

File copy

THE SLATON SLATONITE

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

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS.

VOL. 9, NO. 59. SEPT. 3, 1920

PART OF YOUR SALARY

SHOULD BE PUT IN THE BANK EACH MONTH, AND YOU WILL FIND, HAVING ONCE ACQUIRED THE SAVING HABIT, HOW QUICKLY THE MONEY ACCUMULATES. EVERY MAN WHO HAS TO MAKE HIS OWN WAY IN THE WORLD, AND EVERY WOMAN WAGE EARNER SHOULD OPEN AN ACCOUNT WITH THIS BANK AND MAKE IT A RULE TO SAVE SOME PORTION OF THEIR EARNINGS.

THE FIRST STATE BANK

J. H. Brewer, President
H. C. Jones, Vice President
W. M. Ford, Cashier
W. B. Russell, Asst. Cashier

"THE BANK OF ENLARGED PERSONAL SERVICE"

Jeannette Ramsey

Will Resume Her

Classes in Piano

Sept. 6, 1920

Special Attention Given to Children and Beginners.

Class Lessons in Ear Training, History and Interpretation, free.

Movie Theatre

PROGRAM.

Monday, Sept. 6, a big feature, "THE RED LANE," by Frank Mayo.

Tuesday, Sept. 7, "HIDDEN DANGERS" and Fatty Arbuckle.

Wednesday, Sept. 8, "SWITCHES AND SWEETENIN," comedy night.

Thursday, Sept. 9, a good one.

Friday, Sept. 10, "LOST CITY" serial and good comedy.

Saturday, Sept. 11, "BROKEN MELODY."

Don't fail to see "The Red Lane" Monday. Come early if you want a seat.

Fatty Arbuckle will be here Tuesday in a rip-roarin' comedy. See him.

On Monday night another grand premium will be awarded. It is a fine tailored ladies' dress. Bring all your tickets.

CLOSE IN FARM BARGAIN.

We have for sale 68 acres of fine land, adjoining the townsite, on main highway, that we are offering for a short time at \$150 per acre. Possession Jan. 1, 1920. Let us show you this bargain.

A. M. WATSON CO.
Phone 116.

CHAUTAQUA PROGRAM.

Saturday Afternoon, Sept. 11.

The Porter Concert Company; lecture, "Benefits Forged," 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, Loeffel'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, Loeffel'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.

APPRECIATION.

We have sold our Insurance Agency to Mr. M. A. Pember of this city, and wish to extend to the people of Slaton and surrounding community our sincere appreciation for their valued patronage, and wish to thank them for the success that their support and assistance has won for us. A continuation of your patronage for Mr. Pember and any new business given him will also be appreciated by us. Respectfully,
HOFFMAN INSURANCE AGENCY.

Are you reading "The Blue Moon?"

MANY IMPROVEMENTS ARE BEING MADE HERE

Since the town of Slaton was founded it is hardly probable that so many new buildings have been built. They are going up in every part of town and the rural communities are dotted with new homes and outbuildings on every hand. Slaton boasts of three large lumber yards and they are unable to supply the heavy demands being made upon them for building material. Residences and farm property are changing hands so fast that it is impossible to keep up with the transfers. Values are exceedingly high but it is our prediction that they will maintain the present prices for a long time to come.

Below is given a partial list of the new buildings under construction here now. Many others are going up that we have been unable to learn the names of the owners:

Work is now progressing on the handsome new brick Methodist church building, but it will be many weeks before it is completed.

Brick work is progressing on the large theatre building being built by Messrs. Williams & Seaman, owners of the Movie Theatre. This will be one of the largest and most business buildings in Slaton.

J. S. Edwards has two new residences nearing completion. They will have a pebble-dash finish outside and plastered inside. He is assembling material for three additional residences of the same construction.

Material is being assembled for a large and thoroughly modern residence for A. E. Whitehead, just north of the public school building.

T. A. Worley is having his already pretty home remodeled and refinished throughout. Metal work is being put on the outside preparatory to giving it a stucco finish.

The finishing touches are being put on the large new residence of W. R. Wilson. When completed this will be one of the most modern residences in Slaton.

A. E. Davies, a progressive farmer of the Robertson school community, is having a residence erected near the public school building, which his family will occupy.

C. C. Hoffman, real estate operator, has just finished the construction of three new buildings, and the fourth is now going up south of the Harvey House.

J. J. Riney, a substantial farmer of the Slaton section, is having a nice residence built in the South Slaton Addition and will move his family here to get the benefits of our excellent public schools.

The finishing touches are being put on the pretty cottage of R. H. Todd in South Slaton Addition.

Work is progressing on the large and modern residence of J. W. Hood in the north part of town.

A. C. Harrison, a mechanic at the Slaton Garage, is having an addition built to his residence.

H. G. Whitaker is having a modern 5-room residence erected in South Slaton Addition.

M. B. Tate, a well known contractor of Slaton, is having a modern four-room house erected in the north part of town, and is assembling material for the construction of a five-room house.

The large new residence of S. S. Forrest is nearly completed, and he is having three other modern residences built, on which work is progressing rapidly.

A large addition to the blacksmith shop of J. G. Maybin is nearing completion.

A. M. Watson has had two rooms added to a rent house occupied by J. B. Reigor.

M. H. Tate has a new residence under construction in the east part of town.

J. L. Benton, a progressive farmer living just west of town, is having a modern residence erected.

W. P. Vaughan of Whitewright, who owns much fine land in this section, is having a nice residence erected on a farm near town.

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.

STORK SPECIAL.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Weaver, Sept. 2, girl.

Are you reading "The Blue Moon?"

SCHOOL DAYS!



SCHOOL TIME WILL SOON BE HERE. BETTER BRING THAT BOY OR GIRL AROUND AND LET US FIX THEM UP FOR THE SCHOOL TERM. WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF CLOTHING AND SHOES FOR THE LITTLE FELLOWS.



HATS NEVER SO BEAUTIFUL. WE ARE SHOWING ALL THE LATEST THINGS IN WOMEN'S HATS IN SEMI-DRESSY AND FOR STREET WEAR, MADE OF THE BEST MATERIALS AND TRIMMED BY PEOPLE WHO KNOW HOW. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED AT THE LOW PRICES WE ARE ASKING.

WE FIT ANY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

ROBERTSON'S

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx. Telephone 100, SLATON, TEXAS

***** BANKING SERVICE *****

Do You Know

—That if every person in the United States carried the small sum of \$10 in his pocket a tremendous increase in prices would result?

—The proper circulation of money is a great factor in reducing prices. Put your money into circulation by becoming a depositor in this bank —receive the financial service provided for our customers.

—W. S. S. OFFER OPPORTUNITY UNEQUALLED FOR THE SMALL INVESTOR.

The Slaton State Bank

***** 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-

PRECIATED 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.

Judge Key's Manager Now for Judge Pierson for Supreme Court

IN INTERVIEW GIVEN TO THE SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS HE GIVES SOME REASONS WHY HE WILL SUPPORT PIERSON.

News that Dudley K. Woodward, Austin lawyer who managed the campaign of Judge W. M. Key for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, will support Judge William Pierson in the run-off primary against Judge Hawkins, is contained in the following item from the San Antonio Express of Friday morning:

"During the contest just closed, I managed W. M. Key's campaign for nomination as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. It now appears that he has been eliminated, and in the run-off between Judge Pierson and Judge Hawkins, I shall vote for and support Judge Pierson, because, as between these two gentlemen, I believe that Judge Pierson is better qualified and that it is a matter of genuine public importance that he be nominated.

"Judge Hawkins is a man of strict integrity and high character, but his record upon the Supreme Court during his seven and one-half years of service there, forces me to the conclusion that, temperamentally and otherwise, he is not qualified for the position which he holds. During the period between Jan. 7, 1913 (the date upon which Judge Hawkins qualified) and June 20, 1290, covered by volumes 152

to 221, advance sheet No. 1 of the Southwestern Reporter, I find that Chief Justice Phillips has written 204 opinions of the court (exclusive of dissents, concurrences and others not decisive of the case); that Justices Brown, Yantis and Greenwood, each succeeding the other in the order named, have written in the aggregate 182 opinions, and that Justice Hawkins has written 28 opinions. If these figures are correct, and they have been made with the utmost care, they reflect a situation which, in my judgment, renders it imperative that Judge Hawkins be superseded.

"Judge Pierson is a man of equally high character, an eminent lawyer of wide experience, and for a number of years past has served with credit to himself upon the District Court, where he has demonstrated his ability to transact the public business with accuracy and dispatch. I am convinced that, if elected to the Supreme Court, he will prove himself to be a distinguished member of that great body. He has conducted his campaign in such a manner that his success leaves no trace of bitterness, and it will be a pleasure as well as the discharge of a public duty to give him my support.

"D. K. WOODWARD, JR."

Judge Pierson Won First Primary By a Plurality of 24,853 Votes.



Missionary Society.

The Methodist ladies held a devotional meeting at the church last Monday afternoon, with Mrs. Lee Green as leader. Splendid talks were made by Mrs. T. A. Worley and Mrs. S. S. Forrest.

This meeting marked the close of the attendance contest between two teams led by Mrs. B. M. Holland and Mrs. Sam McDonald, the latter team losing, and which will provide an entertainment for the winning side at an early date.

The ladies are making big preparations for the district meeting which will be held early in September. Mrs. M. L. Hargrove, of Tennessee, Centenary Secretary; Mrs. Nat Rollins, Conference President, and Mrs. C. F. Kidd, District Secretary, will be here and take active parts in the meeting.

The Federated Church Societies will hold a meeting at the Methodist Church next Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Culture and Civic Club.

The Culture and Civic Club will meet with Mrs. R. A. Baldwin Saturday afternoon.

NORTH WOODS DRAMA FOR MOVIE THEATRE MONDAY, SEPT. 6

The big outdoors is the background for the newest story in which Frank Mayo is starred, "The Red Lane," announced for Monday, Sept. 6, at the Movie Theatre. It is the work of Holman Day, whose tales of the Maine North woods have thrilled the readers of printed page as well as the patrons of the drama. It is directed by Lynn Reynolds, who has established himself as a master of open-air photo-plays by producing such masterpieces as "The Brute Breaker," "Bullet Proof" and "Overland Red."

Its scenes laid on the Canadian border, where the smugglers carry on their nefarious traffic and look upon the law and order as their natural enemy, "The Red Lane" is rich in dramatic incident, the thrill of physical combat, the lure of the primeval and the romance of a young French-Canadian girl and an American customs officer. Frank Mayo has the latter role, finding himself the enemy of

Vetal Beaulieu, a ringleader among the lawless, and in love with Beaulieu's pretty daughter, who had been reared in a convent, unaware of the character of her father or his associates. When she discovers her father's occupation and that he had promised her in marriage to Dave Roi, chief of the smuggling crew, she openly rebels and runs away from home.

In "The Red Lane" Frank Mayo is supported by Lillian Rich as Marie; Jean Hersholt as her brutal father; James Mason as the young leader of the contraband ring; Paul Weigel as the Arcadian priest; Karl Formes as a wandering musician; Frank Thorne as an unscrupulous politician; Margaret Mann as the padre's housekeeper; James O'Neill as a half-witted sheep herder and by a half hundred others, all selected for their especial fitness for the roles to be portrayed.

Grandfather Martin Dead.

Grandfather Robert Anderson Martin was buried in the Slaton Cemetery on Friday, Aug. 13, 1920, at 4 o'clock p. m. He had not been a resident of Slaton very long, and had been an invalid during most of that time, but his few weeks here had endeared him to many friends who met him and learned to sympathize with him in his suffering and to appreciate his fortitude and Christian spirit manifested in his hours of pain.

He was born Aug. 26, 1848; married March 19, 1871, and converted to Christianity in August, 1874. He left a widow and six children, all of whom are grown and prominent members of their respective communities. His children are G. P. Martin and W. E. Martin of Slaton, G. H. Martin of Norton, Mrs. J. W. Burris of Foch, Mrs. W. H. Ford of Norton, and Mrs. J. H. Athey of Ramer, Ala.

The funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. J. H. McCauley, at the home of W. E. Martin in the east part of town, and the funeral arrangements were under the direction of A. E. Howerton, local undertaker.

The family and relatives of the deceased wish to express their heartfelt thanks to the kind friends and people of Slaton for their ministrations of mercy and Christian attentions in their sad bereavement.

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.

SOUTHLAND.

Southland has been blessed with good rains during the past week, and it looks as if we will get more.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Crozier have returned from a two weeks' visit in Johnson County.

Jim Hudman and sister, Mrs. M. M. Bruster, are visiting their sister at Bronte, Texas, this week.

Miss Mattie Owens was a business visitor in Post Monday.

Mrs. R. Huber and two sons have returned to their home at Brownwood, after spending a few weeks here with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Earls.

Horace and Ina Ussery are visiting their grandparents at Rockport.

Mrs. W. K. Wright is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Cora Bush, at Hamlin.

Singing at the hotel Sunday night was well attended.

Mrs. W. C. Slocum and children have returned to their home at Fort Worth after spending six weeks here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Owens.

E. M. Basinger's brother and family from Oklahoma are here for a few days' visit.

All report a delightful time at the party given by Miss Cora Pierson Tuesday night.

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

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

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

New Hats Arriving Almost Daily

WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO HAVE YOU COME IN AND SEE THEM.

R. & C. MILLINERY

AT M. D. JONES STORE

SLATON, TEXAS

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.
Telephone 116.

If your house is in need of paper and paint let me order it for you and save money. Painting and paper hanging. E. A. GALE, box 81, Slaton, Texas.

RICHES.

"Young man, I understand you wish to marry my daughter. What are your prospects?"

"Well, though I have not been nominated for the presidency yet, I am the editor of a newspaper."

"While I admit you have a chance in that way, tell me of something more material and immediate."

"I have ten bundles of print paper—not simply ordered or on the way, but right in the house and paid for!"

"My boy, you're a wonder. Take her and be happy."

TEAGUE'S CONNECTIONERY for high grade stationery and drug sundries of every kind.

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."

the river road angles abruptly to the north through a cut in the cliff and leads back into the level highlands. Just where the road turns a path leaves it, crosses a dilapidated rail fence running along the east line of the Warbritton lands, and enters the woods. The girl took this path. She was in the act of climbing the fence—low and broken where the path crossed it—when, with a prodigious step or two, the man following caught up with her and took hold of the basket.

"Allow me to assist you," he said. The Pearlhunter, from where he had darted behind a clump of hazel growing rank along the side of the road, could just distinguish the words.

Without answering, the girl sprang to the ground on the opposite side of the fence, but without letting go of the basket. Neither did the other let go. Placing his disengaged hand upon the top rail of the fence, he vaulted lightly over. The Pearlhunter seized the favorable instant to steal nearer. The sunbonnet hid the girl's face so that he could not see it, but he fancied the plump brown hand on the basket handle was trembling. The smile on the face of the man clinging persistently to the other side of the basket meant things that a smile has no business to mean.

"Why do you always avoid me?" His voice was low, soft, musical—too musical. "Surely it's no crime for a man to admire a pretty girl. The cat may look at the queen, you know."

He laughed. Something altogether different from mirth in that laugh—something altogether different from mirth behind it. The girl made up

been death in his eyes. What was holding his hand? Was he biding his time? It was not a pleasant thing to contemplate, for any man can kill another if he waits his opportunity, and takes him at a disadvantage.

Why hadn't he struck? Always the question came back to that. And what was holding him to the Flatwoods? The Pearlhunter whirled with the thought, and looked back over the fence.

The girl was gone. The basket and bundles were still scattered about the path. He climbed the fence and began gathering them up. He had them all back in the basket, and was leaning against the fence, wondering how to get them to their proper owner, when a slight rustle among the bushes reached his ear. He glanced up; the girl stood before him.

It was the girl of the pool—the Wild Rose.

The woods had hid them; the woods had nursed them; the woods had set them face to face—the Pearlhunter; the Wild Rose—a man; a woman. Strip away from life every nonessential; bare it of every husk of sham and convention; pare it right down to the red, quick core, beyond which it is not possible to reduce it further, and you come at last to a man and a woman. Six million years the Almighty Artist practiced on such secondary studies as stars and suns, and peopling them with inconceivably diverse and curious forms of life, before trusting his hand on his final masterpiece—a man; a woman.

They stood staring, as at that other meeting at the pool. And that was the thought uppermost in the mind of the Pearlhunter—that other meeting. And he had looked! Somehow he wished he hadn't; and yet he wasn't sorry that he had. The thought drew his eyes to her feet. Shifting the basket, his hand slowly stole up and dragged off his battered hat.

The blue eyes under the sunbonnet livened. The girl drew a step nearer. The bushes she had been bending aside sprang back into place. She drew another step nearer. As she moved, an overhanging limb caught the sunbonnet and dragged it off, displaying a very soft and glossy mass of yellow curls. She turned, disengaged the bonnet from the limb, and was shaking the curls into shape to replace it when the Pearlhunter made a quick step toward her with hand upraised.

"Don't!" he cried. "Don't!" A man of slow speech, with eyes hard to wake, he wouldn't have believed such words were in him.

The girl stood fumbling the bonnet. He watched one stray curl lose its place and come slowly tumbling down, little by little, till it fell over her shoulder and lay upon the softly rising and falling bosom. From the curl, he raised his eyes to her face. He saw a smile steal across it. It was only a little smile, but it grew under his gaze till it reached up to her eyes, and pinched the lids together, and squeezed out a tiny ripple of merriment that ran out over her face and settled in two round dimples that teasingly uplilted the corners of her mouth—a good, winsome mouth, fringed with full red lips and set with wholesome teeth. The smile grew until it quite passed beyond her control. She threw up her head; the smile became a laugh.

It was the only thing that could have broken the restraint. The laugh; the slow smile that answered it—their introduction. She tied the bonnet strings, while he watched her fingers as they formed the knot.

"That song—" he said. "It was the most wonderful thing I ever heard."

The girl laughed again—a laugh like water tinkling over pebbles.

"The birds are my playmates," she answered simply. "They fly down all over me. I had to learn their language."

"You live in these woods?"

The Pearlhunter was a long time asking that question.

"Not far from the pool."

"And you're not afraid?"

He glanced up the road toward the village.

"Oh, I live with Daddy." A shade crossed her face. "Never before," she added, as if the first statement had not quite satisfied his question.

"Daddy is not very well and he has to go to the store. Every time he goes in the last few days he

has tried to talk to me. I was frightened to death today when he followed me. He never did that before. I'm so glad you happened along; and I thank you over and over!"

"It was nothing," he said simply, twisting his hat in his hand. He didn't tell her it wasn't a matter of happening.

She shook the curl off her bosom and back over her shoulder. He was sorry for that.

"He is a gambler; at least so the grocery man told me today—and a—a—man killer."

The Pearlhunter could have added quite startlingly to the information imparted by the grocery man, but he only said:

"He's all that—and more."

She glanced across the fence and

up the road. He fancied a slight shiver lifted her shoulders.

"Miss—Miss—I don't know your name!"

Two roguish little points pinched up the girl's eyes. The two dimples played hide-and-seek with the corners of her mouth—artless as the flicking wings of a Lady Cardinal.

"A little bit ago you called me—"

"The Wild Rose," he finished.

"I like—that!" she stammered, "ever so much better than any—other name."

Again that slow smile broke across the face of the Pearlhunter. He knew he ought to say something—but what?

"Well, Miss—Wild Rose—" he finally ventured, with no idea of what else he was going to say.

"Leave off the Miss, please." It was a timely rescue. "Miss seems, well—so—dignified for the woods. And you are—?"

He shifted the basket to the other arm and stood gazing up and down the ragged fence row.

"They call me the—the—Pearlhunter," he stammered after a time.

The girl seemed to ponder the word. She was fast losing her first distrust, just as any other creature of the woods loses it when convinced no danger threatens.

"I knew—that," she answered. "The storekeeper pointed you out today when you went to the bank. I mean your—other name."

The blood leaped to his face. The innocent question staggered him. He stared past her into the trees.

"It's all the name I have!"

She saw instantly that she had hurt him. The pain that subdued the smile in her eyes was worth the hurt. She drew a step nearer.

"The storekeeper told me the wonderful story about your—Blue Moon," she went on hastily, in her voice a curious eagerness, doubtless due to a desire to turn his thoughts from a subject that quite evidently distressed him.

He seemed not to know how to meet her eagerness—her desire to undo the mischief of her question. The girl could not know the ghosts her words had waked—the mystery of the hair-covered trunk; that crimson scrawl on the tablecloth.

"And is it like the moon—round—and is it blue?"

"Round as a marble; and blue—a faint little mite blue—like the full moon in a cold sky."

The Pearlhunter could talk, when he didn't have to feel his way—when



Slammed Him Back Against the Rail.

reply—if the heaving of her bosom, gave any index to her feelings, she probably could not reply. She did not even raise her eyes.

"You ignore me there in the village," he pursued. "But out here in the woods—well, it's out here in the woods. You've got to—H—H!"

The exclamation was surprised out of him. The girl had suddenly dropped her side of the basket and whirled. But quick as she was, he was quicker. As the basket clattered to the ground he seized her arm. There followed some unheeded words, and a smothered cry that the Pearlhunter was too busy just then to understand.

The girl was still struggling, her assailing muttering, and trying to detain her without too great a show of violence, when a grim face scowled up from behind the fence, a long arm shot over, the fingers of a calloused hand twisted themselves into the collar of the assailant and slammed him back against the rail with a force that took the breath out of him in a grunt. Nor was that all. The same long arm dragged him backward over the fence and chucked him head first down into the path on the other side, where for a moment he lay half stunned, gasping for the breath that had as good as gone, and gazing half foolishly up at the man who stood over him.

But it was only for a moment. With a face like the flames of hell he sprang up. The body of the Pearlhunter crouched; tightened.

There is just one thing to expect in such a situation; but the expected called to happen. For the second time that day the Man-in-the-Fancy-Vest treated the Pearlhunter to a very genuine surprise. The flame of anger in his eyes slowly changed to a haughty contempt, infinitely rankling. He turned, and, without a backward glance, stalked down the road toward the village.

The Pearlhunter stood gazing after him. The Red Mask—and he hadn't struck! Three times affronted, and he hadn't struck. Each time there had



"The Storekeeper Said It Was Worth—Five Thousand Dollars."

he spoke of things he knew. And he did know fresh-water pearls.

"The storekeeper said it was worth—five thousand—dollars."

She ventured the word—a statement in form; a question in intent—as if half suspecting that the storekeeper had exaggerated; anxious to hope the story might be true, yet fearing it mightn't.

"The storekeeper was right."

She unlaced her fingers, clasped her hands together softly.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she cried. "Why, you could buy the Flatwoods! And Wolf Run; and Fallen Rock; and every tree; and every bird's nest would be yours! And you could keep the woodchoppers away forever."

"Hardly that," he answered, suddenly thoughtful. "But I know what I shall do."

"Something splendid, I know."

Another statement with the intent of a question. He seemed to feel it called for a reply.

"I don't know that it's splendid."

(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

RED STAR
Detroit Vapor Oil Stamp

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?

THERE IS MUCH IN THE PREPARATION OF THE MEAL, BUT QUITE AS MUCH IN THE FOOD FROM WHICH IT IS PREPARED. YOUR WIFE WILL BE DELIGHTED IF YOU FURNISH HER GROCERIES AND FOODSTUFFS FROM OUR SPLENDID STOCK OF HIGH GRADE EATABLES. PREPARING A MEAL FROM THEM BECOMES A PLEASURE.

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

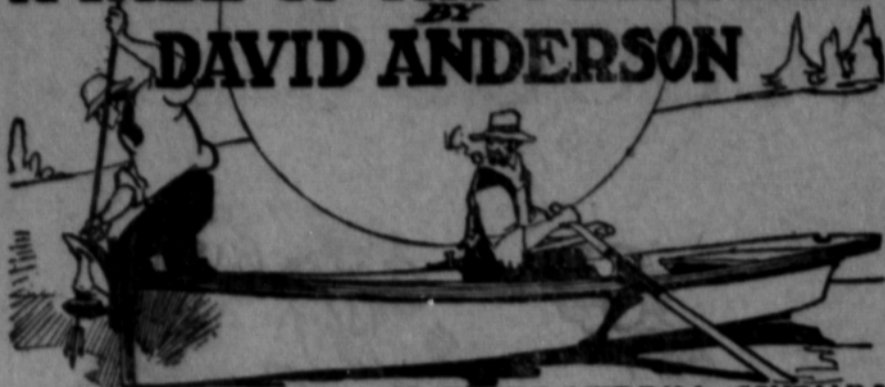
J. V. Hollingsworth, Proprietor.

Phone 92, Slaton, Texas

THE BLUE MOON

A TALE OF THE FLATWOODS

BY DAVID ANDERSON



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everything else lay a small box which the Boss, from an experience which befell him as a soldier in the far South, knew to be satinwood.

The young man stood with it in his hand, afraid to raise the lid—afraid to put it to the test. So far, the trunk had given up nothing. He was still nameless. What if this, too, should prove a blank?

At last the Pearlhunter raised the lid—some baby clothes, clean and neatly folded; a plain gold ring wrapped in a handkerchief of the finest cambric; and, under all, a picture—what the Iron-Gray-Woman must have been in her girlhood. He snatched it up, carried it to the light of the door and looked long upon it.

After a time he came back to the trunk. The satinwood box was the last article in it, and it had told him nothing. He laid the picture in it, replaced the baby clothes and ring, closed the box and put it back. He even took a sort of melancholy satisfaction in replacing, with studied neatness, the glove, the dress and other articles, after which he closed the lid, locked it, pocketed the key, and turning to the window, stood staring out over the river.

He was still a man without a name. The Boss stepped back from the door.

"The Blue Moon," he said. "Hit erta be putt away safe."

As if the statement recalled thoughts that had strayed far, the young man reached in his pocket and drew forth the pearl, still rolled in the bit of cloth.

The two days of ripening and the chafe of the cloth had greatly enhanced its brilliancy. Quietly rolling the pearl up in the cloth again, he left the cabin and, followed by the Boss, strode down the slope through the trees to the boat, and together they rowed away toward the village.

The fame of the Pearlhunter had preceded him. As he came up from the wharf into the town, the Mud Hen, the one saloon of the place, disgorged a swaggering, swearing population that gathered round him. The Boss' crew, camped half a mile below Fallen Rock, and the crew of Bull Masterson, camped three miles above, were both there. Besides these, the Obenchain, a small steamer plying between the ports of the Wabash, had come in that morning, bringing other river men.

Caught in the swirl of the crowd, the Pearlhunter and his companion were swept into the Mud Hen. A hundred voices clamored to have the pearl laid upon the bar where all could fly by and see it. There fell a few minutes of comparative quiet while the hungry eyes of the river men were devouring it. Then followed drinks all round—at the expense of the finder; and—what followed is not a pleasant task to describe.

The Pearlhunter, remembering that mound of fresh earth at Fallen Rock, kept his head and drank but little. The Boss, on the other hand, "cut th' dog loose," as the river men say. By noon he was singing snatches of half-forgotten songs and fighting the Indian wars all over again. Coming up to where his young friend leaned against the bar, in easy reach of the pearl, still lying upon its bit of cloth, he threw an arm about his neck and leant hard upon him, something he couldn't have been hired to do when sober.

"Come 'ere, you fellers. This'n's on me, an' it's to th' Pearlhunter, th' whitest man along th' Wabash—an be d—d t' th' man what says 'e ain't!'"

The rabble swarmed about the bar—all that were able. Bottle necks gurgled; glasses clinked; red whisky sizzled down hot throats; a few shouted; some swore; others merely laughed foolishly.

That last drink was the Boss' finish. He wilted down into the nearest chair; lurching heavily over upon a table and lay there mumbling, or laughing in high, shrill key; occasionally shouting out a note or two of a boating song that had been old on the river for a quarter of a century.

It was early afternoon before the Pearlhunter dared to think seriously of depositing the pearl—before river etiquette permitted him to remove it

from the bar. . .ly the Boss. All he got was a further installment of the Indian wars.

Half disgusted with it all, he turned back to the bar and stood leaning his chin upon his hand. A door opened from another part of the building—the Mud Hen being an inn, the only one in the place. A man entered. Crossing the floor with as little attention to the crowd as if the place had been deserted, he swaggered up to the bar. Perhaps he secretly wished that somebody would get in his way. He had just that air about him.

The Pearlhunter heard the door open; felt the hush that fell—the hush that always falls upon the rabble at the coming of a masterful presence. He turned his eyes slowly toward the newcomer. His nerves were as steady as the woods make them, but they were not quite proof against what he saw. It was the Man-in-the-Fancy-Vest.

A look flashed between them. The Pearlhunter fancied the other stiffened, and he was quite conscious of a tightness creeping into his own spine.

The Blue Moon was still lying on its bit of cloth upon the bar, where, among the river men, it was as safe as anything of value ever gets to be in this avaricious world. He deliberately picked it up and thrust it into his pocket.

It was a distinct affront. Blood had run in the Flatwoods for less. The man facing him started; flushed; his right hand dipped toward his hip.

The Pearlhunter's body became like iron electrified; his eyes like flecks of steel in the fireglow. His hand had closed upon the pistol butt while the other's hand was still on its way.

"Draw!" he hissed. "Draw! I'd give the Blue Moon if you would! There's a twenty-year-old score to settle between your blood and mine!"

A dead hush fell. The more sober men of the crowd jammed doors and windows, others huddled against the walls; some had dived under the tables. It was a moment of keen tension. Not a man breathed.

The line between life and death is a hair line when two gunmen stand face to face. The chances are split almighty fine. The Man-in-the-Fancy-Vest evi-



He Swaggered Up to the Bar.

dently decided they were split a little too fine. He slowly relaxed the pose to which the dangerous instant had strung him; lifted his hand; folded his arms; turned; leant against the bar; and stood coolly looking the other over.

The Pearlhunter had been half crouched. He straightened and took his hand away from his hip.

"When I got ready to leave Flatwoods I'm expectin' to ask you some questions—and I'm expectin' to be answered."

His voice crisp as the snap of steel against window glass, he stuffed the pearl deeper into his pocket, in a manner that somehow had the effect of emphasizing the affront.

The other shrugged his shoulders, barely perceptibly; his lip curled in a hard smile that carried all the force of a sneer, but he made no answer. With the air of a man bored unspeakably he sauntered across the room to the door by which he had entered; paused an instant; glanced back over his shoulder; tossed up his chin contemptuously; passed out, and closed the door.

But, for all his easy acting, it did not escape the Pearlhunter that the blue in his eyes was black.

CHAPTER IV.

The Girl With a Basket.

It was June outside. June—it slipped down out of the cool dells and dingles of the woods and soothed the Pearlhunter's face, red with the stifle, and reek he had just left. He filled his lungs with it—June—he tasted it with his lips.

With half an eye on the door of the Mud Hen, half an ear over his shoulder, he crossed to the bank.

"What name?" inquired the old banker, making out the receipt, after having placed the pearl away in the vault.

The color set the tan on the young man's face afire. It was something he had not foreseen—that a name would be required; and he had none. A pearl worth thousands, but no name—he would gladly have given the one for the other.

"What name?" repeated the banker, looking over his glasses out through the window.

"Pearl—hunter!" the other stammered.

"Pearlhunter—what?"

"Just—Pearlhunter—"

"Pearlhunter! Why, then, no name."

"It's—it's a name I have."

"Pearlhunter, well—!"

The banker set his mouth already set to say something more—but he didn't. Instead, he took a better look at the tall young fellow on the other side of the window. Dipping his pen into the ink well a second time, although it was already overloaded to the dripping point, he went on filling out the receipt.

"Just bring this with you when you want your pearl, Mr.—Pearlhunter."

"And if I lose it?"

"Then—well—just bring your face. Yes, that, will do—your face. I reckon you won't lose it."

The old fellow chuckled as if he had surprised himself making a joke. It usually puts a man in a good humor to discover that he has made a joke. The banker stood rubbing his bony hands together while the Pearlhunter walked out.

What next? The Pearlhunter stood on the sidewalk outside of the bank door and debated that very question; a question in two parts; first, whether to go back to Fallen Rock; second, whether to make another try after the Boss. He finally decided in favor of the Boss. The thought drew his eyes toward the Mud Hen across the street. The Man-in-the-Fancy-Vest was standing just inside the door.

At the moment, a young woman with a basket on her arm came out of a grocery a block up the street and walked rapidly toward the saloon. The man just inside the door apparently was watching for her. She seemed to know that he would be there—to dread that he would be—to judge by the way she hurried past. The man stepped out on the sidewalk as the girl came opposite, and tried to stop her. He even stepped in front of her. She turned out around him and, with a bare word or two in response to his efforts to engage her in talk, hurried rapidly on.

He stood looking after her till she was a block or more down the street—road would be the better word, since the river road formed the one street of the village—and then deliberately followed.

All thoughts of the cabin at Fallen Rock, of the Boss sprawled over a table at the Mud Hen, instantly fled the mind of the Pearlhunter. His somewhat passive face livened; into his slow eyes came a quickened interest. He hardly knew why he followed. He simply found himself walking after them.

The river road, as it follows along under the brow of the cliffs below Buckeye, makes many turns. The girl and her pursuer were walking fast when the Pearlhunter peeped out around a turn and looked after them. By running at such times as the windings of the road hid him, he had caught up with them as near as was prudent. The girl was walking very rapidly. It was plain that she knew she was being followed. It was equally plain that she did not want her pursuer to know that she knew it. But walk as fast as she would, the man following her walked just a bit faster.

Nearly a mile below the village, and half that distance above Fallen Rock.

(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: "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



SIMMONS' GROCERY

THE OLD RELIABLE GROCERY J. M. 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



GEEMINY CHRISTMAS!
ARE YOU ABOUT DONE, MAW?
IT'S GITTIN' IN MY EYES
AN' NOSE AN' MOUTH
AN' EVERYTHING.
ALL THE FELLERS
GITS THEIR HAIR
CUT AT GEORGE'S
BARBER SHOP
CEPT ME.
HURRY UP, MAW.

HOLD STILL, WILLIAM,
WILL YOU? I SHOULD
THINK YOU'D BE GLAD TO
GET YOUR HAIR CUT AT
HOME AND SAVE THAT
MUCH, WITH THE HIGH
COST OF EVERYTHING.
DID ANYBODY EVER
SEES SUCH A HEAD
OF HAIR?

CUTTIN' DOWN EXPENSES

SEEMS TO BE A FAVORITE PASTIME WITH MOTHERS NOWADAYS, FOR REGULAR HAIR CUTS ARE GOING UP WITH THE PRICES ON THE REST OF THINGS. IF YOU'RE GOING TO CUT THE BOY'S HAIR AT HOME, FOR GOODNESS SAKE TAKE PITY ON HIM AND SUPPLY YOURSELF WITH A GOOD, SHARP PAIR OF SCISSORS. DON'T FORGET THE FULL LINE OF HARDWARE WE HANDLE AND THERE ARE PLENTY OF GOOD SCISSORS FOR YOU TO SELECT FROM, AS WELL AS A BIG LOT OF OTHER HIGH GRADE NECESSITIES.

A. L. Brannon Hardware

YOUNG FRIENDS, LISTEN.

The training received in college will measure your Business Success. Therefore it behooves you to think carefully and choose wisely the college in which you are to receive your training. The college that has proven to be a leader in educating men and women for big business for more than twenty years, a college with an international reputation, students from thirty-nine states and even foreign countries, 4,000 enrollments annually with successful business men at the head of it, is the one for you to attend.

The Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas, America's largest business training university, has made itself prominent by turning out graduates in its six different extensive courses, which contain over 35 subjects from which to select, who have achieved great success, some as Presidents of large banks, wholesale houses, oil companies, etc., at large salaries as high as \$50,000 a year.

Our own Employment Department secures good positions with successful concerns, for all graduates.

With our own copyrighted textbooks, and the most thorough, practical teachers to be had, we give a most efficient training, in the shortest time possible.

Under our contract system with private homes, living expenses are exceptionally low. Our great saving in time required for graduation, thru the use of our copyrighted systems, and our low living costs, will save you one-half the usual cost of thoroughly equipping yourself for business life. This, together with the fact that you get the best and most thorough business training, in a college widely and favorably known among business men in all parts of the country, should appeal strongly to you and stimulate you to an immediate decision.

Fill in coupon and mail to the Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas, for free catalogue.

Name _____
Address _____

WILLARD Batteries, for any make of car, the best made for the money.
—BIG STATE GARAGE.

WANTED: To buy your second hand furniture and stoves. Phone 245, Lubbock Texas. M. L. Waldrop.

**CANADIAN BORDER SHOWN
IN FILM ROMANCE**

There has always been a peculiar fascination about border life that has inspired authors to thrilling tales of intrigue, romance and two-sided combat. Holman Day, one of the best known modern authors, has written a tale of the American-Canadian border, "The Red Lane," which ranks as a masterpiece of its kind. The screen version of this novel will be shown at the Movie Theatre here on Monday, Sept. 6.

Holman Day probably knows the life of the North Woods better than any other Americanwriter because he was born but a few miles from the international lines at Vassellboro, Maine, and for more than thirty years was a part of all the activities, sometimes sordid, but always interesting, which comprise the real drama of the North Woods. All of Holman Day's best books are tales of Maine and the Canadian border, dealing with his adventures and romance of the primitive man as opposed to organized society. "Pine Tree Ballads," "The Mayor of the Woods" and "Old King Spruce" are a few of Day's celebrated stories of the border country.

In filming "The Red Lane," Lynn Reynolds, the director, displayed keen judgment in selecting his character types, and so successful was he that the author saw his fiction characters in action in a pre-view of the film production, and told Reynolds: "These are the people I wrote about."

Frank Mayo, who is starred in this feature, is at his best in the part of a young American customs officer struggling with the lawless element infesting the border.

Remember the date, Monday, Sept. 6, at Movie Theatre.

"WE SELL THE EARTH."

We have some choice farm bargains on our list now, some close-in stuff. If you want to buy don't wait, as land will not stay on the market long now. We also have some desirable city property worth the money.

A. M. WATSON CO.

FORD Touring Car for sale at a bargain. 1917 model. J. V. HOLLINGSWORTH.

Are you reading "The Blue Moon?"

Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, September 11, 13 and 14

Radcliffe Chautauqua



The Radcliffe Chautauqua will be in Slaton Sept. 11, 13 and 14, under a big tent located conveniently down town. Tickets are on sale now and the committee reports that they are going good and prospects are that quite a nice sum will be left after all expenses have been paid. All profits will go to the public schools of Slaton and not a cent of it will go the people who guaranteed this attraction.

On Sunday night, Sept. 12, there will be a lecture at the big tent, which will be absolutely free to everybody, and the Chautauqua committee urges that you be present and take advantage of the opportunity to hear this free lecture. Remember, that you have a most cordial invitation to be present, that it will be absolutely free at the door and no collection will be taken.

During these entertainments you will hear musical programs rich in quality and of endless variety, by both native and foreign musicians. They will be entertained with readers, impersonators and humorists who possess the art to delight and amuse without resort to slapsticks and buffoonery.

Above all, you will get a better understanding of what it means to be a citizen of the United States of America, and a clearer vision of a citizens' obligations as well as his rights.

Do you know that literally thousands of alien born anarchists, bolsheviks and other "reds," thoroughly organized and backed by millions of dollars, are deliberately plotting and working night and day for the destruction of the Government of the United States?

Do you know that for many months their propagandists have been engaged not only in the large cities, but even in the small towns, sowing the seeds of sedition and anarchy in the minds of the ignorant and uninformed?

Do you know that every man and woman, boy and girl, white and black, in this community, has a thorough understanding of what the Government of the United States is?

Do they know that no other Government on earth guarantees to the individual such privileges and opportunities as this Government does?

Do they know that only through the fulfillment of their obligations of citizenship can our present form of Government be made secure?

Do you know that a little group of the citizens of Slaton have entered into a contract to bring the Radcliffe Chautauqua here, because they endorse the purpose of its program? That they will give any possible profit on the undertaking to the Slaton public schools?

Afternoon entertainment 3:00 p. m., night 7:15 o'clock.

BUY SEASON TICKETS AND SAVE YOUR MONEY. ADULTS \$2.00, CHILDREN \$1

SLATON SLATONITE

Telephone No. 20
 Issued every Friday morning
 Slaton, Lubbock County, Texas.
 W. DONALD, Editor and Publisher
 Miss Cleffie Watson, Society Editor
 Subscription, per year \$2.00
 Entered as second-class mail matter
 at the postoffice at Slaton, Texas.

**M. A. PEMBER AND FAMILY
 HAVE RETURNED FROM
 5,000 MILE AUTO TRIP**

M. A. Pember and family returned this week from a 5,000 mile auto trip through the North, having been absent from Slaton for two months. They visited relatives in Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and report a delightful time. They made the trip in a Chevrolet touring car that had been driven 500 miles when they started and Mr. Pember states that they came home on the original casings that came on the car and had only one blow-out on the entire trip. He also stated that the car gave him no trouble otherwise.

HOGVILLE HOWLINGS.
 By Dunk Botts.

The Old Miser has more money than any two dozen men in Hogville and seems to have less use for it than any other man here.

Dan Hocks got hold of a newspaper a few days ago which contained the announcement that the Woman's Sunrise Club of New York City advocates the enactment of a law prohibiting men on the streets after 8 o'clock at night. Dan's wife is a member of the Hogville Improvement Society, and fearing that she might get hold of this paper he took it clear out of town and burned it.

In discussing the high cost of living by a few fellows at the postoffice yesterday Gape Allsop reported very ordinary liquor now selling in this section for one dollar a drink, and they will not let you heap the glasses at that.

The Hogville postmaster is believed to favor the movement which has been launched for the better pay of postmasters.

Zero Peck was subjected to a siege of cross examination yesterday when Mrs. Peck found a ladies' handkerchief, fan and some hair pins in his Sunday coat pocket. Zero says the more he explained the less she seemed to understand.

Miss Petunia Belcher who has during her lifetime read a great deal about queens, wonders if she looks anything like one. She has a new dress for which the maker forgot to put a back and front in and made it too short.

The Petunia Ridge moonshine still is a lonesome place these days—no smoke, no visitors, no whiskey. First time such was ever known. However, it is being whispered around that operation may be resumed again soon, though on a smaller and more reserved scale.

The Bear Ford preacher last Sunday night preached a sermon on "The Original Sin." The announcement of his subject did not draw much of a crowd. The people here believe there is no such thing. Original means something new and that has not been done before.

Zero Peck says he never kissed his wife since their honeymoon, and that's been a long time.

Bill Hellwanger believes the time may come when one can't ever get whiskey for medicine, and when it does he expects to die.

PERSONAL MENTION.

M. L. CANNON SERVICE CAR.
 PHONE 42, DAY OR NIGHT.

Mrs. W. H. McKirahan and children are spending a few days in Amarillo.

Mrs. C. C. Hoffman was a visitor in Lubbock Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stottlemire and children have returned from a visit to relatives at Wellington, Kansas.

Robbie McReynolds has bought a nice cottage close in to the business section of town.

Drug Sundries of all kinds at the right prices at TEAGUE'S CONFECTIONERY.

FOR SALE: New 2-room house, close to railroad shops. Will take in Ford car. M. H. TATE.

Mrs. Inez Wiggs, postmaster at Vidalia, Ga., has arrived here for a visit to Mrs. L. C. Odom.

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

Mrs. J. T. Hooten of Lamesa returned home Monday after a visit to her brother, T. Trammell.

Mrs. Leonard F. Craft of Ralls was here this week visiting her mother, Mrs. M. A. Evans.

Fred Stottlemire, engineer for the Santa Fe, is walking on crutches as the result of having a foot badly injured in an accident at Post a few days ago.

Messrs. J. W. McDonald and J. B. Stallings made a business trip to Snyder Tuesday.

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

Mrs. Guy Seybold of Fort Worth has returned home after a visit to her sister, Mrs. J. B. Reigor and family.

See Mrs. R. L. Wicker for all kinds of sewing. Best work; best prices; satisfaction guaranteed. Southwest

WRITE J. G. WADSWORTH, Holly, Colo., for literature and land list of Southeastern Colorado, the only good land left.

FOR SALE: Good farm tractor. Will sell or exchange for Slaton property. M. A. PEMBER.

M. D. Jones has gone to St. Louis and other large market centers to replenish his stock of dry goods.

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

Miss Allie H. Ralls of the R. & C. Millinery store here, was a visitor in Hale Center Thursday.

TEAGUE'S CONFECTIONERY for high grade stationery and drug sundries of every kind.

J. R. eBan has sold a nice 4-room house in the South Slaton Addition to H. C. Burris.

Mrs. Nail of Amarillo is spending a few days with her sisters; Mrs. Maude Wallace and Mrs. Ed Tonn.

E. R. Foster and family have arrived here from Raton, N. M., to make their home again after an absence of three months.

Mrs. K. C. Scott was taken to the Lubbock Sanitarium Wednesday morning and was operated upon that day. She is reported doing nicely.

MAXWELL Touring Car for sale. Good as new and looks new. Will sell at a bargain or trade for real estate. What have you to offer? Call A. M. WATSON, Phone 116.

Mrs. Agnes Rosser of Ridiera, Tex., spent a few days the first of the week with Mrs. J. H. McCauley here. She was en route home from Canyon where she had been attending school.

If your house is in need of paper and paint let me order it for you and save money. Painting and paper hanging. E. A. GALE, box 81, Slaton, Texas.

Mrs. Hollis Rutter, with her little daughter Coralee, left Tuesday for Topeka, Kansas, where they will visit for two weeks with her sister, Mrs. Livingston.

J. G. WADSWORTH, Holly, Colo., has some good cheap land for sale in Southeastern Colorado. Write for his bargain list.

Miss Frances Hoffman is preparing to go to Dallas soon where she will enter Southern Methodist University for a course of study.

G. L. Sledge is in receipt of a message from Mrs. Sledge, stating that she had arrived in Edina, Mo., to attend the bedside of her father, who was reported very low.

Mrs. Herbert Tait and family returned Monday from a month's stay at Manitou, Colorado. On their way home they spent several days in Denver and Colorado Springs.

W. B. Anderson has returned to his home at Portales, N. M., after a visit to his son C. F. Anderson and family. He was accompanied home by his grandson, Rowland Anderson, for a few days' visit.

Inez Dillard has arrived here from Lockney to attend the Slaton public schools. Her father, I. N. Dillard, and son, I. N. Jr., have gone to Los Angeles, California to spend the winter.

W. H. Stedham and family of near Whitewright, Grayson county, have been visiting J. B. Stallings and family. While here Mr. Stedham bought property both here and in Lubbock, also a farm near Slaton. He says this country looks good to him.

L. P. Loomis, former owner of The Slatonite, now editor of the Canadian Record, was nominated at Amarillo last Saturday to run for congress from this district on the Republican ticket, opposing Hon. Marvin Jones, Democratic nominee.

Misses Georgia and Ruth Blue of Portales, N. M., who have been visiting their sister, Mrs. Perry Moss, were called home Tuesday by a message announcing that their mother was seriously ill. Mrs. Moss, however has received a message from there stating that her mother is improved.

Prof. Claude V. Hall arrived home from Austin Wednesday. Mr. Hall spent the summer there in the State University doing post-graduate work, and will leave in a few days to assume his duties as superintendent of the Snyder public schools. He is one of the best school executives in West Texas, and is keeping thoroughly up with the times in his profession by doing work in the State University during his vacation periods.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fincher and little daughter, Oneta, have returned to Austin after a ten days' visit to Mrs. Fincher's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Henry, and sisters, Mrs. C. F. Austin and Mrs. H. C. McGee. Miss Allean Henry returned home with them for a several months' visit. She will also visit in San Antonio before returning home.

HERE'S A BARGAIN.

Large 4-room house, close to town and railroad shops, east front, good orchard, etc. Priced at only \$2750; one-third cash, balance to suit.
 A. M. WATSON CO.
 Telephone 116.

**WHO'S SAVING THE
 MONEY YOU MAKE?**

Where does your salary go? Who is getting the benefit of it? Unless you are saving something out of it every payday it is the other fellow and not you whom your work is aiding. Don't let the other fellow save those dollars of yours which you should save for yourself. Make it a point to put away 7% or 10% of your salary every payday. Invested in War Savings Stamps, which can be gotten at the postoffice or bank, it will be absolutely safe and bringing you interest at the rate of 4% compounded every three months. It is better to save than to be sorry.

HAVE YOU DONE THIS?

Have you gotten that other War Savings Stamp this week? The time to begin saving is now—not tomorrow. It is better to be ahead of the game, even if it is only a dollar or two, than it is to be a nickel behind.

**TWO AND A HALF MILLION
 COME TO HOLDERS OF THIRD
 LOAN BONDS NEXT MONTH**

Dallas, Texas.—Owners of Liberty Bonds of the third issue, bearing 4½% interest, according to Dinsmore W. Hume, Federal Director of Savings, number 719,210 in this district. The total value of Liberty Bonds bought in the district was \$116,210,050. The interest thereon at 4½% will be due and payable at any bank on September 15; it will amount to \$2,469,462.50 for this, the eleventh reserve district, according to Mr. Hume. A like amount of interest on the same bonds will be paid in six months later, on March 15, 1921. Bankers are frequently holding bonds issued in 1917 and 1918 from which no interest coupons have been clipped.

**BOOKER T. WASHINGTON'S
 DAUGHTER URGES NEGROES
 TO EARN, SAVE, INVEST**

Dallas, Texas.—Portia Washington Pittman, daughter of the noted negro leader, Booker T. Washington, wife of W. Sidney Pittman, a negro architect in Dallas, insists that now is the time when negroes, above all others, should earn, save a part of their earnings, and invest in government securities. "Negroes are now earning more than ever before in their lives," she said. "They should save and invest it so it will comfort and give them the things they need so much when age or sickness or death overtakes them. The War Savings Stamp and the Registered Treasury certificates are absolutely safe investments and make their owners better citizens."

**STATE FIRE MARSHAL
 INVESTS THIRD OF INCOME
 IN LIBERTY BONDS MONTHLY**

Austin, Texas.—Hon. A. P. Woolbridge, former banker, long mayor of Austin, now state fire marshal, writes that he is investing at least one-third of his monthly income in Liberty Bonds, which he tells Dinsmore W. Hume, Federal District Director of Savings, of Dallas, he considers best for him. Mr. Woolbridge adds that were he not buying these securities he would invest in other government savings securities, War Savings Stamps and Registered Treasury Savings Certificates.

**"I'VE QUIT PLAYING THE
 SUCKER'S GAME; I'M NOW
 BUYING W.S.S.," SAYS MAN**

"Heretofore I have been playing the sucker's game and I have always come out at the muzzle of the cannon; from now on, I am putting some of my salary in War Savings Stamps," writes a Smithville, Texas, man to Dinsmore W. Hume, Federal District Director of Government Savings. After all, the safe saving game is the safest game to play, and War Savings Stamps are absolutely safe. They yield an attractive rate of compound interest.

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

SMART FALL HATS

We duly appreciate the splendid business we have enjoyed since opening in Slaton. We have just the hat you are looking for and at a price that will please you. We cordially invite your inspection.

R. & C. MILLINERY

AT M. D. JONES STORE SLATON, TEXAS

We have buyers for small improved farms, and can sell your unimproved land if you will list it worth the money. See us about it at once.—A. M. WATSON CO.

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.

Get your electric light globes at Teague & Son's Confectionery.

Are you reading Foster's Weather Bulletin that appears in the Slatonite each week? We have the exclusive use of it for this section.

Slaton Auto Shop

J. R. CHILDRESS, Prop. 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.

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The Season's Newest Creations

IN COATS, SUITS, MILLINERY.

You can choose from a wealth of fabrics, of colors, designs and patterns. The crispness of the Autumn season seems somehow to be woven into the rich and colorful clothes of which these distinctive models are fashioned. You will surely find among such an assortment the very coat, the exact suit, and the very style hat you desire.

Mrs. F. Graves & Son

The Style Shop Telephone 126

DRINK HOT WATER IF YOU DESIRE A ROSY COMPLEXION

Says we can't help but look better and feel better after an inside bath.

To look one's best and feel one's best is to enjoy an inside bath each morning. Flush from the system the previous day's waste, sour fermentations and poisonous toxins before it is absorbed into the blood. Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken each day leave in the alimentary organs a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not eliminated, form toxins and poisons which are then sucked into the blood through the very ducts which are intended to suck in only nourishment to sustain the body.

If you want to see the glow of healthy bloom in your cheeks, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, you are told to drink every morning upon arising, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless means of washing the waste material and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Men and women with sallow skins, liver spots, pimples or pallid complexion, also those who wake up with a coated tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, others who are bothered with headaches, bilious spells, acid stomach or constipation should begin this phosphate hot water drinking and are assured of very pronounced results in one or two weeks.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, purifies and freshens the skin on the outside, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the inside organs. We must always consider that internal sanitation is vastly more important than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

REGISTERED TREASURY SAVINGS CERTIFICATES AT LOCAL POSTOFFICE

Paying compound interest and cashable on demand, the new \$100 and \$1,000 Registered Treasury Savings Certificates, registered against loss in any way, may be obtained from or through the local postoffice or banks. A \$100 certificate costs eighty odd dollars this month. The price of a \$1,000 certificate is only eight hundred and some odd dollars.

The difference between the capitalist and one who is not is \$4.19, or one red War Savings Stamp. Make your money work for you as well as work for it. Put it to work in a Registered Treasury Savings Certificate.

BUY AND KEEP
THE NATIONAL STRONG
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES

A full line of standard toilet preparations at Teague's Confectionery.

URIC ACID IN MEAT CLOGS THE KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you—Drink more water.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous wastes get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; 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 and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

he said. "I'm going to buy some books; and then—"

He hesitated. The girl dropped her eyes and stood toying with the bonnet strings around her arm. She did not mention that the storekeeper had told her the tragedy of the grave at Fallen Rock; of the mother who had died the very evening of success; whose eyes had not been permitted to rest on the faultless sheen of the jewel for which she, too, had searched a lifetime.

"And then—" she repeated, when it seemed he was not going on.

A tiny breeze fell into the woods through the gap cut by the road, and stirred the leaves. There is death as well as life in the woods. Death always; even in June. The breeze found a dead leaf among the living ones and shook it loose. It threatened to light on the girl's bright hair, but fluttered down past her face and fell at her feet.

The breeze; the falling leaf—the woods, her woods, had whispered; and she heard.

"Daddy!" she cried suddenly. "I've left him too long."

Her voice had grown serious. She held out her hand for the basket. The Pearlhunter passed it over and she turned away.

It was an awkward parting and the Pearlhunter felt it, but he was a man of slow speech. His words had to be chipped by hand out of the rough, one at a time, as men of old fashioned their arrowheads.

"Wild Rose!"

She turned. The name had brought the dimples back.

"May I walk along with you?"

The words were past recall before he knew it.

"The woods are as much yours as mine," was her smiling answer.

He never could remember just how the basket managed to get from her arm to his as he walked away with her, the sole recollection that stood out in his memory being the fact that the path seemed to fly up and hit his feet before he quite had time to set them down.

CHAPTER V.

Cabin of the Three Gables.

For some distance back from the river the Earthmaker scrambled the Flatwoods. Scrambled—that's exactly what seems to have happened to a strip along the north bank. A maze of gulch and cliff, of gully and bluff; all bearded thick with trees and dense underbrush; all alive with the teasing mystery of growing things.

The path the girl traveled wound itself, or rather unwound itself, right through the heart of the hills, deep into the mystery of the thick woods, until it turned sharply and led up the east bank of Wolf run, the little stream in which the Pearlhunter had washed the elecampane roots.

A short distance above the pool, so near that the Pearlhunter wondered he had not seen it before, a three-gabled, one-story log cabin snugged back against the bluffs just where they left the bank of the stream and curved to the east. A step farther, a small plot of creek bottom had been cleared and fenced—what the Flatwoods called a "garden patch." Back of the garden, a stable hugged the bluff, but it was half hidden by rank weeds.

The cabin was built of hewn logs, notched artistically at the corners. The roof projected well beyond the walls; the chimneys were of red brick; the doors and windows of a finish rather more pretentious than was common in the woods. There were three wings, extending at right angles from a common center, making four rooms, in all, three along the front, with another, probably the kitchen, extending back from the central room.

Where the path left the stream to turn toward the door the girl paused and held out her hand for the basket. Slowly the Pearlhunter passed it over. It was an awkward moment. His eyes traveled past her to the tiny garden. He noticed that the fence around it was sagged and broken. The garden, however, appeared to be clean and well-kept. Aside from this—and the flowers—the place showed a very sad lack of care.

The underbrush along the bluffs trembled slightly, but enough to attract the woodsman's eyes. Noiselessly the swaying bushes parted—as noiseless as the unfolding of a flower—and in the narrow opening, framed by its border of quaking leaves, there grew a face—sad and vacant, with pitiful eyes; unmistakably, though he had never seen it before, the gaunt, gray face of the Wild Man.

The Pearlhunter glanced quickly at the girl, to find her eyes still fixed on her basket, and when he looked again at the bushes, the face was gone.

As his gaze searched the underbrush, a glimpse of a gray shadow flitted along under the cliff and disappeared behind the cabin. He couldn't leave her now—and yet, by what excuse could he stay?

"You have a pretty place here," he said, probably because he couldn't think of anything else to say. "A

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 begin 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, brimful of step, ruddy of cheek, able to grin 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

pretty place—all so natural; the woods are hardly disturbed a bit—but aren't you—afraid?"

"I haven't been till—today." She raised her eyes to his face. The storekeeper's story came to her mind;—the grave at Fallen Rocks; the lonely cabin to which he would have to return. And he had just rendered her a service—the age-old service of man to woman. "Won't you come up to the house?"

The Pearlhunter little knew how that simple invitation honored him. No other man had ever received it.

"I'd like to."

He said it so seriously that the girl laughed.

Carrying the light basket between them they walked up what might be called, for want of better word to name it, the front yard. There was not the least necessity that two hands should be laid to that one light basket. It just happened, as do so many other pleasant things in this delightfully unorderly world.

At the door she stopped and faced him. A deep seriousness had filled up the dimples.

"Mr.—Pearlhunter—"

The slow eyes of the man found her face, and she paused.

"You told me to leave off the Miss. I'm askin' you to leave off the Mr."

The dimples came back, but only for a moment.

"—Pearlhunter." The name came strange to her. "You will be the first man, except my father and the doctor, that has crossed his door-step in seven years." Her voice fell very low. "You must not be surprised at what you see."

From behind the closed door of the cabin came a groan—not of physical pain, but one that seemed to mutter up out of a wracked soul. The girl dropped her side of the basket handle.

"Daddy!" she cried; and dashed the door open.

The Pearlhunter was a hard man to far out of his habitual calm, but the sight that met him as he followed her across the door-step struck him rigid and staring.

A huge iron gray shell of a man rose slowly in the shadow the late afternoon cast over the room. The light that fell in at the open door brought out the pathetic, nervous quiver of his face; the solemn vacancy of his pitiful eyes. It was the Wild

SAGE TEA DARKENS HAIR TO ANY SHADE

Don't Stay Gray! Here's an Old-time Recipe that Anybody can Apply.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get this famous old preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair 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 your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application of two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire a more 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.

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Home Ownership

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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.

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NATURAL-TONED

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

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

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Farm Loans

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

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WINDMILL ERECTING, PLUMBING OR REPAIR JOBS OF ANY KIND.

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 PIPE AND CYLINDERS.

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ECZEMA!
 Money back without question if HUNT'S Salve fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Try a 75 cent box at our risk.
 Sold by SLATON DRUG CO.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN.
 (Copyrighted.)

Washington, Sept. 2.—Warm wave will reach Vancouver, B. C., about Sept. 9 and temperatures will rise on all the Northern Pacific slope and northern Rockies. Its center will pass southwestward near Memphis not far from Sept. 12, then northwestward along the Blue Ridge country, then on to the Atlantic near Newport, R. I. Storm wave will follow.

This will be a very important storm generally, and just as difficult to definitely forecast as it appears to be important. If I have correctly located the path of the storm, temperatures will average above normal south of that path and below north of it. But the planetary forces will be so great that all the weather details expected may be broken up. I am doubtful as to whether I can even approximate a correct forecast of that storm. The storm forces will be general and many parts of the Earth will be affected. If these forces should concentrate into one place it would bring dangerous events.

3.1. Sep FFFF SHRDLU QQQ QQQ
 I expect the first disturbance to take effect near the equator between Porto Rico and Angola South Africa, probably near the equator about fifteen degrees south of the Cape Verde Islands. That is too far away to interest us. But if a hurricane organizes there during the week centering on Sept. 14, as I expect, it will probably move northwestward toward Gulf of Mexico. That is not certain as it is expected to organize close to the equator and might turn southwestward. If it turns northeastward it will give strength to the storm disturbance described in first paragraph above and a cold wave will then follow that northern storm, bringing a disastrous killing frost to large parts of the northern corn section. Such weather features will soon be more completely worked out.

I am not expecting any great changes in rainfall during September, except that severe storms concentrate rain into a few days instead of extending the same amount of rain over the month. Weather months are Moon months, beginning with the new. But weather forecasts can not be made good by basing them on the Moon only. The Sun and planets largely control, and the Sun does not control so much as his enormous size would indicate.

Farmers, mine operators, manufacturers, local dealers connected with them, and the labor elements should study their nerves at this time. Don't shove any one off their feet, don't lie down. We are all in one boat and whoever rocks the boat should be thrown overboard. The Federal Reserve Bank rocked the boat and deserved a deep ducking, but they are doing better now. A depression is on, but a great disaster will not come this time. Thanks to our law-makers we now have the best financial and banking system ever operated in America and, if the reserve board behaves itself, we will pull thru this necessary depression without any great calamity. Producers have nothing to fear for 1921 and should take hold with confidence in the future. The new American-Canadian race is one people and are the descendants of the very best elements of the best races on Earth. This new race and this continent of North America have only really good prospects in the world. Great prosperity is only a little ahead of us. Keep your nerves quiet and look, with confidence, on the future.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

- For Representative 122d. Representative District:
 HON. R. A. BALDWIN.
- For District Judge:
 W. R. SPENCER.
- For County Judge:
 P. F. BROWN.
- For Sheriff and Tax Collector:
 C. A. HOLCOMB.
 (For re-election second term.)
- For Tax Assessor:
 E. C. BURNS. (Re-election.)
- County and District Clerk:
 SAM T. DAVIS. (Re-election.)
- For County Treasurer:
 MRS. MARY F. HINTON.
 (For second term.)
- For Commissioner Precinct 2:
 H. D. TALLEY. (Second Term.)
- Justice of the Peace Precinct 2:
 PAUL P. MURRAY.
- For Public Weigher, Precinct 2:
 T. W. COVINGTON.
 (Second term.)

NEW \$30,000 CHURCH BUILDING FOR TAHOKA

Tahoka, Sept. 2.—At the close of the services at the Methodist church last Sunday morning a building campaign was launched, led by the pastor, Rev. W. C. Hinds, assisted by Rev. J. O. Haymes of Spur, to erect a modern church at a cost of about \$30,000. The sum of \$20,150 has already been subscribed to erect the building.

The committee is active, and several thousand dollars more has been promised for this fund.

The committee, led by the pastor, is putting forth every effort to raise the remainder of the amount designated above and plans will likely be drawn in the near future for the new church edifice.

There is no better advertisement for a town than to possess good schools and churches, and we are glad to be able to state that Tahoka will soon have a school and church building that will far surpass many other neighboring towns in the west.

Are you reading "The Blue Moon?"

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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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.

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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.

DeLong
 THE MERCHANT TAILOR