

# THE SLATON SLATONITE

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

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS.

VOL. 9, NO. 48, AUGUST 26, 1920

## Bank Checks

ARE CLEAN, CONVENIENT AND BUSINESS LIKE. THEY ADD TO YOUR SECURITY; THEY FORM A RECEIPT FOR BILLS PAID; THEY OBTAIN THE NECESSITY OF CARRYING CURRENCY AROUND AND MAKING EXACT CHANGE; THEY FORM A WRITTEN RECORD OF ALL EXPENDITURES. THIS BANK OFFERS THE CONVENIENCE OF A CHECKING ACCOUNT AND OF AN AFFILIATION WITH THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANKING SYSTEM.

## THE FIRST STATE BANK

J. H. BREWER, President

C. C. Hoffman, Vice Pres.

I. M. Brewer, Asst. Cashier

H. C. Jones, V. P. and Cashier

W. B. Russell, Asst. Cashier

"THE BANK OF ENLARGED PERSONAL SERVICE"

## Neff-for-Governor-Club Organized in Slaton

On last Monday afternoon a meeting was held in the office of Hon. R. A. Baldwin and a Neff-for-Governor Club was organized with R. A. Baldwin, temporary chairman, and A. E. Howerton, temporary secretary.

On motion the chair appointed a membership committee as follows: Rev. J. H. McCauley, T. J. Abel, W. P. Florence, W. S. Adams, A. E. Howerton, S. A. Abbott, Mrs. S. S. Forrest, Mrs. S. H. Adams, Mrs. Lee Green.

Lists were circulated Tuesday and a large number of members were secured. On Wednesday afternoon another meeting was held and the organization was made permanent. W. P. Florence was elected chairman, and A. E. Howerton secretary.

Hon. R. A. Baldwin addressed the meeting discussing the issues between Neff and Bailey and urging the citizenship of the community to become members of the Neff organization.

Only a few of the membership lists have been turned in for publication. They follow:

T. J. Abel, A. E. Howerton, W. P. Florence, W. S. Adams, R. A. Baldwin, J. H. McCauley, Paul Owens, O. D. McClintock, J. M. Castle, I. L. Waller, J. D. Hancy, L. W. Williamson, J. V. Hollingsworth, H. C. McDonald, J. E. George, W. R. Graves, I. W. Anglin, B. M. Holland, H. A. Rutter, J. I. Messingill, Mrs. C. V. Young, Mrs. E. P. Nix, Mrs. A. I. Kuykendall, Ray Stephenson, T. M. George, Mrs. W. P. Florence, J. B. Stallings, C. V. Young, A. M. Watson, J. M. Olive, Mrs. W. S. Adams, Miss Aura Adams, N. P. Tate, H. Trammell, Mrs. J. W. McDonald, J. L. Trammell, J. W. Nicklas, W. F. Christy, J. W. English, W. W. Smith, Mrs. J. W. Davis, Arbie Joplin, Dewey Stalcup, C. A. Reno, L. Bilbrey, Mrs. Lee Green, Lee Green, Mrs. A. L. Brannon, A. L. Brannon, B. H. Scott, C. A. Cozby, T. D. Taylor, G. H. Orr, J. W. Hood, F. J. Pohl, J. M. Simmons, J. E. Eckert, John Stephens, J. R. Bean, Mrs. Annie Higbee, A. I. Kuykendall, W. J. Anderson, S. A. Abbott, C. T. Trammell, W. T. Wicker, Fred Higbee, J. A. Elliott, George Green, A. E. Whitehead, N. B. Self, J. E. Davidson, Carroll Phillips, B. O. Bailey, L. B. Olive, Frank Matthews, Newton Cantrell, J. E. Knight, E. P. Nix, E. H. Ward, J. E. Latimer, J. H. Brewer, C. J. Russell, E. E. Wilson, Charles H. Lewis, W. L. Jones, E. S. Brooks, C. F. Anderson, J. C. Stewart, D. J. Hubbard, S. S. Forrest, J. W. McDonald, J. S. McDonald.

## MRS. PAUL P. MURRAY CHAMPION MELON GROWER

Judge Paul P. Murray brought a Western Giant Muskmelon to the Slaton office Wednesday that was as large as an average sized watermelon. And my, the flavor was fine. The Judge swiped it from his wife's garden, so we thought, and when questioned closely had to admit that she grew it. Mrs. Murray is certainly the champion melon grower of this section, and everything else that is good to eat is grown in abundance around her home. The Slatonite family certainly appreciate this rare treat from her.

## LEE GREEN & CO. ARE SELLING COLUMBIA SIX

Lee Green & Co., proprietors of the Slaton Garage, are distributors for the Columbia Six auto, and are showing a touring car on their floor now. They have the exclusive agency for a number of South Plains counties. It is a very classy and well built car, and the price is reasonable.

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

## BAPTIST REVIVAL MEETING MAKING GOOD PROGRESS

The Baptist revival which began at the public tabernacle last Sunday night is making unusually good progress. The congregations on Monday and Tuesday were rather small on account of the continued rainy weather, but services were held even during the showers. On Wednesday evening after there had been a few hours of sunshine to dry the mud away, the attendance amounted almost to full seating capacity.

Woodie Smith, the evangelist in song, is probably the greatest singer and choir director who has ever yet sung in our village. Joe English is preaching up to his reputation. He has traveled extensively in his evangelistic campaigns and has also the advantage of a superior education. The greatest thing about him, however, is the amount of Scripture he can use in every sermon. He does, indeed, sound like a walking Bible.

Several conversions and additions to the church have already been reported.

Elsewhere in the Slatonite will be found pictures of both Mr. Smith and English. Miss Lulu English, who was here last year and so delighted all music lovers with her work at the piano, is also in the meeting and drawing the admiration of all musicians again.



## SPEAKING DATES ANNOUNCED NEFF FOR GOVERNOR CLUB

The following speaking dates have been announced by the Lubbock County Neff for Governor Club, and will occur at 8 o'clock night in each instance. Neff supporters and authorities in charge of school buildings in each community are urged to have the building lighted and open to receive the crowd by 8 p. m.

Abernathy, Saturday, Aug. 14, speaker, E. L. Klett.

Lorenzo Saturday, Aug. 14, R. A. Baldwin.

Petersburg, Saturday, Aug. 14, Geo. R. Bean.

Slide, Monday, Aug. 16, W. F. Schenck.

Slaton, Saturday 2:30 p. m., W. H. Bledsoe.

Canyon, Monday, Aug. 16, Percy Spencer.

Littlefield Saturday, Aug. 21, Roscoe Wilson.

Becton Saturday, Aug. 21, R. A. Baldwin.

Shallowater Saturday, Aug. 21, Geo. R. Bean.

Meadow Tuesday, Aug. 24, W. F. Schenck.

Monroe Tuesday, Aug. 24, W. H. Bledsoe.

Pettit Tuesday, Aug. 24, Percy Spencer.

Idalou Tuesday, Aug. 24, E. L. Klett.

Carlyle Tuesday, Aug. 24, W. C. Rylander.

Hardy Tuesday, Aug. 24, Roscoe Wilson.

## REV. L. W. WILLIAMSON CLOSED GOOD MEETING

Rev. L. W. Williamson, Missionary for the Brownfield Baptist Association, has recently closed a very successful revival meeting at Berry Flats, in Borden county. Twenty-one were added to the church.

## Movie Theatre PROGRAM.

Monday, Aug. 23, "THE COMBAT," by Anita Stewart.

Tuesday, Aug. 24, "BLACK CIRCLE" and seventh episode of "HIDDEN DANGERS."

Wednesday, Aug. 25, "THE GREAT AIR ROBBERY," by Locklear.

Thursday, Aug. 26, "REACHING FOR THE MOON," by Douglas Fairbanks.

Friday, Aug. 27, first episode of "THE LOST CITY" Serial.

Don't fail to see "The Great Air Robbery" by Major Locklear, on next Wednesday, the 25th. Two shows, beginning at 7:15. Regular prices.

Our new serial, "THE LOST CITY," starts the 27th. Don't miss the first episode. We have a two-reel Western to run with this serial.

## Postmaster Examination.

At the request of the Postmaster General the United States Civil Service Commission has announced an examination to be held at Lubbock, Texas, on Sept. 15, 1920, for the position of postmaster at Slaton, Texas. This office has an annual compensation of \$1600. To be eligible for this examination an applicant must be a citizen of the United States, must actually reside within the delivery of the office and have so resided at the time the present vacancy occurred. Applicants must have reached their twenty-first but not their sixty-fifth birthday on the date of the examination. Application form 2241 and full information concerning the requirements of the examination may be secured from the postmaster at the place of vacancy or from the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE: Dandy good 5-room residence, two lots, east front, on corner very desirable street. Good terms. Call at Slatonite office.

## COTTON CROP IS GOOD OVER SLATON TERRITORY

The condition of the cotton crop is very good. The stand is very even, and the acreage is heavy. Weather conditions from the time of planting have been ideal for this crop until this week, when we have had a heavy rainfall over this entire section, which many farmers predict will be injurious to cotton, but will be good for all feed crops and put the soil in excellent condition for fall wheat sowing.

Until a few years ago it was said by many that cotton could not be successfully grown on the Plains, but it now one of the principal crops and oftentimes the yield is greater than that of the black land sections of the State. At the present time cotton in this locality promises a better yield than any section of North Texas where cotton has always been a staple crop.

Here however, cotton is grown in connection with other crops, such as wheat, kafir corn, maize, sudan, etc.

The yield of cotton on the Plains this year will go into many thousands of bales, many counties estimating their yields from ten to twenty-five thousand bales. The crop is not seriously troubled by any pest, this section being out of the boll weevil district. The only worry the cotton growers here have at present is the price and means of getting the crop to market.

## "THE GREAT AIR ROBBERY" MOVIE WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Theatregoers who have watched the progress of the motion picture art are rarely surprised by new thrills in story or startling developments in photography, but it is safe to predict that when "The Great Air Robbery," the new Universal special, starring Lieut. O. L. Locklear, is first flashed on the local screen at the Movie Theatre next Wednesday night, Aug. 25, the most sophisticated theatregoers will open their eyes a bit wider and feel a new tingle.

"The Great Air Robbery" is the biggest achievement of the film art of the air. Its star, Lieut. Locklear, is famous as the aviator who accomplishes the feat of changing from plane to plane in mid-air, and in this production he has many opportunities to repeat this daring exploit within full view of the camera.

Jacques Jaccard, who wrote and directed this startling photoplay, has conceived a story of the U. S. transcontinental air service. Lieut. Locklear appears as Larry Cassidy, the crack pilot of the air and Allan Forrest as his friend and fellow mail pilot, who has fallen into evil ways and whom Cassidy tries to rescue from his folly. There is a band of sky pirates who plot to overtake and rob the aerial mail plane, and several feminine characters who not only supply the necessary love interest, but who aid Cassidy in breaking up the gang of daring air robbers.

The story is told in a series of scenes that move rapidly from earth to air, always interesting, always startling and often reaching the heights of dramatic and scenic thrill. Among the players are Francelia Billington, Carmen Phillips and Ray Ripley.

Two shows will be given beginning at 7:15, and this thrilling feature will be shown at the regular prices—no advance. It is a picture that will be sure to please all who see it.

## STORK SPECIAL.

G. B. Duffee and wife, Aug. 12, boy.

F. V. Williams and wife, Aug. 15, boy.

Mr. Bagley and wife, Aug. 14, boy.

J. J. Jordan and wife, Aug. 15, boy.

Geo. Ehlers and wife, Aug. 18, girl.

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

## Meet "Miss Opportunity"

IT IS TO THE BEST INTEREST OF EVERY PERSON IN THIS COMMUNITY, YOUNG OR OLD, TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE OPPORTUNITY WE OFFER THEM IN WEARING APPAREL, IN STYLE, PRICE AND QUALITY.

OUR BUYERS HAVE BEEN IN THE NORTHERN AND EASTERN MARKETS FOR SOME WEEKS AND BOUGHT HEAVILY IN ALL THE NEWEST THINGS FOR THE FALL AND WINTER WEAR. MANY OF THESE HAVE ALREADY ARRIVED AND OTHERS ARE ARRIVING DAILY. THESE GOODS ARE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT IN EVERY DETAIL. THEY ARE THE LATEST IN STYLE, QUALITY OF MATERIAL AND FINISH. BEST OF ALL THEY WILL BE SOLD AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD TO PAY. NO NEED TO LOOK FURTHER THAN OUR STORE IF IT'S READY-TO-WEAR, SHOES, HATS, OR ANY KIND OF DRY GOODS THAT YOU WANT.

## ROBERTSON'S

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

## THE CONNECTING LINK

—between the locomotive and the train is but a two-inch band of iron, but it pulls the mighty train over plain and mountain and carries the commerce of the Nation.

—A good bank is a connecting link no less important between your business and SUCCESS.

—Couple your business to SUCCESS with the service we offer.

—A WAR SAVINGS STAMP IS A TICKET ON THE "GET AHEAD SPECIAL."

## The Slaton State Bank

# Slaton Sanitary Grocery

GOOD GROCERIES AT POPULAR  
PRICES.

IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO PAY  
FANCY PRICES FOR GOOD, RELI-  
ABLE QUALITY IN GROCERIES.  
YOU WILL FIND WE KEEP THE  
BEST QUALITY AND OUR PRICES  
MOST REASONABLE. IT WILL  
PAY YOU TO COME MANY MILES  
TO TRADE WITH US AND WE IN-  
VITE YOU TO TRY US.

## H. W. Ragsdale

TELEPHONE 19 SLATON, TEXAS

# QUALITY FIRST --- THEN PRICE

NONE BUT THE BEST BRANDS OF GOODS ARE FOUND ON OUR  
SHELVES. EVERY ARTICLE IS GUARANTEED AS TO QUALITY  
AND WEIGHT. IF YOU ARE NOT PLEASED WITH ANY PUR-  
CHASE MADE, RETURN THE GOODS AND MONEY WILL BE RE-  
FUNDED. WE MUST KNOW EACH ARTICLE BEFORE WE BUY  
IT AND YOU ARE ASSURED OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND  
THE LOWEST PRICE WHEN YOU BUY FROM US. LET OUR LOW  
PRICES INSPIRE THE PURCHASE AND YOUR JUDGMENT DE-  
TERMINE THE QUALITY. AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE AND THE  
MOST COURTEOUS SERVICE AWAITS YOU AT THIS STORE.

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

## Kuykendall Grocery Co.

PHONE 12, SLATON, TEXAS

J. E. KUYKENDALL, Manager

### LYNN COUNTY MAN STABBED TO DEATH LAST MONDAY

Tahoka Man is Killed in Altercation  
on Town's Main Thoroughfare.

Tahoka, Texas, Aug. 4.—In an altercation here on Main street at 11 o'clock Monday morning, Dick Carter stabbed to death Oliver P. Storm, aged 24 years, according to witnesses. The latter lived in the southeast part of Lynn county.

Storm was unmarried. He was in the military service during the war. Carter was held in the county jail until the examining trial was held.

Later: The body of P. Storm, who was stabbed to death here Monday morning, was shipped to Waxahachie for burial. Storm was employed by Dick Carter on his farm eleven miles east of Tahoka. The dispute came up over a small debt. Bad feeling had existed between the parties for some time. Storm was stabbed and cut in several different places over the body and head. Physicians stated that either one of the wounds would have proved fatal. After being cut the injured man attempted to reach a doctor's office by walking a block, when he became too weak from the loss of blood and fell to the sidewalk and was dead within a few minutes. Carter surrendered to the sheriff immediately after the difficulty and was placed in the county jail. His attorneys secured bond in the sum of \$5,000 and he was released from custody. The examining trial will be held Friday.

### OFFICERS SEIZE QUANTITY OF BOOZE NEAR AMARILLO

Amarillo, Aug. 4.—Another batch of the bootleg whiskey, brought into the city from El Paso last Friday, has been located and two more are in jail in connection with it.

At daybreak Wednesday morning, S. D. Vaughn, living eight miles southwest of the city, discovered a couple of men prowling about his barn. When confronted with demand for explanation of the liberties they were taking about his premises at such an early hour, Mr. Vaughn was informed, he says, that his visitors were deputy sheriffs. As a badge of their authority, Mr. Vaughn reported to Sheriff Roach that his visitors, whose names are given as Irwin Barringer and John Foster, pointed to revolvers buckled about their waists in a way that persuaded him to desist from questioning their authority.

Mr. Vaughn immediately got into his car, he told the sheriff upon arrival here, made a feint as if going in another direction, but swung around to the Amarillo road and came to the city and informed Sheriff Roach. The sheriff assured Mr. Vaughn that the men were not his deputies and made a hurried trip out to the Vaughn place. Barringer and Foster meantime had come into Amarillo, and according to the officers, had found 25

pints of whiskey that the party who made his getaway Sunday had hidden in Vaughn's barn without the owner's knowledge.

Returning to the city Sheriff Roach instituted search for Barringer and Foster upon the description that had been furnished by Vaughn. Barringer was soon located, and before noon the sheriff and Chief of Police Davis found Foster in his car on Fifth street and took him also into custody. Because of the charge impersonating an officer, Sheriff Roach is disposed to prosecute the case, and the two men are held in the jail while officers of Randall county, where the impersonation and seizure of the liquor took, are being communicated with relative to filing complaints.

### OKLAHOMA WOMAN ROBBED AND THROWN FROM CAR

A young woman from Pauls Valley, Oklahoma, was robbed and thrown from a car on the outskirts of Fort Worth Sunday night, she reported to the police. No wonder, if her story is true.

The young woman was en route home from Mineral Wells, where she had spent her vacation and stopped in Fort Worth a few hours. At the Santa Fe depot Sunday night, while waiting for her train, she engaged in conversation with a nice appearing young man, according to the story she told the police.

He suggested an automobile ride to pass away the time and she accepted. A friend of his who had a car was called and the trio started out. The driver drove for some time on the outskirts of town. The girl began to suspect that her acquaintances were undesirable and at a good opportunity, slipped her bills from her purse into her stocking.

The two attempted to assault her when the car reached a lonely neighborhood and threw her from the car. They tossed her hat, which she had lost in the struggle, after her, but kept her purse which contained several dollars in silver, her baggage checks and railroad ticket.

With the aid of the police, the girl secured her baggage Monday morning and departed for Pauls Valley.

### LUBBOCK COUNTY PEOPLE ARE LIVING AT HOME

From time to time we mention some outstanding fact showing the progressiveness of Lubbock County people, and only recently we mentioned the fact that they are buying a great deal of labor-saving equipment for their homes, such as steam pressure canners, etc.

That they are using this equipment to good advantage, and that its daily use will mean much to the county is shown by the fact that the home-makers can utilize practically food products grown on their farm. An example of this is the work of Mr. C

S. McCurdy of Idalou. Mr. and Mrs. McCurdy recently purchased a complete canning outfit, together with the cans, and Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, with a little help and instruction from the County Home Demonstration Agent, canned an entire beef.

Another person who has canned meat quite extensively is Mrs. B. E. Needles of Shallowater. And Mrs. Needles also canned about 200 three-pound cans of sweet potatoes last fall.

The time is passing when modern and, perhaps, extensive machinery is bought for doing the farming while mother has to "make out" the best she can with the home-making and do most of her work by human energy chiefly. Three years ago vegetable canning was hardly practiced in Lubbock County at all. Today, with some thirty-five steam pressure cookers and canners in the county and with practically every woman in the county familiar with a successful method of intermittent sterilization this year should see a goodly supply of canned vegetables in every home.

People who formerly wasted much time, labor and food canning in glass jars are now beginning to use the cans, especially for vegetables. Six families in the county now have modern sealing equipment and will fill about twelve hundred sanitary cans this season. These cans will be filled with a variety of vegetables, meats, soup mixtures, hominy, sweet corn, tomatoes, pumpkin and sweet potatoes. Hundreds of glass jars will be filled, too.

Besides their interests in the best methods of food preservation, including canning and drying, Lubbock County people are taking more interest in good poultry. They are also finding that it pays to produce infertile eggs through the summer months. Many are preserving eggs for winter use by the water glass method with the result that they will have plenty of good eggs at home when the egg market is running the scale at from fifty to ninety cents per dozen.

Let this utilization of home grown products continue until every family is practically fed at home.

Sincerely,  
MILIE M. HALSEY,  
Home Demonstration Agent.

### STORK SPECIAL.

Mr. Prine and wife, July 31, boy.  
A. R. Keys and wife, Aug. 1, girl.  
John Steffin and wife, Aug. 3, boy.  
S. Martinez and wife, Aug. 5, boy.  
D. C. Hamilton and wife, Aug. 2, twin boys.  
C. A. Osburn and wife, Aug. 3, girl.  
Mark McCord and wife, Aug. 3, boy.  
Ben Bailey and wife, Aug. 4, girl.

Found: New auto crank. Owner can get same by identifying and paying for advertisement.

FOR TRADE: Span 5-year-old match mule. Will take good Ford car. E. P. NIX, City Marshal.

### FARM BANKS SUSPEND; LOANS UNDER ATTACK; MANY NOW PENDING

Fort Worth, Aug. 5.—The question whether the Federal Farm Loan Banks shall continue to assist the farmers of the country to own their own farms will be determined this fall, in all likelihood, according to J. M. Estes, secretary-treasurer of the Federal Farm Loan Association of Tarrant County. The action brought by the old-line trust companies to invalidate the Federal Farm Loan Act, and also the act authorizing joint stock land banks, was decided in favor of the banks by the Federal Court at Kansas City, and now the matter is pending before the Supreme Court of the United States. Estes is confident that the farm loan banks will remain intact.

Since the bringing of the suit, however, operations of the Texas bank at Houston, as well as the other Federal land banks, have been suspended.

At the time of suspension, loans to the seventy-one members of the Tarrant County Association aggregated \$169,900. The loans varied in amount from \$500 to \$10,000, the latter figure being the maximum allowed under the law. The notes run thirty-four and one-half years at 5½ per cent.

Had it not been for the suspension of loans the Tarrant County Association would by now have been very much larger, with a much greater aggregate of loans. When lending is resumed, Estes expects to be hard pressed for time to give attention to all the applications. He has to inspect and appraise personally each tract of ground on which a loan is desired, and to limit the loan to 50 per cent of the appraised value.

Estes declares that the farm loan act is the best law ever passed in the interest of the poorer class of farmers. With its benefits available, there are few farmers who cannot afford to hold title to the land they cultivate. The principal point of attack on the part of the private institutions, it appears, was the nontaxable feature of the bonds of the Government institutions. They held that the competition was unfair.

Estes thinks that the home ownership amendment to the Texas constitution, which carried at the recent primary, is a good thing and will be advantageous to the institution he represents. He is inclined to think its passage will mean the repeal of the homestead law, which has restricted the operations of the land bank.

### SCHOLARSHIP FOR SALE.

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

TEAGUE'S CONFECTIONERY for Candies that are THE BEST.

### PREPARE TO HELP HANDLE TEN MILLION BALES OF COTTON THIS YEAR.

The government estimates this year's cotton crop at ten million bales. Prepare to help handle this enormous crop. It requires from four to six weeks to qualify. If you act quickly you can be ready. We have the largest and best equipped sample room in the state, with a solid glass wall on the north to afford light. This room was constructed especially for teaching the cotton work. There being such a difference in the grades of cotton and with the ever increasing demand for help along this line, young men and women should prepare themselves immediately. When we say women, we say so based on the fact that there are several women taking our cotton classing, realizing what an opportunity is open to them and the State admits women to the Cotton Examination the same as men.

A special summer course is given for \$40.00, including tuition, samples and material for Cotton Grading.

In order to get in in time to prepare for the coming cotton season, write, wire or phone for information and our free catalogue.

Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

### RUBBING NOSES IS NOT AGAINST THE LAW IN STAUD CHICAGO

Chicago, Aug. 5.—There is no law in Chicago against persons of opposite sexes rubbing noses, providing both parties to the ceremony are agreeable and the rubbing is not too vigorous.

This was brought out in the Chicago Avenue Police Court. Patrolman Chas. Bennett arrived at the station having in tow the Misses Torich and Inez Nelson and Edward Neymeyer and Richard Seymour, jackies from the Great Lakes training station. The girls are 17, the "gobs" 19.

"The law," said Policeman Bennett to the desk sergeant, "the law on the municipal pier forbids spooning and indiscriminate kissing—"

"We—" began one of the girls.

"You was too," said the stern policeman. "I saw you."

"We—" began the other girl.

"You was too," retorted the policeman. "I saw you."

"Let her talk," admonished the desk sergeant.

"We," said both girls in unison. "We were not kissing. We were rubbing noses. That's all, just rubbing noses. The boys are soon to sail for foreign lands where rubbing noses is a sort of salutation or religious ceremony and they were showing us how it is done."

"Rubbing noses," said the sergeant, with fine judicial poise, "is not against the law. On your way."

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

his looked. I sank into a chair and hid my eyes.

"How long has this been going on?" he thundered.

The Iron-Gray-Woman shuddered. The man kneeling at her side, eagerly drinking in every word, tightened his fingers reassuringly upon her hand.

"I answered never a word. I couldn't," she faltered on. "My breast was hollow; empty as a gray sky."

"The lady can answer that," I heard the voice of the—other man sneer.

"There was a cry, and your father sprang at him. The maids screamed. I uncovered my eyes, expecting to look upon death. But the—other man leaped through the window and was gone."

"Your father put the maids out of the room and stood over me. I dared not look up. His face—it was terrible! Once he raised his great arm to strike. I've prayed a thousand times he had—it would have saved me many a death."

"You—! But I'll not speak the name that belongs to you." His voice was hard; hoarse; awful. "And I believed you! There's the window—still open! Go, if you want him! I'm through with you!"

"He strode out at the door and slammed it after him. I have never seen him since." The Iron-Gray-Woman shuddered; turned her face toward the strong rocks above the trees. "I remember I took one step after him. I knew nothing more till some time late in the night, when I waked with your crying and found myself lying face down upon the floor. My heart grew hard as I quieted you. He probably thought to find me next morning all tears and repentance—for a sin of which I was as innocent as the babe at my breast. I would show him that my blood was proud as his. Wrapping you in your cradle clothes, I muffled a cloak about me and stole

from the house; stole down to the river. There I loosed a skiff, whose, I never knew, lay down in the stern and set it adrift. There was not a star. Only the moon looked down out of the dull sky, pale and sickly and rimmed with red; the gray sky my bosom; the sickly moon my heart. I rose and tried to row, but a faintness came over me and I lay down again in the skiff.

"The next I knew I was on a rude bed in a houseboat miles down the river, with a kindly family of pearl fishers. They told me I had been sick for a long time. When I grew strong, I sold my jewelry, all but my wedding ring—that I saved for your sake—bought this houseboat, and became a pearl fisher. You know the rest."

The Iron-Gray-Woman fell silent; rocked softly back and forth a time or two; allowed the chair to settle still. The man reached an arm around her shoulders and drew her head over upon his breast. The little act of tenderness seemed to touch her deeply. For a long time the tears flowed on while the young man knelt and marveled.

"Mother," he said very gently at last, stroking her hair, "we must go back to him."

He felt her quiver at the word. She sat for a long time staring down at the floor.

"For your sake—we must," she answered at length. "But not until you are twenty-one, or—we find the pearl—the pearl!"

"But I am twenty-one in June—this June—the twentieth; and this is the thirteenth." The man was trembling with an eagerness he could not conceal. "The time is so near—his name—my father's name!"

He searched her wet eyes for the answer. In all his life, it was the first time the curtain that hid his past had ever raised. It must have been the fever that made her speak now. It was no light matter to unlock that door; to probe a wound of twenty years. She trembled up from her chair, her eyes wide and wild.

"Your father—!" The young man, too, had risen. She clutched his arm. "Your father—!"

The words seemed to choke her. There came a torrent of coughing; and the man gently eased her back into the chair.

As he stooped over her, anxious to do something to alleviate her suffering, yet not knowing what, she raised her face in a gasp for breath, and he saw blood upon her lips. He snatched another cup of water and knelt beside her, but for a long time she humped forward, her shoulders cupped in and her arms locked as if trying to hold back the cough, until she seemed actually to conquer it by sheer force of will. Finally she groped with one hand for the cup; sipped the cool water, straightened, and lay back in her chair. There was no more blood on her lips, and the man said nothing of it. She had been seen there.

"Mother, they're getting worse. These spells. Let me bring the doctor down from the village."

Her eyes opened; she looked up at him with feverish quickness.

"I've lived twenty years without the cold. I'll not go back to it now."

"But, mother, if we just keep on this way, you'll—you'll"—he hesitated at the next word; finally let it fall—"die." "Die!" she seemed to fondle the word. "A small thing—to die!"

She sat musing as if she found a melancholy comfort in the thought.

"But I shan't die," she continued, with a hasty glance up at his face. "My cough is worse today because my medicine is gone."

The young man started.

"Your elecampane gone!"

"I took the last of it yesterday."

"Mother!"

He went to the cook stove and lifted the saucer from a small jar in which the roots were usually steeped. It was empty and dry. There was a great tenderness in his voice as he came back and bent over her chair.

"You shall have your elecampane tea," he said. "If the roots are to be found in the Flatwoods; and you shall sleep tonight in the old cabin up there under the cool trees."

A ripple of pleased expectation, of half-awakened interest, broke the drear surface of the weary face—like a faint glow back of a curtain that never raises.

He refilled the cup with cool water, rummaged a spade out of the locker under the forward deck, and was just on the point of leaping to the bank when he heard her speaking. He poked his head back inside the curtains, and she repeated what she had just said:

"Isn't the Flatwoods where the Wild Man lives? Seems to me I once heard that there is such a man in these woods."

He felt carelessly along the rusty bit of the spade with his thumb.

"I believe this is the woods."

"Maybe he's—I mean—he's not dangerous?"

"Dangerous! A gray ghost of a man with a pitiful face. They say he goes through the woods as still as smoke, and leaves as little trail."

A minute later he had leaped ashore, climbed the bluffs and plunged into the deep woods.

The root of the elecampane was much esteemed as a remedy for coughs, but it was by no means abundant. No one knew this fact better than the Pearlhunter.

The small stream that feeds the waterfall at Fallen Rock is known as Wolf run. Following up along its course the Pearlhunter presently came to a tiny thread of water that joined it from the west—probably the outlet of some small pond tucked away among the hills. It is along the open margins of swamps and ponds, and never in the thick woods, that the elecampane

grows. Believing from the warmth and dullness of its water that the tiny stream came from a pond, rather than from a spring, the Pearlhunter followed it.

It had grown so small that the Pearlhunter began to fear it would disappear altogether, when there came a break in the forest line just ahead. A scramble through a dense fringe of hazel, and there it lay—a little pond in the midst of a narrow glade in a pocket of the hills, a delicate inlay in the forest.

The man glanced at the sun; turned, and hurriedly looked about for the elecampane. Along the east edge of the glade, not far out from the fringe of hazel, he found it—a clump of some dozen stalks, three or four of them ready to bloom. The rusty spade was soon at their roots—probably the first ground ever broken on the margin of that pond. Three plants he dug, cut their stems close to the ground, shook the dirt from their clusters of fleshy roots, and hurried down the tiny outlet back to Wolf run.

It was upon the gravelly margin of a pool that the Pearlhunter stopped to wash the elecampane roots, and cut them loose from the clusters in which he had been carrying them. He had finished the task and was storing them away in the pockets of his blouse when the song of a thrush from somewhere up the stream gradually worked itself across his consciousness.

The song puzzled him. There were notes—certain little foreign flights; a deeper witchery—that he could not have believed possible to a thrush's throat. The Pearlhunter had a nice ear for the sounds of the woods. He stole cautiously up the bank. The sound, when he had drawn quite near, did not appear to come from any tree, but from some place down close to the water of another pool—another spot just ahead where the water stopped to rest.

Parting the bushes with the utmost caution, he crept up to the edge of the pool and peered forth. A woman—a girl—sat on a flat rock jutting out from the opposite bank, her bare feet swinging in the water, her body bent slightly back and propped on her hands, her face uplifted, her puckered lips pouring forth the song that had drawn him to the spot. A sunbonnet swung from her arm; her shoes and stockings lay upon the rock beside half an armful of wild roses.

A twig flipped back into place as the Pearlhunter strained his face a little closer. The song stopped; the girl

whirled her eyes toward the swaying twig. The man flattened and held his breath.

But the woodland song was done. She slid back on the rock and reached for her stockings and shoes. Such

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The American men and women must guard constantly against Kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.



The Man Flattened and Held His Breath.

feet! The rough shoes she picked up dishonored them. It would be giving the Pearlhunter uncertain praise to say he didn't look. Besides, it wouldn't be true. He did look. It is but simple justice to him to state, also, that after the one glance—a glance he could no more help than the branch could help flowing—he dragged his eyes away and held them away till he heard the girl scramble to her feet on the rock. As she gathered up her armload of wild roses he had leisure to observe her.

With the mass of color close to her face, it was hard to tell the one from the other—the flowers from the face; where the roses left off and the face began. Her hair hung loose, soft and wavy—the kind of hair a roguish shaft of morning sun can change to spun gold; lips like the song a moment ago upon them; eyes like the little patch of sky at the bottom of the pools—eyes that opened wide; that had nothing to conceal.

She was turning to spring to the bank when the Pearlhunter rose and quietly stepped through the bushes. She whirled; and the two stood staring at each other across the pool. The flowers straggled from her arms and dangled down upon the rocks.

The Pearlhunter's eyes were the first to fall. Dragging off his battered hat, half awkwardly, he bowed his head and strove for a word to justify his intrusion. But he was slow of speech. Words came hard to him. After a time, his eyes traveled back across the pool; past the patch of sky at the bottom; up the side of the rock where her feet had dangled.

The rock was bare. The girl had gone.

### CHAPTER II.

#### The Red Mask.

Amazed at the woodcraft that had enabled the girl to disappear under his very eyes, without so much as the quiver of a leaf, the Pearlhunter crossed the branch on the rifle at the lower edge of the pool, by springing from stone to stone, and went up

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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.

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Slatonite Office.

# THE BLUE MOON

## A TALE OF THE FLATWOODS

### DAVID ANDERSON



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CHAPTER I.

The Iron-Gray-Woman.

A young man stood on the after deck of a small and very dingy houseboat filing a fish spear. Riding at the end of a storm-blackened rope strung from a cleft at the bow to a tree on shore, the boat rose and fell with the pulse of the river, lazy and languid under the beat of the hot afternoon sun.

He was so tall, with such a spread of shoulder, that he seemed out of place upon so small a deck. Wind-season and weather wear had worked their will upon him. But there are forces that grave deeper than wind and weather. Youth can hold wind and weather at bay. It is powerless against those other forces—those inner forces that grave the soul. Under the chafe of them his face had become the face of a man who had looked upon life and found it not to his liking. His eyes held the keen, quick hardness that comes to eyes that see only life's sterner side.

The Pearlhunter, they called him, the river men, not that he had found his pearl, possibly because he had not found it. Failure names men, as well as success, in the wilderness.

The space between the fore and after decks of the houseboat was occupied by a kind of cabin, with a curtained entrance fore and aft and a single small window on each side. The man suddenly stopped filing the fish spear and glanced with quick anxiety toward this cabin. A woman was coughing. He crossed the narrow deck at a stride, shoved aside the soiled and rumpled curtain and entered. A dark, iron-gray woman sat humped forward in a rickety old rockingchair by the window of the cabin. As if conscious of his inability to help, possibly calloused by long familiarity with similar scenes, he stood looking down upon her, with no expression of sympathy other than a wince of pity in his eyes.

She straightened after a time, and lay back against the bed quilt spread in the chair, spent and quivering, the trembling shell of what had once been a very beautiful woman. The man crossed the cabin, dipped up a tinfal of water out of a bucket by the cook stove and offered it to her. She waved it away.

"It's so warm—and flat! It has been long from the spring!"

Without a word he set the cup back on the bench, picked up the bucket, passed out to the front deck, crossed the narrow gangplank, and hurried away up the slope toward the cliffs that rose above the trees a few rods back from the river shore.

The spot was known the length of the Wabash, for who has not heard of Fallen Rock, with the broad, thin waterfall pitching over the sharp-edged shelf between its two breasts and lapping the stone-strewn pool at its base? And the spring breaking out from under the shale ledges of the cliff near the west end of the old cabin and trickling its waters down a little sulphur-stained gutter into the pool—who has not heard of it? Not to have drunk of its waters was considered a misfortune in the Flatwoods, just as in ancient Greece it was considered a calamity to die without having seen the statue of Olympian Zeus.

Fallen Rock is the highest front of naked stone along the Wabash. At the present day seven towns can be seen from its summit; in the late forties, two: Buckeye, a mile up the river, and the City twenty miles farther on.

When the man returned to the houseboat the Iron-Gray-Woman still lay back in the shaky rocking chair. Dipping the battered cup full of fresh water, the man stepped to her side.

"Your cool drink, mother."

The thin lids raised. The eyes she turned toward him must have been wonderfully beautiful in her day—large and deep and lustrous. The cough that wasted her breast seemed powerless to dim their luster.

The man crossed the cabin and laid his hand on the rumpled curtain over the doorway, about to return to his task of sharpening the fish spear.

"It looks cool—and calm—up there."

He paused; glanced back over his shoulder at her, and waited for her to go on.

"Is that a log house I see up there under the cliffs?"

The floor of the houseboat creaked under the weight of him as he came to the window. He had to stoop low to bring his eyes level with the opening.

"A log house; old and empty."

The Iron-Gray-Woman sat musing a moment, her eyes astray among the trees nodding languidly in the serene June afternoon.

"I wish I might live again upon the shore. The sun beats down so hot upon the houseboat, and I grow weary of the eternal throb of the river. If I could only live a little while up there I should grow strong."

"And why not? It's empty, and nobody would care. In these deep woods there's nobody to care."

A flicker of light crossed her face. "I'd get well up there, under the strong cliffs, with the cool spring so near. And I've lived so long—since you were a child in arms—on the river—the Ohio; the White; the Wabash!"

"Always, mother! Always the houseboat—drifting; drifting—and you so frail, so beautiful!"

The man left the window and knelt by the rocking chair. The Iron-Gray-Woman saw the question in his eyes—a hunger for some word out of the past; a word that had never come. All his life she had kept it from him—whatever it had been that happened back there behind the veil of her silence that left him nameless; a river walf; a nomad in an orderly world; a fisher of pearls; a pearlhunter. Her eyes came back and faltered over him. No longer a child; a boy—the reflection startled her. A man knelt at her side—the question written big upon his face. And it was his right to know. Her head dropped back against the quilt that cushioned the chair. It's a solemn thing to be the mother of a man—glorious but solemn.

The lustrous eyes—brighter for the fever wasting them—came back to him after a time. He saw a far-flung thoughtfulness in them; knew they had strayed into that past from which he was barred. The thin lips parted. The man's fingers curled tense upon the chair arm.

"To a city on the Wabash, in early days, came three families of Virginia's purest blood—my family, your father's family, and the family of—of—another man."

The Iron-Gray-Woman shuddered and was silent for a moment. The man picked up a wasted hand; stroked it softly between his own, and she went on, strained and slow, like one desperately nerved to a long-dreaded task.

"My parents both died when I was so small that I can barely remember them, leaving me, their only child, to the care of a distant relative, a great-uncle of my father's. This great-uncle—well, as I look back upon my life I cannot remember that he ever gave me a pleasant word."

"My aunt was as different as dawn to dark. She was everything that he was not. A thousand times she loved my hurt away."

"They had a daughter, an only child, almost my age, and of the same name—surname and all. When uncle was away on business trips, as he often was for weeks, it was like sunshine after rain. Such happy times! They are high among the few pleasant memories of my life."

The Iron-Gray-Woman paused, her dark, deep eyes seeming to search back into the dead past, like a traveler straining his gaze across a stretch of desert to where the oasis lies. The man shifted to his other knee and she went on.

"My aunt died when we were in our girlhood. After that—the gray days were ever more than the bright. A petulance settled deep upon my uncle. His best word was a growl. The servants moved about the house like silent shadows."

"In this same city upon the Wabash lived two other families, as I have told you—your father's family and the family of—of—another man. Your father and this other man were both my suitors. But my uncle tried every means in his power to turn your father away from me to my cousin, while he secretly encouraged the attentions of the other man to me."

"Your father's blood was of the best in Virginia. A soldier, as the men of his family had always been, he had already won, by conspicuous gallantry, the rank of colonel in the Indian wars."

"What was he like?"

The Iron-Gray-Woman turned her eyes and studied him so long, so intently, that he trembled lest his question—a question that came in spite of him—had startled her into silence.

"Like you," she resumed, "and not like you. His eyes were blue, his hair light. Your hair is dark, like mine. Your eyes are like mine. But he had the same height and breadth of shoulder; like you, slow of speech, slow to strike, till the right instant came—then, as the hawk strikes."

"I never liked the—other man; though my uncle made it impossible for me completely to discourage his attentions." Her words dropped back into the memory groove worn deep by the years. "I kept up a show of interest in him, for the sake of my cousin. She really loved him, and it was the only way she could get to see him. He was a very handsome man; though, as it afterward turned out, the black sheep of his family, and deeply involved in debt. It was to repair my wasted fortunes, as I now believe, that he deliberately planned to win my cousin's heart—and hand."

The cough threatened to come back. She held her hands tight upon her breast till she had mastered it, and then hurried on as if afraid her strength might not hold to say all that had to be said.

"The very boldness of him fascinated my cousin. Day by day his power over her grew greater. I never realized how great till one night, without taking even me into her confidence, she utterly astonished us all by eloping with him. I will never forget the day that followed. My uncle disowned her, and sent after her a message that she was never again to set foot inside his door. He raved and swore; drank himself into drunken madness; and finally ended by driving me away also."

"Your father had already declared himself. My uncle's cruelty hastened our marriage. That same day he took me to his home as his bride—to the beautiful gray mansion overlooking the river. We've sometimes passed it in our wanderings—there came a wistful pause—but I never allowed you to know."

"There followed a year of such happiness as I never knew could come to this world—a year that has left barren all the years that followed; that beggared all that went before! One evening, almost a year to a day afterward, as I sat rocking you, a baby in the cradle, and waiting for your father to come in, thinking, strangely enough, of my cousin, whom I had never seen since the night of the elopement, a slight sound at one of the low windows caused me to turn. I was far steadier nerved than I now am, but I could hardly keep back a scream. There stood my cousin's husband. He was speaking in a half whisper. But for the moment I was too startled to make out what he said. He came out from behind the curtains and drew near. I shrank away. In low whispers, for the maids were just outside the door, he was begging me to leave your father and come to him—that he had never loved my cousin—that I must come—that it was always me. His voice was hot as flame, but it turned me cold. I couldn't move. He came close—stooped over me."

"A step sounded in the hall. Half frantic, I tried to push him back toward the window. At the instant the door opened, and in it—your father; with the maids behind him. I



"I Never Knew a Man's Face Could Look as His Looked."



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Miss Edna Ong of Amarillo is the guest of her friend, Miss Vera Green.

See the "Great Air Robbery" at the Movie Wednesday night. Old prices.

See the Columbia Six auto on display at Lee Green & Co's. garage.

Miss Sallie Campbell left last Saturday for a visit to friends in Abilene.

**FOR SALE:** New 2-room house. Will take Ford car as payment. M. H. TATE, City.

Miss Aileen McDonald has returned from a visit to relatives and friends at Abilene.

**FOUND:** Bunch of keys. Owner can get them by identifying and paying for this ad. Call at Slatonite.

Masters R. D. McDonald of Merkel and Leon Cameron of Abilene, are visiting their cousin, Ross McDonald.

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

J. B. Moss has returned from a several days' visit to relatives and friends at Melrose, N. M.

**FOUND:** Stake chain. Owner can get same by identifying it and paying for this ad. Call at Slatonite.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Howell and daughter, Mrs. Ed Hoffman, are visiting relatives at Trent.

Mrs. R. A. McAlister of Fort Worth is the guest of her son, W. E. McAlister and family.

I am now prepared to do your hem-stitching and peccoting.—MRS. C. C. BRAZEL.

G. L. Sledge and E. N. Twaddle of this city, served as jurors in district court at Lubbock last week.

**FOR** the biggest bargain in a new 4-room house, cash or terms, see owner, M. B. TATE.

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

See the "Great Air Robbery" at the Movie Wednesday night. Old prices.

George Thorp has gone to Belton and Temple to visit relatives, after which he will return to Slaton and be with the McDonald gin this fall.

**FOR** Sale: A modern two room house, wired for electric lights. Small cash payment and easy terms on balance. W. DONALD, at Slatonite.

**Rich-Tone Is a Friend of the Weak**

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

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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 get 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

See the "Great Air Robbery" at the Movie Wednesday night. Old prices.

Lee Ragan is here from his mine in Arizona, looking after business interests.

Misses Georgia and — — Blue of Melrose, N. M., are guests at the home of their sister, Mrs. Perry Moss and family.

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

See the "Great Air Robbery" at the Movie Wednesday night. Old prices.

Miss Meta Lewis has arrived here from Whitewright and will make her home in future with her brother, C. H. Lewis, here.

Mrs. J. D. Haney has returned from an extended visit to relatives and friends at Corpus Christi and Houston.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Ragsdale have bought three nice lots just south of Perry Moss, on which they are preparing to erect a modern residence.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Fincher and daughter of Austin, have arrived for a visit to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Henry.

Mrs. Greer and children of Decatur have returned home after a visit to the former's daughter, Mrs. Irvin M. Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Robinson have had some improvements made on the Trammell House building, which adds much to its appearance.

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

Mrs. W. Donald and children returned last Friday from a two months' visit to relatives and friends at McKinney, Texas, and Red Oak, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tillman and son Lee of Eldorado, Okla., were in Slaton this week and visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Sledge.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Watson of Van Alstyne arrived here Thursday for a visit to the former's brother, A. M. Watson and family.

Mrs. C. W. Jones and son Herman, of Quail, Collingsworth county, are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Bain.

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

N. B. Self of Lipan, Hood County, J. L. Sosebee and Porter Nash of Dennis, Parker County, were here early in the week en route home from a visit in Oklahoma and Texas points.

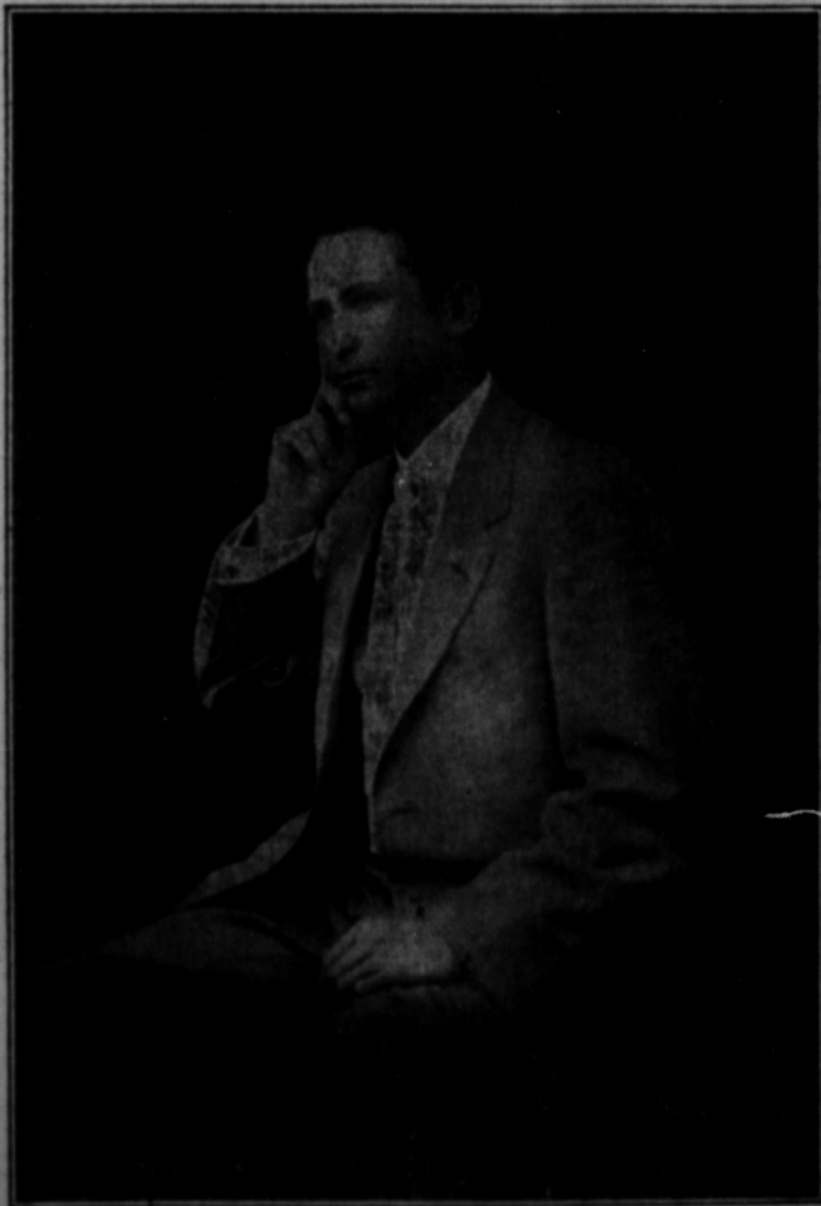
If your house is in need of paper and paint let me order it for you and save money. Painting and paper hanging. E. A. GALE, box 81, Slaton, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Callaway have moved to Slaton from Wilson, and Mr. Callaway has assumed management of the Rockwell lumber yard here. We welcome them.

**FOR** Sale: New, modern house, two large rooms, electric lights. Reasonable cash payment and suitable terms on balance. Desirable location. See CLEFFIE WATSON, at Slatonite office.

Mrs. E. M. Lott and children have returned from a several weeks' visit with relatives and friends in New York City and other points in the eastern states.

**FOR** SALE: Clarendon piano \$450. Good as new. Terms if desired. No further use for it. T. J. HEAD, Route B, Post, Texas. Two miles south of Southland on Lubbock and Post highway.



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**R. & C. Millinery**

**M. D. JONES' STORE**

**SLATON, TEXAS**

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

G. W. Klutta of Cross Plains, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. M. D. Jones, has gone to Clayton, N. M., for a visit to his sister, Mrs. C. H. Stigler.

Lee Green went to Amarillo last Friday and was accompanied home by Mrs. Green and daughter Miss Vera, who had been visiting friends in that city for a week.

Mrs. Percy Minor has returned home from a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McReynolds, at Trinidad, Colo. She was accompanied on her return by her sister, Miss Veretzuma McReynolds, who will attend school here this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. King are preparing to move to Abilene, where Mr. King will have charge of a large lumber business. Slaton regrets to lose these good people, but wish them much success and happiness in their new home.

J. E. Latimer and family of Paris, Lamar county, have been visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. E. H. Ward and family, south of town. Mr. Latimer also bought 320 acres of well improved land two miles south of the city, and will likely move to this section to make his home.

**PAT NEFF'S LAND PLANK ADVOCATED BY THOMAS JEFFERSON**

BAILEY PRAISES THOMAS JEFFERSON AS THE GREATEST OF DEMOCRATS, AND CONDEMNS PAT NEFF AS A SOCIALIST BECAUSE OF HIS GRADUATED LAND TAX, BUT JOE BAILEY EVIDENTLY DID NOT KNOW THAT JEFFERSON FAVORED A GRADUATED LAND TAX JUST LIKE THE ONE ADVOCATED BY NEFF. HERE IS WHAT JEFFERSON SAID IN A LETTER WRITTEN TO REV. JAMES MADISON OCT. 28, 1795:

"ANOTHER MEANS OF SILENTLY LESSENING THE INEQUALITY OF PROPERTY IS TO EXEMPT ALL FROM TAXATION BELOW A CERTAIN POINT AND TO TAX THE HIGHER PORTIONS IN GEOMETRICAL PROGRESSION AS THEY RISE. WHENEVER THERE IS IN ANY COUNTRY UNCULTIVATED LANDS AND UNEMPLOYED POOR, IT IS CLEAR THAT THE LAWS OF PROPERTY HAVE BEEN SO FAR EXTENDED AS TO VIOLATE NATURAL RIGHTS. IT IS NONE TOO SOON TO PROVIDE BY EVERY POSSIBLE MEANS THAT AS FEW AS POSSIBLE SHALL BE WITHOUT A LITTLE PORTION OF LAND. THE SMALL LAND HOLDERS ARE THE MOST PRECIOUS PART OF THE STATE."

**"NEFF-FOR-GOVERNOR" CLUB LUBBOCK COUNTY**

**Showing New Styles**

OUR BUYER HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE LARGE MARKET CENTERS WHERE SHE BOUGHT HEAVILY IN NEW FALL MILLINERY, AND LADIES' READY TO WEAR IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES AND MATERIALS. COME IN AND GET YOUR CHOICE BEFORE THEY ARE PICKED OVER.

**Mrs. F. Graves & Son**

### Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit

Open sluices of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise; splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, lame back, can, instead, both look and feel as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poisons and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water each morning.

We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, scurvy and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast and it is said to be but a little while until the roses begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at a drug store, but is sufficient to cure anyone who is bothered with indigestion, constipation, stomach troubles, rheumatism a real enthusiastic subject of internal sanitation. If you look better and feel better in a very short way.

The rock. There lay the flowers in scattered confusion—a tumbled mass of refreshing color; the half an armful of pink and white and red wild roses. He picked up three—a pink; a red; a white—and stood gazing down upon them. The true woodsman is instinctively a gentleman. He did not know—he did not try to know—that the girl watched his every move from behind a big oak a few yards up the bank.

"Like her—somehow," he muttered. "Wild Rose! It might be her name. A name! I wonder what it's like to have a name!"

A thought shadowed his face—the old thought that always brought the cloud. His eyes narrowed; the lines of his mouth drew tense. Drawing the stems of the three roses through his fingers in his blouse, he strode on the branch back to fallen

The languid eyes of the Iron-Gray-Woman turned toward him as he stepped in over the sawing gangplank, beside the rumpled curtain, and into the tiny cabin of the houseboat. There was not so much fire in her eyes. The fever was going down. The sun. The thought his returning step had brought came out in her first words.

"They who own the old cabin might not like us to move in."

"They can only make us move out again," was his cheery answer. "And, mother, you never saw such a view as you get from up there. And you can drink right out of the spring."

Something came to the face of the Iron-Gray-Woman that had long been a stranger there. Not a smile—a ripple, like the swath a chance breeze ruffles across still water.

"But you can't carry everything."

"Everything. And the first load shall be you."

"Me!"

"It would set you coughing to climb the slope."

The woman dropped her eyes. After all, weakness is not a pleasant fact to face. The loss of power, the inability to do accustomed things, always comes as a shock. Life had brought to the Iron-Gray-Woman little enough—pitifully little enough. But though life be ever so bare and gray, no one likes to sit helpless and watch it go.

Happily the young man sensed nothing of this, but was already busy gathering together such of their meager stock of household goods as it would be absolutely necessary to carry up to the cabin under the cliff if the coming night was to be spent ashore.

Nothing remained but the actual carrying ashore. His mother came first, as he had said. While packing, he planned to help her up the hill to the spring and leave her there while he got the old cabin, aired it out, cleaned the cook stove, and otherwise made the place as sweet and inviting as possible for her occupancy.

Before passing through the rumpled curtain of the houseboat she turned and gazed over the tiny cabin. "At least one look before I go," she

was astonished at the wistfulness in her tones.

"Why, mother, you can come back in a minute."

"I have been my home for twenty years," she said as she turned away, "and more the voicing of a reflex-

tion than the statement of a fact.

Across the gangplank and up the slope among the trees he led her—carried her—with all the tenderness due from a man to his mother; for the Iron-Gray-Woman had the manners and speech of a "lady of high degree;" and she had taught him all she knew. He had brought along a cushion, which he spread for her upon a moss-upholstered rock. With the spray of the waterfall in the air, with the cup in her hand, the cool spring within reach, he left her and hurried back to the houseboat.

The sun was dipping low toward the distant bend in the river when the last of the moving was done. A purple twilight had given place to dark before he had the cabin put to rights, his mother in her easy chair, and supper on the table; a bass, taken from the nets only that morning; fruit from the woods; baked potatoes; toast, crisp and brown; and tea, which she had left her chair long enough to draw.

In the contented silence that often falls after the evening meal, the man sat covertly studying her face. The fever had gone. It was a face almost serene. She appeared, as he watched her, to be listening to the sound of the waterfall floating in through the open window upon the pulse of the night. The move had done her good. He thought how beautiful she must have been—how beautiful still.

Her words that afternoon came back to him—the only word that had ever come to him out of the past. The desire to learn more grew in him, and yet he dreaded to speak. The Iron-Gray-Woman was not one to invite confidences. And yet a man ought to know something of the manner of his coming into the world.

The cabin had settled to deep quiet; the lap of the waterfall had swelled to full strength upon the silence; when the cabin door banged open and a man stormed in. The Pearlhunter whirled up out of his chair and faced him.

The intruder was a man of forty, possibly more, lacking somewhat of the Pearlhunter's height and massive build, yet still what would be called a big man—tight and well set up—smooth shaven, except for an aggressive mustache faintly shot with gray. He wore a slouch hat, top boots, frock coat, and a very fancy and much-be-floored vest. His blue eyes—the kind of blue that turns black when roused—had an uncomfortable knack of seeming to see everything in sight. They were just now fitting furtively, a bit contemptuously, over the tall figure of the young man facing him.

"You're the fellow they call the Pearlhunter?"

The gray eyes of the man addressed were blazing; his fingers manifesting an almost uncontrollable inclination to tuck themselves into his palms; but he held himself and answered civilly:

"They do call me that."

"What are you doing in this cabin?"

"Is it yours?"

"No difference whether it is or whether it isn't. It's no place for river scum to wash ashore."

A stranger ought to be pretty sure of himself before he says a thing like that, especially when he says it the way the Man-in-the-Fancy-Vest said it. He didn't know the Pearlhunter—not as the river men knew him—or he would have considered a long time first. Almost any river man along the Wabash could have told him that things would happen. Things did happen. Still, it probably would have been just the same anyhow. A wildcat couldn't have dodged the toll-collected fist that stabbed across the candlelight. It caught the intruder flat in



It Caught the Intruder Flat in the Mouth.

the mouth and pitched him back against the door, which slammed to the wall, and thus saved him from going clear to the floor.

He was up in a flash. His hand dropped toward his hip. That is always a dangerous motion to make in the Flatwoods; never more so than just then and there. The Pearlhunter had anticipated such a move. His own hand reached his hip the flash of a second ahead. The two stood eyeing each other, crouched and tense.

There came a scream from the Iron-Gray-Woman. She had risen from her chair. The Pearlhunter dared not look, but he saw the eyes of the man he faced turning irresistibly toward the sound. With the first glance a startling change came over him; his eyes strained; stared; his hand left his hip and went to his face. He straightened and shrank back against the cabin door. The Pearlhunter dared not look around, yet he knew his mother was coming. With a step he would not have believed it possible for her to take she was between them, her face ablaze with imperious dignity; her eyes like the panther before the door of her den. She had shed her weakness as a mantle. The intruder covered; his lips moved. She raised her hand and pointed to the door. Again he tried to speak. Her body stiffened; her arm grew rigid. Like a man compelled to retreat before a blaze, he half turned and backed away.

The Pearlhunter followed him, trailed him up the bluffs, through the woods and out to the river road, where it came down from the north, right angled east and led away up the river to the village.

When he hurried back his mother was again in her chair, the imperious outburst over, spent and trembling. She looked up at him curiously. He thought she was about to speak. She hesitated; looked down.

"I haven't seen him for twenty years. He's the—the—other man."

The Pearlhunter started; glanced quickly at her. She was rocking back and forth, the fingers of her thin hands lacing and unlacing nervously.

The breeze from the door was guttering the candle. He crossed the floor to close it. As he brought it around, it scraped a small packet ahead of it along the floor. He picked it up and, after closing the door, carried it to the candle. It was not bigger than the length and width of a man's two thumbs, and was wrapped in brown paper. He unrolled it. The first glance, as the folds fell apart and a bit of cloth dropped upon the table, brought a startled exclamation from him. It was a red mask.

The Iron-Gray-Woman left her chair and came to the table. The two

#### Will You Be Away Aug. 28?

Any voter who expects to be away from home on Aug. 28, primary election day, may call on the county clerk, receive and make out a ballot and leave it with the clerk to be deposited on election day. This can be done only on a day not more than ten nor less than three days before election day.

#### Doubtless.

Representative R. A. Baldwin of Slaton was in Lubbock Wednesday. We presume he came up for the purpose of hearing Jos. W. Bailey speak in behalf of his candidacy. Mr. Baldwin is on the speaking list for the Neff Club and will address the people at a number of places in the county during the next two weeks.—Lubbock Avalanche.

#### "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.

### GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HAIR

She mixed Sulphur with it to Restore Color, Gloss, Youthfulness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.

This preparation is a delightful toilet requisite and 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 SLATON, TEXAS

## 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.

## Rockwell Bros. & Co.

S. F. KING, Manager. SLATON, TEXAS

## Reclaimed Army Shoes. New Heels and Soles. Good Work Shoes. \$4.50 to \$5.50

## R. A. HENDERSON

CAPS OLD HOTEL BUILDING SLATON, TEXAS

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## B. C. MORGAN

TELEPHONE 123 SLATON, TEXAS

AGENT FOR

## Standard and Eclipse Windmills

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.

## CITY BARBER SHOP

J. S. BAGBY, Proprietor SLATON, TEXAS

A CLEAN, SANITARY SHOP, GOOD BATHS, AND THE BEST BARBERS. YOUR BUSINESS IS ALWAYS APPRECIATED. BRING THE CHILDREN IN AND LET US FIX THEM UP.

## GET READY FOR BUMPER HARVEST

IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SELL ADVERTISE IT.

**ITCH!**  
 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.  
 SLATON DRUG CO.

**INSURANCE**

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.

**F. V. WILLIAMS**  
 SLATON, TEXAS

**S. H. ADAMS**

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 SLATON, TEXAS

Office Third Door West of First State Bank

Phones: Office 10; Residence 26

**W. A. TUCKER, M. D.**

Offices on Second Floor Masonic Building

SLATON, TEXAS

Phones: Office 108; Residence 66

**CHIROPRACTIC**

Spinal Adjusting for Acute, Chronic and Nervous Diseases

**C. A. SMITH**

CHIROPRACTOR

First Door North of Jewelry Store  
 PHONE 137 SLATON, TEXAS

**Dr. Ben T. Owens**  
 DENTIST

Office with J. S. Edwards, first floor Singleton Hotel, Slaton, Texas.

**Dr. Lewis W. Kitchen**

VETERINARY SURGEON  
 POST, TEXAS

Register No. 10059

DAY OR NIGHT CALLS PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

**H. A. RUTTER**

SLATON, TEXAS

District Manager State Life Insurance Co. of Indianapolis, Ind.

SEE ME BEFORE YOU DIE.

**W. E. OLIVE**

Insurance  
 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

**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 55.

**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.)

Late great improvements in my forecasts will begin with the first of November next. Warm wave will reach Vancouver, B. C., near Aug. 26 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope and over the middle and northern Rockies. Its center will move southeastward, reaching St. Louis about 28th. Its path will be by way of Salt Lake. It will continue southeast from St. Louis, reaching Atlanta about 29th, then northeastward, reaching Ottawa and eastern sections about Aug. 30th or 31st. Very warm weather will prevail along and south of this central path; cooler north of it.

The central part of the low or storm center will follow the warm wave path, about one day behind and the cool wave center about two days behind. This disturbance will have greater than average force; will be larger than usual; more rain is expected from it than past averages of this summer. My forecasts have said August would bring more rain than July.

I am expecting very destructive frosts in our northern States and the Canadian provinces east of Rockies' crest during the week centering on Sept. 11. Much of the corn crop is late and, as I see it, will be badly damaged. These frosts will also damage some of the late crops in Canada. I am expecting the most severe storms of the year immediately followed by a cold wave and killing frosts during that week.

Soft corn would be fed to cattle and hogs and that would bring down the price of beef. The average dates of killing frosts in our northern tier of States is from Sept. 15 to 25 and the earliest dates Sept. 1 to 10. I expect killing frosts in northern parts of the cotton belt during the week centering on Oct. 5.

Following editorial was clipped from the "Sunspot," a science magazine published by Prof. Ricard, head of the astronomical observatory of Santa Clara, near San Francisco, Cal. Prof. Ricard is the foremost advocate of forecasting the weather by observing Sunspots and interpreting their effects. Prof. Ricard's editorial follows:

"The striving to solve the greatest and in practice the most important problem of the ages and one which is quite solvable, namely, how to forecast the weather long in advance, is now ten times greater than ever before. The bases used are the Moon, the planets, the Sunspots, the Sun's rotation, the solar output of heat, each taken separately and exclusively. Foster's own would seem to be a sort of combination system which is in part related and in part unrelated to most of the above. It certainly takes in the Sun, the planets and the Moon. As, beyond all doubt, our planetary system is an intricate network of interrelations, one feels inclined to award the palm to Foster. He has been longest in the field and must know what he is talking about.

"There is one thing about long-range forecasting which has ever been a puzzle and it is the determined opposition it has ever met at the hands of our professional forecasters for the day that comes after today. Were it not well for these opponents to settle once for all whether forecasting long in advance is possible or impossible? If possible, opposition becomes irrational; if impossible, it is scientific folly to strive after it."

**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.

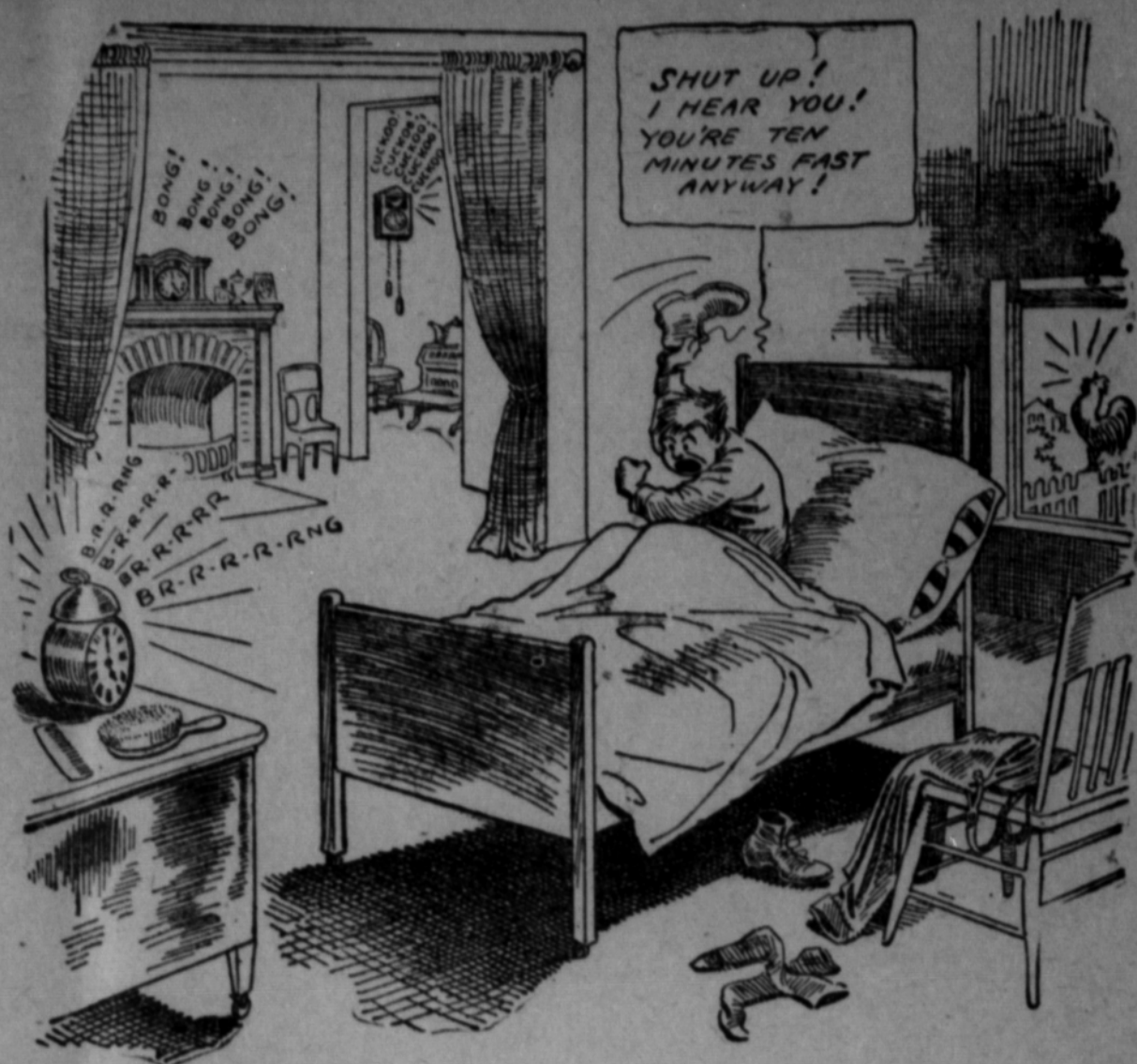
(Second term.)

**REPUBLICAN PAPER SUPPORTING J. W. BAILEY**

San Antonio, Aug. 18.—Local republicans are discussing with considerable interest an editorial announcement by the Texas Republic (republican) of this city in favor of former Senator Bailey for governor. The Republic says it would be to the advantage of Texas republicans to support Mr. Bailey, rather than attempt to put out their own nominee, because should Bailey be elected, they would have a friend in the governor's office. The Republic's view is not shared by George Pridden of Houston, who is visiting in the city, and who says that a republican candidate will be placed in the field.

R. B. Creager of Brownsville, one of the original Texas Harding men, also is in favor of a republican gubernatorial nominee.

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



**A CLOCK STORY**

HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO KNOW THE TIME, OR BE ON TIME WITHOUT A GOOD CLOCK? SPEAKING OF TIME REMINDS US OF A STORY WE HEARD THE OTHER DAY: A TRAMP HAD BEEN CONVICTED OF STEALING A WATCH. THE JUDGE ASKED HIM IF HE HAD ANYTHING TO SAY AS TO WHY HE HAD COMMITTED THE CRIME. THE TRAMP SAID HE WANTED TO KNOW THE TIME. THE JUDGE TOLD HIM IT WOULD BE TWO YEARS. NOW, IF YOU NEED A CLOCK, OR NEED ANOTHER CLOCK, OR NEED A BETTER CLOCK, WE HOPE YOU WILL TAKE THE TIME TO COME IN AND LOOK AT OUR CLOCK STOCK.

**A. L. Brannon Hardware**

**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.

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