
better than did his farm in Grayson county.

Julius Allison and sisters Misses
Maggie, Mattie and Beulah Allison,
returned to their home in White-
wright Saturday after a few days
visit with their sister Mrs. J. M. Stephens
and family.

Ten Day Specials

WE ARE GOING TO PUT ON A SPECIAL SALE BEGINNING SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, AND CONTINUING FOR TEN DAYS ONLY. WE ARE DOING THIS IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM FOR NEW GOODS AS WE ARE GOING TO MARKET JUST AS SOON AS THE SALE CLOSES. DO NOT FAIL TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE LOW PRICES. THEY ARE FOR CASH ONLY. ABSOLUTELY NOTHING CHARGED AT THESE PRICES.

33 1-3 Percent off on Box Papers

25 Percent off on Silverware, Cut Glass, Jewelry and Ivory Goods.

15c Toilet Paper 10c per Roll

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OUR STOCK OF SCHOOL SUPPLIES IS COMPLETE IN EVERY DETAIL AND PRICED RIGHT

Red Cross Pharmacy

C. F. ANDERSON, Proprietor

THE REXALL STORE

The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

CHAPTER III—Continued.

It is extremely doubtful if a plainsman would have possessed this knowledge. But a plainsman has not the knowledge of life itself that the mountaineer has, simply because he does not see it in the raw. And he has not half the intimate knowledge of death, an absolute requisite of self-composure. The mountaineer knows life in its simple phases with little tradition or convention to blur the vision. Death is a very intimate acquaintance that may be met in any snowdrift, on any rocky trail; and these conditions are very deadly to any delusions that he has in regard to himself. He acquires an ability to see just where he stands, and of course that means self-possession. This quality had something to do with the remarkable record that the mountain men, such as that magnificent warrior from Tennessee, made in the late war.

Cranston knew exactly what Snowbird would do. Although of a higher order, she was a mountain creature, even as himself. She meant exactly what she said. If he hadn't climbed from Dan's prone body, she would have shot quickly and very straight. If he tried to attack either of them now, her finger would press back before he could blink an eye, and she wouldn't weep any hysterical tears over his dead body. If he kept his distance, she wouldn't shoot at all. He meant to keep his distance. But he did know that he could insult her without danger to himself. And by now his lips had acquired their old curl of scorn.

"I'll go, Snowbird," he said. "I'll leave you with your sissy. But I guess you saw what I did to him—in two minutes."

"I saw. But you must remember he's sick. Now go."

"If he's sick, let him stay in bed—and have a wet nurse. Maybe you can be that."

The lids drooped halfway over her gray eyes, and the slim finger curled more tightly about the trigger. "Oh, I wish I could shoot you," she didn't whisper. "I'd like to see you hurl it, or do any of the things people are supposed to do in a violent emotion. She meant it, and her meaning was clear."

"But you can't. And I'll pound that sop of yours to a jelly every time you see him. I'd think, Snowbird, that you want a man."

"I started up the trail; and then I did a strange thing. 'He's more of a man than you are, right now, Bert,' she told him. 'He'll prove it some day.' Then her arm went about Dan's neck and lifted his head upon her breast; and in Cranston's plain sight, she bent and kissed him, softly, on the lips.

Cranston's answer was an oath. It dripped from his lips, more poisonous, more malicious than the venom of a snake. His features seemed to tighten, the dark lips drew away from his teeth. No words could have made him such an effective answer as this little action of hers. And as he turned up the trail, he called down to her a name—that most dreadful epithet that foul tongues have always used to women held in greatest scorn.

Dan struggled in her arms. The kiss on his lips, the instant before, had not called him out of his half-consciousness. It had scarcely seemed real, rather just an incident in a blissful dream. But the word called down the trail shot out clear and vivid from the silence, just as a physician's face will often leap from the darkness after the anesthesia. Something infinitely warm and tender was holding him, pressing him back against a holy place that throbbled and gave him life and strength; but he knew that this word had to be answered. And only actions, not other words, could be its payment. All the voices of his body called to him to lie still, but the voices of the spirit, those higher, nobler promptings from which no man, to the glory of the breed from which he sprung, can ever quite escape, were stronger yet. He tugged upward, straining. But he didn't even have the strength to break the hold that the soft arm had about his neck.

"If I could only pull the trigger!" she was crying. "If I could only kill him—"

"Let me," he pleaded. "Give me the pistol. I'll kill him—"

And he would. There was no flinching in the gray eyes that looked up to her. She leaned forward, as if to put the weapon in his hands, but at once drew it back. And then a single sob caught at her throat. An instant

later they heard Cranston's laughter as he vanished around the turn of the trail.

For long minutes the two of them were still. The girl still held the man's head upon her breast. The pistol had fallen in the pine needles, and her nervous hand plucked strangely at the leaves of a mountain flower. To Dan's eyes, there was something trance-like, a hint of paralysis and insensibility about her posture. He had never seen her eyes like this. The light that he had always beheld in them had vanished. Their utter darkness startled him.

He sat up straight, and her arm that had been about his neck felt at her side. He took her hand firmly in his, and their eyes met.

"We must go home, Snowbird," he told her simply. "I'm not so badly hurt but that I can make it."

She nodded; but otherwise scarcely seemed to hear. Her eyes still flowed with darkness. And then, before his own eyes, their dark pupils began to contract. The hand he held filled and throbbled with life, and the fingers closed around his. She leaned toward him.

"Listen, Dan," she said quickly. "You heard—didn't you—the last thing that he said?"

"I couldn't help but hear, Snowbird."

Her other hand sought for his. "Then if you heard—payment must be made. You see what I mean, Dan. Maybe you can't see, knowing the girls that live on the plains. You were the cause of his saying it, and you must answer—"

It seemed to Dan that some stern code of the hills, unwritten except in the hearts of their children, inexorable as night, was speaking through her lips. This was no personal thing. In

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er really cared much about living before. I'll try now, and you'll see—oh, Snowbird, wait and trust me: I understand everything. It's my own fight—when you kissed me, and I cried down that word in anger and jealousy, it put the whole thing on me. No one else can make him answer; no one else has the right. It's my honor, no one else's, that stands or falls."

He lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it again and again.

And for the first time he saw the tears gathering in her dark eyes. "But you fought here, didn't you, Dan?" she asked with painful slowness. "You didn't put up your arms—or try to run away? I didn't come till he had you done, so I didn't see." She looked at him as if her whole joy of life hung on his answer.

"Fought! I would have fought till I died! But that isn't enough, Snowbird. It isn't enough just to fight, in a case like this. A man's got to win! I would have died if you hadn't come. And that's another debt that I have to pay—only that debt I owe to you."

She nodded slowly. The lives of the mountain men are not saved by their women without incurring obligation. She attempted no barren denials. She made no effort to pretend she had not incurred a tremendous debt when she had come with her pistol. It was an unavoidable fact. A life for a life is the code of the mountains.

"Two things I must do before I can ever dare to die," he told her soberly. "One of them is to pay you; the other is to pay Cranston for the thing he said. Maybe the chance will never come for the first of the two; only I'll pray that it will. Maybe it would be kinder to you to pray that it wouldn't; yet I pray that it will! Maybe I can pay that debt only by being always ready, always watching for a chance to save you from any danger, always trying to protect you. You didn't come in time to see the fight I made. Besides—I lost, and little else matters. And that debt to you can't be paid until sometime I fight again—for you—and win." He gasped from his weakness, but went on bravely. "I'll never be able to feel at peace, Snowbird, until I'm tested in the fire before your eyes! I want to show you the things Cranston said of me are not true—that my courage will stand the test."

"It wouldn't be the same, perhaps, with an Eastern girl. Other things matter in the valleys. But I see how it is here; that there is only one standard for men and by that standard they rise or fall. Things in the mountains are down to the essentials."

He paused and struggled for strength to continue. "And I know what you said to him," he went on. "Half-unconscious as I was, I remember every word. Each word just seems to burn into me, Snowbird, and I'll make every one of them good. You said I am a better man than he, and sometime it would be proved—and it's the truth! Maybe in a month, maybe in a year. I'm not going to die from this malady of mine now, Snowbird. I've got too much to live for—too many debts to pay. In the end, I'll prove your words to him."

His eyes grew earnest, and the hard fire went out of them. "It's almost as if you were a queen, a real queen of some great kingdom," he told her, tremulous with a great awe that was stealing over him, as a mist steals over



"I Guess You Saw What I Did to Him." some dim, half-understood way. It went back to the basic code of life.

"People must fight their own fights, up here," she told him. "The laws of the courts that the plains people can appeal to are all too far away. There's no one that can do it, except you. Not my father. My father can't fight your battles here, if your honor is going to stand. It's up to you, Dan. You can't pretend that you didn't hear him. Such as you are, weak and sick to be beaten to a pulp in two minutes, you alone will have to make him answer for it. I came to your aid—and now you must come to mine."

Her fingers no longer clasped his. Strength had come back to him, and his fingers closed down until the blood went out of hers, but she was wholly unconscious of the pain. In reality, she was conscious of nothing except the growing flame in his face. It held her eyes in passionate fascination. His pupils were contracting to little bright dots in the gray irises. The jaw was setting, as she had never seen it before.

"Do you think, Snowbird, that you'd even have to ask me?" he demanded. "Don't you think I understand? And it won't be in your defense—only my own duty."

"But he is so strong—and you are so weak—"

"I won't be so weak forever. I nev-

water. "And because I had kissed your fingers, for ever and ever I was your subject, living only to fight your fights—maybe with a dream in the end to kiss your fingers again. When you bent and kissed me on that hillside—for him to see—it was the same: that I was sworn to you, and nothing mattered in my life except the service and love I could give you. And it's more than you ever dream, Snowbird. It's all yours, for your battles and your happiness."

The great pines were silent above them, shadowed and dark. Perhaps they were listening to an age-old story, those towers of service and self-gained worth by which the race has struggled upward from the darkness.

"But I kissed you—once before," she reminded him. The voice was just a whisper, hardly louder than the stir of the leaves in the wind.

"But that kiss didn't count," he told her. "It wasn't at all the same. I loved you then, I think, but it didn't mean what it did today."

"And what—" she leaned toward him, her eyes full on his, "does it mean now?"

"All that's worth while in life, all that matters when everything is said that can be said, and all is done that can be done. And it means, please God, when the debts are paid, that I may have such a kiss again."

"Not until then," she told him, whispering.

"Until then, I make oath that I won't even ask it, or receive it if you should give it. It goes too deep, dearest—and it means too much."

This was their pact. Not until the debts were paid and her word made good would those lips be his again. There was no need for further words. Both of them knew.

In the skies, the gray clouds were gathering swiftly, as always in the mountains. The raindrops were falling one and one, over the forest. The summer was done, and fall had come in earnest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Beggar" Not in Hebrew.
One of the proverbs of the old Jews was, "Whoever brings up a child without a trade brings him up to steal." However high a family was in social position, it was the habit of the Jews to teach every boy to know a trade, as he might see the day when he would be necessary for him to labor with his hands. It was sought to give every man the capacity to take care of himself, so that there should be no poor people in the land. So successfully was this policy carried out that it has been said that the word beggar does not exist in the Hebrew tongue. Hear that, Ireland! Hear that, Italy! And all this sprang, not from climate or condition, but from the application of the Mosaic economy to the education of the people.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Age of the World.
The reckoning of time among all nations reaches back to practically the same period. Chinese, Indians and Egyptians all assume that the earth was 80,000 years old before it could have assumed the state in which it is now. The oldest book of Chinese annals does not commence its historical record from an earlier time than that of the Trojan war. Neither do the Indians carry back their historical age more than 5,000 years. According to scriptural chronology, in that way of reckoning it, which appears the most probable to most historians, almost 3,000 years may be added to the Indians' computation.

Ancient History.
Ancient history begins with the first recorded history and extends to the fall of the Roman empire, 476 A. D., including all the historical events included in the Bible. The prehistoric period is the period about which nothing is known, either from the Bible or other sources. It has no limits, and scientists, historians and archaeologists give varying opinions as to its probable extent.

Wonders of Human Body
routine ones automatically and those requiring judgment being cared for at the same time through other channels. You will agree with me surely that the body contains the most elaborate organizations ever installed in any plant; that its component parts are examples of a finer kind of design than we will ever approximate and that the functions and their relations are coordinated more smoothly than we will ever be able to arrange human relations.

Now "Who's Who."
That serious biographical work with the semi-humorous title, "Who's Who," which has been published in England annually more than a score of years, is to have a companion volume, or compendium, entitled "Who Was Who, 1897-1916," which will contain the biographies, taken from "Who's Who" of people who have died during the twenty years covered by the volume.—The Outlook.

The British museum library has more than 14,000,000 recorded readers annually and is the largest reference library in the world.

BANKING HAS ITS ROMANCE
Quiet Spot in London Where Monetary Transactions of Immense Importance Are Ordinary.

Romance is hidden away in all kinds of old corners of the city of London, and some of it is to be found within half a minute's walk of the vortex of traffic outside the Mansion house, London Tit-Bits states.

Here, in a secluded building that few persons ever see, is the beating heart of one of the greatest romances in the world—the romance of banking.

In and out of this almost unknown building flows, minute by minute, the life stream of the trade and commerce of the land. Last year the almost incredible river of thirty-nine thousand million pounds passed in at one door and out by the other.

It is not the Bank of England that pulses with this current of fabulous wealth, but it is the London clearing house, that nestles in a corner of Post Office court, tucked away in the wedge of buildings between Lombard street and King William street, with an insurance building hiding it at one side and Lubbock's bank at the other.

Every time one of its doors, marked "Private-In" and "Private-Out," swings a fortune goes in or comes out—an average of £127,512,700 a day last year.

The river consists not of silver or gold, but of pieces of paper—"bills, checks and so on"—and it is carried by messengers from the banks. Each bank associated with the clearing house has its own desk in the building.

Year by year the river increases. In 1868 it topped three thousand millions. By 1908 it was over twelve thousand millions. In 1913 it rose to more than sixteen thousand millions. The second year of the war saw it down by a trifle of three thousand millions. Since then it has leaped up each year.

Now its volume is so great that the clearing house has to find more room, and the Standard Life Assurance company's offices, facing King William street, have been bought for £300,000. Part of the building has for some time been annexed to the clearing house. Now the whole is to be taken in.

Embarrassing Moment.
I was appointed sergeant of decoration for the school hall. I had a number of assistants, together with some forty-odd spectators who offered criticisms whenever there was an opportunity.

It was a few hours before the play, and I was hurriedly attending to "last-minute" preparations, perched on the top of the shaky ladder. I remember, distinctly, reaching out to untwist a flag, paying no heed to the "that-a-girl" and "go-to-its" of the onlookers, when the ladder gave way under me and I came crashing to the floor. Imagine, how I looked and felt sitting astride the flattened ladder, a hammer poised in one hand and the trouble some flag in the other.—Exchange.

Famous French Soldier.
Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac was a famous French military officer and explorer and the founder of Detroit. He was born about the year 1660 and died in 1730. His landing on the site of the present city of Detroit was made July 24, 1701. After founding the settlement, he remained there until 1711. He was later governor of Louisiana for five years, returning to France, where he died.

The Amateur's Score.
W. S. Gilbert once received a letter from an amateur composer suggesting that they should collaborate. "My score," wrote the amateur, "will be satisfactory, for, though educated as a chemist, I am a born composer." Gilbert wrote back regretting that he could not comply with the request. "I should have preferred," said he, "a born chemist who had been educated as a musician."

Senseless.
Molly—Miss Gray!
The Governess—Yes, dear.
Molly—The vicar said last Sunday that they play harps in heaven.
The Governess—Well, dear?
Molly—Then what is the sense of my learning to play the silly old piano?—London Mail.

A Shock.
Bridegroom (expectantly)—Now, my dear father-in-law, I wish to say just a word about my debts—
Father-in-law (slapping him on back)—Debts, my boy? Why, I'll warrant my debts exceed yours three to one.

They Have To.
Lionel—There's a woman who makes little things count.
Lucy—Who is she?
"She teaches arithmetic in an infants' school."—London Answers.

Applied Blang.
Quinn—The police seemed to know the man by his gait.
Gwynne—Why shouldn't they? He's a "fence."—London Answers.

er really cared much about living before. I'll try now, and you'll see—oh, Snowbird, wait and trust me: I understand everything. It's my own fight—when you kissed me, and I cried down that word in anger and jealousy, it put the whole thing on me. No one else can make him answer; no one else has the right. It's my honor, no one else's, that stands or falls."

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She nodded slowly. The lives of the mountain men are not saved by their women without incurring obligation. She attempted no barren denials. She made no effort to pretend she had not incurred a tremendous debt when she had come with her pistol. It was an unavoidable fact. A life for a life is the code of the mountains.

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They'll Feel at Home.
"Great days for kids." "What now?"
"They say school plates will replace textbooks."
There would be fewer bachelors if they were not allowed to associate with married men.



LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
Cigarette
Flavor is sealed in by toasting

Accordion Pleating
of the Finest Workmanship
Hemstitching Embroidery Buttons Buttonholes
Price list upon application
Mail orders given prompt attention
Agents wanted in each community
We have the largest business of this kind outside of New York or Chicago
Houston Pleating & Button Co.
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U. S. GOVERNMENT Says; You can ward off Malaria by taking the right kind of preventive. Oxidine will keep off chills and fever. It is a splendid tonic. It is good for biliousness, headaches and that run down feeling. Take Oxidine all during the summer. Ask at any store.
The Behrens Drug Co.
Waco, Texas
TAKE OXIDINE
FOR CHILLS AND FEVER

WATCH THE BIG 4
Stomach-Kidney-Heart-Liver
Keep the vital organs healthy by regularly taking the world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HAZEL OIL CAPSULES
The National Remedy of Holland for centuries and endorsed by Queen Wilhelmina. At all druggists, three sizes.
Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Sport Duds for the Warm Days

A summer vacation without a sweater is but a poor substitute for pleasure in a woman's life these days, asserts a prominent fashion writer. She adopted the idea for strictly rough usage, but that was a long time ago. Now the sweater is almost as dressy as it is sporty—that is, if it is that kind of sweater. For there is no end of the variety of knitted jackets that are being offered for sale, knitted at home or by experts, or crocheted in fanciful stitches and patterns.
Really and seriously, however, the sweater is now indispensable for summer as well as for winter wear, and because the field of its operations has become so tremendously enlarged, there is reason to know about sweaters—what they are and whence they come. For, if a sweater is wisely judged, its purchase can be the beginning of a long and useful life. But a misstep often leads to stretching and fading or—worse fate—shrinking that may plunge the thing into a state of utter degradation, with its cost price evaporated into nothingness.
Only those vacationists who are seeking out the Far North are indulging in the thick and woolly varieties of sweater, and for them a great mental effort is necessary these torrid days to imagine any climate which would make thick wool obligatory. They are warned at every turn of the sporting goods store to watch their steps, and we can only hope that they will include in their compact baggage enough thicknesses to protect them from the icy blasts that are bound to confront them.
For those who are summering in milder climates everything has been done to make the cold days and cooler evenings a success. Sweaters are provided anywhere from a cobweb in thickness to those guaranteed to defy a sudden chilly blast. As one summer boarder put it: "Only when we wrap ourselves in sweaters and hear our teeth chatter while we read the heat headlines in the papers do we feel as though the rent of the summer cottage was not spent in vain."

Sweaters Are Light and Airy.
The sweaters for warmer days are as light and airy and thin as the summer breeze itself. It is astonishing how flimsy wool can be. They are knitted with open stitches through which the breezes can find their way, and the shapes into which they have been fashioned are marvelously clever.
Color is one of their real charms, for the general fashion feeling for brightness in summer things has seeped its way into the field of sweaters with great success. No more is it possible for a woman to send up the sad cry that brilliant colors are not becoming to her style of beauty. Every one is doing it, and there are ways and ways of achieving becoming combinations.
The all-white costumes are most effective, especially if they are relieved with some subtle touch of black. A white flannel skirt with a white open-weave slip-on sweater and a white drooping felt hat was worn at a country club recently. A touch of contrast had been achieved by tying a narrow black ribbon, picot edged, around the waist, leaving long bows and streamers falling at the left side. It was the coolest looking thing in sight, and at the same time it promised warmth if any coolness should by chance enter the atmosphere.
With the white skirts made of silk, silk knitted sweaters are exceedingly popular. The colors range all the way from the softest shades of baby blue and pink and lavender to the shouting hues of orange, red and purple. Orange seems to be the color that has found the greatest popular approval.

It is a real orange, too, without alleviating notes of pink or yellow in its dyeing. Against the pure whiteness of skirt and blouse this tone shows up stunningly. For maidens with dark locks and brunette complexions there is nothing more beautiful for summer outdoor wear.
Blondes should cleave to bright tones of green, for they look their startling best when enveloped in this aura. Now is their chance to display their beauty to its utmost, for bright colors are the thing not overly noticeable, for every one is doing it.
There are some sweater dresses in which the regular knitted coats or slips are worn with knitted skirts and

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Sleeveless Coat, Bound in White.

white blouses. These are very good looking and they are most becoming to a certain type of figure—that type which does not stretch the knitting unduly but allows it to drop in straight lines. Some sweater-costumes are knitted from light-weight wools and others are done in silk or artificial silk. Usually the silk ones are in pastel shades, combined with white, so that while they have a certain amount of warmth they give a more or less summery appearance, an effect much to be desired when the psychology of summer dressing is considered from its various angles.
The knitted dresses—those that slip on over the head and are made on the one-piece model—are more or less popular. Since they are quite heavy in appearance, they are most suitable for climes that are really cold and damp. For this purpose there is no dress more suitable, for they do not muss, they are not susceptible to wrinkles, and in every way they stand up to the hard wear and tear that a summer life outdoors entails. At the same time they are extremely becoming to most women.
styles are good, and that most women, especially those who can be called the "tailored type," are reveling in them this summer.
The sleeveless coat is becoming to some women, who do not really care for the sweater. It has a hardness of line that is often "interesting" where the soft outlines of the sweater would get in no telling work at all. And these coats are made from heavy flannels and from jerseys, being unlined and bound with white silk braid. They are in bright colors—all of those accepted tones of green and red and orange and so on.
Rosebuds.
Tight wreaths of pink rosebuds are being worn with the newer dance frocks. One sees them quite up to the shoulder. They are effective with gray, black, yellow, jade and some times with russet.
To make lace curtains appear stiff when hung, add two or three tablespoonfuls of flour to the starch

After Thorough Trial a Detroit, Mich., Man Endorses Pe-ru-na

The following letter written from Detroit, Michigan is no snap judgment expressed on the merits of Pe-ru-na, the well-known catharrh remedy, but rather a mature, sober opinion formed after a full year's trial.
This is the way Mr. Michael Fako of 906 East Palmer Avenue, in the Michigan Metropolitan, writes: "After using PE-RU-NA for about one year I will say I have found it a very good medicine for catarrh. It has helped me a great deal and I am very well satisfied. I have gained in weight, eat and sleep well, my bowels are regular and better color in my face."

"PE-RU-NA has done wonders and to me is worth its weight in gold. I shall continue to use PE-RU-NA as long as I live and recommend to my friends who are troubled with catarrh." Nothing can be more convincing than an endorsement of this nature from an actual user. There are many people in every community whose experience, in using Pe-ru-na, has been identical with Mr. Fako's. It is the standby for coughs, colds, catarrh, stomach and bowel disorders and all catarrhal conditions.
Put up in both tablet and liquid form. SOLD EVERYWHERE.



WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Not Only For Chills, Fever and Malaria BUT A FINE GENERAL TONIC

Y. W. C. A. in Constantinople.
In the presence of a large number of distinguished guests both in political and educational circles, a new service center was opened recently in Stamboul, the old city of Constantinople, by the Y. W. C. A. Speeches were made in both English and Turkish. The house and garden obtained for the center are both attractive and well adapted to their new use, as well as conveniently situated. Another meeting and recreation place which the Y. W. C. A. has provided for Constantinople girls is a spacious garden on the beautiful sea of Marmora. It has been rented from a wealthy pasha to serve as a summer camp.

A Celebrity Arrives.
Great excitement in the local room.
"What's happened?"
"A beautiful woman has just shot a married man who wasn't married to her. The city editor has issued orders to get all her photographs available, from her babyhood to the one taken yesterday, and two men have been sent to arrange for exclusive publication of her diary. He has also called up a friend who is in the motion-picture business who is on the lookout for new stars."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

FOR SUNBURN OR SORENESS
Apply Vacher-Balm; it relieves at once. If we have no agent where you live, write to E. W. Vacher, Inc., New Orleans, La.—Advertisement.

Shave With Cuticura Soap
And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No wax, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing. Advertisement.

POSSIBLY HER LAST CHANCE

At All Events, the Object of His Affections Perfectly Agreed With Her Fiance.
For several minutes the young man did not speak. His heart was too full. It was enough for him to know that this glorious creature loved him; that she had promised to share his fate.
With a new and delightful sense of ownership he feasted his eyes once more upon her beauty, and as he realized that henceforth it would be his privilege to provide for her welfare and happiness, he could have almost wept with joy.
His good fortune seemed incredible. Finally he whispered tenderly:
"How did it ever happen, darling, that such a bright, shining angel as yourself fell in love with a dull, stupid fellow like me?"
"Goodness knows," she murmured absently; "I must have a screw loose somewhere."
Much Newsprint Imported.
Of the newsprint paper used by American newspapers only one-third is made in the United States from wood grown in this country. The rest is either imported or made from imported wood or pulp. The United States has enormous forest resources in her northwest and in Alaska, if pulp mills were properly located to bundle the raw material.
No Hops for Him.
He—Can you give me no hope?
She—None whatever; I'm going to marry you.—Boston Transcript.

Was the Neighbor's Chicken
Incident That Was Embarrassing, Although It Also Had an Amusing Side to It.
Some years ago, while living in the suburbs, we kept a few chickens; our neighbors also had chickens. After the garden season was over we let them run, as did our neighbors. In this way I suppose they got more or less mixed.
One day I decided to have a chicken for dinner, and, not liking to kill it myself—my husband being away—I asked our neighbor if he would kill it for me. He kindly consented, so I brought out the particular fowl I had selected. He killed it, and I thanked him and proceeded to prepare it for dinner.
When dinner was over I went out to feed the chickens. What was my surprise to find among them the fowl I thought I had just eaten. It was my neighbor's chicken I had asked him to kill for me.
Of course, I lost no time in making apologies—and also insisted that they take ours instead, and they had a good laugh at my expense.
Nothing Small About Her.
Lady (in stationery store)—I would like to look at a globe, please.
Clerk—Do you want a small or large size?
Lady—What is the price of one in the natural size?
Apparently.
Knicker—What is truth?
Bocker—Something which should be heard, but not said.

No hot cooking No trouble to serve
For breakfast or lunch, no food is quite so convenient or satisfying as

Grape-Nuts
Served from the package, with cream or milk—full of splendid body-building nutrition. Its flavor and crispness charm the taste—a splendid summer food.
"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts
Sold by grocers ~



The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

CHAPTER III—Continued.

It is extremely doubtful if a plainsman would have possessed this knowledge. But a plainsman has not the knowledge of life itself that the mountaineer has, simply because he does not see it in the raw. And he has not half the intimate knowledge of death, an absolute requisite of self-composure. The mountaineer knows life in its simple phases with little tradition or convention to blur the vision. Death is a very intimate acquaintance that may be met in any snowdrift, on any rocky trail; and these conditions are very deadly to any delusions that he has in regard to himself. He acquires an ability to see just where he stands, and of course that means self-possession. This quality had something to do with the remarkable record that the mountain men, such as that magnificent warrior from Tennessee, made in the late war.

Cranston knew exactly what Snowbird would do. Although of a higher order, she was a mountain creature, even as himself. She meant exactly what she said. If he hadn't climbed from Dan's prone body, she would have shot quickly and very straight. If he tried to attack either of them now, her finger would press back before he could blink an eye, and she wouldn't weep any hysterical tears over his dead body. If he kept his distance, she wouldn't shoot at all. He meant to keep his distance. But he did know that he could insult her without danger to himself. And by now his lips had acquired their old curl of scorn.

"I'll go, Snowbird," she said. "I'll leave you with your sissy. But I guess you saw what I did to him—in two minutes."

"I saw. But you must remember he's sick. Now go."

"If he's sick, let him stay in bed—and have a wet nurse. Maybe you can be that."

The lids drooped halfway over her gray eyes, and the slim finger curled more tightly about the trigger. "Oh, I wish I could shoot you, Bert!" she said. She didn't whisper it, or hiss it, or hurl it, or do any of the things most people are supposed to do in moments of violent emotion. She simply said it and her meaning was all the clearer.

"But you can't. And I'll pound that sop of yours to a jelly every time I see him. I'd think, Snowbird, that you want a man."

She started up the trail; and then she said a strange thing. "He's more of a man than you are, right now, Bert," she told him. "He'll prove it some day." Then her arm went about Dan's neck and lifted his head upon her breast; and in Cranston's plain sight, she bent and kissed him, softly, on the lips.

Cranston's answer was an oath. It dripped from his lips, more poisonous, more malicious than the venom of a snake. His features seemed to tighten, the dark lips drew away from his teeth. No words could have made him such an effective answer as this little action of hers. And as he turned up the trail, he called down to her a name—that most dreadful epithet that foul tongues have always used to women held in greatest scorn.

Dan struggled in her arms. The kiss on his lips, the instant before, had not called him out of his half-consciousness. It had scarcely seemed real, rather just an incident in a blissful dream. But the word called down the trail shot out clear and vivid from the silence, just as a physician's face will often leap from the darkness after the anesthesia. Something infinitely warm and tender was holding him, pressing him back against a holy place that throbbed and gave him life and strength; but he knew that this word had to be answered. And only actions, not other words, could be its payment. All the voices of his body called to him to lie still, but the voices of the spirit, those higher, nobler promptings from which no man, to the glory of the breed from which he sprang, can ever quite escape, were stronger yet. He tugged upward, straining. But he didn't even have the strength to break the hold that the soft arm had about his neck.

"Oh, if I could only pull the trigger!" she was crying. "If I could only kill him—"

"Let me," he pleaded. "Give me the pistol. I'll kill him—"

And he would. There was no flinching in the gray eyes that looked up to her. She leaned forward, as if to put the weapon in his hands, but at once drew it back. And then a single whiff caught at her throat. An instant

later they heard Cranston's laughter as he vanished around the turn of the trail.

For long minutes the two of them were still. The girl still held the man's head upon her breast. The pistol had fallen in the pine needles, and her nervous hand plucked strangely at the leaves of a mountain flower. To Dan's eyes, there was something trance-like, a hint of paralysis and insensibility about her posture. He had never seen her eyes like this. The light that he had always beheld in them had vanished. Their utter darkness startled him.

He sat up straight, and her arm that had been about his neck felt at her side. He took her hand firmly in his, and their eyes met.

"We must go home, Snowbird," he told her simply. "I'm not so badly hurt but that I can make it."

She nodded; but otherwise scarcely seemed to hear. Her eyes still flowed with darkness. And then, before his own eyes, their dark pupils began to contract. The hand he held filled and throbbed with life, and the fingers closed around his. She leaned toward him.

"Listen, Dan," she said quickly. "You heard—didn't you—the last thing that he said?"

"I couldn't help but hear, Snowbird."

Her other hand sought for his. "Then if you heard—payment must be made. You see what I mean, Dan. Maybe you can't see, knowing the girls that live on the plains. You were the cause of his saying it, and you must answer—"

It seemed to Dan that some stern code of the hills, unwritten except in the hearts of their children, inexorable as night, was speaking through her lips. This was no personal thing. In



"I Guess You Saw What I Did to Him."

some dim, half-understood way, it went back to the basic code of life.

"People must fight their own fights, up here," she told him. "The laws of the courts that the plains people can appeal to are all too far away. There's no one that can do it, except you. Not my father. My father can't fight your battles here, if your honor is going to stand. It's up to you, Dan. You can't pretend that you didn't hear him. Such as you are, weak and sick to be beaten to a pulp in two minutes, you alone will have to make him answer for it. I came to your aid—and now you must come to mine."

Her fingers no longer clasped his. Strength had come back to him, and his fingers closed down until the blood went out of hers, but she was wholly unconscious of the pain. In reality, she was conscious of nothing except the glowing flame in his face. It held her eyes in passionate fascination. His pupils were contracting to little bright dots in the gray irises. The jaw was setting, as she had never seen it before.

"Do you think, Snowbird, that you'd even have to ask me?" he demanded. "Don't you think I understand? And it won't be in your defense—only my own duty."

"But he is so strong—and you are so weak—"

"I won't be so weak forever. I nev-

er really cared much about living before. I'll try now, and you'll see—oh, Snowbird, wait and trust me: I understand everything. It's my own fight—when you kissed me, and I cried down that word in anger and jealousy, it put the whole thing on me. No one else can make him answer; no one else has the right. It's my honor, no one else's, that stands or falls."

He lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it again and again.

And for the first time he saw the tears gathering in her dark eyes. "But you fought here, didn't you, Dan?" she asked with painful slowness. "You didn't put up your arms—or try to run away? I didn't come till he had you done, so I didn't see." She looked at him as if her whole joy of life hung on his answer.

"Fought! I would have fought till I died! But that isn't enough, Snowbird. It isn't enough just to fight, in a case like this. A man's got to win! I would have died if you hadn't come. And that's another debt that I have to pay—only that debt I owe to you."

She nodded slowly. The lives of the mountain men are not saved by their women without incurring obligation. She attempted no barren denials. She made no effort to pretend he had not incurred a tremendous debt when she had come with her pistol. It was an unavoidable fact. A life for a life is the code of the mountains.

"Two things I must do before I can ever dare to die," he told her soberly.

"One of them is to pay you; the other is to pay Cranston for the thing he said. Maybe the chance will never come for the first of the two; only I'll pray that it will. Maybe it would be kinder to you to pray that it wouldn't; yet I pray that it will! Maybe I can pay that debt only by being always ready, always watching for a chance to save you from any danger, always trying to protect you. You didn't come in time to see the fight I made. Besides—I lost, and little else matters. And that debt to you can't be paid until sometime I fight again—for you—and win." He gasped from his weakness, but went on bravely. "I'll never be able to feel at peace, Snowbird, until I'm tested in the fire before your eyes! I want to show you the things Cranston said of me are not true—that my courage will stand the test."

"It wouldn't be the same, perhaps, with an Eastern girl. Other things matter in the valleys. But I see how it is here; that there is only one standard for men and by that standard they rise or fall. Things in the mountains are down to the essentials."

He paused and struggled for strength to continue. "And I know what you said to him," he went on. "Half-unconscious as I was, I remember every word. Each word just seems to burn into me, Snowbird, and I'll make every one of them good. You said I am a better man than he, and sometime it would be proved—and it's the truth! Maybe in a month, maybe in a year, I'm not going to die from this malady of mine now, Snowbird. I've got too much to live for—too many debts to pay. In the end, I'll prove your words to him."

His eyes grew earnest, and the hard fire went out of them. "It's almost as if you were a queen, a real queen of some great kingdom," he told her, tremulous with a great awe that was stealing over him, as a mist steals over

WONDERS OF HUMAN BODY

More Complex and in Greater Harmony Than Any Manufacturing Plant Possible to Imagine.

We engineers are apt to forget that the human body is the most wonderful work of engineering in the world. As a plant it is more complex than the largest works in existence, John H. Van Deventer writes in *Industrial Management*. The digestive tract, the lymphatic system, the framework of bones, the innumerable muscle motors, the co-ordinating functions performed by the liver, kidneys and other internal organs. And to go a step further, take the sensory departments. How about the wonderful optical plant in which colored moving pictures are instantaneously taken and developed? How about the phonographic department where the sound vibrations are received, recorded and reproduced? And the sense of touch so delicate that the fingers can be trained to feel flat spots on a steel ball which are not apparent to the eye? Think of the thousands of functions performed simultaneously, the

water. "And because I had kissed your fingers, for ever and ever I was your subject, living only to fight your fights—maybe with a dream in the end to kiss your fingers again. When you bent and kissed me on that hillside—for him to see—it was the same: that I was sworn to you, and nothing mattered in my life except the service and love I could give you. And it's more than you ever dream, Snowbird. It's all yours, for your battles and your happiness."

The great pines were silent above them, shadowed and dark. Perhaps they were listening to an age-old story, those rows of service and self-gained worth by which the race has struggled upward from the darkness.

"But I kissed you—once before," she reminded him. The voice was just a whisper, hardly louder than the stir of the leaves in the wind.

"But that kiss didn't count," he told her. "It wasn't at all the same. I loved you then, I think, but it didn't mean what it did today."

"And what—" she leaned toward him, her eyes full on his, "does it mean now?"

"All that's worth while in life, all that matters when everything is said that can be said, and all is done that can be done. And it means, please God, when the debts are paid, that I may have such a kiss again."

"Not until then," she told him, whispering.

"Until then, I make oath that I won't even ask it, or receive it if you should give it. It goes too deep, dearest—and it means too much."

This was their pact. Not until the debts were paid and her word made good would those lips be his again. There was no need for further words. Both of them knew.

In the skies, the gray clouds were gathering swiftly, as always in the mountains. The raindrops were falling one and one, over the forest. The summer was done, and fall had come in earnest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Beggar" Not in Hebrew.

One of the proverbs of the old Jews was, "Whoever brings up a child without a trade brings him up to steal." However high a family was in social position, it was the habit of the Jews to teach every boy to know a trade, as he might see the day when he would be necessary for him to labor with his hands. It was sought to give every man the capacity to take care of himself, so that there should be no poor people in the land. So successfully was this policy carried out that it has been said that the word beggar does not exist in the Hebrew tongue. Hear that, Ireland! Hear that, Italy! And all this sprang, not from climate or condition, but from the application of the Mosaic economy to the education of the people.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Age of the World.

The reckoning of time among all nations reaches back to practically the same period. Chinese, Indians and Egyptians all assume that the earth was 80,000 years old before it could have assumed the state in which it is now. The oldest book of Chinese annals does not commence its historical record from an earlier time than that of the Trojan war. Neither do the Indians carry back their historical age more than 5,000 years. According to scriptural chronology, in that way of reckoning it, which appears the most probable to most historians, almost 3,000 years may be added to the Indians' computation.

Ancient History.

Ancient history begins with the first recorded history and extends to the fall of the Roman empire, 476 A. D., including all the historical events included in the Bible. The prehistoric period is the period about which nothing is known, either from the Bible or other sources. It has no limits, and scientists, historians and archaeologists give varying opinions as to its probable extent.

routine ones automatically and those requiring judgment being cared for at the same time through other channels. You will agree with me surely that the body contains the most elaborate organizations ever installed in any plant; that its component parts are examples of a finer kind of design than we will ever approximate and that the functions and their relations are co-ordinated more smoothly than we will ever be able to arrange human relations.

Now "Who's Who."

That serious biographical work with the semi-humorous title, "Who's Who," which has been published in England annually more than a score of years, is to have a companion volume, or compendium, entitled "Who Was Who, 1897-1916," which will contain the biographies, taken from "Who's Who" of people who have died during the twenty years covered by the volume.—The Outlook.

The British museum library has more than 14,000,000 recorded readers annually and is the largest reference library in the world.

BANKING HAS ITS ROMANCE

Quiet Spot in London Where Monetary Transactions of Immense Importance Are Ordinary.

Romance is hidden away in all kinds of old corners of the city of London, and some of it is to be found within half a minute's walk of the vortex of traffic outside the Mansion house, London Tit-Bits states.

Here, in a secluded building that few persons ever see, is the beating heart of one of the greatest romances in the world—the romance of banking.

In and out of this almost unknown building flows, minute by minute, the life stream of the trade and commerce of the land. Last year the almost incredible river of thirty-nine thousand million pounds passed in at one door and out by the other.

It is not the Bank of England that pulses with this current of fabulous wealth, but it is the London clearing house, that nestles in a corner of Post Office court, tucked away in the wedge of buildings between Lombard street and King William street, with an insurance building hiding it at one side and Lubbock's bank at the other.

Every time one of its doors, marked "Private-In" and "Private-Out," swings a fortune goes in or comes out—an average of £127,512,700 a day last year.

The river consists not of silver or gold, but of pieces of paper—"bills, checks and so on"—and it is carried by messengers from the banks. Each bank associated with the clearing house has its own desk in the building.

Year by year the river increases. In 1868 it topped three thousand millions. By 1908 it was over twelve thousand millions. In 1913 it rose to more than sixteen thousand millions. The second year of the war saw it down by a trifle of three thousand millions. Since then it has leaped up each year.

Now its volume is so great that the clearing house has to find more room, and the Standard Life Assurance company's offices, facing King William street, have been bought for £300,000. Part of the building has for some time been annexed to the clearing house. Now the whole is to be taken in.

Embarrassing Moment.

I was appointed sergeant of decoration for the school hall. I had a number of assistants, together with some forty-odd spectators who offered criticisms whenever there was an opportunity.

It was a few hours before the play, and I was hurriedly attending to "last-minute" preparations, perched on the top of the shaky ladder. I remember, distinctly, reaching out to untwist a flag, paying no heed to the "that-a-girl" and "go-to-its" of the onlookers, when the ladder gave way under me and I came crashing to the floor. Imagine, how I looked and felt sitting astride the flattened ladder, a hammer poised in one hand and the troublesome flag in the other.—Exchange.

Famous French Soldier.

Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac was a famous French military officer and explorer and the founder of Detroit. He was born about the year 1660 and died in 1730. His landing on the site of the present city of Detroit was made July 24, 1701. After founding the settlement, he remained there until 1711. He was later governor of Louisiana for five years, returning to France, where he died.

The Amateur's Score.

W. S. Gilbert once received a letter from an amateur composer suggesting that they should collaborate. "My score," wrote the amateur, "will be satisfactory, for, though educated as a chemist, I am a born composer." Gilbert wrote back regretting that he could not comply with the request. "I should have preferred," said he, "a born chemist who had been educated as a musician."

Senseless.

Molly—Miss Gray!
The Governess—Yes, dear.
Molly—The vicar said last Sunday that they play harps in heaven.
The Governess—Well, dear?
Molly—Then what is the sense of my learning to play the silly old piano?—London Mail.

A Shock.

Bridegroom (expectantly)—Now, my dear father-in-law, I wish to say just a word about my debts—

Father-in-law (slapping him on back)—Debts, my boy? Why, I'll warrant my debts exceed yours three to one.

They Have To.

Lionel—There's a woman who makes little things count.
Lucy—Who is she?
"She teaches arithmetic in an infants' school."—London Answers.

Applied Slang.

Quinn—The police seemed to know the man by his gait.
Gwynne—Why shouldn't they? He's a "fence."—London Answers.

Sure Relief



They'll Feel at Home.
"Great days for kids." "What now?"
"They say school plates will replace textbooks."

There would be fewer bachelors if they were not allowed to associate with married men.



LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
Cigarette
Flavor is sealed in by toasting

Accordion Pleating
of the Finest Workmanship
Hemstitching Embroidery Buttons Buttonholes
Price list upon application
Mail orders given prompt attention
Agents wanted in each community

We have the largest business of this kind outside of New York or Chicago

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201 Kiam Bldg., Houston, Texas

U. S. GOVERNMENT Says: You can ward off Malaria by taking the right kind of preventive. Oxidine will keep off chills and fever. It is a splendid tonic. It is good for biliousness, headaches and that run-down feeling. Take Oxidine all during the summer. Ask at any store.

The Behrens Drug Co., Waco, Texas

TAKE OXIDINE FOR CHILLS AND FEVER

WATCH THE BIG 4
Stomach-Kidney-Heart-Liver
Keep the vital organs healthy by regularly taking the world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL WARLEN OIL CAPSULES

The National Remedy of Holland for centuries and endorsed by Queen Wilhelmina. At all druggists, three sizes.
Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 33-1921.

Sport Duds for the Warm Days

A summer vacation without a sweater is but a poor substitute for pleasure in a woman's life these days, asserts a prominent fashion writer. She adopted the idea for strictly rough usage, but that was a long time ago. Now the sweater is almost as dressy as it is sporty—that is, if it is that kind of sweater. For there is no end of the variety of knitted jackets that are being offered for sale, knitted at home or by experts, or crocheted in fanciful stitches and patterns.

Really and seriously, however, the sweater is now indispensable for summer as well as for winter wear, and because the field of its operations has become so tremendously enlarged, there is reason to know about sweaters—what they are and whence they come. For, if a sweater is wisely judged, its purchase can be the beginning of a long and useful life. But a misstep often leads to stretching and fading or—worse fate—shrinking that may plunge the thing into a state of utter degradation, with its cost price evaporated into nothingness.

Only those vacationists who are seeking out the Far North are indulging in the thick and woolly varieties of sweater, and for them a great mental effort is necessary these torrid days to imagine any climate which would make thick wool obligatory. They are warned at every turn of the sporting goods store to watch their steps, and we can only hope that they will include in their compact baggage enough thicknesses to protect them from the icy blasts that are bound to confront them.

For those who are summering in milder climates everything has been done to make the cold days and cooler evenings a success. Sweaters are provided anywhere from a cobweb in thickness to those guaranteed to defy a sudden chilly blast. As one summer boarder put it: "Only when we wrap ourselves in sweaters and hear our teeth chatter while we read the heat headlines in the papers do we feel as though the rent of the summer cottage was not spent in vain."

Sweaters Are Light and Airy.
The sweaters for warmer days are as light and airy and thin as the summer breeze itself. It is astonishing how filmy wool can be. They are knitted with open stitches through which the breezes can find their way, and the shapes into which they have been fashioned are marvellously clever. Color is one of their real charms, for the general fashion feeling for brightness in summer things has seeped its way into the field of sweaters with great success. No more is it possible for a woman to send up the sad cry that brilliant colors are not becoming to her style of beauty. Every one is doing it, and there are ways and ways of achieving becoming combinations.

The all-white costumes are most effective, especially if they are relieved with some subtle touch of black. A white flannel skirt with a white open-weave slip-on sweater and a white drooping felt hat was worn at a country club recently. A touch of contrast had been achieved by tying a narrow black ribbon, picot edged, around the waist, leaving long bows and streamers falling at the left side. It was the coolest looking thing in sight, and at the same time it promised warmth if any coolness should by chance enter the atmosphere.

With the white skirts made of silk, silk knitted sweaters are exceedingly popular. The colors range all the way from the softest shades of baby blue and pink and lavender to the shouting hues of orange, red and purple. Orange seems to be the color that has found the greatest popular approval.

An Interesting Outfit

One woman who was starting out upon a cold northern trip had provided herself with an unusually interesting outfit. Her dress was knitted and of a rather subdued shade of orange. It was made in one piece and bound with silk braid along its edges. She had an angora hat of the same shade of orange. Its brim turned up all the way around and could be dragged down at one side to suit her own style. With this she carried a white wool sweater that was capable of keeping out every wintry breeze or anything approaching that degree of chilliness. It was a most happy combination of color, especially when the sweater was being worn, for the mass of white relieved the mass of orange in the proper proportion.

Really the smartest women who have appeared recently in summer clothes have been wearing the sleeveless coats—outgrowths of the sleeveless dresses. Or shall we say that the dress grew from the coat idea? It is a little difficult to draw just that line of distinction, and it scarcely matters, anyway. Suffice it to say that both

It is a real orange, too, without alleviating notes of pink or yellow in its dyeing. Against the pure whiteness of skirt and blouse this tone shows up stunningly. For maidens with dark locks and brunette complexions there is nothing more beautiful for summer outdoor wear.

Blondes should cleave to bright tones of green, for they look their startling best when enveloped in this aura. Now is their chance to display their beauty to its utmost, for bright colors are the thing not overly noticeable, for every one is doing it.

There are some sweater dresses in which the regular knitted coats or slippers are worn with knitted skirts and



Sleeveless Coat, Bound in White.

white blouses. These are very good looking and they are most becoming to a certain type of figure—that type which does not stretch the knitting unduly but allows it to drop in straight lines. Some sweater-costumes are knitted from light-weight wools and others are done in silk or artificial silk. Usually the silk ones are in pastel shades, combined with white, so that while they have a certain amount of warmth they give a more or less summery appearance, an effect much to be desired when the psychology of summer dressing is considered from its various angles.

The knitted dresses—those that slip on over the head and are made on the one-piece model—are more or less popular. Since they are quite heavy in appearance, they are most suitable for climes that are really cold and damp. For this purpose there is no dress more suitable, for they do not muss, they are not susceptible to wrinkles, and in every way they stand up to the hard wear and tear that a summer life outdoors entails. At the same time they are extremely becoming to most women.

styles are good, and that most women, especially those who can be called the "tailored type," are reveling in them this summer.

The sleeveless coat is becoming to some women, who do not really care for the sweater. It has a hardness of line that is often "interesting" where the soft outlines of the sweater would get in no telling work at all. And these coats are made from heavy flannels and from jerseys, being unlined and bound with white silk braid. They are in bright colors—all of those accepted tones of green and red and orange and so on.

Rosebuds.
Tight wreaths of pink rosebuds are being worn with the newer dance frocks. One sees them quite up to the shoulder. They are effective with gray, black, yellow, jade and some times with russet.

To make lace curtains appear stiff when hung, add two or three tablespoonfuls of flour to the starch

After Thorough Trial a Detroit, Mich., Man Endorses Pe-ru-na

The following letter written from Detroit, Michigan is no snap judgment expressed on the merits of Pe-ru-na, the well-known catarrh remedy, but rather a mature, sober opinion formed after a full year's trial.

This is the way Mr. Michael Fako of 908 East Palmer Avenue, in the Michigan Metropolitan, writes: "After using PE-RU-NA for about one year will say I have found it a very good medicine for catarrh. It has helped me a great deal and I am very well satisfied. I have gained in weight, eat and sleep well, my bowels are regular and better color in my face."



"PE-RU-NA has done wonders and to me is worth its weight in gold. I shall continue to use PE-RU-NA as long as I live and recommend to my friends who are troubled with catarrh." Nothing can be more convincing than an endorsement of this nature from an actual user. There are many people in every community whose experience, in using Pe-ru-na, has been identical with Mr. Fako's. It is the standby for coughs, colds, catarrh, stomach and bowel disorders and all catarrhal conditions. Put up in both tablet and liquid form. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS
WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
Not Only For Chills, Fever and Malaria BUT A FINE GENERAL TONIC

If not sold by your druggist, write Arthur Peter & Co., Louisville, Ky.

Y. W. C. A. in Constantinople.

In the presence of a large number of distinguished guests both in political and educational circles, a new service center was opened recently in Stamboul, the old city of Constantinople, by the Y. W. C. A. Speeches were made in both English and Turkish. The house and garden obtained for the center are both attractive and well adapted to their new use, as well as conveniently situated. Another meeting and recreation place which the Y. W. C. A. has provided for Constantinople girls is a spacious garden on the beautiful sea of Marmora. It has been rented from a wealthy pasha to serve as a summer camp.

FOR SUNBURN OR SORENESS
Apply Vacher-Balm; it relieves at once. If we have no agent where you live, write to E. W. Vacher, Inc., New Orleans, La.—Advertisement.

WAS THE NEIGHBOR'S CHICKEN

Incident That Was Embarrassing, Although It Also Had an Amusing Side to It.

Some years ago, while living in the suburbs, we kept a few chickens; our neighbors also had chickens. After the garden season was over we let them run, as did our neighbors. In this way I suppose they got more or less mixed.

One day I decided to have a chicken for dinner, and, not liking to kill it myself—my husband being away—I asked our neighbor if he would kill it for me. He kindly consented, so I brought out the particular fowl I had selected. He killed it, and I thanked him and proceeded to prepare it for dinner.

When dinner was over I went out to feed the chickens. What was my surprise to find among them the fowl I thought I had just eaten. It was my neighbor's chicken I had asked him to kill for me.

Of course, I lost no time in making apologies—and also insisted that they take ours instead, and they had a good laugh at my expense.

Nothing Small About Her.
Lady (in stationery store)—I would like to look at a globe, please.
Clerk—Do you want a small or large size?
Lady—What is the price of one in the natural size?

Apparently.
Knicker—What is truth?
Bocker—Something which should be heard, but not said.

A Celebrity Arrives.

"Great excitement in the local room."
"What's happened?"
"A beautiful woman has just shot a married man who wasn't married to her. The city editor has issued orders to get all her photographs available, from her babyhood to the one taken yesterday, and two men have been sent to arrange for exclusive publication of her diary. He has also called up a friend who is in the motion-picture business who is on the lookout for new stars."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Shave With Cuticura Soap
And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing. Advertisement.

POSSIBLY HER LAST CHANCE

At All Events, the Object of His Affections Perfectly Agreed With Her Fiance.

For several minutes the young man did not speak. His heart was too full. It was enough for him to know that this glorious creature loved him; that she had promised to share his fate.

With a new and delightful sense of ownership he feasted his eyes once more upon her beauty, and as he realized that henceforth it would be his privilege to provide for her welfare and happiness, he could have almost wept with joy.

His good fortune seemed incredible. Finally he whispered tenderly:
"How did it ever happen, darling, that such a bright, shining angel as yourself fell in love with a dull, stupid fellow like me?"
"Goodness knows," she murmured absently; "I must have a screw loose somewhere."

Much Newsprint Imported.
Of the newsprint paper used by American newspapers only one-third is made in the United States from wood grown in this country. The rest is either imported or made from imported wood or pulp. The United States has enormous forest resources in her northwest and in Alaska, if pulp mills were properly located to handle the raw material.

No Hope for Him.
He—Can you give me no hope?
She—None whatever; I'm going to marry you.—Boston Transcript.

No hot cooking
No trouble to serve

For breakfast or lunch, no food is quite so convenient or satisfying as

Grape-Nuts

Served from the package, with cream or milk—full of splendid body-building nutrition. Its flavor and crispness charm the taste—a splendid summer food.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts
Sold by grocers

