

THE SLATON SLATONITE

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

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS.

VOL. . NO. 51. SEPT. 10, 1920

PART OF YOUR SALARY

SHOW THE BANK EACH MONTH, AND YOU WILL ACQUIRED THE SAVING HABIT. ACCUMULATES EVERY MONTH, AND EVERY ACCOUNT WITH THIS BANK. SAVE SOME PORTION OF YOUR SALARY.

THE FIRST

J. H. Brewer, President
H. C. Jones, Vice President

"THE BANK OF ENLARGED SAVINGS"

Local Men Buy Stock of C. M. McCullough

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

M. A. PEMBER

REAL ESTATE--INSURANCE

I HAVE BOUGHT THE INSURANCE BUSINESS OF C. C. HOFFMAN AND WILL CONDUCT THE SAME IN CONNECTION WITH THE BUSINESS I ALREADY CONTROL. I HAVE THE AGENCY FOR THE FOLLOWING WELL KNOWN COMPANIES: HARTFORD, HOME, AETNA, LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE, FIREMEN'S FUND, PHOENIX, AND A NUMBER OF OTHER COMPANIES WHICH ARE WRITING INSURANCE IN TEXAS TODAY. I WILL LOOK AFTER YOUR BUSINESS CAREFULLY AND SEE THAT NO EXPIRATIONS LAPSE. YOUR RENEWALS WILL BE DULY AP-

RECIATED AND I SOLICIT ALL NEW BUSINESS. I AM STILL SELLING REAL ESTATE AND AM BACK ON THE JOB IN EARNEST. I HAVE A NUMBER OF NICE PROPOSITIONS TO OFFER YOU. BETTER SEE ME BEFORE THEY ARE GONE.

MRS. W. T. CREWS OF WILSON DIED IN LUBBOCK SEPT. 7

Mrs. W. T. Crews, wife of W. T. Crews, living four miles south of Wilson, died at a sanitarium in Lubbock Sept. 7, after a long illness. She was taken there on July 25, where she underwent two operations, which was followed by typhoid fever, resulting in death at the above stated time.

Mrs. Crews was a little less than 21 years old, was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. W. Maeker, substantial citizen living about three miles east of Slaton. She was married to W. T. Crews in 1918. She was survived by her husband, two sons and four daughters.

Funeral services were held in the Slaton cemetery at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, services being conducted by Rev. A. V. Hendricks, pastor of the local Methodist church. Funeral arrangements were under the direction of Howerton Undertaking.

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

MEETING AT MEXICAN CAMP LAST SUNDAY AFTERNOON

A number of people attended a meeting at the Mexican camp last Sunday afternoon, at which time Mrs. Ben T. Owens lectured to them. Mrs. Owens was formerly a missionary in Old Mexico, and is thoroughly acquainted with the customs of that country. The Mexicans manifested considerable interest Sunday and indicated that they would like to have a meeting there every Sunday afternoon.

CHANGE IN DIRECTORS THE SLATON STATE BANK

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

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

C. C. Hoffman, a well known banker and real estate operator of Slaton, has been elected a director to succeed Mr. McCullough.

The bank will soon move into the Capps Hotel building, purchased by that institution some time ago. Remodeling of the building and erecting a vault will begin at once, for the purpose of taking care of the heavy fall business. The bank will begin assembling material for a modern banking house to be erected on this corner, beginning the first of the new year.

The Slatonite is sure that the people of this section will welcome the news that this bank is now being controlled and owned entirely by local people, people who have the interest of the community at heart, who are a part of the community, and who will use their entire energy and resources to help the town and country around us grow.

The Slaton State Bank will increase its capital stock to \$50,000 and will then be in better position to take care of the growing needs of this section.

DISTRICT MEETING M. E. MISSIONARY SOCIETIES HERE SEPT. 20 AND 21

The district meeting of the Missionary Societies of this district will be held in Slaton Sept. 20 and 21, at which Mrs. Nat G. Rollins of Aspermont, district president, will be here to preside. Many delegates and visitors from over the district will also be here and the ladies are planning to entertain them in a fitting way.

Remember the dates and if you can take one or two into your home let some of the Methodist ladies know about it.

Mrs. C. I. Kidd of Post, is district secretary.

Card of Thanks.

We take this method of expressing our sincere thanks to our neighbors and friends for their many kind deeds and expressions of sympathy during the illness and death of our dear wife, daughter and sister.

W. T. CREWS.
J. F. W. MAEKER AND FAMILY.

Movie Theatre PROGRAM.

Monday, Sept. 13, "THE FLAMING CLUE," by H. Morey.

Tuesday, Sept. 14, "HIDDEN DANGERS" and comedy, "HIS WIFE'S FRIEND."

Wednesday, Sept. 15, "LOVE WITHOUT QUESTION."

Thursday, Sept. 16, "LITTLE PRINCESS," featuring Mary Pickford.

Friday, Sept. 17, "LOST CITY" serial, comedy, and western.

Saturday, Sept. 18, "UNDER THE CRIMSON SKIES," featuring Elmo Lincoln.

On Friday night two shows, beginning promptly at 7 o'clock. Other nights 7:15.

Two shows Saturday night beginning at 7 o'clock.

WANTED: Second hand furniture, beds, davenport, coal cook stove and reed baby buggy. MARION TATE.

Early Fall Millinery



EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FOR MORNING, AFTERNOON AND EVENING WEAR, FEATURING THE NEW MATERIALS OF DUVETYN AND VELOUR IN FAVORED SHADES OF JADE GREEN, SOFT TANS, HENNA, AN OCCASIONAL RED OR LOVELY TURQUOISE BLUE.

Off to School



MOTHERS ARE NOW MAKING PREPARATIONS TO START THE BOY TO SCHOOL AND WE HAVE PROVIDED FOR THE NEEDS OF ALL THE "YOUNG AMERICANS" FROM LITTLE BROTHER WHO IS JUST STARTING TO SCHOOL, TO BIG BROTHER WHO NEEDS SOMETHING THAT WILL STAND ROUGH WEAR.

Robertson's



Civic Culture Club.

The Civic Culture Club met Saturday, with a good attendance, at the home of Mrs. R. A. Baldwin. The afternoon was spent at "42." A number of invited guests were present beside the regular membership.

This was the last social meeting of the summer and regular work will be resumed at the first meeting in September. The members were presented with the year-books for the study course this winter and the program committee was complimented on the work as outlined. The study course is one presented by the Mentor Magazine on Music, Art, Literature and Natural History.

The next meeting, because of conflict with the Chautauqua dates, will be held on Friday the 10th of September, instead of the 11th, at the home of Mrs. S. H. Adams. A good attendance is desired. The lesson on "Yellowstone National Park" will be led by Mrs. Herbert Tait.

B. W. M. W. Program.

B. W. M. W. program for Tuesday, Sept. 7, 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.

At Home.

Members of the Methodist Missionary Society have received the following announcement:

"At home with Mrs. R. H. Todd September 3, 1920, 3:00 p. m.—Defeated Side W. M. S."

Social at Klattenhoff Home.

A few guests were delightfully entertained at the pretty country home of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Klattenhoff last Saturday evening, honoring their niece and nephew, Miss Hilder and Altus Pfleger of Copeland, Texas, who are visiting them.

Christian Ladies.

The Ladies of the Church of Christ will meet at the church at 3 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon in their Bible study lesson. All are urged to be present.

Missionary Society.

The Methodist Missionary Society will hold their regular monthly social and business meeting at the home of Mrs. R. L. Smith next Monday afternoon. A full attendance is desired.

The district meeting of the Northwest Texas Conference will be held in Slaton Sept. 23 and 24.

LUBBOCK COUNTY HAS MARVELOUS GROWTH IN THE PAST TEN YEARS

Washington, Aug. 31.—The city of Lubbock has a population of 4,051, the Census Bureau announces. But the most marvelous growth has been in Lubbock county, outside the city of Lubbock, which now has 11,096 persons, as compared with 3,624 in 1910, and 293 in 1900.

Slaton, which was not in existence in 1910, now has 1,525.

Comparison of population cannot be made by justice precincts as the county has been redistricted since 1910.

Lubbock county, 11,096; precinct 1, including Lubbock city, 5,912; precinct 2, including Slaton town, 2,687; precinct 3, 1,660; precinct 4, 734; precinct 5, 653; precinct 6, 350.

A CLOSE-IN FARM BARGAIN.

160 acres four miles from town, 70 acres in cultivation, 3-room house, well, windmill and outbuildings. We are offering this at a close price and the crop goes with it.

A. M. WATSON CO.

M. A. PEMBER HAS BOUGHT THE HOFFMAN INSURANCE BUSINESS

On Sept. 1 M. A. Pember purchased the C. C. Hoffman insurance business and will continue it in connection with his present agency. Mr. Pember now has the Hartford, Home, Aetna, Liverpool, London & Globe, Firemen's Fund, Phoenix and several other of the strongest companies now writing fire insurance in Texas.

Elsewhere in this paper you will find his announcement, and he will appreciate any renewals or new business that you may give him, and promises to take care of it in a satisfactory manner.

Mr. Pember also conducts a general real estate business and has been very successful in his operations. He is a clean cut, honest business man, and will make every transaction with him a satisfactory one.

YOU CAN GROW IT—WHY NOT CAN IT?

From the number of calls I am receiving about canning corn it seems that a greater number of people are canning it this year than usual. I am very glad to know this.

Corn, to be good, must be canned almost immediately after pulling from the stalk. In fact it is better if you can have it beginning to cook within one hour from the time it is gathered.

After shucking and silking put ears into boiling water and let remain three minutes. Cold dip, cut from cob and put into cans immediately. Do not pack with spoon, but shake down well, having corn lacking about one inch of filling can. Make a salt and sugar mixture consisting of one part of salt to two parts of sugar and use one teaspoonful of this mixture to each quart of corn. Fill can with boiling water, running knife or paddle down to get out all bubbles. If canning in tin seal, and process 80 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. If canning in glass adjust rubber and top loosely until cooking is finished.

If using hot water method process 90 minutes the first cooking. Loosen tops of jars and process one hour eight to twelve hours after that. In canning in tin with steam pressure the can is sealed airtight before going into the cooker and the one cooking is sufficient. In canning in glass jars with hot water method all jars are left unsealed until first cooking is finished and sealed at the close, to be unsealed and sealed again at each successive cooking.

We are often asked about containers to use for canning corn. We recommend using the smallest container you have for that purpose. Pint jars or number two tin cans are best.

Dried Corn.

Select corn that is young and very tender. If field corn is used, good, blump roasting ear stage is the proper degree of ripeness. Boil or steam corn on cob six or eight minutes to set the milk. If a teaspoon of salt is added to the water in which the corn is boiled it will improve the flavor of the corn. Drain well, cut corn from the cob with a sharp, flexible knife. Cut grains half in two and scrape off remainder of grain, being careful not to scrape off chaff. Dry either in the sun or by artificial heat. A dozen ears of corn should average about one pound dried. Dried corn gives a delicious product which is easily kept.

I hope to see a great deal of canned and dried corn at our Fair the last of the month. Sincerely,

MILIE M. HALSEY, Home Demonstration Agent.

SLATON SHRINERS HAVING HIGH TIME IN AMARILLO

The Shriners are holding a big carnival and convention in Amarillo and the following are attending from this city: J. E. Kuykendall, H. C. Jones, C. F. Anderson, W. H. McKirahan, C. S. Greer, W. H. Smith, L. W. Davis, Ralph Hardy, F. A. Baird, J. M. McCann.

SCHOLARSHIP FOR SALE.

We have a scholarship in the Tyler Commercial College for sale at discount. Positively the best business college anywhere.

THE SLATONITE.

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

JUDGE PAUL P. MURRAY STILL DOING BUSINESS AT THE SAME OLD STAND

Last Saturday was a busy day for Judge Paul P. Murray, but he was equal to the occasion.

Three charges of assault and battery were filed by Jasper LaFluer and wife against Cisco Johnson, and the judge said five dollars and costs in each case, which run the total up to \$47.10.

Mary LaFluer then had to answer a charge of assault with abusive language, filed by Mrs. Bert Johnson, and the judge assessed another fine of \$5 and cost, which totaled \$15.70.

Another similar charge had also been filed against Mary LaFluer by Cisco Johnson, and she was told by the judge to produce another \$15.70.

Then Jasper LaFluer was put to trial on the same charge made by Cisco Johnson, and he to was asked to cough up \$15.70.

Judge Murray has indicated that he will give all reports of his court procedure hereafter to the papers for publication in order that the public may be kept informed as to who the law-breakers are.

GOOD IMPROVED FARM AT ONLY \$35.00 PER ACRE

Here's a genuine snap if you are looking for a good improved farm. 320 acres, with 140 in cultivation, balance pasture, good set of improvements with well and windmill, at only \$35.00 per acre. \$3500 cash gives you possession of it, and good terms on the remainder. See us at once if you are interested.

A. M. WATSON CO.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

School will take up every morning at 9 o'clock and turn out at 400 p. m.: instead of 8:30 a. m. and 3:00 p. m., respectively.

Remember the opening exercises next Monday at 9:00 a. m. and be present if you can. We want the patrons especially to meet the teachers. You should be deeply interested in knowing those who are to assist you in making useful and highly respected men and women of your children. Come and let us know that you appreciate the importance and seriousness of the work they are to do.

Teachers used to get acquainted with their patrons by going home with the pupils and spending a night with each patron. Now we must get acquainted with you and we may have to adopt the old-time method if you refuse to visit us at school, and in that event you would have to figure on not only the high cost of living but also the number of us to live.

The patrons of a school have a right to expect great things of their teachers. It is a great work. Almost any one can try to teach school, but just any one can not succeed. Lots of well educated persons have tried to teach school and failed, still many people look upon teaching as a very simple profession. Really it is the hardest profession to learn there is. But if every patron will co-operate with the teacher better success is sure. Expect definite results of the teacher and give all the assistance you can, and you will not be disappointed.

S. L. RIVES.

WILLARD Batteries, for any make of car, the best made for the money.

BAPTIST REVIVAL MEETING CLOSED SUNDAY NIGHT

The Baptist revival meeting was closed last Sunday night with a great fellowship service. More than fifty new converts and new church members were in the line-up. The party of evangelists left on the early morning train. Rev. Joe English will enter a pastorate at Elkins, West Virginia, where he has held two revival meetings in other years. Woodie Smith and Miss English will continue to operate a music publishing business and fill revival engagements. All three of them are first-class in their respective lines. The good people of Slaton will be delighted to welcome them back again whenever they can give us a return engagement. A collection amounting to about seven hundred and fifty dollars was very heartily donated by the local congregation for the meeting. The church has been greatly strengthened along many essential lines in addition to the growth in membership.

Southland Property for Sale.

Four store buildings, Southland hotel building and vacant lots. Will exchange any or all for good land nearby.

M. A. PEMBER.

CONTENTED COWS GIVE MORE MILK. Keep them contented and free from fle with Marstin's Fly Spray. More milk or your money back guaranteed by Red Cross Pharmacy.

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

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

"THE BLUE MOON."

ears. But her face was soon up again, brave and cheerful. "You could sing." "Me!" It was about the most startling thing she could have said. The



"That's Why I Trusted You."

dry splinters of a grin pinched up the corners of his eyes. "I'd have the woods to myself if I tried."

She looked at him. The tiny suggestion of a frown seemed to be trying to find a place on her face.

"I know what I am saying when I say that. You could sing. Your voice is soft and low and sweet."

dy's. I didn't notice it till a little bit ago, but I think I felt it all along. I guess that's why I trusted you—because your voice is like Daddy's." The Pearlhunter was standing quite close to her. His eyes drank in the plump white mystery of her throat; the bit of ribbon rising and falling upon her bosom. It was an old ribbon, old and worn. He studied her dress. It had been many a day since it was new. He recalled the old man's coat and his shoes. They were as old as hers. He glanced around the cabin; stole a quick look toward the east room—her room. The Pearlhunter was slow—in some things—but somehow he always managed to arrive in time.

"Wild Rose!" Her eyes jumped to his. She let him see how much the name pleased her.

"You've just said a mighty big thing to me. You've said you trust me. That's a big thing for a girl to say to a man. The Almighty alone knows whether I'll do to trust. Now, don't think hard of what I'm about to say. And I wish I knew some nice way to say it. But I don't know any way only just to say it. Don't you need help—money, I mean?"

A succession of emotions flitted across the girl's face—pleasure at the name; bewilderment as he talked on; and at the last, a smile. The man watched the smile. It was a brave smile, but it had to retreat, beaten back by a stronger foe. Her lips drew together; her chin quivered; she bowed her head and buried her face in her arms.

What had he done! Had she misunderstood him. The Pearlhunter inwardly cursed his clumsiness. He found his hand stealing toward her hair. How helpless she was—and he had hurt her. His fingers strayed over the soft locks and smoothed them.

It seemed a long time to the Pearlhunter before she raised her face. He half dreaded to see her eyes; but—a desperate glance—reproach in them. He had been misunderstood.

"I don't know how I am to go on." Her throat and neck and face flamed crimson at the admission. "I can't leave to go out to service; and all the furniture that can be spared I have sold."

"Only your own," he blurted out, rather imprudently, as he reflected afterward, for how was she to know that he had glanced into her room?

"I didn't wish Daddy to miss anything."

The unselfishness of her act seemed not to have entered her mind, but it was not lost on the Pearlhunter.

"The storekeeper has been so good to me, and trusted me for so many things. I'm afraid to think how much I owe him. But he is old, and his wife has been ill. It mortifies me to have to ask him for more credit, but I can't let Daddy starve. Money used to come to us before he got—hurt. But I found out afterward that it always came addressed simply to Box 23. Not even the postmaster knows Daddy's name. Neither—do—I!"

Her voice fell very low. The Pearl-

hunter, it was like name."

"The doctor says," she went on, "that the bullet broke a piece of skull, so that it presses on the brain. He thinks a great surgeon he knows might be able to raise that little piece of skull and make Daddy well. And that's what hurts me worst of all—that I can't have it done."

She stopped; turned her head away. There came into the man's level eyes a look that the hard men of the river had learned to know.

"Listen!" he said. "You must trust me. You must let me help you. You already know the story of the Blue Moon. Such a find always brings the pearl buyers. They flock to it like vultures to a carcass. They'll soon be here—maybe tomorrow. I'll sell the pearl, and you shall send for that surgeon."

Like one waking from a dream to find the dream come true—she turned slowly and raised her face to his. The full significance of his offer, the big generosity of it, the immense fact of it, escaped her in the first moments. Only a mere detail of it reached her.

"I—we—couldn't ever pay you back."

It was on his tongue to say he didn't expect to be paid back—that he didn't want to be paid back, but a glance at her somehow made such an answer impossible. The book case gave him an inspiration.

"You could let me read these books."

"Why, you could do that anyway."

She looked at him in curious surprise. Not knowing the hope that was slowly waking in her, he misinterpreted the look. He avoided her eyes.

His generosity had overreached his tact. Such an offer couldn't be made to a girl in the same way it could be made to a man. His eye roved the room in desperation. It lighted finally on the cello still leaning against the old man's chair.

"You can teach me singin' lessons!"

He said it a good deal as a man might consent to a surgical operation, with the chances dead against him.

"That wouldn't be worth—money," she said. "That would just be fun, if—things were so I could."

The Pearlhunter picked up his hat from the table, stood fumbling it and thinking intently. It went against the grain of him to give up till the last lick was struck. Something she had said a few minutes before happened into his thoughts.

"When your father is well, there'll be more money coming to Box 23. He can pay me back then himself."

He said it slowly—like a man laying his last card on the table, and the odds against him.

But the effect was utterly opposite

to what he had dreaded. Her eyes sprang to his face, and there was something in them he had not seen there before. He knew in that instant that she had not misunderstood him. With a freedom from which the high moment took even the tiniest semblance of boldness, she stepped toward him and laid her hand on his arm.

"You're wonderful! I don't suppose anybody else in the world would do such a thing for folks like—us—for strangers. Forgive me that I didn't thank you. It was all so marvelous! But I do, I do, over and over!"

The puzzled misgivings on the wind-seasoned face of the man melted up into a slow smile.

"It's nothing—" he said.

That was the best he could do, the utmost syllable he could muster.

"Nothing! When Daddy is to be well, and the good days are coming back! How can I ever thank you!"

"It's nothing," he repeated. "I'd just as soon you"—he hesitated; finally added the word, "folks—had the money for a while as to let it stand there in the bank idle."

"Yes, but how many would look at it that way? I'm sure the bank wouldn't; nor the doctor; nor anybody—but you. Except Daddy," she added. "He would—when he was well. He was like—you."

"Anyhow," he said, as if continuing some previous remark—some remark he had doubtless been turning over in his mind, since he had let fall no word of it—"the first thing is to sell the pearl."

He stepped toward the open door. She followed him. With the air of a man seeking some excuse to linger, he turned at the threshold.

"Sure you're not afraid?"

"Afraid! With Daddy?" A thought clouded her eyes. Her face fell. "I'm only too safe," she continued in a low voice. "Nobody in the Flatwoods would venture near this place. They think it's—it's—"

She did not finish. The man guessed, and stood silent.

But the future held too big a hope for her to stay long under a chance cloud. She raised her face after a moment and held out her hand. He grasped it in both his own.

"Don't feel bad," she said, "because you have no name—but—Pearlhunter. I haven't any either—but—but—"

"Wild Rose," he finished.

He watched the dimples come back; and the soft twilight in her eyes; and a shaft of bronze sunset doing straight

magic with her hair. He felt her hand slipping out from between his—the cushions of her palm; her soft fingers—and turned away.

Down near the flat rock at the pool he looked back and found the cabin through the trees. She was still standing in the door. He waved his hand. Her white arm shot up in the twilight, outlined for a brief instant against the gray logs.

CHAPTER VI.

An Arm Across the Moon.

The cabin of Fallen Rock was very gloomy as the Pearlhunter came down the bluff, walked around to the front door and pushed it open. The fire had long since died in the stove. In the twilight the interior of the cabin was like night. He hastened to light the



The Sight of His Mother's Chair . . . Oppressed Him Heavily.

candle. The sight of his mother's chair, when the light brought it out of the gloom, oppressed him heavily.

He stepped out of the cabin, thinking to sit upon the door-step a while.

The moon was not due till midnight, but the sky was already spiked with stars; and so blue and deep that it appeared to have no bottom. A good eye seemed to be all that was needed to see clear through.

The bottom grew again in the sky; the stars came back out of the deep azure. The man's eyes opened. It was the sound of oars that opened them. For the first moment he did not know that he had been asleep. A glance at the east, all a-flare with the close coming of the moon, convinced him that he had slept—for hours.

Midnight. What were oars doing on the Wabash at midnight? The creaking of them, accompanied by the dull clupp-clupp of the oar locks, drew nearer. Presently there came the gruff tones of men, surly, and short-spoken.

When even with the house-bomb the rowing ceased, and he knew the boat was being allowed to drift.

"Hello-o, up there!"

It was the hoarse, gruff voice of the Boss. A day and half a night! The finding of the Blue Moon had been celebrated most furiously.

"Hello-o!" he answered.

He heard the Boss swear and say to the others: "There! What'd I tell y'u! I knowed he wouldn't be asleep." The hoarse voice, thickened a good deal by the celebration, boomed across the water again and bounded against the face of the cliff.

"Louie Solomon struck town t'night. He'll be down in th' mornin'."

"Let 'm come."

"Stick out fer th' five thousan'."

The Pearlhunter did not answer.

"Be up t'morrow, sometime," the voice boomed out again.

"Come ahead."

The Boss tossed back no further word.

So Louie Solomon, the smoothest, trickiest, shiftest of them all, would be "down in the mornin'." The eyes of the Pearlhunter narrowed. His jaws snapped together. He turned and re-entered the cabin. The candle had burned low. The draft that set in from the open door had guttered it deep. He blew it out, flung off his clothes and rolled into bed.

"Five thousand!" he muttered, dropping into the sleep that comes easy to the woodsman. "Not even Louie Solomon can beat me if I stick right here. That's what I'll do—stick—right here. I'm not askin' more, and he shan't have it for—ness—"

So long as the pulse of the woods beat normal the sleep of the Pearlhunter was sound. The howl of the owl; the whine of the wildcat; the howl of the wolves; never disturbed (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.

Wagons, Row Binders, Shelf and Heavy Hardware at a Saving.

Forrest Hardware

Phone 6, SLATON, TEXAS



WANTED TO BUY ALL KINDS OF SECOND HAND FURNITURE.

JUST RECEIVED SHIPMENT OF NEW PHONOGRAPH RECORDS.

Howerton's FURNITURE-HARDWARE-UNDERTAKING

MATTRESSES at \$10.00

Be sure to get tickets for FREE Premiums with each cash purchase.

Picture Framing a Specialty With Us Phone 49, Slaton, Texas

DO YOU ENJOY A GOOD MEAL?

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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

THE BLUE MOON

A TALE OF THE FLATWOODS

BY DAVID ANDERSON



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The girl ran to him and put her arms about his shoulders. He seemed not to feel her touch. Slowly and noiselessly he approached the Pearlhunter. A leaf couldn't have drifted across the floor more silently, or more involuntarily. Some extraneous force seemed to drive him.

The girl clung to him and tried to coax him, even drag him, back into his chair. He seemed to be utterly unaware of her weight. There was a



His Yellow Eyes Never Left the Pearlhunter's Face.

knife in his hand. His hollow eyes never left the Pearlhunter's face.

With all the girl's assurance that he was harmless, that there was no danger, it took all the Pearlhunter's resolution to abide the coming of that gaunt apparition. His breath came fast. He set the basket down on the floor, dropped his hat beside it, and kept his eye on the knife.

A pale fire burned away back in the Wild Man's vacant eyes, and his beard writhed with the quiver of his features. He even raised his hands and ran them over the Pearlhunter's face, as a blind man might in searching for some recognizable feature.

Apparently he did not find it. The pale fires died out of his eyes; his face quivered; his breast seemed to collapse; the tense silence shivered with a groan. The crush of strength that had seemed to dower his vast frame with irresistible force fell from him as a mantle. He tottered as the girl led him, like a tired child, back to his chair.

Her father! The daughter of the Wild Man!

He stepped aside out of the open door and let the sun in. It streaked across the floor and caught her where she stooped over the old man's chair.

She seemed for the moment to have forgotten his presence. He glanced around the cabin. It was really four cabins—four rooms—under one roof. The door by which they had entered faced south. He stood in the center room, or center cabin. A curtained opening led to another room on the west; a similar opening, with the curtain looped back and tied with a bit of ribbon, disclosed a room on the east. A closed door gave entrance to the third room, probably the kitchen, jogged a little to allow for a window near the northwest corner of the center room.

His gaze traveled to the fire place. A revolver—a very dependable looking six-gun—lay upon the mantel. Above it, arranged across a draped American flag, hung a silk sash, a tasseled cord, a pair of silver spurs, and a sword. Looped in the sword hilt were two strands of ribbon, one purple, the other gold. There came a dim remembrance that he had once heard somewhere these were the colors of a famous regiment that great-

ly distinguished itself in the Indian wars.

The half minute or more he had spent looking over the room had given him time to recover his calm, and now his glance came back to the ruin in the chair.

The Wild Man was whetting his knife against his palm, mumbling and muttering. He seemed to gloat over the glitter of it—and the girl within easy reach of his hand. The Pearlhunter stiffened; gathered himself to spring. She happened to look up, caught his eye, and shook her head. Seemingly unconscious of any danger, she came to the door, picked up her basket and his hat and put them on the table beside the vase of wild roses.

"You're not afraid?" asked the Pearlhunter.

"He wouldn't harm a fly."

"But the knife?"

"He plays with it by the hour. That knife," as if weighing the thought it raised. "He keeps it with him night and day. I fear death will sometime come of that knife!"

His eyes urged her to go on.

"Seven years he's been as you see him. Up to that time he was the most wonderful father a girl ever had. He wasn't gray until then, and he didn't wear a beard. Those who knew him then wouldn't know him now. It was seven years ago this June—the twentieth. I remember it because it was my birthday—I was twelve. That evening I heard a groan at the kitchen door. I ran out, and there was Daddy, holding to the door post to keep from falling, his hands covered with blood, and blood all over his face and hair. I helped him in, washed off the blood and discovered it came from a wound in his head. I bound it up the best I could and ran to the village for the doctor.

"When he came, he said Daddy had been shot. There was a long scar—like a groove—that the doctor said was made by the bullet. It had caused concussion of the brain. Since that he has been like this. The knife he must have taken from the person that shot him, for he had none of his own. It was clutched tight in his hand when I found him—the knife, and this—"

She beckoned him across the room to the book case. It was the first carpet the Pearl Hunter had ever walked over. He set his feet down like a man crossing thin ice.

She fumbled out from behind a row of books a small packet, with the caution:

"You mustn't let Daddy see it. He will go wild if you do. I used to keep it stuck behind the picture, but it worked out into sight one day, and he drove the knife through it before I could get it away from him. If he ever finds the man it belongs to he'll serve him the same way, I'm afraid. Sometimes I think that's why he haunts the woods—to see if he can find him. There, you can see where the knife went through."

She had been unwrapping a fold of paper as she talked. The sight of its contents surprised a low exclamation from the Pearlhunter. It was a red mask.

The Pearlhunter fingered the bit of stiff cloth lying across the girl's palm with such quick eagerness that her eyes sought his face curiously. The red mask! The slit of the knife near an eye hole—no man in the Flatwoods better able to read the story it told; none better able to piece together the fragments of that seven-year-old tragedy.

Up through the eye holes there seemed to glow a pair of eyes—blue, like blue ice; eyes that glow black when roused. He knew what they looked like when the blue turned to black.

Suddenly, without warning, a deep groan set the silence ashiver. The girl crammed the packet back behind the books; the Pearlhunter whirled.

The Wild Man had risen from his chair and stood peering toward him with wide, weird eyes. With a step that was ghostly noiseless he crossed the floor. Quite close he came, his dulled senses seeming to need the stimulus of close contact. His bony hands and long arms were quivering; his hollow face twitching pitifully.

"He's never like this" the girl whispereed.

The young man glanced at her and stood still. The thin hands fluttered over his face and head. Even their lightest touch was heavy with a strength that must have been prodigious—as if the fibres of his malady kindled a fire in him more than human. Some impulse of compassion must have reached the heart of the Pearlhunter, for he stretched his long arm forth and laid it about the old man's shoulders. Instantly he felt the weight of the gray giant upon him. It might have been the one thing the stricken man craved in his dumb way—the touch of his kind; the prop of a man's arm.

The situation embarrassed the Pearlhunter. It was like winning the confidence of a little child, and he not knowing what to do with it.

The girl was quick to see the embarrassment, and such a look might coax

led the old man to the book case, then, leaving him, she hurried to the room to the book case.

"I never saw him so restless," she said, as she passed by. "He looks like you, though," she continued while finding the book she sought. "Strange, too, for he's cross up to even to the doctor. Won't you come till I quiet him?"

Before he could reply she had left the book and hurried back to the chair. Opening it, she laid it upon the man's knees. He bent his head and felt over the open page with his hand, but the weird eyes could no longer resolve the frozen magic of the words. He fidgeted in his chair and the book slid to the floor.

The picture was too distressing, and the Pearlhunter turned his face away. From where he stood he had an almost unobstructed view into the east room, the girl's room, and before he realized it his eyes had strayed past the curtains. Amazement held them there a moment in spite of him. The room, in striking contrast to what he had seen of the rest of the house, was almost bare of furniture—a carpetless floor; the rudest of beds; a broken chair, and little else.

He heard her walking across the floor and turned away half guiltily. She had her hand upon the curtained entrance of the west room, and he noticed that it was carpeted, and was otherwise furnished quite in keeping with the room in which he stood, certainly in very decided contrast to the room upon the east.

But he had no time to reflect on all these things, for the girl reappeared in a moment carrying a cello, which she placed between the old man's knees. She put the bow in his right hand and lifted his left to the strings. He laid his cheek down upon the instrument; grew quiet. The faltering bow tried to wake the strings, but in vain. The old man's body seemed to shrink together. His chin dropped down upon his breast. But the next instant he sat upright and rigid; his wide eyes, groping around, found the Pearlhunter, and he started to rise—grappled up, strained up, as if by a power outside himself.

The girl caught the falling bow from his hand; drew the cello to her and deftly twisted the strings in tune.

The Pearlhunter stood amazed at what followed. The tones of the cello seemed to reach out into the quiet evening, purple with the close of day, and gather up the drowsy sounds of wood and string, and bring them in, and strew them down like falling rose leaves—the fall of a distant oar; the lap of water upon cool rocks; the pulse of a current that rose and fell; the croon of contented bees under a serene sunset. He did not know what he heard was Beethoven's incomparably witching Moonlight Sonata.

The old man's head butted forward, his eyes were closed, and he muffled in his rumpled bedclothes his breast. Learing the cello from the chair, the girl picked up a lamp, laid it about her neck, and led him away, like a drowsy child, through the curtained entrance of the west room.

With the departure of the girl the picture dissolved; the evening world became a vast emptiness, an emptiness the silence poured in to fill. It caught the Pearlhunter in its flood; it held him; overwhelmed him; found out little nooks and crannies of his nature that he never knew were there.

The curtains parted. A soft step crossed the carpet. The world came back. A deep breath swelled the chest of the Pearlhunter—deep as if it had been the only breath he had taken since the song began.

"Next to the thrush song, that was the most wonderful thing I ever heard!"

The girl looked up from rearranging the cushions in the old man's chair.

"Daddy taught me. He said it was my gift. He had the deepest, soft voice," she went on, more to herself than to him. "Like the low tones of the cello, though it always made him sad to sing. Long ago, when I was a child, he used to hold me in his arms and sing to me. He was a wonderful cellist before—!"

She bowed her head over the chair and the Pearlhunter fancied he saw

(Continued on page 3.)



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: "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, the sprocket chain that drives the mechanism of life.

R DRUGGIST.

HEALTH OR BEAUTY

Drug Co.

Phone 92, SLATON, TEXAS

The Agency

SIMMONS' GROCERY

THE OLD RELIABLE GROCERY J. SIMMONS, Propr.

IT IS GRATIFYING TO KNOW THAT THE RAILROAD EMPLOYEES WILL GET AN INCREASE IN WAGES IN ORDER TO MEET THE HIGH COST OF LIVING. IN THE MEANTIME WE ARE STRIVING TO SELL GOOD GROCERIES AT A PRICE THEY CAN AFFORD TO PAY. YOUR BUSINESS IS ALWAYS APPRECIATED.

"Columbia Six"

THE "COLUMBIA SIX" HAS THE SUBSTANTIAL, WELL-GROOMED APPEARANCE THAT STAMPS ITS OWNER AN ESTABLISHED SUCCESS. NOTHING BIZARRE OR RADICAL ABOUT IT. THE COLUMBIA HAS A DISTINCT AIR OF "GOOD BREEDING" THAT COMPELS THE SINCERE AND LASTING ADMIRATION OF EVERYONE.

SOME CARS DEPRECIATE IN THE PRIDE OF OWNERSHIP MORE RAPIDLY THAN THEY DO MECHANICALLY. YEARLY "TRADE-INS" PROVE THIS. BUT THE COLUMBIA SIX GROWS OLD SLOWLY AND GRACEFULLY. IT KEEPS YOUR CONFIDENCE IN ITS MECHANICAL WORTH AND RETAINS YOUR PRIDE IN ITS APPEARANCE.

COME IN ANY TIME AND LET US DEMONSTRATE THIS CAR.

Lee Green & Co.

THE SLATON GARAGE.

TELEPHONE 73

NEW EQUIPMENT ADDED

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW STITCHING MACHINE OF THE LATEST TYPE, THAT WILL SEW ANYTHING IN THE WAY OF HALF SOLES OR HARNESS. WE INVITE YOU TO CALL AND SEE THIS WONDERFUL MACHINE IN OPERATION AND BRING YOUR WORK ALONG TOO.

R. A. HENDERSON

CAPS OLD HOTEL BUILDING

SLATON, TEXAS



DON'T BE A KNOCKER

But if you must knock do your knocking with a good reliable hammer on some bright, shiny, new nails. Be the kind of a knocker that builds buildings and homes and barns and garages and chicken coops and pigpens, the sound of whose hammer is music, and has ever stood for progress, civilization, protection and comfort. In these days of reconstruction may the sound of the hammer take the place of the boom of guns and ring its happy, cheerful message round the world. And speaking of hammers and saws and chisels and planes and everything—you know we're headquarters in this community.

A. L. Brannon Hardware

"UNDER CRIMSON SKIES" AT MOVIE THEATRE SEPT. 18

At the Movie Theatre on Saturday, Sept. 18, theatregoers of Slaton will have an opportunity to see the latest Universal-Jewel production "Under Crimson Skies," featuring the Colossus of the Screen, Elmo Lincoln. "Under Crimson Skies" is an original story by J. G. Hawks and is reminiscent of the virile tales of the sea by Jack London and Robert Louis Stevenson. It tells the story of Yank Barstow, master of the Southern Cross, who is sailing to a South American port with a cargo of pianos. Clayton, owner of the ship, and his wife and baby daughter are the only passengers aboard. Clayton is in reality a gun runner, taking a shipment of rifles and ammunition to be used in a rebellion, and the fire-

arms are stored in the empty piano cases. The second mate and part of the crew are in his employ. During a storm at sea Captain Barstow discovers that he is carrying contraband, and when he threatens to put Clayton in irons the crew mutinies. He is forced to shoot the ringleader, and Clayton's wife, who arrives on the scene too late to witness the mutiny believes Barstow's action sheer brutality. When the Southern Cross docks at the Latin port, Clayton and the crew accuse the captain of attempted manslaughter on the high seas, and he is tried by a marine court martial. Keeping silent on account of his love for Clayton's wife and baby, he is sentenced to prison, from which he escapes and becomes master of a band of beach-combers after vanquishing the leader of the lawless mob.

How the revolution starts and threatens to engulf the conspirators, how Barstow and his gang of beach-combers come to the aid of the besieged Americans at the consulate and how he regains his liberty and reputation are told in a series of intensely interesting scenes. Rex Ingram directed the production which engages the services of many clever players and which is rich in artistic photography. Reads Like a Dime Novel. The chapters in the case of the homicide of Judge Burton at Crosbyton, seem to be continued regularly. Cates, the murderer, is still in jail pending a hearing on his appeal from a ninety-nine year sentence. The widow of Burton left a will leaving her property to Cates. The will was

contested in the courts by Mrs. Burton's sister and the will was set aside, and the property will go to the rightful heirs. This is probably the first case in the history of a man murdering another to secure his wife, being under sentence for first degree murder and then going into court to secure the dead man's property, as the paramour and heir of the widow.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Have you bought your Chautauqua tickets?
Mrs. J. H. Brewer returned Tuesday from a visit in Clovis.
W. E. Martin has returned from a business trip to Fochs.
Mrs. George McCarty returned Sunday from a visit in Amarillo.
S. D. Pettus of Texico, N. M., was here on business this week.
Have you bought your Chautauqua tickets?
Bill Klattenhoff has returned from New York where he attended a business college.
Mr. and Mrs. Foster Carroll are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine boy at their home Sept. 6.
Mrs. Paul O'Brien of Amarillo, has returned home after a visit to Mrs. George McCarty.
S. T. Henderson of Sipe Springs has returned home after a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Henderson.
J. H. Brewer has returned from a business trip to Memphis and other sections of the Panhandle.
Prof. C. V. Hall has gone to Snyder to assume his duties as superintendent of the Snyder public schools.
When in need of the services of a practical painter and paper hanger see J. L. WEIGHT, at wagon yard Bldg.
Mrs. R. E. Gatewood of Cleburne has been visiting at the home of her cousin, Mrs. P. H. Whalen.
WILLARD Batteries, for any make of car, the best made for the money. —BIG STATE GARAGE.
Mrs. W. H. McKirahan spent a few days in Amarillo last week visiting friends.
FOR SALE: Good farm tractor. Will sell or exchange for Slaton property. M. A. PEMBER.
Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Henderson and daughter, Mrs. Glen Barkhurst of Post, visited in Lamesa last week.
FOR SALE: New 2-room house, close to railroad shops. Will take in Ford car. M. H. TATE.
G. A. Van Natta and family have returned from a visit to relatives in Montana, and other sections of the north.
Miss — — Hastings of Alief, Texas has arrived here to attend school, and will live with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Gentry.
C. Doherty, roadmaster for the Santa Fe on the Slaton division, has gone to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to spend his vacation.
WRITE J. G. WADSWORTH, Holly, Colo., for literature and land list of Southeastern Colorado, the only good land left.
C. C. Hoffman has moved his office from the rear of the First State Bank to the Slaton State Bank building. Brewer-Rutter Co. are occupying his former office.

Have you bought your Chautauqua tickets?
H. J. Gentry has built a two-room house in the north part of town.
Mrs. E. P. Bowen is here from Wichita Falls visiting Mrs. C. Doherty and other friends.
Drug Sundries of all kinds at the right prices at TEAGUE'S CONFECTIONERY.
Mrs. J. E. Terry has gone to Tullia to visit her daughter, Mrs. Clem, who is quite sick.
Misses Kate and Cora Ackers left for their home at Marlin Monday, after spending the summer with their sister, Mrs. L. W. Williamson.
WANTED: To buy your second hand furniture and stoves. Phone 245, Lubbock Texas. M. L. Waldrop.
Miss Allie Ralls of the R. & C. Millinery store, has bought a nice residence being erected by S. S. Forrest just west of the business part of town.
TEAGUE'S CONFECTIONERY for high grade stationery and drug sundries of every kind.
FOR SALE: Parlor table, buffet, set china dishes, rocker, and pictures. MRS. TOM WALLING, near Cannon House.
FOR SALE: New wagon, wide tire low wheels; and good big team horses. Terms if desired. See WILLIAMS & SELMON.
Miss Hazel Montgomery of Houston has returned home after a ten days' visit with her sister, Mrs. C. H. Sutton and family.
Mrs. R. L. Harkleroad left Monday for a thirty days' visit to relatives and friends at Milano, and to settle up her estate there.
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hughes have returned to their home in Cleburne after a visit to Mrs. Hughes' sister, Mrs. P. H. Whalen.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Howard of Ardmore, Okla., are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Henderson, and will visit relatives in Lamesa before returning home.
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hood have returned to their home in Comanche County after a pleasant visit at the home of their son J. W. Hood and family here.
D. E. Buster, who has been working in Childress for some time, was here Saturday and Sunday, and has gone to Plainview, where he will be connected with a drug store.
Mr. and Mrs. Glen Barkhurst of Post, accompanied by the former's parents of Enid, Okla., were guests of Mrs. Glen Barkhurst's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Henderson, here this week.
Miss Baulah Evans, who has been visiting at the home of her cousin, Mrs. J. B. Stallings and family, has gone to Canyon to attend the Teachers' Institute. She will teach at it all during the coming term.
Mrs. V. F. Tollett and Miss Lura Hadley, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Parker, will return to Emporia, Kansas, Friday. Mrs. Parker will accompany them home for a short visit.
LOST: A sterling silver wrist watch Sunday evening on the Tahoka-Lubbock road between Tahoka and 8 miles north. Finder please return to V. R. BACON, care St. Clair Hotel, Tahoka, and receive reward.
R. A. DeLong has returned from a several days' visit in Oklahoma City, where he visited Mrs. DeLong, who is undergoing treatment there. He reports that she is improving nicely, but will not be able to return home for several weeks.
We failed to mention last week that Miss Frances Adams had returned from an extended visit to relatives in Chicago. She was met at Plainview by Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Adams, daughter Josephine, and Miss Muff Robertson.
FOR SALE: Two span mules, one team mares, 85 full blood White Leghorns, 4 peafowls, two wagons, and farm implements. See me at once. Will sell worth the money. I am located in South Slaton on the old Foreman place. FRANK MATTHIS.

Do You Want a Home This Winter?

Remember that winter is hovering just around the corner. Wouldn't you like to have a cozy home for the cold days that are coming? See me if you want to buy a small home that is modern and worth the money, on easy payments.
W. DONALD, At Slatonite.

BASEBALL.

A game is announced for Sunday at 3:30 p. m. between Post City and Slaton at the ball park here. Both clubs have strong teams and a good game is promised.

AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE.

I write automobile insurance for the Interstate Auto Insurance Co. of Rich Rapids, Iowa, one of the strongest companies writing this line. There is no company writing this class of insurance at so low a rate. Let me explain it to you. M. A. PEMBER.

HERE'S A SNAP.

We have for quick sale 188 acres of good farm land in Eastland County, nearly all in cultivation, good producing oil well within half a mile of it, but the owner now lives in Lubbock County, and will trade it for land here or in Crosby or Floyd Counties, and will let one-half of the oil royalty go with it. If you want to pick up a bargain see me at once.
J. M. STEPHENS.

Chautauqua begins Saturday p. m.

**\$200 For Best Bushel Wheat
\$200 For Best 10 Pounds of Lint Cotton**

\$100,000 Automobile Display	Second Largest Wheat Show in U. S.
\$8,000 in Premiums	Over \$800 Cash Prizes on Wheat
\$3,500 Automobile Race Purses	\$300 Cash Premiums on Cotton
\$5,500 in Free Entertainments	\$200 Baby Contest Prizes
\$4,500 Roundup Purses	\$100,000 Merchants Display
\$100,000 Tractor Show	\$100,000 Livestock Show
Heaviest Cotton Premiums in South	Big Poultry Show

THE BIGGEST FAIR IN WEST TEXAS THIS YEAR. 5 BIG DAYS AND NIGHTS OF FUN. ADMISSION TO ALL EXHIBITS FREE. NO ENTRY FEES IN ANY DEPARTMENT. ENTRIES OPEN TO THE WORLD.

**The Northwest Texas Fair
PLAINVIEW, TEXAS SEPTEMBER 27-28-29-30, OCT. 1**

Write E. B. MILLER, Secretary, Plainview, Texas, for your copy of the big premium list.

SLATON SLATONITE

Telephone No 29

Issued every Friday morning
Slaton, Lubbock County, Texas.

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

Subscription, per year \$2.00

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SOUTHLAND.

The Methodist meeting closed Sunday. Rev. C. R. Kidd, assisted by Rev. C. A. Duncan, both of Post City, held the meeting. Several conversions and twenty additions to the church. A Sunday School was also organized Sunday morning. Let's all wake up and watch the school grow.

Wedding bells have been ringing in this community again. Miss Angele Adams and Arthur Roberson of Happy, were married in Canyon last Monday. Miss Ruby Wright and Harry Logan of Justiceburg were married Saturday evening at the home of J. J. Day. We wish both couples a long and happy married life.

Mrs. T. E. Irwin Snyder and Mrs. J. D. Farrow and daughter of Anson, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Farrow.

Mrs. B. R. Arthur and children have returned from their trip to East Texas. They were accompanied home by her father, J. Dotson of Glen Rose.

Mrs. Beulah Shaw and daughter, Miss Etta, spent several days last week at Lamesa with friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Goodwin left last week for Phoenix, Arizona, on a ten days' visit with relatives.

Mrs. Bryan Shaw and Mrs. Albert Basinger are visiting their brother, H. D. Foster at Goodlett, Texas.

A ten nights singing school is being conducted by Prof. L. E. Rudd of Stockman this week.

W. R. Craft is in Dallas this week buying merchandise for the Craft Grocery Co.

NORTHWEST TEXAS FAIR
PLAINVIEW, SEPT. 27
TO OCT. 1, INCLUSIVE

The Santa Fe has granted excursion rates from all points on its Panhandle and Santa Fe lines to the Northwest Texas Fair to be held in Plainview Sept. 27 to Oct. 1, inclusive. Slaton is included in the territory affected by the low rates.

Over \$7,000 in cash premiums are being offered in the agricultural and livestock classes. \$800 in cash premiums are being offered in the wheat show and \$500 will be given in cash for cotton. A \$200 first prize for the best ten pounds of cotton lint is expected to bring much cotton from the Slaton country, which is well known for the quality of its cotton. A \$200 first prize is also offered for the best bushel of winter wheat.

Purses totaling \$4,500 will be given in the round-up and race meet held in connection with the fair. An additional \$3,500 will be given in purses for automobile races. Both the round-up and automobile races will be held each of the five days.

The F. M. Barnes headline attractions have been secured for the fair at a cost of \$4,500. They come direct to Plainview from the Oklahoma State Fair and go to Dallas to be headline attractions at the Texas State Fair. Dozens of other free attractions will be given each day.

Representatives of the fair will be in Slaton soon to distribute literature concerning the fair and to work up interest in exhibits. The big catalog and premium list is now ready and a copy may be secured from E. B. Miller, Secretary, Plainview, Texas.

Appreciation of Patronage.

I have disposed of the Ideal Tailor Shop to R. A. DeLong, and after next Monday, Sept. 13, will be with him at his store and tailor shop. I thank the people for the liberal patronage they gave and invite you to bring your work to me at Mr. DeLong's, where it will receive careful attention.
L. L. STONE.

CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM.

Saturday Afternoon, Sept. 11.
The Porter Concert Company; lecture, "Benefits Forgot," J. W. Terry.

Saturday Night.
Lecture, "The Government of the United States," J. W. Terry; the Porter Concert Company.

Sunday Night.
Free lecture at the Chautauqua tent, by the Director.

Monday Afternoon.
Lecture, "A Canary in a Coal Mine," by the Director.

Concert, Loseff's Russian Quartette. Mrs. Cora Melton Cross, in a program of stories for young and old. Organization of "Young America" Club, Mrs. Cora Melton Cross.

Monday Night.
Lecture, "The Making of An American," by Chautauqua Director.

Concert, Loseff's Russian Quartette.

Tuesday Afternoon.
Concert, The Dudos-Starbuck Feature Concert Combination.

Lecture, "Community Friendship," Guy M. Bingham.

Tuesday Night.
Lecture, "A Tower of Babel," Guy M. Bingham.

Concert, The Dudos-Starbuck Feature Concert Combination.

BEFORE YOU HAVE YOUR SHOE REPAIRING DONE CALL AND INVESTIGATE OUR PRICES. ALL WORK FIRSTCLASS AND CHEAPER THAN AT ANY PLACE ON THE SOUTH PLAINS. HAVE RECENTLY INSTALLED ONE OF THE WORLD'S FAMOUS LANDIS SOLE STITCHERS.

C. A. Cozby

South Slaton State Bank SLATON, TEXAS

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

WE HAVE FORMED A PARTNERSHIP FOR THE PURPOSE OF CONDUCTING A GENERAL REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE BUSINESS. IF YOU HAVE A FARM OR PIECE OF CITY PROPERTY THAT YOU WANT TO "CASH IN" LET US SHOW YOU HOW QUICK WE CAN GET THE MONEY FOR YOU. WE ARE HAVING MANY INQUIRIES NOW FOR REAL ESTATE AND IT WILL PAY YOU TO LIST YOUR STUFF WITH US. YOUR BUSINESS IS APPRECIATED.

STEWART & NIX

J. C. STEWART SLATON, TEXAS E. P. NIX

HULON K. FINLEY, M. D. Consultation and Diagnosis. Electrical, Mechanical, Chiropractic, Osteopathic-Massage, Light and Heat Therapeutics a Specialty in the Prevention and Treatment of Sub-Acute and Chronic Diseases. Office Rooms 7 and 8 Burrus Building

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THE PANHANDLE

South Plains Fair

Lubbock, Texas

6th Annual Exhibit

REORGANIZED AND ENLARGED

Sept. 23, 24, 25

THREE DAYS OF EXHIBITION OF AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, EDUCATIONAL, ART AUTOMOBILES, TRACTORS, TRUCKS, FARM MACHINERY, ETC.

\$3,700.00 worth of premiums will be awarded winners in various departments at this Fair

THE ASSOCIATION EXTENDS A CORDIAL WELCOME TO ALL TO ATTEND THIS BIG PANHANDLE AND PLAINS EVENT. COUNTY EXHIBITS AND INDIVIDUAL EXHIBITS ARE ESPECIALLY URGED. WRITE THE SECRETARY OF THE FAIR ASSOCIATION, CURTIS A. KEEN, FOR PREMIUM LIST AND ALL INFORMATION REGARDING ENTRIES AND ANY OTHER MATTER CONCERNING THE FAIR AND HE WILL GLADLY FURNISH YOU THE DESIRED INFORMATION. THE FAIR WILL BE HELD ON THE EIGHT ACRE COUNTY PARK GROUNDS AND THERE IS AMPLE ROOM FOR CAMPERS TO COME AND PITCH THEIR TENTS NEAR THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS AND ENJOY THE THREE DAYS OF THE FAIR.

There will be Ample Entertainment for All

THERE WILL BE NO DULL MOMENTS AND IT WILL BE A GREAT TIME FOR PEOPLE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY TO COME AND SEE THE WONDERFUL PRODUCTIVENESS OF THIS GREAT COUNTRY AND GET BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH THE PEOPLE OF THIS SECTION.

Come and Bring the Whole Family

Kodak Finishing

WE FINISH EVERY DAY. OUR KODAK DEPARTMENT IS NEW AND UP-TO-DATE. OUR PLANT IS EQUIPPED WITH ALL ELECTRIC APPARATUS, WHICH INSURES YOU THE VERY BEST RESULTS. WE FINISH IN EXTRA HIGH GLOSS UNLESS OTHERWISE ORDERED. A TRIAL WILL CONVINCING YOU. SEND US YOUR NEXT ROLL.

Developing, up to six exposures 10 cents

Prints, each 4 to 6 cents

We Pay Return Postage.

The Johnson Studio

OVER THE LEADER STORE LUBBOCK, TEXAS

The newest creations from the Style Centers of the world in

FALL MILLINERY

Wonderful collections of the new modes are on display and new arrivals coming in every few days. Fashioned of beautiful Velvets, Velvet and Metallic combinations, and handsomely trimmed in the latest designs of embroidered ribbons, ostrich, and other ornaments that are particularly attractive. Also nice line of Beavers. All the newest shapes will be found here in small, medium and large hats.

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AT M. D. JONES STORE SLATON, TEXAS

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J. R. CHILDRESS, Propr. SLATON, TEXAS

WE ARE LOCATED NEXT DOOR TO MORGAN'S TIN SHOP, AND GIVE YOU REPAIR WORK THAT GIVES SATISFACTION AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD TO PAY. WE CARRY FORD PARTS AND ACCESSORIES. BRING YOUR NEXT REPAIR JOB TO US. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

THE CITY CAFE

J. T. SWAN AND WIFE, Proprs. SLATON, TEXAS

WE ARE BACK ON THE JOB AGAIN HAVING JUST PURCHASED THE CITY CAFE, AND WILL BE GLAD TO SEE ALL OUR OLD FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS AGAIN. WE PROMISE YOU SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT AND GOOD SERVICE AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD TO PAY.

CITY BARBER SHOP

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WE ARE BETTER PREPARED THAN EVER BEFORE TO HANDLE YOUR WORK IN A SATISFACTORY MANNER. FIRST-CLASS BARBERS AND ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT.

Women Who are Interested in Good Suits and Dresses Should be Here Now

The new Suits and Frocks are here in splendid assortment, and their prices are so modest that there is little reason for not buying now and obtaining a full season's wear from them.

MILLINERY. Only those hats that have passed the strict censorship of fashion's greatest authorities are presented here.

ALL THE NEWEST THINGS IN GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Mrs. F. Graves & Son

The Style Shop Telephone 126

Clear, Peachy Skin Awaits Anyone Who Drinks Hot Water

Says an inside bath, before breakfast helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Sparkling and vivacious—merry, bright, alert—a good, clear skin and a natural, rosy, healthy complexion are assured only by pure blood. If only every man and woman could be induced to adopt the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking each morning, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening, and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance, awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.

MICKIE SAYS

SAY, WHADDA YA THINK OF THAT GUY WHO WUZ JEST IN HERE! HE'S SORE AT ANOTHER GUY BUT AIN'T GOT THE NERVE T' GO 'N TELL HIM TO HIS FACE WHAT HE THINKS OF HIM, SO THE POOR PRUNE COME IN HERE T' TRY T' GIT THE BOSS T' PRINT A KNOCK ON HIM IN THE PAPER! AIN'T THAT DISGUSTING!



TRY CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

SALTS IS FINE FOR KIDNEYS, QUIT MEAT

Flush the Kidneys at once when Back Hurts or Bladder bothers—Meat forms uric acid.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which all regular meat eaters should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

him. In cabin or house-boat, or out under the trees, he could sleep through it all. But let a false note creep into the wild melody and it instantly reached him. It was his training, and could be counted on.

Some time away in the dead night the false note came—guarded footfalls outside the cabin, and close to the wall. Without start or stir the Pearlhunter's eyes came open, every sense at keenest pitch. It must have been near morning, for the moon stood almost straight in the open door. He slid his hand down his side, felt for the revolver under the edge of his thigh, laid it across his chest, and covered both hand and revolver with a corner of the sheet.

A form blotted the moonlight upon the floor with a living splotch of shadow. An arm came in at the door; a hand fumbled behind the casement.



No Face Appeared.

That was all. No face appeared. A moment or two, and the arm disappeared; the splotch of shadow slid off the square of moonlight; the soft footfalls slipped away around the east end of the cabin and muffled into silence.

Very softly the Pearlhunter rose to his feet. The light outside was far too bright to risk venturing forth. It would have betrayed him instantly. He glanced around the cabin. The moon had passed by the east window, so that it was in the shadow. He stole across the floor and peeped out through a broken pane.

A man was picking his way up the bluff. He seemed in no great hurry, nor in the least disturbed. At the top of the bluff he stopped and looked back. In his brief instant of pause before striding away into the woods the moon picked him out clear as day. It was the Man-in-the-Fancy-Vest.

There was no more sleep for the Pearlhunter. He left the window, went to the cabin door and felt behind the casement where the hand had groped. His fingers came in contact with a tiny bundle wedged between the logs and the door frame. He drew it forth and unrolled it in the moonlight, deeming it imprudent to light the candle. Even before the moon beams fell upon the thing he knew by a certain quieting premonition what it would prove to be—a red mask.

He felt along the wall to the chink above the table and poked his fingers between it and the logs, where he had concealed the packet the evening they moved into the cabin. It was still there. He drew it forth and compared it with the other. They were almost identical, and of a pattern with the one he had seen that afternoon at the three-gabled cabin.

He sat down by the table and dropped his chin in his palm. What did it mean? What was the meaning of this last one?

of the first—dropped by chance. He had a very plausible surmise as to the story of the other, the one with the knife thrust through it at the three-gabled cabin. But this one—this last one?

The man wanted to hide that bit of cloth right there. But why? The Pearlhunter raked his brain for the answer. Why? He must have been ignorant that the other was hidden behind the chink, or why should he have taken such pains to hide this one? He was probably ignorant of the fact that he had dropped the other one in the cabin that night; possibly did not know where he had lost it. It was even conceivable that the loss of it may have occasioned him no small anxiety. If he did not know that he had dropped the other mask in the cabin, he probably was unaware that the Pearlhunter knew him. The young man sat still a long time over that thought.

That he could with such apparent readiness supply himself with another mask after the first was lost suggested a near-by rendezvous, undoubtedly

Rich-Tone Is a Friend of the Weak

"It Has Made Me Strong and Well Again."—Says J. R. Martinez.

He writes: "Rich-Tone is a wonderful remedy for people who are weak and lacking in vigor, and all those who desire to gain strength and energy should take this truly famous tonic. It has given me perfect health and cured me of ailments from which I had long suffered."

Take RICH-TONE and gain new energy

Not one penny will Rich-Tone cost you, if it doesn't prove of genuine worth in treating your case.

You are to be the judge—try this famous tonic—if it doesn't bring to you new energy, a splendid appetite, restful sleep, peaceful and quiet nerves—if it doesn't destroy that tired feeling and build you up, then Rich-Tone will be free to you—it will not cost you anything—not one penny.

You owe it to yourself to try this marvelous remedy. You owe it to your family and friends to be strong, well, happy, bright of eye, brisk of step, ruddy of cheek, able to go about your work with a smile on your lips!

Try Rich-Tone entirely at our risk. Get a bottle today on our money-back guarantee. Sold and guaranteed locally by

RED CROSS PHARMACY

somewhere in the Flatwoods—a rendezvous, or a confederate. But that was unlike him—to have a confederate. He was known to work alone. And his horse—he would not likely allow himself to get far from it. He wouldn't dare ride it into the village. Rocket, the famous thoroughbred of the Red Mask, was well known. And a horse can not be easily disguised.

But always, no matter where his thought strayed, like a man lost in the woods and traveling in a circle, he invariably came back to the starting point—the question: Why did he hide the mask in the cabin? One thing was certain. He didn't hide it without a purpose.

He seemed to feel some intangible, indefinable force for evil forming about him—like spider webs across the face; delicately effective; hideously efficient. A kind of dread crept out of the silence and the solitude and gripped his spirit. Danger; death—the Red Mask juggled with them as a king juggles empires. Why didn't he draw there in the saloon; why didn't he draw at the fence? There was death in his eyes.

The scene in the cabin that first evening crossed his mind, when by chance he had learned the secret of the man's identity; a secret shared by no one else in the Flatwoods; a secret he dared not reveal for want of proof. He had often thought of it. Tonight freshened it in his mind compellingly; the strange actions of his mother; her flaring scorn; how she had sprung from her chair and beat the intruder off with the imperious dignity of her eyes. Her story, the one all too brief word that had reached him out of the sealed past, came to him again. Long and long he sat with his head bowed over the table.

Dawn at the east window surprised him. He stepped to the cabin door. The square of moonlight upon the floor was pale and sickly. Great shafts of bronze thrust up out of the east and dimmed the stars. A mist lay along the river like a cloud that had fallen from the sky and loved the warm earth so well that it refused to return.

He stood in the door and watched the world wake up—his world; the only world he knew. A half sleepy twitter here and there among the trees; a croak down by the water's edge; a squawk over in the bayou; and on the higher ground a trill now and

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Here's Grandmother's Recipe to Darken and Beautify Faded Hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients at a small cost, all ready for use. It is called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and lustre of your hair.

Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy and lustrous. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

R. J. MURRAY & CO.

WE HAVE THE EXCLUSIVE SALE OF ALL LOTS OWNED BY THE SANTA FE RAILWAY COMPANY IN SLATON, AND YOU CAN SAVE TIME BY MAKING YOUR APPLICATION DIRECT TO US. WE WILL TAKE PLEASURE IN SHOWING THE PROPERTY. FOR NINE YEARS WE HAVE BEEN BOOSTING AND BUILDING SLATON, AND STILL BELIEVE THAT MONEY INVESTED IN SLATON WILL BRING GOOD DIVIDENDS. SEE US ALSO FOR FARM AND RANCH LANDS.

R. J. Murray & Co.

J. T. OVERBY, City Salesman

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Home Ownership

Home ownership is the badge of thrift, stability and good citizenship. It encourages saving and elevates you in the esteem of your friends and is considered the best reference in commercial circles. Our house plans and services are free for the asking to any one wishing to build a home.

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DEALER IN PIPE, PIPE FITTINGS, TANKS AND CASING.

We do all kinds of Plumbing and Repair Work; handle a full line of Windmill Repairs. See me before you buy that Windmill job. All Work Guaranteed.

THE PHONOGRAPH YOU WANT



Must be artistic and graceful in appearance, substantially made, super finished.

Beside that it must render your favorite selection so naturally that you can feel the human thrill of its performance.

"Plays any Record you say—in a 'Natural-Toned' Way"

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is that phonograph—because, in-built, are so many improved refinements of scientific construction that its "finer-tone-qualities" are easily and decisively recognized.

A DEMONSTRATION OF ITS WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE WILL BE A REVELATION AND A SURPRISE TO YOU.

Enjoy It While You Pay For It.

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 Money back without question if HUNT'S Salve fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Try a 25 cent box at our store.
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BUSINESS MEN'S SICK AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE AT A VERY LOW RATE. LET ME EXPLAIN THE PLAN TO YOU.

FIRE INSURANCE IN ONLY THE BEST COMPANIES. LET ME QUOTE A RATE ON YOUR RISK BEFORE IT BURNS.

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Register No. 10059

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Jeannette Ramsey

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Classes in Piano

Sept. 6, 1920

Special Attention Given to Children and Beginners.

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Kodak Finishing

THERE IS NO OCCASION TO SEND YOUR KODAK FILMS AWAY WHEN YOU CAN GET THE WORK DONE AT HOME JUST AS WELL AND OFTEN CHEAPER. NOT ONLY THAT

—YOU GET QUICK SERVICE. A TRIAL IS ALL I ASK

Mrs. E. B. Manire

SLATON, TEXAS

J. C. MASON

WINDMILL ERECTING, PLUMBING OR REPAIR JOBS OF ANY KIND.

DEMPSTER AND U. S. MILLS.
 PIPE AND CYLINDERS.

TELEPHONES 124 AND 45.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN.
 (Copyrighted.)

Washington, Sept. 9.—Warm wave will reach Vancouver, B. C., about Sept. 13 and temperature will rise on all the northern Pacific slope and northern Rockies. Proceeding south-eastward it will cross meridian 90 near St. Louis about Sept. 15 and all the lower Mississippi valleys will warm up. It will reach the Alleghenias near Sept. 17 and pass in direction of Newfoundland. Storm wave and cool wave will follow as usual. While this warm wave is near St. Louis a cool wave is expected in Alberta.

A great combination of planetary forces that will include Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Earth, Venus and Moon is expected near Sept. 11 that will cause sudden changes, irregular temperatures, severe storms, followed by killing frosts in northern parts, including our northern tier of States and middle provinces of Canada. Warnings have been published of that great storm period.

A hurricane is expected in the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico during the week centering on Sept. 14, but I can not give much information about it. More definite information about these terrible storms is possible, but I have had too many other weather problems to look after. I am hoping that I may get assistance in more thoroughly working out the hurricanes, tornadoes and cold waves. My time is all taken up with temperatures, frosts, rains and snows. But when my recently great improvements in weather forecasting gets before the public may be some one who has the means will come to my aid and give my discoveries to the whole human race. My new system of weather forecasting will work in every country on Earth where they have records of past weather. I am not able to give these greatest of all discoveries to the world. I have given forty years' work to this great cause and have not accumulated support for old age, except that my knowledge of the weather will give support. I offer this knowledge to our race but I can not give it away and I am thoroughly satisfied that these discoveries will not again be made within twenty-five years.

I will, within the next twelve months, through these bulletins, demonstrate that I have the greatest and most valuable discoveries ever made. Not a single office-holding scientist in all the world believes that good, definite temperature forecasts for a specified place can be made. I will conclusively prove they can. They are too dignified to look at a forecast that does not come from one of their class.

The disturbance described above will affect the whole continent. It will cross continent from Pacific to Atlantic during week centering on Sept. 11. I warn all that it will be severe. The hurricanes come from the southeast near the equator and move in a northeasterly direction to Gulf of Mexico, where they usually turn gradually and move northeastward off the Atlantic coasts. They induce cool waves in summer and cold waves in winter. These cool or cold waves usually break up the regular weather changes, generally upsetting a low or storm center, turning the lows into highs. The hurricane and cold wave may break up my other forecasts.

These severe disturbances can and will be combined with the common disturbances, making both more reliable. This new work will begin with November.

PLAY PROVES LOVE IS GREATER THAN RICHES

Popular as New York's romantic Greenwich Village has been in recent fiction, very little screen drama has been drawn from the colorful lives of those interesting people who inhabit its quaint, ramshackled, high-shouldered old studios.

In "The Broken Melody," Eugene O'Brien's latest Selznick picture, to be shown at the Movie Theatre Saturday, Sept. 11, Greenwich Village comes into its own as the background for this picturesque and charming love story.

Mr. O'Brien, playing the part of Stewart Grant, is seen in the romantic role of a struggling young painter, whose love for Hedda, a girl singer, carries him from one continent to another and back again through a series of adventures that are both dramatic and humorous.

Beautiful Lucy Cotton has the role of Hedda, and it is only after traveling through five fictional reels of poetry and beauty that the young people prove to themselves that love is better than riches, or fame, or worldly honors; and for the more practical minded they prove that by faith and devotion to unselfish ideals, one may reasonably have both.

Sugar to Sell at Ten Cents.

Chicago, Sept. 9.—Sugar will be 10 or 11 cents a pound by January, Russell J. Pool, secretary of the city council's high cost of living committee, stated in submitting the result of investigations today.

The country's beet crop will be from 30 to 40 per cent larger than ever produced, the report states, while the new Cuban crop will be about three times the 1914 crop.

Pool said that "if consumers will begin now to buy as little sugar as they can get along with, we will have 10 or 11-cent sugar by January 1, as there is no shortage."

Watch the date on the label of your paper. It tells when your subscription expires.

FLOURISHING BUSINESS

WE ARE DELIGHTED WITH THE INSURANCE BUSINESS THAT WE HAVE RECEIVED SINCE OUR ANNOUNCEMENT LAST WEEK. PEOPLE ON EVERY HAND ARE OFFERING US THEIR BUSINESS AND WE HAVE WRITTEN SEVERAL NICE FIRE RISKS FAR OUT IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS. WE ARE DULY APPRECIATIVE OF YOUR BUSINESS, WHETHER LARGE OR SMALL, AND WILL TAKE CARE OF IT IN A MANNER THAT WILL PLEASE YOU.

WE WRITE FIRE, TORNADO, LIGHTNING, HAIL, EXPLOSION, AUTOMOBILE, FIDELITY, BURGLARY, LIFE, HEALTH AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE IN ONLY THE STRONGEST COMPANIES AUTHORIZED TO DO BUSINESS IN TEXAS.

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The Brewer-Rutter Co.

I. M. BREWER

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Store Your Coal Now

During the month of Aug. is the time to buy your coal for next winter, as the low price will pay large returns on the investment. Let us arrange to make deliveries from the cars as they arrive.

PANHANDLE LUMBER CO.

OUR AIM — TO HELP IMPROVE THE PANHANDLE

Quality-Value

GOOD QUALITY IN TAILORED TO ORDER CLOTHES IS ONE OF THE BIG INDUCEMENTS WE HOLD OUT TO YOU TO BUY HERE. FULL VALUE IS ANOTHER. THE CLOTHES WE SELL WILL GIVE YOU MORE SERVICE, SATISFACTION AND STYLE PER DOLLAR THAN YOU CAN GET ELSEWHERE—THAT'S VALUE.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR QUALITY AND VALUE, YOU WILL FIND THESE FEATURES IN THE "POPULAR PRICED TAILORING" LINE OF ROSE & COMPANY OF CHICAGO.

WE HAVE THE LINE ON DISPLAY AND INVITE YOU TO COME IN AND LOOK AT THE TEMPTING ARRAY OF SMART FABRICS AND NEW STYLES. YOU'LL FIND A SAVING OF \$5 TO \$10 ON EVERY SUIT. WE GUARANTEE FULL SATISFACTION, AND SO DOES ROSE & COMPANY. THUS YOU HAVE A DOUBLE GUARANTEE. PUT YOUR MONEY INTO A ROSE & CO. SUIT, MADE TO YOUR ORDER, AND GET BIG RETURNS ON YOUR MONEY. LET US SHOW YOU THE FALL AND WINTER LINE OF SAMPLES TODAY.

De Long
 THE MERCHANT TAILOR