

THE SLATON SLATONITE

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

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS.

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Many Buildings Under Construction in Slaton; Many Others to Follow

During the past twelve months more than two hundred new buildings have been erected in Slaton. At present there are more than twenty under construction and we are informed by contractors and material men that a real building boom will soon begin in Slaton.

The time is at hand for building, as lumber is as much as 50 per cent off to what it was a year ago. However building has not ceased during the period of high priced materials.

It will not be very long until the city will let a contract for the sewer and water system. This will make many lots more desirable, as well as make Slaton a more desirable place in which to live.

Slaton people have confidence in their town and believe in its future. Few people here have sold their homes—on the other hand many are investing in Slaton property because they know that it will pay good returns on their money.

Labor costs in building are considerably lower, and workers are more efficient. They are giving more effort in behalf of their employers and that means greater production with reduced cost to the builder.

C. F. Anderson has let the contract for a modern brick 26 by 90 feet on the north side of the square. Materials are already being assembled and work will proceed at once.

Work has already been started on two modern bricks, each 25 by 90 feet, for W. E. Smart, next to the postoffice. They will be modern throughout.

E. N. Twaddle has just finished a one-story modern brick on Texas avenue. He contemplates building two more bricks 25 by 100 feet each on the same street.

W. E. Olive has bought a business lot next to the Pratt hotel, on which he proposes to erect a nice brick office building at an early date.

Work is nearing completion on the

large residence of J. K. Rogers, opposite R. J. Murray's residence.

S. S. Forrest has just completed a modern six-room residence just east of the public square.

Work is nearing completion on a modern residence for S. S. Forrest in South Slaton, consisting of four rooms and bath.

The finishing touches are being put on the large new and modern residences of Messrs. J. H. Teague, Sr. and J. H. Teague, Jr., two blocks west of the business section. Messrs. Teague, with their families, will occupy these new homes in a few days.

A large addition is being built to the home of N. J. Cherry in the west part of town.

Guy Reece, engineer for the Santa Fe, is having a modern 5-room house erected in East Slaton, which he will occupy as a home.

Mr. Pierce is having a 5-room residence erected in South Park Addition, near the residence of S. A. Abbott.

Mr. Hodge is erecting a 4-room residence in South Park Addition near the residence of W. A. Robertson.

Ed Hoffman is erecting a 3-room residence in South Slaton.

N. L. Tate is erecting a modern 6-room house in the south part of town.

C. A. Smith, Chiropractor, is having a thoroughly modern 7-room residence erected just west of the public square.

W. R. Graves is building a modern 5-room residence just south of the public school buildings.

H. W. Ragsdale is having a modern 5-room residence built in the block just north of B. M. Holland's home.

Guy Nix is having a modern 4-room residence erected in East Slaton.

A. E. Whitehead is building a four-room rent house in East Slaton.

Work is nearing completion on the modern cottage of Coke Oliver, which is located just southeast of the Harvey House.

Charles Marriott is building a modern concrete block house in East Sla-



Man, you'll just have to smile, if you don't laugh out loud, when you see our reduced prices on suits.

Some folks say the laugh's on us. Maybe it is, but we'll enjoy a good hearty one, even at our own expense, for Mr. Ree Duction says: "Prices on men's clothes must be reduced."

ROBERTSON'S

Announcing Opening of Millinery and Dressmaking Dep't in Kessel Building

NEW FALL MILLINERY ON DISPLAY. WILL CONTINUE MAKING COAT SUITS, SILK SHIRTS OR ANY KIND OF GARMENTS AT REASONABLE PRICES. YOU HAVE A CORDIAL INVITATION TO CALL AND INSPECT OUR LINE.

SANDERS & GALLIMORE

Ten Years Mean What?

YOUNG MAN, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE TO SHOW FOR YOUR WORK TEN YEARS FROM NOW? WILL YOU BE ABLE TO SEIZE AN INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY WHEN IT COMES? A REGULAR MONTHLY OR WEEKLY DEPOSIT OF A PART OF YOUR EARNINGS IN THIS BANK WILL MAKE A VERY GRATIFYING SHOWING IN A FEW YEARS. AND WHEN A LITTLE EXTRA MONEY MEANS SUCCESS YOU WILL HAVE IT.

Yes, Rather Tight Times

WE THINK WE HAVE HAD RATHER TIGHT TIMES THE PAST FEW MONTHS, AND WE HAVE. YET THIS HAS CAUSED PEOPLE TO THINK MORE, SAVE MORE AND SPEND LESS. THE CRISIS HAS PASSED. OUR CURRENCY IS SOUND, INVESTMENT IS HEALTHY AND THE FEVER OF SPECULATION HAS SUBSIDED. TAKE THAT CURRENCY OUT OF YOUR POCKET AND PUT IT IN THE BANK WHERE IT CAN HELP ALONG PROSPERITY.

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 W. M. FORD, Cashier
F. M. CULBERSON, Vice Pres. W. B. RUSSELL, Asst. Cashier

A BIT OF GOSSIP AT THE FILLING STATION.

Art Green says that motorists who come through Slaton en route to Amarillo have about the following conversation when they stop at Green's garage:

"If it's a Cadillac the driver says: 'How far is it to Amarillo?' 'One hundred and seventeen miles,' is the reply. 'Gimme twenty gallons of gas and a gallon of oil,' says the driver.

Then comes the Overland and the chauffeur says: 'How far is it to Amarillo?' 'One hundred and seventeen miles,' is the reply. 'Gimme ten gallons of gas and a half gallon of oil,' and he drives on.

Along comes a Chevrolet and the driver uncranks himself, gets out and stretches, and asks: 'How far is it to Amarillo?' 'One hundred and seventeen miles.' 'Is that all? Gimme two quarts of water and a bottle of 3 in 1, and hold the son-of-a-gun until I get in.'

W. B. Montague Called to El Paso on Account Death of Brother-in-law.

W. B. Montague was called to El Paso Wednesday on account of the death of his brother-in-law, C. Brahm, which occurred in that city Tuesday night at 11 o'clock. The remains of Mr. Brahm were shipped to Los Angeles, California, for burial and were accompanied by Mr. Montague. Mr. Brahm had been connected with the Southern Pacific Railroad for thirty-five years, and was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him.

New Insurance Firm.

Messrs. H. C. Jones and I. E. Madden have formed a partnership for the purpose of writing fire and life insurance, and have secured offices in the rear of the First State Bank. These gentlemen are both well and favorably known to the people of Slaton and we predict for them a splendid business. Your attention is directed to their announcement elsewhere in The Slatonite.

Church of Christ Revival.

Eld. J. S. Warlick of Dallas, will begin a series of revival meetings at the Church of Christ here on Tuesday, Aug. 11. The general public has a cordial invitation to be present at each service.

Mrs. H. A. Keys Died.

The account of Mrs. H. A. Keys' death in last week's paper contained several erroneous statements. Mr. and Mrs. Keys had come to Slaton from Stanley, N. M., for the benefit of the latter's health. Her remains were laid to rest at Lockney, her former home. Besides her husband she is survived by three sons and one

daughter, as follows: M. S. Key of Champaign, Ill., Harry Keys of Stanley, N. M., A. R. Keys of this city, and Mrs. E. L. Pratt of Lockney.

The Slatonite joins a host of friends in extending sincere sympathy to all upon whom bereavement has fallen.

See our 4-piece Library Suite at \$115.00, which is less than cost.—HOWERTON FURNITURE CO.

"DIDG--YUH?"

When you were all "balled up" and "broke" and "all in" you promised yourself if you ever got on your feet once more you'd start a bank account—

"Didg-Yuh?"

When you were "flush" and everything looked good to you, automobiles on the wheel and on paper; oil wells on the gush and on the pretty maps, and all that sort of thing, and then the "bubble busted"—and you promised yourself you'd put your money in the bank hereafter—

"Didg--Yuh?"

Saving money with which to buy the things you want comes easier and the money comes more surely by banking it systematically until you're ready to use it. You never heard of a better way to accumulate funds—

"Didg--Yuh?"

The Slaton State Bank

For Your Eyes

DR. McGUIRE

THE WELL KNOWN OPTICIAN OF BALLINGER, TEXAS, WILL BE AT PAUL OWENS' JEWELRY STORE TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2 AND 3. DR. McGUIRE MAKES ALL GLASSES FOR INDIVIDUAL CASES, AND GUARANTEES TO FIT YOU. CORRECT GLASSES RELIEVE HEADACHE, NERVOUSNESS AND FAILING SIGHT. MANY OF THE BACKWARD CHILDREN IN SCHOOL WOULD BE BENEFITTED BY DR. McGUIRE. HE WELCOMES THE MOST DIFFICULT CASES. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF DR. McGUIRE'S VISIT. HE CAN HELP YOU. HE COMES HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. REMEMBER THE DATES, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2 AND 3, AND SEE DR. McGUIRE FOR YOUR EYE TROUBLES. OFFICE AT PAUL OWENS' JEWELRY STORE.

You Get Advantage of the declines at the BLUE FRONT GROCERY

JUBILEE FLOUR, EXTRA HIGH PATENT; 48 LB. SACK \$2.30.

FRESH GROUND PEARL AND CREAM MEAL.

WE ARE ANXIOUS THAT YOU TRY OUR ROYAL BLEND COFFEE — "KING OF THE CUP."

BLUE FRONT GROCERY

TELEPHONE 94

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.

HOGVILLE

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

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

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

locate if anybody gets in ticking distance of it.

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

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

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

REPORTED SHERIFFS DRUNK AT AMARILLO CONVENTION

Dallas, July 21.—Reports of open drunkenness at the State convention of the Sherriffs at Amarillo, Thursday will be presented to the Governor for investigation, the Rev. Atticus Webb, superintendent of the Texas Anti-Saloon League, declared here today.

Webb said he would present the reports in person.

A telegram signed by a committee of Amarillo citizens, stating that intoxication existed at a barbecue of the sherriffs held near the city was received by the Anti-Saloon League officer today.

The telegram to Rev. Atticus Webb sent July 15, read:

"At Sherriff's convention barbecues near the city yesterday there was reported open drunkenness and we are sure it is so. The matter should be investigated by the Governor." (Signed H. W. Virgin, Pastor First Baptist Church; Henry F. Brooks, Pastor Polk Street Methodist Church, W. G. Fly, Barton-Fly Drug Company.)

Dr. Webb in a statement declared he would see the Governor Tuesday, at Austin in regard to the matter.

"I think this is a serious matter," Rev. Webb said.

"These men of our state are sworn to enforce the laws. If it is true that any of them were drunk, as stated in the telegram, or even if they were in possession of liquor, somebody was an open violator of the law, for our prohibition law makes it a felony to either possess or transport liquor.

"It goes without saying that those who violate the law will not be zealous in enforcing it. This enactment, if true is mighty good evidence that the Governor is right in wanting a bill for the removal of public officers who are derelict in their duties.

"I shall lay the matter before the Governor, for whatever action he may see fit."

COUNTY AGENT JENNINGS GIVES FORMULA FOR KILLING MELON APHIDS

The melon aphids that were so plentiful last season are beginning to put in an appearance again. As soon as a badly infected vine is found it should be pulled up and burned or buried. The remainder of the vines should be sprayed thoroughly with a solution of one teaspoonful of Black Leaf 40 to a gallon of water with a little laundry soap dissolved in it. These aphids are sucking insects, hence the poison must be applied to the bug by direct contact. They cannot be destroyed by poisoning the vines.

The One Who Knew.

It is stated that a Lubbock religious enthusiast started out recently to paint warnings on the fences. One place he painted, "What will you do when you die?" Soon came the representative of an Amarillo firm and as he was advertising his wares by painting signs along the highways, right under the words of the enthusiast he painted the words, "Use Delta Oil—Best for Burns."

NOTICE.

All those knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle their accounts as I need the money and am preparing to make a change in my business.

Note the following specials:
Half off on all Cut Glass.
\$275.00 Columbia Graphophone for only \$125.00.
Linoleum per yard 69c.

A. E. HOWERTON.

Baptist Church Announcements.

Sunday School at 10 a. m. Paul Owens, Supt.

No preaching on account of the Methodist meeting.

The pastor will preach both hours on the Fifth Sunday.

W. M. U. meets Tuesday, 3 p. m.

Prayer Meetings Wednesday evenings.

JNO. P. HARDESTY, Pastor.

Engineer E. M. Lott is reported to be very ill at his home in West Slaton.

Cool, delicious drinks at Teague's Confectionery.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING PAYS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING PAYS

EVERYBODY

Is Admiring the Values they are getting at

KESSEL'S

NEW GOODS ARE COMING IN DAILY. WE HAVE A SHIPMENT OF DRESS GOODS THAT WE ARE EXPECTING THIS WEEK. CALL AND INSPECT THEM.

KESSEL'S

Dry Goods, Shoes, Ready-to-wear, Notions

—THE PLACE WHERE YOUR DOLLAR DOES ITS DUTY—



Are You About to Build?

WE CARRY A HIGHLY SATISFACTORY LINE OF BUILDERS' HARDWARE. IT'S A MIGHTY GOOD STOCK, COMPLETE IN EVERY DETAIL. WE'RE PROUD OF IT. WE WANT YOU TO KNOW IT. IF YOU'RE DOING ANY BUILDING OR REPAIRING COME TO US FOR YOUR HARDWARE AND TOOLS.

HARDWARE THAT STANDS HARDWEAR

A. L. BRANNON

SLATON, TEX.

SLATON BATTERY & WELDING CO.

VULCANIZING CO.

CAPS' OLD HOTEL BUILDING

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

WHY AN OPTOMETRY LAW ?

FORTY-SEVEN STATES IN THIS COUNTRY HAVE PASSED LEGISLATION REGULATING THE SCIENTIFIC FITTING OF GLASSES (OPTOMETRY). TEXAS ALONE HAS NO SUCH RESTRICTION HENCE THE OUTCASTS FROM THE REGULATED STATES ARE FLOCKING HERE AND DEFRAUDING OUR PEOPLE AND OFTEN SELLING THEM GLASSES THAT STRAIN THE EYES INSTEAD OF MAKING THEM COMFORTABLE. EVERY CITIZEN SHOULD SEE HIS LEGISLATORS AND REQUEST THEM TO FAVOR SUCH REGULATION IN TEXAS.

—PUBLISHED BY—

Panhandle Optometric Ass'n

For The Cozy Home

Life in the home revolves about the living room. It is the meeting place and resting place of the family. It is the heart of the home. For furniture in keeping with this duty of the living room we have chosen carefully from the best work of the best manufacturers. Call and see our Furniture for Comfort.

Howerton's

FURNITURE-HARDWARE-UNDERTAKING

Public Auction Boernes's Duroc Farm LUBBOCK, TEXAS

ANNOUNCES THEIR SUMMER BRED SOW AND GILT SALE. WILL SELL 25 BRED SOWS AND GILTS, ALSO SOME SERVICE BOARS AND SPRING PIGS.

On August 8, 1921

SALE WILL BE HELD AT THE FARM ONE MILE WEST OF LUBBOCK. LUNCH AT 1 O'CLOCK; SALE STARTS AT 2 O'CLOCK.

PATHFINDERS, IN DUROCS MEANS QUALITY. THEY WILL BE BRED TO OR SIBED BY THE BEST PATHFINDER BOARS.

TERMS: CASH IF YOU HAVE IT. IF NOT WE WILL TAKE YOUR NOTE.

MARKET YOUR GRAIN IN PIG SKIN PACKAGES.

Prices Specially Reduced

THE DROP IN HARDWARE AND FURNITURE DID NOT FIND US WITH A LOT OF HIGH PRICED GOODS ON HAND. WE PREPARED FOR IT BY KEEPING ONLY SUCH STOCK TO SUPPLY THE DEMANDS FROM DAY TO DAY. AS A RESULT OF THIS LOOKING AHEAD POLICY WE ARE NOW ABLE TO SELL YOU THE VERY BEST AT THE NEW AND LOW SCHEDULE OF PRICES. IT IS A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS.

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.

Labor Saving Equipment

We have just installed a set of Milling Tools for truing up flat or battered crank shafts. We also have a large Acetylene Welding Outfit of the most approved type and will take care of your work in either line promptly, make the price right and give you only first class work. General auto repairing, tires, tubes, gas, oils.

Slaton Auto Shop

The Shop That Appreciates Your Trade. SLATON, TEXAS

Announcement

I HAVE BOUGHT THE INTEREST OF MESSRS. J. L. AND J. S. HARVEY IN THE GROCERY BUSINESS OF LANHAM & HARVEY, AND WILL CONTINUE AT THE SAME LOCATION, GIVING THE SAME GOOD SERVICE, HIGH CLASS GROCERIES, AND LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

I EARNESTLY SOLICIT A CONTINUANCE OF THE VALUED PATRONAGE OF OUR MANY FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS. IF YOU ARE NOT A CUSTOMER NOW I WANT TO GIVE ME A TRIAL—THEN I FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT I HOLD YOUR BUSINESS, IF PROMPT SERVICE, GOOD GROCERIES AND LOW PRICES WILL DO IT.

J. S. LANHAM

TELEPHONE NO. 5 SLATON, TEXAS

We Sell **SKINNERS** 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

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN
(Copyrighted by W. T. Foster.)

Washington, Aug. 3.—The drouth that has struck eastern Canada, particularly Quebec, Labrador and some spots east of the great lakes in America, is the same drouth that has ruined parts of northwestern Europe, including Great Britain and parts of France and Russia. I was not sure the drouth would reach eastern parts of this continent and therefore did not include the latter in my drouth forecasts, but the drouth for western Europe was well advertised. I expect August to be the most disastrous month of that great drouth and that the drouth will end during the week centering on Oct. 1. The strange thing about these drouths is that the same planetary forces that cause the drouths on land also cause the evaporations of sea water that waters the land where the drouth does not exist. The north Atlantic high barometer has great influence in carrying that moisture—this season—but, strange fact, the Moon causes that great, so-called high to shift north and south in an apparent irregular way. This last great discovery was made by an eminent French astronomer. A lack of means has prevented the complete working out of this drouth knowledge.

Following some lower than usual temperatures a storm center will push a great high temperature wave southward and it will cover Alaska, northern Rockies, northern Pacific slope and northern plains section. Generally warmer weather always precedes the eastward movement of these storm centers and this one, as it moves southeastward, will cross meridian 90 near Aug. 14 and will reach Atlantic coast near 17. Temperatures of this storm period will average near normal but, for lack of severe storms, rainfall will be deficient. Mexico, west of Rockies, seems to be most favored. First half of September promises severe storms and an increase of rains which, in a large part of this continent, will be favorable to sowing Winter grain. At least two-thirds of the Winter wheat lands of North America will produce good Winter grain crops for 1922. But a considerable portion must fail on account of dry weather the coming Fall or during next year's crop season. I cannot give full details for every locality through these bulletins. I can say, however, that the demand will be unusually great because of failures in other countries.

Foster's aphorisms: Guessing at cropweather causes greater financial losses than wars. The Moon makes and locates our tides; why should it not also our temperatures, rains, and drouths? If the Moon, through its electro-magnetism, effects our tides and weather why should not the planets have similar effects? Great astronomers say that Venus affects our tides by affecting the Moon's motion; why should Jupiter and other planets not have similar effects? Jupiter is 1400 times larger and Venus a little smaller than the Earth.

In the great grain crops of 1922 some farmers will find fat pocket-books. Whoever holds the agricultural lands will rule the government of this continent. Go slow in swapping your farm for one in some other section or country. In all sections of this country crops of the next twenty-five years will average about the same as for the past twenty-five years. For 1922 cropweather the moisture will come from east of Cuba. South America will get a drouth during our Summer and their Winter of 1922. North Africa will get a drouth during early part of its 1922 cropseason.

A CAN OF GOLD.

You will never get to the front by following the crowd. You have a tendency to wait and see what the other fellow is going to do. Then you are a follower. You will never be a leader as long as you do this. You will not be much of a success. Success requires ACTION.

If you knew where you could go and dig up a can of gold, wouldn't you grab a spade? You can get something equal to it at the Tyler Commercial College—a Cash-Producing Education. It is as essential as gold. It will equip you to draw a good salary as soon as you graduate, with chance for advancement. A business training is a life-time insurance policy against poverty. Its value cannot be overstated.

Remember, it takes ACTION. Look ahead! The field of business is wide open for you if you are prepared to grasp the opportunities. A thorough course of Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Cotton Classing, telegraphy or Business Administration and Finance will start you on the high road to success. Fill in and mail coupon for large free catalogue with full information about what we have done for thousands of others and can do for you.

Name _____
Address _____
Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

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.

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

There is Joy and Comfort in Keeping the old home Place "Spick and Span"

KEEP UP A GOOD FRONT. YOU CAN DO THIS IF YOU WILL KEEP YOUR PLACE REPAIRED AND WELL PAINTED AT ALL TIMES. WE HAVE THE MATERIALS AND YOU WILL BE SURPRISED AT HOW LITTLE THEY COST.

Forrest Lumber Co.

TELEPHONE 156

SLATON, TEXAS

Tanks! Tanks! Tanks!

ANY SIZE OR SHAPE

WE SPECIALIZE IN TANK WORK, ALSO FLUES, FLUE TOPS AND MILK TROUGHS.

E. E. WOFFORD & CO.

IF IT'S METAL WE CAN MAKE IT LUBBOCK, 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

The Place That Broke the Backbone of High Prices!

Can You Recall the Drop in Prices When We Began?



American Beauty Flour

\$2.40

Per 48-Pound Sack

OLD RELIABLE CITY MARKET

WILLIAMS & SELMON, Proprietors

SLATON, TEXAS

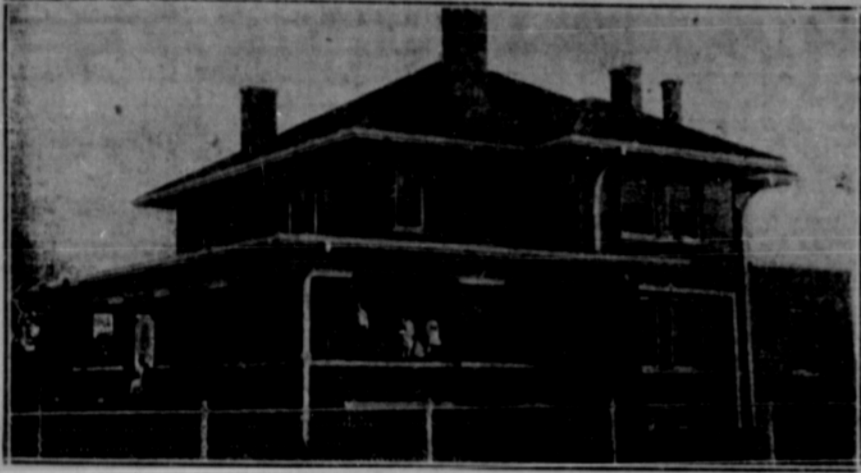
WE ARE HERE TO COMPETE WITH COMPETITORS ON PRICES. IT DON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE WHO THEY ARE, IT'S A MATTER OF YOUR CHOICE AS TO WHO YOU PATRONIZE. WE BUY FIRST CLASS CATTLE AT THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE. WE HANDLE CURED MEATS

Slaton Meat Market

J. C. MASON, Proprietor

IN SIMMONS' GROCERY

TELEPHONE 124



Home of Gus Robertson, six miles east of Slaton.

This home was built by the late Col. A. B. Robertson and is constructed of brick, and is as completely furnished with modern conveniences as a city home, and was erected at a cost of \$20,000.00. It is ideally situated on a picturesque mesa that commands a view of the Robertson fields and pastures. Surrounding this home is a magnificent barn and other farm improvements, an orchard, and several hundred acres of fields that have produced splendid crops for several years. The pastures are stocked with high grade Hereford cattle.



Maize on Clem Kitten's Farm, three miles west of Slaton.



Orchard of Apple, Peach, and Plum Trees and of Grape Vines on the J. H. Standefer farm, 7 miles west Slaton.



Harvesting Wheat 9 Miles north of Slaton. 100-acre field threshed out thirty bushels per acre.

BOOST YOUR HOME TOWN.

To find fault with your home town is next kin to finding fault with your own family. Fault finding in the home leads to divorce, dissolution of family ties and destruction of the home. It is indiscreet to continually criticize the people or business enterprises of your home town, for you're undermining the structure of your own building. The church, school, office, store and shop are located here. The business man, professional man and tradesman are at your service. The paving, sidewalks, lights and water system, picture show and other organizations contribute to your welfare, comfort and pleasure. Is not this sufficient inducement for your hearty co-operation?—Clarks (Neb.) Enterprise.

Dog Scents Booze.

Temple, July 27.—John Sanders is some hunter. While out rabbit hunting with his dog, the latter chased a rabbit into a hollow log. John captured the rabbit, and also—two whole quarts of booze. John being a dutiful son, went to summon his male parent. But—when they returned the hooch was gone. John has received some most inviting offers for his dog.

SLATON I. O. O. F. LODGE NO. 861
Meets at Shopbell Hall every Tuesday night. Visiting Odd Fellows are cordially invited to be present.
S. H. BAIN, N. G.
R. O. BAILEY, Secretary.

THEY PAID UP.

A story is told of a Texas newspaper man who wanted to publish something sensational, and after thinking over several things, decided to print the following:

"There is a certain business man in this town who is mighty bold of late, and if he does not quit kissing and making love to his stenographer we are going to publish the whole affair next week so that the public may know who he is."

When the paper came out thirteen business men came in and paid their subscriptions. Five of them paid four years in advance and he got \$165 worth of job printing from the rest. Each of them requested him not to publish the rumor in next week's paper as there was not a word of truth in it.

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.

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

—Chautauqua This Afternoon—

Don't stick with the prunes



MY DAD'S favorite yarn.
WAS THE one about.
THE OLD storekeeper.
WHO WAS playing checkers.
IN THE back of the store.
AMONG THE coal oil.
AND THE prunes.
WHEN THE sheriff.
WHO HAD just jumped his king.
SAID "SI there's a customer.
WAITIN' OUT front."
AND SI said "Sh-b-h!
IF YOU'LL keep quiet.
MEBEE HE'LL go away."
NOW HERE'S the big idea.
WHEN A good thing.
HAPPENS ALONG.
DON'T LEAVE it to George.
TO GRAB the gravy.
FRINSTANCE IF.

YOU HEAR of a smoke.
OR READ about a smoke.
THAT REALLY does more.
THAN PLEASE the taste.
THERE ARE no hooks on you.
THERE'S NO law against.
YOUR STEPPING up.
WITH THE other live ones.
AND SAYING right out.
IN A loud, clear voice.
"GIMME A pack of.
THOSE CIGARETTES.
THAT SATISFY."

YOU'LL say you never tasted such flavor, such mild but full-bodied tobacco goodness. You're right, too, because they don't make other cigarettes like Chesterfields. The Chesterfield blend can't be copied.

Have you seen the new AIR-TIGHT tins of 50?



LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

OIL WELL WAGER GETS 29 MEN IN KANSAS JAIL

FORT SCOTT, Kan., July 30.—Twenty nine men have been arrested in Mound City, Kan., charged with gambling in connection with making bets on the probable production of a new oil well, it became known today. Seven pleaded guilty were fined \$100 and sentenced to thirty days in jail, the jail sentences being suspended. The others are under orders to appear before Judge E. C. Gates at Mound City next Monday. All of the men are said to be promoting in the neighborhood of Parker.

According to accounts received here

Edward Erickson and P. S. Hillboe of Minneapolis offered to wager that an oil well about to be brought in near Parker would not yield twenty-five barrels the first day and four the second. Twenty seven Parker men planned a pool to cover the bet in the hands of J. H. Lemen, cashier of the Farmers State Bank at Linn City.

The well was held by referees to have produced the amount stipulated in the wager and the stakeholder paid over the money to the Parker residents. The Minneapolis men said to protested, declaring that water was mixed with the oil. Later the brought suit against Lemen to recover the \$10,000.

When trial of the suit began several days ago Judge Gies directed that John O. Morse, attorney for Linn Co. sit in the courtroom and hear the evidence. Filing of the gambling charges followed.

Chautauqua Season Tickets.

Chautauqua season tickets are good for six entertainments, or, if you prefer you can use the ticket for six single admissions to any one entertainment. If you have not secured a ticket see the ladies at once.

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

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

On the Job All the Time

AFTER YOUR BUSINESS AND ANXIOUS TO SHOW YOU WHAT A NICE LINE OF GENTS' FURNISHINGS WE CARRY AT ALL TIMES, AND TO SHOW YOU HOW WELL WE HANDLE CLOTHES ENTRUSTED TO OUR CARE. THE DAINTIEST FABRICS LEAVE OUR SHOP IN AS GOOD CONDITION AS WHEN THEY CAME. YOUR BUSINESS IS APPRECIATED.



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.

The VOICE OF THE PACK

By EDISON MARSHALL



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WHISPEEFOOT.

Synopsis.—Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Dan Failing sits despondently on a park bench, wondering where he should spend those six months. Memories of his grandfather and a deep love for all things of the wild help him in reaching a decision. In a large southern Oregon city he meets people who had known and loved his grandfather, a famous frontiersman. He makes his home with Silas Lennox, a typical westerner. The only other members of the household are Lennox's son, "Bill," and daughter, "Snowbird." Their abode is in the Umpqua divide, and there Failing plans to live out the short span of life which he has been told is his. From the first Failing's health shows a marked improvement, and in the companionship of Lennox and his son and daughter he fits into the woods life as if he had been born to it. By quick thinking and a remarkable display of "nerve" he saves Lennox's life and his own when they are attacked by a mad coyote. Lennox declares he is a reincarnation of his grandfather, Dan Failing I, whose fame as a woodsman is a household word. Dan learns that an organized band of outlaws, of which Bert Cranston is the leader, is setting forest fires. Landry Hildreth, a former member of the gang, has been induced to turn state's evidence. Cranston shoots Hildreth and leaves him for dead.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

For when all things are said and done, there were few bigger cowards in the whole wilderness world than Whisperfoot. A good many people think that Graycoat the coyote could take lessons from him in this respect. But others, knowing how a hunter is brought in occasionally with almost all human resemblance gone from him because a cougar charged in his death agony, think this is unfair to the larger animal. And it is true that a full-grown cougar will sometimes attack horned cattle, something that no American animal cares to do unless he wants a good fight on his paws and of which the very thought would throw Graycoat into a spasm; and there have been even stranger stories, if one could quite believe them. A certain measure of respect must be extended to any animal that will hunt the great bull elk, for to miss the stroke and get caught beneath the churning, lashing, slashing, razor-edged front hoofs is simply death, painful and without delay. But the difficulty lies in the fact that these things are not done in the ordinary, rational blood of hunting. What an animal does in its death agony, or to protect its young, what great game it follows in the starving times of winter, can be put to neither its debit nor its credit. A coyote will charge when mad. A raccoon will put up a wicked fight when cornered. A hen will peck at the hand that robs her nest. When hunting was fairly good, Whisperfoot avoided the elk and steer almost as punctiliously as he avoided men, which is saying very much indeed; and any kind of terror could usually drive him straight up a tree.

But he did like to pretend to be very great and terrible among the smaller forest creatures. And he was fear itself to the deer. A human hunter who would kill two deer a week for fifty-two weeks would be called a much uglier name than poacher; but yet this had been Whisperfoot's record, on and off, ever since his second year. Many a great buck wore the scar of the full stroke—after which Whisperfoot had lost his hold. Many a fawn had crouched panting with terror in the thickets at just a tawny light on the gnarled limb of a pine. Many a doe would crouch great-eyed and terrified at just his strange, pungent smell on the wind.

He yawned again, and his fangs looked white and abnormally large in the moonlight. His great, green eyes were still clouded and languorous from sleep. Then he began to steal up the ridge toward his hunting grounds. It was a curious thing that he walked straight in the face of the soft wind that came down from the snow fields, and yet there wasn't a weathercock to be seen anywhere. And neither had the chipmunk seen him wet a paw and hold it up, after the approved fashion of holding up a sn-

ger. He had a better way of knowing—a chill at the end of his whiskers. The little, breathless night sounds in the brush around him seemed to madden him. They made a song to him, a strange, wild melody that even such frontiersmen as Dan and Lennox could not experience. A thousand smells brushed down to him on the wind, more potent than any wine or lust. He began to tremble all over with rapture and excitement. But unlike Cranston's trembling, no wilderness ear was keen enough to hear the leaves rustling beneath him.

CHAPTER II.

Shortly after nine o'clock, Whisperfoot encountered his first herd of deer. But they caught his scent and scattered before he could get up to them. He met Woolf, grunting through the underbrush, and he punctiliously, but with wretched spirit, left the trail. A fight with Woolf the bear was one of the most unpleasant experiences that could be imagined. He had a pair of strong arms of which one embrace of a cougar's body meant death in one long shriek of pain. Of course they didn't fight often. They had entirely opposite interests. The bear was a berry-eater and a honey-grubber, and the cougar cared too much for his own life and beauty to tackle Woolf in a hunting way.

A fawn leaped from the thicket in front of him, startled by his sound in the thicket. The truth was, Whisperfoot had made a wholly unjustified misstep on a dry twig, just at the



A Full Twenty Yards Farther.

crucial moment. Perhaps it was the fault of Woolf, whose presence had driven Whisperfoot from the trail, and perhaps because old age and stiffness was coming upon him. But neither of these facts appeased his anger. He could scarcely suppress a snarl of fury and disappointment.

He continued along the ridge, still stealing, still alert, but his anger increasing with every moment. The fact that he had to leave the trail again to permit still another animal to pass, and a particularly insignificant one too, didn't make him feel any better. This animal had a number of curious stripes along his back, and usually did nothing more desperate than steal eggs and eat bird fledglings. Whisperfoot could have crushed him with one bite, but this was one thing that the great cat, as long as he lived, would never try to do. He got out of the way politely when Stripe-back was still a quarter of a mile away; which was quite a compliment to the little animal's ability to introduce himself. Stripe-back was familiarly known as a skunk.

Shortly after ten, the mountain lion had a remarkably fine chance at a buck. The direction of the wind, the trees, the thickets and the light were all in his favor. It was old Blacktail, wallowing in the salt lick; and Whis-

perfoot's heart bounded when he detected him. No human hunter could have laid his plans with greater care. He had to cut up the side of the ridge, mindful of the wind. Then there was a long dense thicket in which he might approach within fifty feet of the lick, still with the wind in his face. Just beside the lick was another deep thicket, from which he could make his leap.

His body lowered. The tall lashed back and forth, and now it had begun to have a slight vertical motion that frontiersmen have learned to watch for. He placed every paw with consummate grace, and few sets of human nerves have sufficient control over leg muscles to move with such astonishing patience. He scarcely seemed to move at all.

But when scarcely ten feet remained to stalk, a sudden sound pricked through the darkness. It came from afar, but it was no less terrible. It was really two sounds, so close together that they sounded as one. Neither Blacktail nor Whisperfoot had any delusions about them. They recognized them at once, in strange ways under the skin that no man may describe, as the far-off reports of a rifle. Just today Blacktail had seen his doe fall bleeding when this same sound, only louder, spoke from a covert from which Bert Cranston had poached her—and he left the lick in one bound.

Terrified though he was by the rifle shot, still Whisperfoot sprang. But the distance was too far. His outstretched paw hummed down four feet behind Blacktail's flank. Then forgetting everything but his anger and disappointment, the great cougar opened his mouth and howled.

The long night was almost done when he got sight of further game. Once a flock of grouse exploded with a roar of wings from a thicket; but they had been wakened by the first whisper of dawn in the wind, and he really had no chance at them. Soon after this, the moon-set.

The larger creatures of the forest are almost as helpless in absolute darkness as human beings. It is very well to talk of seeing in the dark, but from the nature of things, even vertical pupils may only respond to light. No owl or bat can see in absolute darkness. It became increasingly likely that Whisperfoot would have to retire to his lair without any meal whatever.

But still he remained, hoping against hope. After a futile fifteen minutes of watching a trail, he heard a doe feeding on a hillside. Its footfall was not so heavy as the sturdy tramp of a buck, and besides, the bucks would be higher on the ridges this time of morning. He began a cautious advance toward it.

For the first fifty yards the hunt was in his favor. He came up wind, and the brush made a perfect cover. But the doe unfortunately was standing a full twenty yards farther, in an open glade. Under ordinary circumstances, Whisperfoot would not have made an attack. A cougar can run swiftly, but a deer is light itself. The big cat would have preferred to linger, a motionless thing in the thickets, hoping some other member of the deer herd to which the doe must have belonged would come into his ambush. But the hunt was late, and Whisperfoot was very, very angry. Too many times this night he had missed his kill. In desperation, he leaped from the thicket and charged the deer.

In spite of the preponderant odds against him, the charge was almost a success. He went fully half the distance between them before the deer perceived him. Then she leaped. There seemed to be no interlude of time between the instant that she beheld the dim, tawny figure in the air; and that in which her long legs pushed out in a spring. But she didn't leap straight ahead. She knew enough of the cougars to know that the great cat would certainly aim for her head and neck in the same way that a duck-hunter leads a fast-flying duck—hop-

ing to intercept her leap. Even as her feet left the ground she seemed to whirl in the air, and the deadly talons whipped down in vain. Then, cutting back in front, she raced down wind.

It is usually the most unmitigated folly for a cougar to chase a deer against which he has missed his stroke; and it is also quite fatal to his dignity. And whoever doubts for a minute that the larger creatures have no dignity, and that it is not very dear to them, simply knows nothing about the ways of animals. They cling to it to the death. But tonight one disappointment after another had crumbled, as the rains crumble leaves, the last vestige of Whisperfoot's self-control. Snarling in fury, he bounded after the doe.

She was lost to sight at once in the darkness, but for fully thirty yards he raced in her pursuit. If he had stopped to think, it would have been one of the really great surprises of his life to hear the sudden, unmistakable stir and movement of a large, living creature not fifteen feet distant in the thicket.

He didn't stop to think at all. He didn't puzzle on the extreme unlikelihood of a doe halting in her flight from a cougar. It is doubtful whether, in the thickets, he had any perceptions of the creature other than its movements. He was running down wind, so it is certain that he didn't smell it. If he saw it at all, it was just as a shadow, sufficiently large to be that of a deer. It was moving, crawling as Woolf the bear sometimes crawled, seemingly to get out of his path. And Whisperfoot leaped straight at it.

It was a perfect shot. He landed high on its shoulders. His head lashed down, and the white teeth closed. All the long life of his race he had known that pungent essence that flowed forth. His senses perceived it, a message shot along his nerves to his brain. And then he opened his mouth in a high, far-carrying squeal of utter, abject terror.

He sprang a full fifteen feet back into the thickets; then crouched. The hair stood still at his shoulders, his claws were bared; he was prepared to fight to the death. He didn't understand. He only knew the worst single terror of his life. It was not a doe that he had attacked in the darkness. It was not Urson the porcupine, or even Woolf. It was that imperial master of all things, man himself. Unknowing, he had attacked Landy Hildreth, lying wounded from Cranston's bullet beside the trail. Word of the arson ring would never reach the settlements, after all.

Setting a forest fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

They Are Hard to Get.

Nearly all of our United States moths and butterflies are easily captured, but not so with many of the tropical ones of the latter-named group, says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington. The South American species of *Morpho* are magnificent insects. The great long-winged orange species are fully nine inches in expanse and have a lofty, sailing flight, while some of the species with broader and shorter wings, such as the black-bordered *M. menelaus*, have a lower, but very rapid flight through the forest, and settle occasionally. The high-flying species very rarely come within reach.

Shared Fame With Friend.

It is said that virtually all the plays to which the names of Beaumont and Fletcher are attached were written by Fletcher alone. Beaumont was a friend of Fletcher's and lived with him, they had a kind of David and Jonathan affection for each other, and Beaumont's name is said to have gone on the plays more for sentimental reasons than for any other.

PERSIA LAND OF CULTURE

Has Been a Favored Region From the Very Earliest Age—Capital Beautiful in Ruin.

Persia ranks among the foremost of ancient nations that have exercised the greatest influence on the fates of Europe. It has been a region of culture from the earliest age, where traces of the pure religion of Zerdusht which he brought among the nations from Mount Alborz, may still be recognized.

The people who inhabit the southern side of the great ridge of hills have always displayed greater inventive power and greater constancy in preserving their institutions than the tribes who dwell to the northward. The former they owe to the ease and leisure afforded them by a most propitious climate and by their settled habits, not being prompted by a restless spirit to a migratory life.

The remains of the ancient Persian capital, Persepolis, as well as the Egyptian, Thebes, and the ruins on the higher peninsula of India, bear the expression of majestic grandeur and of

a desire to hand down to futurity eternal feelings of certain great truths or remarkable events. These elevated feelings are not due to climate, historians claim, pointing to the same countries today where, instead of simplicity and grandeur, a fondness for singularity and false refinement is now displayed.—Detroit News.

Made Signally Conspicuous.

I took my mother and small sister to a motion picture theater. As it was impossible to find seats together, I left them, and found a seat near the center of the theater. About the middle of the performance I heard some one calling me. It was sister. She had succeeded in escaping from mother, and was looking for me. Not being successful, she walked up near the orchestra and began to call me and did not stop until I got up and went to her. Every one was smiling broadly as I escorted her up the aisle. We didn't see the rest of the picture.—Chicago Tribune.

An Impossible Fashion.

"Skirts will no longer be tight." "The prohibitionists wish they could see the same of the Mrs."

FARMER'S WIFE NEARLY STARVED

Mrs. Peterson Says She Was Afraid to Eat on Account of Trouble That Followed.

"I weighed just a hundred and three pounds when I began taking Tanlac, but now I weigh a hundred and twenty-two pounds," declared Mrs. Amy Peterson, the wife of a prosperous farmer of Lakeville, Mass., a suburb of New Bedford.

"I had acute indigestion," she said, "and no one knows how I suffered. I had cramping pains in my stomach that were almost unbearable, and I suffered no end of distress from gas and bloating. Why, I was actually starving to keep from being in such awful misery, and I lost thirteen pounds in weight. Sometimes I wonder how I lived through it all, and I just thought there was no hope for me. I was restless night and day and was easily irritated, and some nights I slept so little it didn't seem that I had been to bed at all.

"But now I feel as strong and well as if I had never been sick a day in my life, and I just know Tanlac is the best medicine in the world. I haven't a touch of indigestion now, and every time I sit down to the table I can't help but feel thankful to Tanlac. I have a wonderful appetite and have gained back all my lost weight and six pounds besides. I am simply overjoyed to be feeling so well, and I just praise Tanlac everywhere I go."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

Only Passing Injury.

A bricklayer was working on a scaffold. Suddenly a brick slipped from his hand. Down through the air it whizzed, to alight mercilessly on the head of his mate, who was working below.

The unfortunate man started dancing about and groaning in agony.

The bricklayer stared down at him, with something like contempt in his eyes.

"Come, come!" he called down at last. "It can't have hurt as much as that, man! Why, it wasn't on your head half a second!"—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp

On retiring nightly rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your everyday toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.

The House of Lights.

"The vast hall was a blaze of dazzling light. From the center of the ceiling, almost touching the heads of the guests, hung a magnificent chandelier, fashioned like a huge rose, boasting a hundred gleaming electric bulbs which cast a wondrous radiance over the great assembly. Every niche in the ornate walls had a gleaming bulb and every alcove was a miniature of light! It was magnificent!"

At this point the struggling author dropped his pen and called out to his wife: "Rosie, for goodness' sake bring me another candle!"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Saved With Dynamite.

A thrilling story comes out of northern Ontario. The women of an Indian encampment were attacked by timber wolves while the men were absent trapping. With the few rifles left in the camp the women defended themselves until the ammunition gave out and their situation became perilous. An Indian boy thought of some sticks of dynamite for use in lakes when fishing was bad. A bundle of them with caps and fuses was thrown among the wolves and the explosion killed 36 wolves and frightened off the remainder.

IF YOUR CORNS PAIN YOU

Apply Vacher-Balm, it relieves at once. Keep it handy for any other pain. Buy it locally. E. W. Vacher, Inc., New Orleans.

Suitable Covering.

"What shall I wear to the party tonight?" asked Mrs. Glipping.

"Have you a dress in the house?" said Mr. Glipping.

"Of course I have a dress in the house."

"Well, I wish you'd put it on. I haven't seen you wear a dress to a social function in so long I'd like to see how you look."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

STORIES *from Here and There*

New Names for Old in Indiana Dunes



GARY, IND.—When A. F. Knotts of Gary betakes himself into that sandy region athwart Gary yeleft the Dunes, where it is hoped to establish a national park, there rises before him a vision.

The sands become dotted with the wigwags of the aborigines; on the wavelets of the streams dance the bircbark canoes; the papoose gambols on the greensward. He meditates as he walks and by his side there stalk the ghosts of great sachems and medicine men, who tell him in their own guttural language of the wonders that tie all about him.

"There is Na-Qua-Si-Po," says one

mystic chieftain raising an ethereal arm to point to a creek that bubbles along hard by. "We are walking now in Me-Kun-Nuh-Na-Gaw and when we come to the river we turn into Mi-Kaw-Naw-Bed-E-Ba. We then pass Wah-Kuh-Geik and afterwhiles we come to Mish-Saygayo-I-Can."

And having thus been told the romantic Indian names of the dunes' landmarks, pathways and hillocks, is it any wonder that Mr. Knotts is aroused at the publication of a map designating those beloved landmarks as "Smith hill," "Jones crest," and "Brown creek?"

Is it any wonder, considering that Mr. Knotts is president of the Dunes National park commission?

One would say that it isn't, yet no lesser light than Rand-McNally & Co. is publisher of the map and no lesser person than P. S. Goodman of 1316 East Seventy-second place, a member of the Chicago Prairie club, is the topographer and christener of the landmarks. In drawing his map he named the sandpiles after members of the Prairie club.

Spoiled: A Perfectly Good Sugar Barrel

CHICAGO.—To Dr. Raymond B. Prettyman, sitting on his front porch at 2567 East Seventy-second place with his friend Driscoll and the latter's two boys, came an annoying interruption. A chorus of jazz, men's voices, and women's, from behind the dentist's sea wall. So they wended their way to the lake.

The moon showed them a curious sight. Thirty-six persons, all clad in moonbeams, capered, and danced, and sang, fox trotted, one-stepped, toddled, and shimmed.

"Get out of here," cried Dr. Prettyman. "Get your clothes on and go home."

Driscoll sent his boys away—hurriedly. But the toddle continued, and the fox trotting, and the singing. The two men called the patrol. But before the patrol arrived, some thirty minutes later, the dancers had dressed and vanished.

The next day Dr. Prettyman hied him to the corner grocery and bought him an empty sugar barrel. He took it home and knocked it apart. The staves he halved for paddles. Then went to the neighbors, recruiting dif-



teen stalwart souls and true, who said they knew in what manner best to deal with moonlight bathers. To each of them he issued one paddle and words of advice.

"We will assemble here upon my porch. If these nymphs and satyrs come tonight we'll phone the police, and then go right down and paddle them good until the police arrive. They ought to be here between 11 o'clock and 1."

Eleven o'clock came, and no music and no dancers; midnight, nothing but the breeze and the noise of the waves and the talk on the porch and the moonlight.

One o'clock—and only a sugar barrel spoiled.

Hero R. C. Gross vs. Slacker Bergdoll



PHILADELPHIA.—The man who took G. C. Bergdoll's place when the convicted draft evader, now a fugitive in Germany, failed to answer the call died a hero in the Argonne forest after being cited by the commanding general of his brigade for bravery in action in one of the most noteworthy battles of the World war.

He was Russell C. Gross of this city, a private in Company B, Three Hundred and Twenty-eighth infantry, who was killed by bullets from a machine gun nest which was captured later by Company G of the same infantry, headed by Corporal Alvin C. York of Tennessee.

This was revealed by the Over-

brook Post of the American Legion after a searching investigation. The post announced it would change its name to that of the fallen hero, and in association with a committee of citizens from the district covered by local draft board No. 32 proposed to erect a memorial to Gross, "who was forced into service ahead of his turn by the slacker Bergdoll."

Gross, who was twenty-three years old, was the first man called by the draft board after Bergdoll failed to respond. He went overseas with his command, a part of the Eighty-second division, on May 1, 1918. The citation by Brigadier Lindsey shows he was killed on October 24 of the same year in the Meuse-Argonne offense.

"Private Gross," the citation said, "displayed great heroism and self-sacrifice in advancing with his automatic rifle team on the right flank of the company against an enemy machine gun nest. Private Gross, utterly disregarding his personal safety, pushed forward until he was killed by an enemy machine gun bullet. His example of unselfishness was an inspiration to the other men of his platoon."

Luther Burbank's Laurels in Danger

SANTA ROSA, CAL.—One hundred and eighty-eight stalks of wheat from a single grain! That is the most recent production of California's new "plant wizard," Elwin D. Senton, whose discoveries and success in increasing food production are startling the agricultural world. For a lifetime Senton has devoted his hours to subjecting the soil to a microscope examination to attain increased and better food production. For the last seventeen years he has made experiments on his ranches—not so very far from that other "wizard," Luther Burbank.

Today he is able to produce from one grain of wheat 188 stalks, carrying 188 times as much wheat as formerly. While these giant stalks cover considerably more territory than the former one stalk of wheat, grown from a single grain, he is nevertheless producing from seven to eight times as much wheat per acre as has ever been produced before. And this on land where little wheat has heretofore been produced.



ments to wheat alone; he has had the same success with barley, oats and with prunes and apples.

Here is the secret of his success, he says: Maintain the "life substances" of the soil by cultivating and feeding the bacteria it contains. Senton's theory is that all plant growth and development is dependent primarily on the presence of soil bacteria.

This study to increase food production and secure better quality is food from the soil is Senton's life. He spends his every waking hour in study, and has traveled the country over investigating.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

PUZZLED PURPLE FINCH.

"I am very much puzzled," said Mr. Purple Finch.

"Are you indeed?" asked Mrs. Purple Finch.

"I most certainly am," said Mr. Purple Finch.

"Are you indeed?" said Mrs. Purple Finch, once more.

She really didn't know what puzzled meant, and she was hoping that Mr. Purple Finch would explain without her having to ask him what it meant.

She waited a moment longer and then Mr. Purple Finch said:

"Yes, I do not understand it. It puzzles me. It is something I cannot understand."

She thought quite hard and then she knew that to be puzzled must mean to be unable to understand.

"What don't you understand?" asked Mrs. Purple Finch.

"I don't understand why I am called a Purple Finch," said Mr. Purple Finch.

"Well, for that matter I don't see why I should be called a Purple Finch either," said Mrs. Finch. "I'm certainly not purple. I wear brown and gray feathers, but then of course the reason I am Mrs. Purple Finch is because I am the mate of Mr. Purple Finch."

"Ah, but that is what puzzles me," said Mr. Purple Finch. "I am not a purple colored bird either. I do not wear purple feathers."

"I wear rose-colored feathers, and I have brown touches in my wings and tail and upon my back. In fact, my wings are brown."

"Why should I be called a purple finch when I am not purple? Why should such a thing be? I do not understand it. I am quite puzzled."

"I do not understand it either," said Mrs. Purple Finch. "The eggs which hatch out into birdlings aren't purple, either. They are green in color."

"And they are decorated with little black spots. There is nothing purple about the eggs, either."

"It is indeed very puzzling, and I do not understand."

Mrs. Purple Finch well understood what the word puzzled meant by now, so she could use it herself.

"You haven't been singing as much lately as you did in the spring," Mrs. Purple Finch told her mate.

"Ah, my dear," said Mr. Purple Finch, "when the early spring is on



"I Do Not Understand."

the way and the snow is beginning to go, I sing for joy that the great springtime is coming.

"But when the summer comes there is so much for me to do. I have marketing to attend to and other duties of that sort, looking after my fine family and so forth that I haven't quite the time to sing as I had in the springtime."

"It doesn't mean that I am any less happy. It merely means that I'm a little busier, that is all."

"Yes, I do sing all the time when the springtime is here."

"I love to sing that song. It is an old favorite with me. I like to get on a high tree and sing as hard as I can!"

"Springtime and singing somehow seem to go together."

"But I do not understand about my name. Now, Mr. Purple Grackle is purple. That is, he is partly purple and does wear some fine purple feathers."

"But why I am named the Purple Finch is something I do not know, and if anyone will tell me why, I will be greatly obliged. Yes, I will be greatly obliged."

"I would like to know, too," said Mrs. Purple Finch. "I wish someone would tell us."

"Perhaps we will yet find out," said Mr. Purple Finch. "Let us hope so."

"Let us hope so," said Mrs. Purple Finch. "Indeed, let us hope so, for we do not want to be puzzled always."

CALOMEL DANGER TOLD BY DODSON

Says You Cannot Gripe, Sicken, or Salivate Yourself if You Take "Dodson's Liver Tone" Instead

Calomel loses you a day! You know what calomel is. It's mercury; quicksilver. Calomel is dangerous. It crashes into your bile like dynamite, cramping and sickening you. Calomel attacks the bones and should never be put into your system.

When you feel billious, sluggish, constipated and all knocked out and believe you need a dose of dangerous calomel just remember that your druggist sells for a few cents a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone, which is

entirely vegetable and pleasant to take and is a perfect substitute for calomel. It is guaranteed to start your liver without stirring you up inside, and can not salivate.

Don't take calomel! It can not be trusted any more than a leopard or a wild cat. Take Dodson's Liver Tone, which straightens you right up and makes you feel fine. Give it to the children because it is perfectly harmless and doesn't gripe.

Ware's Black Powder Quickly Relieves Sick Headache

Rarely takes over 15 minutes for all pain and nausea to disappear. One Dose does the work.

If you suffer from occasional or chronic attacks of sick headache, you will be glad to know that Ware's Black Powder has quickly relieved many thousands of sufferers from this annoying and dangerous form of stomach distress.

Purifying and sweetening the stomach and intestinal tract, this remedy rapidly absorbs the gases and neutralizes the poisons that cause the trouble, bringing quick and lasting relief if directions are followed.

Ware's Black Powder is equally good for other disorders of the stomach and bowels. Contains no harmful drugs. Is not a purgative. 60c and \$1.20 the package at all druggists. Send for Dr. Ware's booklet on treatment of the stomach and bowels—free.

THE WARE CHEMICAL CO., Dallas

"Ware's Baby Powder Relieved My Twins of Stomach Trouble"

"After other remedies failed this medicine brought quick and lasting relief" says Louisiana woman.

Mrs. F. D. Morgan of Winnsboro, La., is now a firm believer in Ware's Baby Powder. She writes, on May 6th, 1920: "My twin boys suffered from stomach and bowel trouble, and nothing would agree with them. I was nearly frantic, and consulted various physicians without result. Then I tried Ware's Baby Powder and was gratified to see almost instant relief, and shortly my babies were entirely well. I do not believe they would have lived had it not been for Ware's Baby Powder."

This simple, harmless remedy is equally effective in cases of teething and summer complaint. Given to babies in liquid form, mixed with sugar and water, they love to take it. At all druggists for 60c and \$1.20 the package.

THE WARE CHEMICAL CO., Dallas

WOULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCE

Girl Had Little Confidence in Young Man's Courage, and Apparently With Good Reason.

He had been keeping her company eight years and had never even mentioned marriage and she had decided to give him a strong hint—the first opportunity she had. It came during one of the early spring days. As they started for a walk into the country she caught up a bright red sweater to wear. He touched her arm. "I wouldn't wear that if I were you, Grace," he said. "The field in which the violets grow best has a Jersey bull in it and—"

"Oh, then I won't wear it," she said emphatically, throwing the red sweater on the rack. "If in eight years you haven't got enough courage to rescue me from an approaching spinsterhood I know you wouldn't have enough in a few minutes to save me from an approaching bull."—Indianapolis News.

Another Way.

"Did you hear about that home brew blowing up?"

"Yes," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "If the appropriations for prohibition enforcement don't hold up, maybe we can curb the liquor evil by bringin' it under the regulations provided for handling high explosives."

EMPRESS LOST HER ITCHES

Eugenie's Struggles With Unfamiliar English Must Have Been Amusing to Her Hearers.

Dr. Ethel Smith, the well-known composer, who was for 30 years an intimate friend of the late Empress Eugenie, tells the following amusing story concerning their first meeting: "The occasion I am speaking of, when I first came into personal contact with her, was a meet of the harriers, which took place, at her special request, at Farnborough hall. She came out onto the gravel sweep in front of the house, and her manner was more gracious and winning than any manner I had previously seen, as she bowed right and left to the awe-struck field, saying repeatedly: "Put on your 'ats; I pray you, put on your 'ats.'"

"The master then was presented, and she really and truly did remark to him—as, if you come to think of it, she naturally would—I 'ope the 'ounds will find the 'are near the 'ouse.'"—Chicago American.

Oh.

"John, you were talking in your sleep last night."

"W-w-what was I talking about?"

"Business."

"Oh."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Thousands show you the way

Increasing numbers of people who could not or should not drink coffee and who were on the lookout for something to take its place have found complete satisfaction in

INSTANT POSTUM

Postum has a smooth, rich flavor that meets every requirement of a meal-time beverage, and it is free from any harmful element.

Economical—Made Quickly "There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc. Battle Creek, Michigan.