

# THE SLATON SLATONITE

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

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS.

VOL. 9. NO. 12. SEPT. 11, 1929

## PRESENT LINE-UP OF THE FIRST STATE BANK OF SLATON

### STOCKHOLDERS

W. H. FUQUA, President First National Bank, Amarillo, Texas.  
 L. L. POWERS.  
 JOHN KELLAR, Manufacturer of Automobile Bodies, Kansas City, Mo.  
 GEORGE W. SINGLETON, President The Citizens Bank, Clovis, N. M.  
 C. W. HARRISON, President First National Bank, Clovis, N. M.  
 G. P. KUYKENDALL, Vice President First Mortgage Loan Co., Clovis.  
 L. B. GREGG, Cashier First National Bank, Clovis, N. M.  
 W. M. FORD, Cashier First State Bank, Slaton, Texas.  
 H. W. RAGSDALE, Grocer, Slaton, Texas.  
 M. F. KLATTENHOFF, Farmer, Slaton, Texas.  
 J. K. ROGERS, Dispatcher Santa Fe Ry., Slaton, Texas.  
 C. F. ANDERSON, Proprietor Red Cross Pharmacy, Slaton, Texas.  
 E. E. WILSON, Farmer and Real Estate Broker, Slaton, Texas.  
 W. E. SMART, Merchant, Slaton, Texas.  
 DR. S. H. ADAMS, Physician and Surgeon Santa Fe Ry., Slaton, Texas.  
 H. C. JONES, Vice President First State Bank, Slaton, Texas.  
 N. C. Gentry, Farmer, Slaton, Texas.

### OFFICERS

C. W. HARRISON, President  
 H. C. JONES, Vice President  
 W. M. FORD, Cashier  
 W. B. RUSSELL, Asst. Cashier



## Advance Showing of Ladies' Wear

DEPICTING THE TREND OF THE FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS IN POINT OF STYLE, FABRIC AND COLOR. AN EARLY SELECTION WILL PROVE OF GREAT VALUE AND ADVANTAGE TO YOU. AND YOU WILL NOT BE FOUND OUT OF REASONING THE QUALITY OF THIS LINE.

Satin	\$30.00
Tricolette	\$30.00
Serges	\$35.00 to \$40.00
Tricotine	\$35.00 to \$45.00
Coat Suits from	\$40.00 to \$97.50
Coats from	\$15.00 to \$100.00
Skirts up to	\$35.00
Blouses up to	\$35.00

## ROBERTSON'S

### DEMPSEY H. SUITE AND MISS LOMA WATSON MARRIED LAST SUNDAY

A beautiful wedding was very quietly solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Watson in South Slaton at ten o'clock last Sunday morning, when their daughter Miss Loma, was given in marriage to Dempsey H. Suite of Wichita Falls. The home was beautifully decorated for the occasion with cut flowers and pot plants. The bride in this happy event is the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Watson, who are among our most highly respected citizens and whose friends are numbered by the score. She is a young lady with a very charming disposition and during her residence here has surrounded herself with a large circle of warm and admiring friends. There will be a vacancy, not only in the home, but in the Church and Sunday School and in the best social circles of the town. Mr. Suite has won a prize for which he should feel proud. He is a son of

### Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Suite of Oiney, Young County, Texas. During the world war he volunteered and enlisted in the U. S. Army.

"May we be acquainted," he signed, when he received an honorable discharge. He came out of the Navy rated as a firstclass electrician. He now holds a responsible position in Wichita Falls, being manager of the City National Bank building, one of the largest office buildings in that city. Rev. J. H. McCauley, pastor of the First Baptist Church, pronounced the ceremony in a most impressive manner that united these two lives. Mr. and Mrs. Suite left on the noon train Sunday for their future home in Wichita Falls. The Slatonite joins a host of friends in extending congratulations and best wishes for a long, happy and prosperous wedded life. WANTED: Would like to take possession of farm to gather this crop and make crop on shares. Inquire at Slatonite office.

### CITY RECORDER'S COURT.

Judge Paul P. Murray will report the proceedings of his court. Under date of Sept. 15, he gives the following:

For gambling in rear room of Stewart Fluke's barber shop, Stewart Fluke paid fine of \$25.00 and costs, total \$35.00.

Howard Brazell in same game and place, fined \$25 and costs, total \$35.00.

T. C. (Red) Mitchell, in same game and place, fined \$25.00 and costs, total \$35.00.

Mankell Garcie, for interfering with Pound Master Wicker, fined \$1.00 and costs, total \$11.70.

PAUL P. MURRAY, City Recorder.

### Lutheran Church Near Completion.

The Evangelical Lutheran Emanuel congregation is rejoicing because of the fact that the new church in the Posey community is nearing completion and will be dedicated in the near future. The congregation has long desired to have a church. A block of land at Posey was donated by Mr. Lokey, and it was not long after that work on the frame structure began.

### Movie Theatre PROGRAM.

Monday, Sept. 20, "SHIPWRECKED AMONG CANNIBALS."

Tuesday, Sept. 21, Fatty Arbuckle and "HIDDEN DANGERS."

Wednesday, Sept. 22, Mack Sennett in "DOWN ON THE FARM," with an all-star cast.

Thursday, Sept. 23, "HEADING SOUTH," Douglas Fairbanks.

Friday, Sept. 24, "THE LOST CITY" serial and good comedy.

Saturday, Sept. 25, "LEFFINGWELL'S BOOTS," C. Talmadge.

This week we have two fine pictures. Monday, the 20th, two shows, and also two shows the 22nd, beginning at 7 p. m. A 5-reel all-star comedy on the 22nd and a super-special on the 20th.

The prices Saturday, Sept. 18 and Monday, Sept. 20th, will be 25 and 50 cents, on account of the increased cost of these pictures. They are good ones. Don't fail to see them.

Save your coupon tickets for premiums as they are all good now for the last grand prize, the phonograph.

When in need of the services of a practical painter and paper hanger see J. L. WEIGHT, at wagon yard Bldg.

FOR SALE: 100 head full blood Duroc shoats, 3 to 6 months old.—VALLEY VIEW FARM, J. W. Ogburn, Propr., Barstow, Texas.

## M. A. PEMBER REAL ESTATE--INSURANCE

### SPECIAL BARGAINS IN SLATON HOMES.

I HAVE A NEW FOUR-ROOM HOUSE CLOSE TO SQUARE AND SCHOOL, NEARLY READY TO MOVE INTO. \$1650 BUYS IT; \$550 CASH, BALANCE MONTHLY.

A DANDY FOUR-ROOM HOUSE, WITH GOOD WELL AND MILL, TWO LOTS, POSSESSION AT ONCE. \$2250, ONLY \$500 CASH, BALANCE \$35 PER MONTH.

TWO FINE, WELL FINISHED FIVE-ROOM HOUSES CLOSE TO SHOPS AND SQUARE. LET ME SHOW THEM TO YOU. THE MORE CASH I GET THE CHEAPER THEY GO.

WHEN YOU INSURE CONSIDER THE COMPANY THAT CARRIES THE RISK. I REPRESENT THE HARTFORD, AETNA, LIVERPOOL LONDON & GLOBE, NATIONAL BEN FRANKLIN, AND THE NATIONAL of Hartford, Conn. CAN YOU BEAT THEM? LET ME LOOK AFTER YOUR INSURANCE.

### Local Men Buy Stock of C. M. McCullough

IN THE Slaton State Bank

Mr. C. M. McCullough of Amarillo has disposed of his interest in the Slaton State Bank, which is being taken by local and well known citizens of Slaton and community.

Mr. C. C. Hoffman has been elected a Director to succeed Mr. McCullough, making the entire board composed of home men.

The bank will change its location to Capps Hotel corner. Remodeling of the building and erecting a vault will begin at once, for the purpose of taking care of the heavy fall business. This of course, is temporary, as we will begin assembling material for the erection of a modern bank building on the Capps Hotel site by the first of 1921.

We are sure the home people will welcome this from the fact that we will be more centrally located and the institution will be owned and controlled by men living here.

Then too, we want to add that we have a list of stockholders and a Board of Directors thoroughly acquainted with banking principles, and as the capital stock will be increased to fifty thousand dollars, you need have no fear of your wants of a legitimate nature being taken care of at all times.

## The Slaton State Bank

A HOME INSTITUTION SLATON, TEXAS

FOR EVERYBODY



**"The Others" Entertain the Winners.**

The culmination of a contest between members of the Missionary Society was a very happy one when the pretty new cottage of Mrs. R. H. Todd was thrown open to the members on last Friday afternoon and "the others" were hosts to the winning side.

Mrs. Todd headed the receiving line and as the ladies entered each was requested to write their given name in a guest book, and after all had arrived it was announced that any one calling another Mrs. So-and-So would have to pay a forfeit of one dollar or make an address. Of course oratory flowed at this reception when the funds began to run short, and since women are going to take a part in the politics of our country, no doubt some of these same ladies will be making "stump" speeches in the next campaign.

Mrs. H. A. Tait conducted a musical contest that was very entertaining.

Mrs. W. H. Proctor conducted a Bible quiz that was very instructive.

At the close of the meeting Mrs. Proctor presented the guest book to Mrs. B. M. Holland, containing the given names of all present. They were:

**WINNERS:** Eris Holland, Captain; Jewel Kuykendall, Berdie Shankle, Bessie Donald, Inez Johnson, Nora Robertson, Grace Robertson, Lorena Holland, Ora Forrest, Eva Smith, Flora McDonald, Myrtle Crow, Daisy Tait, Mary Call, Florence Worley, Ettie George, Alice Baird.

**"THE OTHERS:"** Clara McDonald, Captain; Lena Green, Lillian Pember, Cecil Odom, Ruby Foster, Ruth Booher, Ethel Henry, Minnie Wilson, Lena Todd, Julia Adams, Dessie Abel, Alice Edwards, Laura McCann, Hester Manor, Sallie Davis, Ida Proctor, Inez Wiggs.

Delightful refreshments were served and the affair was voted a most enjoyable one throughout.

**Miss Ada Belle Darwin Entertains.**

Miss Ada Belle Darwin entertained a number of the young people at the home of her parents last Saturday evening. Many games were enjoyed and before leaving the guests were refreshed with cream and cake. Those present were: Misses Dorothy Levey, Fae Tucker, Alean McDonald, Georgia Forschon, Lucile Henry, Louzelle Leverett, Pauline Lokey, and Edith Marra; Messrs. Harry GGreen, Quincy Olive, Miniard and Leslie Abel, Jerome McCauley, Edwin McCann, Lusher Hubbard.

**Civic and Culture Club.**

The Civic and Culture Club will hold its first business and study meeting at the home of Mrs. S. H. Adams Friday afternoon at 2:30 instead of Saturday afternoon, on account of the Chautauqua program. All members are urged to be present.

**B. W. M. W. Program.**

B. W. M. W. program for Tuesday, Sept. 14, at the church, 3 p. m.: Topic, The Church in Our Community.

**Prayer.**

Scripture reading, Mrs. Carl Greer. The Church the Body of Christ, Mrs. E. S. Brooks. The Place of Power is Separation, Mrs. Claude Anderson. Song, "Blest Be the Tie." Fellowship of Prayer, Mrs. Young. Women's Organizations, Mrs. L. W. Williamson. Closing prayer.

**Baptist Ladies.**

Mrs. C. V. Young entertained the B. W. M. W. Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 7th from three to five o'clock. Following a short business session a delicious watermelon course was served. A large number was present and all went away showering the hostess with gratitude for such a pleasant afternoon.

**Methodist Ladies.**

The Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. R. L. Smith last Monday afternoon in their regular monthly social and business meeting. Mrs.

L. W. Smith was assistant hostess. Reports of officers were heard and they indicated that the society is in a flourishing condition and increasing in membership. A reading contest has been inaugurated, which will last for a month.

**Social at T. J. Abel Home.**

A social was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Abel on last Wednesday night by their sons, Miniard and Leslie. It was well attended and the evening was enjoyably spent at "42." Before leaving the guests were refreshed with watermelon.

**Party at Florence Home.**

On last Friday night Misses Julia Florence and Theresa Morgan entertained with a social at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Florence. A delightful time is reported.

**C. A. COZBY IMPROVING HIS SHOE REPAIR SHOP**

C. A. Cozby, the shoe repair man, located just south of the Slaton State Bank, has added a Landis Sole Stitcher to his equipment and announces that he is now in better position to take care of your shoe repair work, and give you better work and better service. Read Mr. Cozby's ad elsewhere in The Slatonite.

**Modern Two-Room House for Sale.**

If you want to buy a new, modern 2-room bungalow, on terms that you can meet see me at once. Located very conveniently to the shops and railroad station. Wired for electric lights.—CELFFIE WATSON, at Slatonite office, or call 116 evenings.

**SCHOOL ENROLLMENT VERY LARGE ON LAST MONDAY**

The Slaton public schools opened last Monday with an enrollment of 438 pupils. Several have entered since, making a total of about 450.

In the third grade there are now 73 pupils and only one teacher for that grade. We had to divide the pupils and allow them to attend half day alternately until the board provides a better arrangement.

The low division of the first grade contained, the second day, 75 pupils. Twenty-three of them were unders. We had to exclude the unders and divide the others with the teacher of the high division of the first grade until the board provides a better arrangement.

Only 30 pupils were promoted to the seventh grade last year and 40 were enrolled this year. There are 22 seats in the seventh grade room to accommodate 40 pupils.

The laboratory room is too small for the number of pupils who wish to enroll for science. On that account we were compelled to limit the number taking science.

Several seats are lacking in other recitation rooms, and some of the rooms of the high school building are entirely too small to accommodate the pupils enrolled for high school work this year.

I am quite sure that the school board and the patrons are fully appreciative of the work expected of the teachers. We desire to serve you in a way to accomplish good results. The board wants the school to grow. The patrons, I am sure, want a good school. But the present standard of the school can not be maintained with the present enrollment and facilities for teaching. I am due the district that statement at the beginning.

The enrollment of your high school is much greater than heretofore. To retain the seventh grade in the high school building we need another room equipped for it. We need a teacher to take care of one division of the third grade. And if the unders are to be admitted we need a teacher for them.

We desire to thank our patrons and friends for coming out last Monday to greet us with good wishes. We are glad of the interest you manifested, and your good wishes expressed for us were highly appreciated.

Sincerely,  
S. L. RIVES, Supt.

Have you bought your Chautauqua tickets?

When in need-of the services of a practical painter and paper hanger see J. L. WEIGHT, at wagon yard Bldg.

# Take All You Can Get

FARMERS OF LUBBOCK COUNTY SHOULD SEE THAT THEIR PRODUCTS BRING ALL THAT THE MARKETS WILL AFFORD. TO BE SURE OF THIS YOU SHOULD TAKE YOUR CHICKENS, EGGS, BUTTER, CREAM AND VEGETABLES TO THE FIRM THAT PAYS THE MOST. BRING THEM HERE AND GET THE CASH.

THE CAREFUL GROCERY BUYER SHOULD ALSO COME HERE IF THEY CARE ENOUGH ABOUT QUALITY TO NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN QUALITY AND QUANTITY. OUR STOCK IS ALWAYS LARGE ENOUGH TO MEET THE DEMANDS OF THE COMMUNITY AND BY BUYING IN LARGE QUANTITIES WE GET A PRICE LOW ENOUGH TO SAVE YOU SOME MONEY.

WE BUY CREAM AND ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE—AND WE NEVER GET ENOUGH

## Kuykendall Grocery Co.

PHONE 12, SLATON, TEXAS

J. E. KUYKENDALL, Manager

**SEND IN YOUR ENTRY BLANKS.**

Practically every family in the county has received a catalog of the Panhandle and South Plains Fair to be held at Lubbock September 23, 24 and 25. But if you have not received one let the Chamber of Commerce or one of the County Agents know at once. In these catalogs is an entry blank for sending in a list of what you expect to show at the fair. Please take a few minutes of your time right now and fill out the entry blank and return it to the Chamber of Commerce. Prompt action on your part will take only a very little of your time, but it will be of untold benefit to those who must arrange the space for the exhibits. Think of having to arrange spaces for all the products of all the counties in this district and to be left to do it by guesswork!

This fair can be made the best fair held in the state this year with your co-operation, but it means that every person in every community in the county must give his or her hearty co-operation. It means that if you have only one jar of vegetables to show that you enter it just as cheerfully as if you had one hundred jars, (and did you know that you have a chance of winning two dollars with just one jar?) It also means that if you have only five chickens to enter, or one pair of either turkeys, ducks, geese, or guineas, we want to see them at the fair. Although no community prizes are offered this year we are all interested in seeing which community makes the most entries.

Have you ever stopped to count the number of different products on your farm? I believe that we ought to

have at least one hundred of those farm exhibits.

Another thing I wish to say about the fair. Do not think too much about the prizes for you know the real pleasure in a thing of this kind is putting your work up against that of some one else and comparing the two. Let's bring what we have, big or little and try to make our fair the best we have ever held.

Hoping to meet you at the fair Sept. 23, 24 and 25, I am,

Sincerely yours,  
MILIE M. HALSEY,  
Home Demonstration Agent.

**THE KEY TO SUCCESS.**

The demand for telegraph operators was never so great as at the present time. The largest telegraph school in America—equipped with over a hundred sets of instruments, miniature train service, a train wire of a main line railroad, and 11 telegraph and freight blanks and books of record; tickets, and in fact everything just as complete as found in the best equipped railroad offices, the best practical teachers to be obtained, thoroughly experienced in commercial and railway telegraphy, station and freight work—The Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas, is unable to supply the demands of the railroads, Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies for operators.

Read the following letter from the Superintendent of Telegraphy of one of the large railroad systems.

Tyler Commercial College, Gentlemen: If you will send us the high class students you have been sending, we can use all that you can send. Could use a large number at the pres-

ent time if you have them. In this connection will say what students you have sent us have been very satisfactory and have developed into some of the best telegraphers and agents that we have. Trust that you will be able to send us more of your students at once and keep them coming as fast as they are capable. I had the pleasure on August 2nd to visit your great school and made a personal investigation of the methods used by you in preparing students, telegraphers, and I find they meet with all requirements of my road, and I wish further to say you have the largest and most complete and thorough business college that I have ever seen.

R. F. FRENZER,

Supt. Telegraph the Union Pacific Railroad.

Our telegraph students are on all the leading Southwestern roads, and in Western Union and Postal Telegraph offices. With our help you can be a bigger success. Write for free catalogue. We place our graduates promptly free of charge. Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

**W. A. ROBERTSON HOME STRUCK BY LIGHTNING**

The home of W. A. Robertson in Southeast Slaton, was struck by lightning last Saturday night, but no member of the family was injured. Lightning entered the house through the kitchen flue and ignited the wall, which was soon put out. It then struck a kitchen cabinet, which it wrecked, and Mr. Robertson states that flour and soot were scattered over everything in two rear rooms.

# Confidence Grows Slowly

WHEN IT IS SECURED IT IS PRICELESS. WE PROPOSE TO HOLD THE POSITION THAT HAS BEEN WON BY A LONG AND UPRIGHT CAREER. THE THINGS THAT HAVE MADE THIS ARE ATTENTION TO THE INTERESTS OF OUR PATRONS, ABSOLUTE HONESTY IN ALL OUR DEALINGS, HANDLING THE VERY BEST FOODS, AND SELLING ALWAYS AT MODERATE PRICES. THESE PRINCIPLES ARE THE BASIS UPON WHICH WE ASK FOR YOUR PATRONAGE.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,

## H. W. RAGSDALE & SON

SLATON SANITARY GROCERY

TELEPHONE 19, SLATON, TEXAS

Your round trip fare, or equal amount on railroad fare refunded if purchases amount to \$25.00. Half this much refunded for half the amount purchased.

# Come to Your Fair, At I

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 23rd  
 ness with your pleasure and instruction. Every  
 is teeming with a varied assortment, the high  
 ---and priced very reasonably.

## Enjoy a Full Season's Wear From your Furs

HALF THE JOY OF POSSESSING BEAUTIFUL FURS IS HAVING THEM AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON. YOU WILL MAKE NO MISTAKE BY SELECTING THE LONG STOLE, COATEE OR CHOKER YOU ARE CONTEMPLATING NOW. STOCKS ARE COMPLETE, FASHIONS SETTLED AND THE WEATHER SUITABLE. BUY YOUR FURS NOW AND ENJOY A FULL SEASON'S WEAR FROM THEM.

## Popularity of Skirts Increases

TIME WAS WHEN THE SEPARATE SKIRT WAS MORE OR LESS OF

## FASHIONS FOR



...and slipping out of the shoulder, "there isn't that much cash in the bank."  
 That was a new one on the Pearlhunter. He had supposed a bank had in its vaults unlimited loads of money.  
 "What will I do?"  
 "You can draw part of it, and deposit the rest to your credit."  
 All of which was a foreign language to the Pearlhunter.  
 "I didn't want to use any of the money," he finally managed to say. "I don't expect to spend a cent of it for—you know—small matters. I expect to leave it right here till I can spend it for something—well—big. I just wanted to show it to a—friend."  
 "You might show your—friend the check." The banker stole a glance at Solomon gloating openly over the gun, now that the deal was closed. "No," he continued, "there's a better—safer, he was about to say, but didn't—way than that. Why not deposit the check and take out a draft?"  
 "Draft? What's that?"  
 The old banker reached his fingers up through his hair and studied the man before him. Sitting down at his desk, he wrote rapidly for a moment.  
 "This is a draft," he said, handing over the slip he had been writing on and taking the check in exchange. "It is as good as gold anywhere, at any bank, any time. Show it to your friend, and I suggest that you afterward bring it back to the bank and deposit it. I will then give you a check book and show you how to use it."  
 The Pearlhunter read the paper over with curious interest, put it in the big, formidable envelope the banker gave him for the purpose, and buttoned it away in an inside pocket of his blouse.  
 The little Jew had by this time put Blue Moon back in the plush case, the case in his vest pocket, and pinned up the pocket.  
 "Himmel!" he grunted, turning away from the table. "You pearl fishers iss all crazy. I'd gif it to you a usan' more."  
 "I got my price."  
 "Undt dot's more as anybody got it yet from Louie Solomon."  
 He chuckled all the way to the door. A small crowd waited outside. Nobody knows how news leaks out in a town. Not a man but knew how the pearl had brought. One of crowd, a lanky, one-eyed fisherman, sidled up to the Pearlhunter.  
 "Y'u got it, didn't y'u?"  
 The Pearlhunter was too slow, and the little Jew answered for him.  
 "Course he got it. What chance a pore devil pearl buyer got mit d'e

"Make It Good Whisky," He Said.

thing, but it couldn't be heard. The bartender set out a long row of glasses. The river men grew suddenly quiet with the gurgle of the filling.

Each man picked up a glass and stood waiting until every other man was served. The crowd was too occupied to notice it, but the Pearlhunter's knees were fairly shaking under him; his face set and pale. He was about to do the hardest thing he had ever tackled in his life, even harder than mentioning money to the Wild Rose. He picked up his glass; set it down—pushed it back.

"Water for mine!"  
 To a man, the crowd whirled and stared. Louie Solomon swore.

"Vot iss!" he said. "You make it foolishness?"

"No," was the slow answer. "I'm off this for keeps."

"H—!" growled the one-eyed fisherman. "Since't when did y'u quit?"

"Yesterday—about sundown."

He raised his glass and clinked with Louie Solomon—the aristocratic bourbon against the Flatwoods spring—and drank the celebration of his great day in a glass of water. The others were too busy just then, or cared too little, to press the point, or take the trouble to wonder just what and what all he meant by "yesterday—about sundown."

Louie Solomon set his glass down with a bang.

"Himmel! Dot don't shtruck bottom yet. It vas all soaked up in mine throat a-ready. Fill 'em up ag'in, all hands roundt. Undt dis one iss on Louie."

"Where iss mine frendt vot trim from me twenty-tree dollar?" Louie asked, feeling his vest pocket, as he had done probably a score of times since crossing the street.

"Oh, he went up the Yellow branch this afternoon to look at some timber options," the bartender answered.

"Tell 'im mebbe he come by d'e camp t'night undt gif me chance to git it back my twenty-tree dollar."

"I'll tell him when he comes in."

The bartender wiped off the bar. The Pearlhunter was already out on the sidewalk, where the Jew soon joined him, and they walked together down to the white skiff. The three rowers were still in their places, gum as their employer was voluble.

It was well toward evening when they pulled up to the landing at which the houseboat lay. Louie gave careful directions where to build the fire, and followed the Pearlhunter up through the underbrush beyond the strip of open shore, and to the cabin, tapping,

among the words and figures; a face framed in yellow hair; eyes that laughed. They had laughed for him, he had made them laugh. The draft would make them laugh again. And tomorrow she should send for that surgeon.

The sound of groaning came in at the cabin door from the bushes down the hill. The face was gone from the draft. He thrust it back in his pocket and stepped out into the yard. His first thought was that the little Jew, none too sure-footed among the rocks, had stumbled and hurt himself.

The groan came again. He sprang into the bushes. The Jew had hurt himself. A look so wild and terrible the Pearlhunter had never seen upon the face of a man. He had fallen upon his back, with one arm cramped under him. The other arm was free, but he seemed unable to rise. With his free hand he was clawing desperately at his bosom, and the fingers of the hand were mussed with blood.

The Pearlhunter leaped down the hill and bent over him. It was then he saw what the bloody hand was clawing at—the handle of a knife, hilt deep in his breast. The Pearlhunter raised him, and the other hand came free. It clutched a bit of cloth of flaming red—a red mask.

The Jew opened his eyes, recognized the man bearing him up.

"Dot timber buyer," he gasped out of his flooded chest. "He choke me—I

tear off d'e mask—he shtick me." The stricken Jew dropped the mask and beat the pocket of his vest. "Himmel! D'e pearl! D'e Blue Moon!" His eyes grew vacant; flared up again. "Mine Gott! Rachel! Rachel!"

His mouth quivered open so wide that his beard rumbled upon his breast, and the blood welled out over his chin. His eyes bulged; the smeared fingers ceased clawing at the knife; he gasped twice; and dropped back—dead.

The Pearlhunter picked up the bit of scarlet cloth that had fallen from the dead man's hand. It is surprising how fast a man can think when he has to. The mystery of the arm thrust in at the cabin door across the moonlight cleared. The finding of a red mask beside the body would identify the murderer to any man in the Wabash country; the finding of another, upon a search of the cabin, would be deemed sufficient proof that the tenant of the cabin was the murderer.

But why had the bandit planned to

(Continued on page 4.)

WANTED: A family to pick cotton and head maize. Will furnish a house, water and pasturage. J. E. RICHARDSON, Wilson, Texas.

## DO YOU ENJOY

THERE IS MUCH IN THE P  
 BUT QUITE AS MUCH IN  
 IS PREPARED. YOUR WIF  
 YOU FURNISH HER GROCI  
 OUR SPLENDID STOCK OF  
 PARING A MEAL FROM THI

## Lanham & Smart

J. S. LANHAM

PHONE 5

W. E. SMART

## DIAMONDS ON EASY TERMS



DIAMONDS ARE ALWAYS A GOOD INVESTMENT, SOMETHING THAT YOU CAN ALWAYS REALIZE MONEY ON. LET US SELL YOU A DIAMOND ON THE EASY PAYMENT PLAN, 20 PER CENT CASH AND 8 PER CENT PER MONTH. WE HAVE THEM RANGING FROM \$50.00 TO \$5,000.00.

## SLATON DRUG COMPANY

J. V. Hollingsworth, Proprietor.

Phone 92, Slaton, Texas

OF HE TO RA-

KAS



I AM

I am the faithful slave who answers your call in the morning, the evening, or at the noontide of the night. I am the world's utility man; my office hours are any hour of any day in the year. My mission is one of service to humanity. My work is a skilled one on which the well-being of the afflicted must depend, and in which there is no place for a drowsy brain or a bungling hand, lest they take a human life. I feel the weight of responsibility and note that age is creeping upon me ahead of my years, but when I shall hear the wee small voice saying: "He helped the world by his service to mankind," and this shall be my reward. I am your skilled servant, your friend in time of need, and a link in the sprocket chain that drives the machinery of the universe.

I AM YOUR DRUGGIST.

SEE US FOR HEALTH OR BEAUTY

## Slaton Drug Co.

J. V. HOLLINGSWORTH, Propr.

Phone 92, SLATON, TEXAS

The San-Jax Agency

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# THE BLUE MOON

## A TALE OF THE FLATWOODS

### BY DAVID ANDERSON



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then of distilled witchery—he knew them all, every voice. A crow wailed along in the purple light and rasped the silence with his raucous call. He was answered by another from somewhere across in the bottoms. The woods lifted its thousand voices; a multitude shouting, as at the coming of a hero. And the hero was at hand. The gates of dawn opened and he drove in. Bronze turned to gold; the hills away in the south bared their heads; a soft breeze crooned along over the trees and blew out the morning star.

In the early light the Pearlhunter searched the ground about the doorstep for any tracks that might have been left by the night prowler. In the hard and moldy open ground he found the marks of a boot. The heel had only touched the ground once or twice. He was struck by its small size. It was said by some that the Red Mask had been a gentleman and an artist before he took to the road. The Pearlhunter could well believe it, for certainly no other boot in the Flatwoods could leave a print so small.

The heel had been somewhat worn, so that the nails protruded slightly. They had left a very distinct row of prints around the edge of the mark. The track was made by the right boot. He hunted one of the left. No nails showed. From the circumstances he concluded that the outer heel-cap of the right boot had come off, allowing the nails to protrude.

It would be hard to say what train of thought the finding of the heel print plunged the man back into as he straightened and stood crumpling the two patches of stiff cloth in his hand. His gray eyes and passive face were

He picked it up, turned it up-side-down over the heel print and went back into the cabin. He kindled a fire in the cook stove, and when he had it going good, dropped both masks in and watched them burn to cinders—and afterward raked the ashes.

The Pearlhunter, with the horse sense 20 years of hard knocks had beaten into him, knew that this was his day—his one first day—his to seize; to have; to hold. Five thousand dollars; a gray ghost in the easy chair in the cabin of the three gables; a girl that "trusted" him—and the big day going! It was enough to make a man restless.

The forenoon was nearly gone when, through the trees up the river, he caught the bright glint of the sun upon oar blades. Even at that distance he knew the craft—Louie Solomon's long, white six-oared skiff.

Broom in hand, the Pearlhunter was making a prodigious dust and clatter among the chairs and boxes when the pearl buyer, short and pudgy—Jew from his shrewd eyes to his fat feet—stepped before the door.

"House cleaning, ha'n't it?" "Oh, just digging myself out." Standing his broom against the wall, he stepped outside. He knew Louie Solomon well—what pearl fisher did not?—and Louie Solomon knew him. Like two wrestlers on the mat the two stood looking each other over—a man that wanted to sell something; a man that wanted to buy it—with the odds on the one that could put up the biggest bluff. The world could be halved just there.

"Cup by d'e shpring?" "A gourd." The two went around the west end of the cabin and back to where the spring boiled out from beneath the foot of the cliffs. The Jew dipped up a gourdful and drank so deep that the Pearlhunter knew it was so honest thirst he quenched. The bar of the Mud Hen was famous along the Wash.

"Boss! He don't can see last night d'e candle. Dat timber buyer. I don't met him before. Poker! From \$23 he trim me!" The eyes of the Pearlhunter drew together. "Timber! What was he like?" "Oh, so high like your shoulder," he said. "Light hair, blue eyes—undt hell on cussin'." "Did he wear a fancy vest?" "You know him?" "I've seen him." The pearl buyer took off his hat and wiped his sleeve across his brow. "I tell him I'm tonight campin' here. He say mebbe he come down undt giff me chance to get it back, my \$23."

The Pearlhunter's eyes were still drawn and thoughtful, though he made no comment, but led the way back to the front of the cabin, as though he believed his companion had merely come up the hill for a drink at the spring and would now go back to his skiff. It completely deceived Louie Solomon, for all his craftiness. But, of course, he had no means of knowing the message the Boss had shouted up from the boat the night before.

The Pearlhunter stepped inside the door and picked up his broom. Out of the little end of his eye he saw the Jew watching him. He made a swipe with the broom as if to go on with his sweeping. It was a close grapple of wits. But the lure of the pearl was too much for Louie Solomon. He had to come to it at last; and he had to come square. Taking off his hat, he looked back over his shoulder and again drew his sleeve across his brow.

"I'm hearin' you picked up a blue one."

The Pearlhunter came out upon the door step. "Who was telling you?" "Oh, dey talk. You sell him?" "If I get my price." "How much you want it?" "Five thousand."

The little Jew almost fell over. His fat hands punched the air full of exclamation points. "Five t'ousan'! Himmel! You pearl fishers iss all alike—all crazy." "That's my price." He stepped back inside the door and reached for his broom. The other hopped across the door sill and caught his arm.

"Himmel! Let it go dot broom! I look at your pearl. You should jump in d'e boat, undt we look him over at d'e bank. But I know he turn out like d'e rest—wort' mebbe five hundred; mebbe no. You pearl fishers iss all crazy. Himmel!"

The Pearlhunter followed in silence. He did not ask how the other knew the Blue Moon was in the bank, knowing what river men were when drink had loosed their tongues. After days and weeks at the clam rakes and the mucky vats, with little more than an occasional grunt between them, three fingers of "squirrel" whisky would set their tongues bobbing like a cork in a suck hole.

Louie Solomon carried three rowers in his long skiff, all hardy river men that had been with him for years. Each man wore a heavy six-shooter in plain sight at his belt. Some said that he paid these men fancy wages, and that he employed them as much for their ability with the revolver as for their skill at the oars.

It was far past noon when the white skiff drew up to the wharf. A crowd, mostly river men, was there to meet it—and more coming. It seemed everybody in Buckeye knew what was going on. In front of the Mud Hen the little Jew paused, rolled his furry tongue, and jerked his hand toward the door. The Pearlhunter shook his head. "Wait till we get back from the bank." The Jew stabbed the air with his expressive hands. "Himmel! It's on me!" But the Pearlhunter was far too wise to fall for that trick. "Thanks," he said. "But business first." He strode on toward the bank. The Jew trotted along beside him. The crowd followed. The old banker invited them back into his private office and said the

door. It was the first time the Pearlhunter had ever been farther in a bank than the lobby, and only once in his life that far. The solid and substantial luxury of the place was a revelation to him, even a matter of intense curiosity. But the cumulative effect of it was to give him courage, to make him feel he was somebody.

It seemed to the Pearlhunter that the banker was gone a long time when he went to bring the pearl from the safe. When he finally re-entered the private office the owner of the pearl saw why. He had hunted up some where about the bank a small box, a tiny jewel case, covered with green plush, and was carrying the pearl in it—a little thing, but very graceful and gracious. The act went to the heart of the Pearlhunter and immensely increased his confidence and self respect, which was probably the very thing the wise old banker hoped it would do.

Louie Solomon knew fresh water pearls. Probably there was no greater expert living. His first glance at the Blue Moon, when the lid of the tiny plush case was raised, betrayed him. Forgetful of the level eyes watching his slightest move, studying his every expression, he pounced upon the glorious jewel and caressed it with his hands, devoured it with his protruding eyes—the crafty trader lost for the moment in the expert; the Jew in the man.

But it was only for the moment. The enthusiast vanished; in his place the hard-faced trader. He straightened; set the box, with the lid still up, on the table that occupied the center of the office floor, and looked around at the others. "So-o—!" he said, with a slither of his hand toward the pearl—a gesture only Louie Solomon could make. "Undt dot iss it for which d'e pearl fishers should go crazy."

But even Louie Solomon couldn't quite put over his accustomed bluff in the face of such a gem. It drew his eyes back in spite of him. Taking a lens from his pocket, he stooped over it again. "You no see dot flaw?" he said, after a short inspection.

The Pearlhunter took the lens and looked with quick, studied care. Sometimes the most perfect pearl will develop a flaw in ripening. "No," he answered, handing back the lens. "Neither do you." It was a straight thrust. The buyer

flushed and studied his man. Who was this Pearlhunter, anyhow?

"Vell, how much you want it?" "I told you."

The Jew ridiculed the idea with his hands. "I t'ought you make me some foolishness. You don't can meant it?" "You've got a good chance to find out."

The Jew stooped again over the pearl, rolled it about upon the plush cushion inside the tiny jewel case, took a small pair of callipers from his vest pocket and measured it, not only to determine its size but its roundness as well. The old banker looked across the table and winked at the Pearlhunter—a very distinct and unmistakable wink. A dry grin puckered the young man's eyes. It's not every pearl fisher that gets winked at by a banker.

Solomon looked up after a while and growled: "I giff you t'ree t'ousan'." The banker started. But the Pearlhunter said: "If it ain't worth more than that, I might as well go down to Mud Haul and fish for bullheads."

Louie Solomon swore a stiff little run of what the Flatwoods calls "keen cussin'." His eyes stuck out; he stormed back and forth across the floor a time or two, muttering to himself in Yiddish a language in which

(Continued on page 3.)



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