

THE SLATON SLATONITE

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

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS.

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THE SUIT YOU WANT



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YOU WANT YOUR SUIT TO LOOK STYLISH; YOU WANT IT TO CONTINUE TO LOOK STYLISH AS LONG AS YOU WEAR IT; AND WITH CLOTHES COSTING AS MUCH AS THEY DO NOW YOU WANT TO WEAR IT A LONG WHILE; SEVERAL SEASONS MAYBE. HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES ARE THE SORT THAT SUPPLY ALL OF THESE "WANTS." WE SELL THEM BECAUSE THEY ARE THAT KIND.

FOR A LIMITED TIME WE OFFER OUR BIG STOCK OF MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, CONSISTING OF HART SCHAFFNER & MARX, CURLEE CLOTHING CO. AND STYLE PLUS GARMENTS AT A DISCOUNT OF

20 per cent

AS OUR CLOTHING IS ALREADY MARKED FROM 25 TO 33 1-3 PER CENT LOWER THAN THE CITY PRICES YOU CAN FIGURE WHAT YOUR SAVING WILL BE. WE ARE DOING THIS TO SHOW THE SLATON PUBLIC THAT THEIR STORE IS NOT BEHIND OTHERS WHEN IT COMES TO MAKING THE ONE LOW PRICE.



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Robertson D. G. Co.

M. M. DUPRE RECEIVES WORD OF BIG OIL WELL

Lubbock, Oct. 4.—M. M. Dupre, superintendent of schools in the Lubbock Independent District, has received word of the coming in of a five thousand barrel well, belonging to a company of which he is a member, near Houston. Mr. Dupre has no particulars as yet, but is feeling good over the prospects of greater things for him and his associates in the oil game.

Arrested On Serious Charge.

H. O. Hubert, special agent for the Santa Fe, was in Ralls this week for

the purpose of making some investigations, and as a result Ed Williams, who has been employed as freight man at the depot for the past few months, was arrested and placed in jail at Lubbock, charged with the theft of an Operola from a shipment of three billed to the City Drug Store. It is likely that other arrests will be made in the case.—Ralls Banner.

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

Cots with mattress attached, at only \$8.75. HOWERTON'S.

MOVIE PROGRAM FOR NEXT WEEK IS EXTRAORDINARY

The Movie Theatre program for the coming week is probably the best ever shown at this theatre. Nearly every number is a feature. On Wednes-

day they have a special feature, but at regular prices. On Thursday night they have a seven-reel program, all features, with Harold Lloyd, the world's greatest comedian, Mary Pickford, and Stella Morris. In fact this popular photoplay house

is improving its program all the time and when it gets settled in its magnificent new home the management will be in better position than ever to give their patrons service that will be unequalled by shows in the cities, and at a price you can afford to pay.

MONEY TALKS



When you look back and think of things you ought to have done, you see the importance of a BANK ACCOUNT.

WEALTH DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU SAVE, NOT ON WHAT YOU EARN. IF YOU WILL NOT SAVE YOU WILL NOT HAVE. HAVING IS THE RESULT OF SAVING. READ ABOUT THE LIVES OF RICH MEN, AND YOU'LL FIND AS A RULE THE STATEMENT: "HE STARTED AS A POOR BOY." NO MAN WHO LABORS FOR WAGES OR SALARY IS TOO POOR TO HAVE A BANK ACCOUNT. BEGIN WITH ONE DOLLAR, AND WE WILL HELP YOU.

The Slaton State Bank

To The General Public

THE THING YOU SHOULD LOOK FOR WHEN YOU ARE SEEKING BANK CONNECTIONS, IS THE BANK'S ABILITY TO FINANCE YOU WHEN TIMES ARE HARD AND MONEY IS SCARCE. THIS YOU WILL FIND IN THE FIRST STATE BANK. WE HAVE JUST GONE THROUGH A RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF OURSELVES AND HAVE SUCCEEDED IN PLACING THE CONTROL OF THIS BANK WITH SOME OF THE BEST CITIZENS OF SLATON, AND HAVE SECURED ENOUGH OUTSIDE CONNECTIONS TO INSURE US PROPER ASSISTANCE THROUGH DULL AND DRY TIMES. THIS IS OUR BEST QUALITY, FOR BY OUR POSSESSING IT WE ARE AT ALL TIMES WILLING, READY AND ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF ALL THE NEEDS OF OUR GOOD CUSTOMERS, REGARDLESS OF THE EXTENT OF THEIR NEEDS.

IF YOU NEED HELP NOW FOR A SHORT TIME UNTIL YOUR CROP BEGINS TO MOVE, COME IN AND SEE US.

YOURS VERY TRULY,

THE FIRST STATE BANK OF SLATON

OFFICERS

C. W. HARRISON, President
H. C. JONES, Vice President

W. M. FORD, Cashier
W. B. RUSSELL, Asst. Cashier

Address of Mrs. Pember.

The following interesting and able address was delivered by Mrs. M. A. Pember of this city, during the sessions of the district meeting of the Missionary Societies of the Northwest Texas Conference held in Slaton last week. It is with pleasure that we give it space for publication:

Should the Woman's Missionary Society inspire our women to lead a more consecrated life?

If we are ever fortunate enough to live in God's Kingdom and to feel we have done something to win and bring others there our joy will be unbounded. That is what the Missionary Society means and stands for—winning souls for the kingdom.

In a little Epworth parsonage in Lincolnshire, England, was a little woman who was the wife of a clergyman of the Church of England, and she, too, was a member. She was a woman of marked mental ability and an earnest student of the Bible, characterized by a deep, consistent prayer life. She had a large family and a small living. She was a conscientious mother, teacher and friend to her own family. Yet she found time amidst her many cares, to gather the poor of her husband's parish into her little home and tell them of holy things. Neither the adverse public opinion nor the disapproval of her scholarly husband could prevent this outpouring of her faith and love to the needy about her. This little woman was the mother of John and Charles Wesley. God gave a rich heritage to the world-wide Christianity through that little consecrated woman in the little Epworth manse. Through the preaching of the Wesleys and their fellow-workers a new light and new life came to the Protestant world.

Women heard the glad tidings with joy, and in the testimony meetings and class meetings and prayer meetings their voices were heard as they told of what God had done for them and of the "peace that passeth all understanding" through Christ's abiding presence in their hearts. As they taught their children by the fireside or sat together in the class meetings they studied and memorized the Word of God and many of them used it with power as "the sword of the Spirit and knew the joy of bringing souls to Christ and seeing them bring still others.

After Methodism came to America women on the frontiers became missionaries to the Indians and the "Great Spirit" found in many tribes hearts and tongues ready to go and tell.

In the Southern States where there were slaves women worked and prayed with the dark skinned foreigners in their own homes—winning them to Christ.

By the middle of the nineteenth century women's missionary auxiliaries had become educational and financial forces in many of the large denominations and the next twenty-five years witnessed the organization of strong Woman's Boards of Missions in these denominations.

Women went as missionaries to foreign lands by scores and hundreds. Now the schools and hospitals and orphanages are found everywhere. Their ranks are belting the globe. Millions of dollars have been raised and many millions of tracts and leaflets have been scattered throughout the church to educate its members. The Missionary Society is a wonderful force and still there is so much to be done. It is largely through the Missionary Society that we get the vision of a lost world and its great need of Christ. Never were the world's needs greater. Right here at home the figures are astounding. Out of the one hundred millions of people sixty millions do not belong to any church. We know we must Americanize and Christianize the foreigner. In the old world the ancient evils, as well as the new evils must be combated. It is appalling to think of the needs of the world. And one of its greatest needs is for consecrated, Christian women.

Can we come and study about these needs without feeling our responsibility? Our responsibilities were never greater for opportunities were never greater. Now the doors are open to us. The facilities and conveniences for travel have done away with distance. Every country in the world is now our neighbor. Lands once quite civilized and Christian as our own,

now with China, Japan and Africa, life up their hands and voices to us. Our duty is clear in this time of reconstruction. More can be accomplished in the next twenty-five years than has been in a century before. We should be thankful for the privilege that awaits the church today.

These opportunities come just when we are beginning to accustom ourselves to large giving and large problems. And still we must give more. Some one has said, "We are just beginning to learn to give." Malachi, 3:8-9, says: "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse for ye have robbed me; even this whole nation." And I think the message is as much for us as it was for the Jews.

Now we know that it requires money to meet the needs of the world. We showed how we are becoming enthused in our Centenary drives. People are now giving hundreds and thousands where they gave dollars before. We are learning to be better stewards. It takes a pretty good Christian to tithe. Can you tell of a single instance where a man is disloyal to God and yet gives him a tenth? When we meet at our different societies and give what we can, though it is only a small amount, it is just as acceptable. You know the Master taught us that. O, let us be willing to give! Giving our money is so little compared with the sacrifices some are making.

We know that our missionaries leave the land of their birth, home, loved ones, friends and go to a foreign country to live amidst unsanitary and cheerless surroundings and often endure the most bitter hardships and privations. You know we could talk for hours about their sacrifices. Some of the missionary mothers in South China sometimes take their children and go with their husbands to the out stations, often meeting hardships that are almost beyond endurance. We are told of two young converts in Siam who were brought before the governor and questioned. They admitted that they had given up Buddhism and had accepted the religion of Jesus. A small rope was then passed through the holes in their ears (used for ear rings by the natives) and then passed over the beam of a house. After being thus tortured all night they were again brought before the magistrate. But displaying the fortitude of the Christians of the Dark Ages they steadfastly refused to deny their Saviour in the very presence of death. They were then taken to the jungle and clubbed to death, and as one of them did not die soon enough a spear was thrust through his heart. Faithful unto death! O! shall not we be faithful in the little things? Shall not we attend every missionary meeting when it is possible and do all we can do to lend our influence for the Master? It is so little to ask when He gave His life for us.

And we can pray for the work. The Des Moines Register of last January said: "The world needs nothing as it needs a genuine religious revival. A time of soul searching in which the things that are true are set over against the things that are false and a choice forced between the gospel of brotherhood and co-operation and helpfulness and the gospel of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." The only thing that will give us an abiding spirit of brotherhood is a study of the Bible and a prayer life. We know that our greatest people of the past have been men of prayer. The great people of the earth today are the people who pray. I do not mean the people who talk about prayer, nor the people who say they believe in prayer, but I mean those people who atke time and pray. They have not time—it must be taken from something else and this something else is important, very important and pressing—but still less important and less pressing than prayer. Jesus himself said: "The harvest truly is great but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he would send laborers into his harvest." In prayer we often conquer most effectually the little worries, morbid humors and all the unwholesome thoughts of the mind that irritate and make the body ill. Some one has said: "The greatest thing any one can do for God and man is to pray."

O, we are so busy in this world! Wherever I went this summer I found that people did not have time to go to

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

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church. There are so many other places to go and other things to do. And when we reached St. Paul I found that over at Riverside the Jews were buying the churches and were using them for their synagogues. And I said: "O, they are crowding the Saviour out, aren't they!" But if we get a vision of the great plan of salvation, how evil started by Satan coveting Christ's power, and that down through the ages the strife has been to gain more power and followers than the Saviour, then we get a different view of affairs in this big world of ours. We see the means the Evil One uses to win out—sometimes beautiful, attractive means. We can see how the various lodges and chapters and many social affairs are crowding the church and Jesus out of people's lives. I do not wish to bemean those things; they are all right in their place and we learn many beautiful lessons from them. But it is at the Church and Missionary Society that we learn about the Christ and is great love and plan for the world. God's prophecies about the future and their fulfillment in due time prove that He can look down through the ages. Jesus was no doubt worried about the future for He said, "When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on earth?" Let us try harder this coming year to give more of ourselves to His work

and as it was with the little woman in the Epworth manse, we do not know far our influence may reach.

Yes, the world is growing weary; It has waited now so long And the hearts of men are failing them for fear, Let us tell them of the Kingdom, let us cheer them with the song, For the coming of the Kingdom dawneth near.

CORPORATION COURT.

Sept. 27, 1920.

For gambling in Singleton Hotel Chas. Weems was fined \$10 and costs, total \$20.70.

In same game W. L. Smith was fined \$10 and costs, total \$20.70.

For being sweater or chair warmer in same game Tom Overbee was fined \$10 and costs, total \$20.70.

For the first time in the history of Slaton the hoodlum wagon rumbled through the streets at midnight to our temple of justice in real big city style. It is never too late at night nor too early in the morning to open court and attend to law-breakers. The Court is always on the job and will treat them all alike.

PAUL P. MURRAY, Judge, Recorder's Court.

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

FOR SALE: Princess dresser, good as new. Also good davenport. MRS. J. H. TEAGUE, JR.

BIG DRAMATIC SHOW UNDER CANVAS ALL NEXT WEEK

Brunk's Comedians, a company of thirty ladies and gentlemen, including Harley Sadler, your favorite comedian, will open a week's engagement on the lot next to the postoffice under their own waterproof canvas theatre, carrying their own electric light plant and comfortable seats for 1,000 people and special feature vaudeville acts will be introduced between each act of the drama, so there will be something doing every minute from the rise to the fall of the final curtain.

This company has been playing to capacity business in West Texas all season, having played Lubbock three times and was the only show there last week during the fair and are now in Plainview and was honored with an exclusive contract as the only show playing their fair this season, and are turning people away at both shows every night.

The plays are all new and up-to-date and will be changed nightly. The opening play will be a story of the Canadian north woods, taken from "The Wolf," entitled "The Call of the Woods." The doors will open promptly at 7 p. m. and the performance will start at 8 p. m.

Season tickets will be on sale Friday at the Red Cross Pharmacy for your accommodation to avoid the rush at the front door.

TENT for sale. HOWERTON'S.

FOR SALE: Parlor table, buffet, set china dishes, rocker, and pictures. MRS. TOM WALLING, near Cannon House.

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."

ually drew his eyes down out of the trees. He could no more help it than he could help leaning upon her. She laughed—a heartening little laugh—like the happy water curling against the ledge. He laughed back. He couldn't help it. The restraint was broken; the smart gone.

He glanced down at the ledge before leaving to see that no tell-tale blood spots or bits of cloth were left. A needless precaution—her woodcraft was as fine as his own.

How she managed to lead him, half carry him, out of the rocky and broken gulches of Fox Den and down the rough banks of Wolf Run to the cabin of the three gables she never knew. Neither did he. It always remained a matter of wonder to him. Who does know the source of power—that mysterious augmentation of strength—that comes to a woman in a crisis?

She led him into the house and to the sofa in the main room; the queer little leather-covered bed that had stirred his curiosity the afternoon of his first visit two days before.

The old man was not in the room. She must have caught his eyes searching for him.

"Daddy?" she answered to the eyes. "He often spends hours away. There'll be little pass in the woods today that he won't see, though nobody will see him. Poor Daddy!"

"We'll send for that surgeon tomorrow," he said.

She was back in a moment, carrying a pan of water, fresh bandages, and a formidable-looking brown bottle—camphor, the universal first aid in the Flatwoods. The blood-soaked bandages were deftly removed and the

wound re-washed. She picked up the brown bottle.

"I am sorry to hurt you," she said. "But it will keep the fever down."

"You're the doctor," was his slow answer.

She uncorked the bottle and applied some of its contents to the wound with a bit of cotton. Hurt! It hurt so that he laughed.

"Anything to get ready for tonight," he grinned, under the bite of the powerful antiseptic.

"Tonight!" she repeated blankly. "Why, you mustn't think—"

"I must, though. Big things depend on tonight." She saw a sternness gather in his eyes. "He'll think I've left the Flatwoods," he muttered on, more to himself than to her. "It's what he's been waiting for. His game!—tonight!—and—!"

The girl saw the fingers of his right hand clench against his palm—doubtless quite unconsciously—while the knotted ridges of his great forearm ached and swelled; but the full meaning of the muttered words happily missed her.

"Can you stand more camphor?" she asked.

"I'll swim in it, if it will get me up."

The girl laughed, moistened the cotton and laid it on the wound. He did not even wince. The sting of it had become to him a necessity, the grateful means to an end that must be accomplished. Without tonight there could be no tomorrow. She saturated more of the cotton, laid it on the gash and bandaged it there, drew the blouse back into place, smoothed the pillow under his head and went to the kitchen.

He heard the rattle of the stove, and knew that she was preparing him something to eat. It moved him, for he knew how pitiful little that kitchen held, and yet she was going to share it with him—the best of it—share it with a smile, and the grace of a princess. He swore to himself that there should be a man in that kitchen tomorrow.

She was back in a surprisingly short time, bearing a tray of such food as she had been able to prepare hastily—some roth, crisp toast, a poached egg, and black coffee.

He was sound asleep.

She tiptoed back to the kitchen, set the tray on the stove hearth where it would keep warm, re-entered the room, drew a chair up beside the sofa and kept the buzzing flies away from his face while he slept.

Noon came and passed. Several times she went to the kitchen to mend the fire and keep the tray warm; many a time she slipped from window to window, and listened at the doors for sound of the hunters that somewhere combed the woods. The shadows turned eastward and still the man slept. The day had worn away to mid-afternoon when he tossed restlessly and flung his right arm above his head. The movement seemed to provoke the hurt. He came awake—with the quick intuition of the woodsman knew he had slept long. He started to rise. She sprang up and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"But I mustn't impose on you like this," he protested.

"Didn't you say a little bit ago that I was the doctor?"

That dry smile that always started in his eyes first, crawled out across his face.

"Then I command you to stay right where you are," she answered to the

slow smile, as she hurried out to the kitchen and carried in the tray.

She sat down beside him on the couch, fixed his arm easy in the sling, put sugar in the black coffee, and even buttered his toast. The Pearlhunter had never lived in such luxury. It was a dream—like some of the stories of fairies and enchanted palaces his mother used to tell of years ago in the long winter evenings on the houseboat. He half feared that he might not really be awake; that, after all, it might turn out to be some trick, like that of the gorge that closed.

She rose, pushed away the table and helped him back upon the couch.

"Try to sleep," she said, while smoothing the pillow under his head



The Man Both Dreaded Most to See.

"and gain every bit of strength you can, if you must go tonight."

Her manner seemed not to invite a reply—rather seemed to forbid one. He closed his eyes and settled himself into the luxurious novelty of the situation—the happy privilege of obeying such a nurse.

She moved the table back by the window, re-arranged the work basket and vase of roses, and went to the kitchen with the tray. He opened his eyes the minute she was gone. It was farthest from his thoughts to spend another moment of that wonderful day in sleep. His great regret was that he had already spent so much of it that way. Whatever was to happen, it was no time to sleep.

The girl, busy with the dishes, heard the couch creak, and pitted him in his restless pain.

"Wild Rose!"

She almost dropped the cup she was wiping. That call was not inspired by pain. No pain in the world could have wrung it from him. She hurried back into the room. He had risen and was standing near a window, a look on his face that made her half afraid of him, his eyes like a blade half drawn. He had heard a step. How he heard it—sensed it—only the hunted know.

The girl sprang to his side, her eyes followed the motion of his hand, and her lips turned white. A man was coming up the path—the man both dreaded most to see.

Handsome, jaunty, debonaire, smooth-faced except for the aggressive moustache slightly shot with gray, the notorious bandit swung along up the walk. The Pearlhunter stood crouched forward. His hand dropped to his hip, closed over the butt of the revolver, then slowly unclosed. He was taking his arm out of the sling when the girl caught him, shook him, dragged him back.

"Quick!" she cried, pushing him across the floor. "My room! Behind the curtains!"

At the door he hung back, his head still over his shoulder.

"I reckon I must hide!" he muttered, still glaring back toward the window.

"But not there! The kitchen?"

"No, my room. It's safest."

She pushed him behind the curtains.

"But if he comes in?"

"He won't!"

He caught a glimpse of her—white, hard as the face of the hills, and the blue in her eyes like bright steel touched with flame.

A quick glance at the tiny slit between the curtains behind which she knew the Pearlhunter was standing, a very positive and vigorous shake of her finger that said plainer than words to stay there; and she rose and walked with a firm step to the door. A narrow inch she opened it and with her left hand held it so, with her right shoulder propped against it in such a way that her right side and arm were concealed.

The man on the outside of the door drew back a step, and, with a sweeping bow—too sweeping, even for the Flatwoods—his hat came off and his handsome face put on its most affable

smile. "And how is my wood fairy this afternoon?"

The girl made no reply. Her face, framed in the narrow opening, changed not a shade.

Nothing so disconcerts a man as to have his advances met with silence. Some of the lines and wrinkles that did duty for the smile left the bold face of the renegade.

"It was so very lonesome in the village, with the men all hunting that desperado, that I thought I'd walk out and spend the afternoon with you, and talk over with you some very charming plans I have formed. You have what I believe to be a wonderful voice. While, to my great regret, you have never sung for me, yet, as I have passed back and forth through the woods in my business of looking up timber options, I have sometimes heard you sing. You undoubtedly have a great voice. Now, I am rich, with no one to spend my money on. What better could I do with it than give to the world a great singer? If you will go with me, you shall have the best training the world affords."

He put one foot up on the door-step, his face beaming—if such a face can beam. The Pearlhunter stiffened in his place behind the curtain. The girl never changed a hair's breadth in the narrow opening between the cheek of the door and the jamb. Her cold silence was apparently too much even for the bold man that faced her.

"Aren't you going to invite me in?"

"My father, is away this afternoon. I can not invite you in."

It was the first word she had spoken—a word cold and hard enough; but the brazen intruder seemed to take encouragement from it.

"Then permit me to invite myself."

He advanced a step, laid his hand to the door, pushed lightly. The narrow slit between cheek and jamb widened not a hair.

The passions of a Prussian noble were behind that face outside. They began to break through its thin veneer of politeness. He put his hat back on, but still kept his hand on the door.

"I might choose to come in."

The girl made no answer; neither did she suffer the door to yield. The last vestige of the smile left the man's face.

"I might demand to come in"—something close kin to a snarl slipped into his voice—"to search this cabin for that notorious desperado, the Red Mask, the murderer of Louis Solomon."

"The Red Mask is not in this cabin."

The answer came slowly, and there was a peculiar emphasis upon the word "in," doubtless unconscious. To the listener behind the curtains, it was as if she had said: "Not in the cabin, just in front of it."

The pressure on the door increased. The Pearlhunter saw the girl brace her body against it. The door began

to give a tiny mite at first—an inch—two inches—

He could stand it no longer. He was in the very act of sweeping the curtains aside when the girl's right arm, the one hid behind the door, dropped to her side. Her hand went into the folds of her dress. When it came out it held the revolver he had cleaned and put in order the night before. She cocked the weapon and leaped back. The door flew open. The man on the step barely saved himself from sprawling in upon the floor by clutching the door jamb. When he regained his balance, he was gazing into the muzzle of a very steady and dependable looking six-gun. At first flush he actually thought it was a joke.

"You wouldn't shoot a man?"

His voice had lost its jaunty assurance.

"No," came the cold, crisp answer down the steady barrel. "but I'd shoot a snake."

There was no chance of misunderstanding her.

"Damn'd if I don't believe you would!"

"You know how to find out."

He knew. He slowly raised his hands. The expression in his eyes might have meant any number of things; first of all, that he bowed to necessity; second, that he would come again. Astonished, mortified, baffled—that, most of all; baffled—he doubtless salved his pride with that second thought: He would come again. The girl sensed something of what smoldered deep in the bold eyes—eyes that a good woman could hardly meet without dishonor. But there were plans afoot—and she trusted them.

"Listen! I'll give you time to get out of sight, if you walk fast. If you look back, or if you are in sight when I think the time is up, I'll shoot; and I'll hit what I shoot at."

He studied the eyes back of the revolver. What he saw whirled him

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SLATON DRUG COMPANY

J. V. Hollingsworth, Proprietor. Phone 32, Slaton, Texas

THE BLUE MOON

A TALE OF THE FLATWOODS

DAVID ANDERSON



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arms. Though denied the use of his eyes, he knew that the passage broadly expanded just there and became a cave. He stood in the very entrance of it.

The next step—there was no help for it—light! Desperate and dangerous—the first spark, and the cave might spring to life. Still, it was better than to stumble over a sleeping man; or walk into a knife. With his revolver balanced, his face to the open cave, he reached his left hand along the wall to the farthest stretch of his arm, bringing his body as far as possible from the light, and with his fingers fumbled out a spot suitably smooth and dry—for there must be no failure. The match scraped. A tiny flame leaped away from the rock. It lighted up the place surprisingly.

The cave was not large—hardly twice the size of an ordinary room. The first swift glance showed him that—except for the horse—it was empty.

The stub of a candle caught his eye, stuck by its own tallow to an outstanding stool of shale just beyond the mouth of the passage. He crossed the passage and held the match to the wick. In the better light he studied the place more closely.

The cave could not have been far below the ground, for an oak root had found its way through the wall. It was to this that the horse was tied.

For a moment he was strongly tempted to stay where he was till his prey returned the following night and then rid the Flatwoods of him, and trust what evidence he already had to prove his case.

But a better plan had been forming ever since he came into the cave, and though the cave would have made a good hiding place during the coming day—always provided the bandit did not chance to return before his time.

Selecting a spot that he judged to be about right for the take-off, he leaped



He Leaped at the Falls and Landed on the Flat Rock.

at the falls, and, half to his surprise, landed on the flat rock outside. It was like breaking through the crust of creation into a new world. Marveling at the small amount of water that had clung to him, he sprang over

the two intervening rocks to the shore. He hurried around to the front of the cabin, raised the latch, entered and closed the door. Snatching up some cold biscuits and strips of fried bacon, he hurriedly made six sandwiches and stuffed them into his pockets. Resting at the spring long enough to eat two of his sandwiches, he drained a gourd of water, crossed the branch below the falls and hurried away up the bluffs into the deep woods.

A mile and more north of the waterfall, Wolf Run bends west to dou-

ble and twist and loop through a tangle of hills and gulches known as Fox Den, the wildest and most inaccessible district of the Flatwoods. The Pearlhunter had heard of the place. He resolved to take his chances there. The spot was no great distance above the three-gabled cabin.

Away up the bare front of a cliff his eye lighted on the mouth of what appeared to be a cleft in the rock. Wolf Run washed against a narrow ledge at the very foot of this cliff. He spread himself flat against the face of the rock and strained from crevice to crevice. It was a prodigious task, but all tasks have an end—either at the bottom or at the top. The Pearlhunter's task finally ended at the top. It had to.

The strata gaped apart half the height of a man, leaving a wide-open scar in the face of the cliff. It was perhaps ten feet deep, and seemed to be closed at the back by the dipping together of the two strata.

Rolling back as far within the opening as the converging strata would comfortably allow, he dropped his battered head upon his arm to sleep the rest of the night away.

The Pearlhunter waked with the woods. His limbs and breast and shoulders were so sore that he was half glad for the snug place to lie in, like a fox in his burrow, while the hounds beat up the woods at fault.

Lack of water was the greatest drawback. Thirst was already beginning to annoy him. He took out his sandwiches and ate two more of them, saving the other two until later in the day. The water more tempting still, he drew back a little space from the brink of the ledge out of sight of it. The sound of it still tempted him.

Voices reached him suddenly, breaking upon the silence from around a sharp turn of the gorge down stream. He drew his face back from the brink of the ledge and lay listening. It was far too risky to look. His ears made out three of them—three tongues, all going at top speed, a sure sign that eyes and ears were not as busy as they might have been. Opposite the cliff where the fugitive lay, the steps stopped.

"What's that hole up there?"

It was a gruff and heavy voice that asked, thick still with the flare of temper that had not yet cooled.

"Wolf den, more'n likely," answered one of the others.

"If we was up th' bluff cross there furnist the hole, we could see in," suggested a voice.

The other voices grunted; and the Pearlhunter heard them hopping back across the stream, heard them clawing their way through the tangled underbrush up the opposite bluff. The scar in which he lay dipped slightly toward the rear. He rolled back as far as possible, so as to have the protection afforded by the slightly higher edge; stretched himself on his right side; and waited for them to come into view.

Fortunately the sun hit their side of the gorge, and the Pearlhunter could see them well, while, being on the shady side, and back in the darkness of the scar, they could not see him at all. The three of them drew together in consultation. The Pearlhunter could not make out their words, but the manner in which they handled their rifles, which they had managed to drag up with them, indicated only too plainly the general drift of what was being said.

With a final nod all around, they faced the pocket, and one of them raised his rifle. The bullet struck the roof of the scar just in front of him, showering him with dust and bits of shale. The second fired. The bullet passed close to his feet and lost itself far back in the crevice where the two strata of shale converged.

It was now the third one's turn. There came the hot spit of smoke; the vicious snap of the report. But even before he saw the one, or heard the other, he felt something like a red coal sting his side just under the armpit.

His side! A thousand flames had got at it. Something warm and sticky ran down under his tattered shirt and made it smoky. The flames reached

his face and twisted it. The air seemed to forsake the pocket. He crawled to the front of the scar.

He couldn't take his eyes away from the water glistening along at the foot of the cliff. The flames had scorched him dry. If he could only have one sup of the water to moisten his lips so that the breath could get through. He crawled a little nearer the opening; held his face out over the ledge.

The ledge seemed to be rocking up and down; the trees were dipping and going around in a queer whirl that made him dizzy. He had never known trees to act like that. The tops of the gorge were bending together. The gorge came together—slowly—shut out the air—shut out the sky.

CHAPTER XI.

Only the Hunted Know.

For a long time the Pearlhunter lay wondering why the gorge didn't fall in. While he lay and wondered, another strange thing happened—the very strangest of all.

The top of the gorge began to open—opened and let in two little patches of sky. He kept his eyes on them—two little spots of blue set between clouds of pink and gold. The gorge top opened wider. He came back to the two patches of sky; smiled oddly—they had transfigured; had become the eyes of the Wild Rose.

The shooting had brought her. Her arm was under his head, and she was saying something. A tinge of crimson deepened the pink in her cheeks when his eyes came open. What if he had heard! But she met his eyes with frank directness. He lay looking up at her a long time; trying to comprehend it all; the wonder of it!—that she was there!

She helped him edge a little nearer the brink of the ledge, raised him, and he drank out of her cupped palm. Whether it was the cup he drank from, or the thirst that parched him, he took no thought, but it was the sweetest drink that ever passed his lips. She eased him back upon the ledge, her arm still under his head. A strand of her hair fell upon his face. She tried to shake it off. He put up his hand and covered it.

Her eyes dropped to his wounded side.

"I didn't know he was the Red Mask," she said, as if in pursuance of his first remark, "till those men came this morning."

Her next words were low and thoughtful. "I've seen it could have been..."

"It was his..."

The girl's breath quickened. He saw her fingers clench.

But there was much to do. Her eyes turned again to his blood-stained garments, and she set about uncovering the wounded side. There was little enough to remove—a shred or two of tattered shirt; a laying back of the torn blouse. After the first start at sight of the wound she became curiously thoughtful. The color mounted to her face; he tried to meet her eyes, but they turned away.

"Can you spare me for a minute?"

For answer he lifted his head. She took away her arm, eased him back upon the rock, and he heard her light step as she sprang around an angle of the cliff.

She was gone barely more than the minute asked for. When she returned she was carrying in her hands a number of strips—bandages—of white cloth. Where she got them—well, that's her secret.

The bullet had cut a deep, ragged gash just below the armpit. It had grazed a rib, but seemingly had not broken it. With that encouraging fact established, and the sting of the wound much allayed, the mind of the man began reaching forward to the night; the all-important night—when a certain suave individual in a frock coat would come to feed a certain horse. He said no word of this to the girl already binding the bandages around the clean-washed wound. She would have scouted the bare suggestion of the things he was planning to do the moment the dark was sufficiently dense to hide him.

She drew what was left of his tattered shirt and blouse over the bandage at last, laid his wounded arm across his breast and slung it there by a strip of cloth passed up around his neck, and helped him to his feet.

It shamed him that he was absolutely compelled to cling fast to her, to lean heavy upon her, or go back to the rock. His face was far too white to show the mortification he felt, but she saw it in his eyes. Lifting his well arm and laying it across her shoulders, she caught her left arm about his blouse wrist and steadied him.

The Wild Rose seemed to have taken toll of every bit of sunshine that ever struck the Flatwoods. That was the distinguishing feature of her personality. That and her good, sound sense. Her face was beaming full of both right now—the sunshine and the sense. She was smiling up at him, he knew. He was staring away above her head—but he knew. The smile grad-

(Continued on page 3.)



Yours for Health and Pure Drugs

IT IS OUR CHIEF CONCERN TO BE ABLE TO SUPPLY YOU IMMEDIATELY WITH ANY ARTICLE OR REMEDY THAT MAKES FOR YOUR HEALTH, COMFORT OR HAPPINESS. THIS IS A STORE WHERE YOUR HEALTH ADVANTAGE IS OF FIRST IMPORTANCE. OUR SERVICE, OUR ADVICE, IS FREELY AT YOUR COMMAND.

Slaton Drug Co.

J. V. HOLLINGSWORTH, Propr.

Phone 92, SLATON, TEXAS

The San-Jax Agency

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 HARNESSES. WE INVITE YOU TO CALL AND SEE THIS WONDERFUL MACHINE IN OPERATION AND BRING YOUR WORK ALONG TOO.

R. A. HENDERSON

UNDER SINGLETON HOTEL

SLATON, TEXAS

PERSONAL MENTION.

The Angelus Trio, Baptist Church, Monday evening, Oct. 11.

Mrs. Cal Doherty visited friends in Lubbock Wednesday.

Want amusement? Hear the Angelus Trio Monday, Oct. 11.

Mrs. Bernice Davis of Whitewright is here visiting her cousin, Mrs. J. S. Edwards and family.

FOR SALE: Wagon, harness, and span mare mules 8 years old. See M. L. Cannon or phone 42, Cannon House.

Mrs. Carmack of Fort Worth has returned home after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. F. E. Callaway, here.

FOR SALE: Meister Piano in good condition. Cash or terms. See DR. C. A. SMITH.

Mesdames H. A. Hannam and Cal Doherty attended the Plainview Fair Thursday of last week.

Want amusement? Hear the Angelus Trio Monday, Oct. 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hill of Whitewright, have recently moved here to reside in future.

WANTED: Woman for general house work. Call MRS. R. A. BALDWIN.

M. B. Tate, building contractor, has sold a modern 5-room residence to D. C. Stokes.

FOR SALE: Two 4-room houses in West Park Addition, at big bargains. Cash or terms. M. B. TATE, Owner.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Craft of Ralls, visited the latter's mother, Mrs. M. A. Evans, here Saturday and Sunday.

FOR SALE: Three 4-room house, worth the money. Desirable locations. See B. F. SPOONER.

Mrs. A. L. Foster of Wilson visited her mother, Mrs. M. A. Evans, here Saturday.

MODERN 3-ROOM HOUSE with electric lights, for sale on easy terms. See W. DONALD, Slatonite office.

H. A. Rutter has returned from a several days' business trip to Dallas, St. Louis, and other points of interest.

Mrs. P. L. Everline left Wednesday for an extended visit to friends and relatives in Kansas and Missouri.

Hereafter preaching services at the Church of Christ will be held the second Sunday in each month instead of the third Sunday.

See me before you build flues, chimneys, mantels and vaults. C. C. TAYLOR, Brick Contractor, Box 396, Lubbock, Texas. Phone 744.

Hon. R. A. Baldwin has returned from Austin where he attended the recent called session of the Thirty-Sixth Legislature.

My Motto: "Live and LET LIVE." I will save you money on your paint and paper and do the work at living prices. See me. E. A. GALE.

J. L. Preston, connected with the Santa Fe, has returned from a several days' visit to his mother at Fort Worth.

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

Mrs. D. L. Hubbard was called to Canadian Tuesday to attend the bedside of her daughter, Mrs. W. F. Maxwell, who was reported seriously ill.

AUTO TRUCK FOR ANY kind of hauling. Call E. G. Nevins, at Lanham & Smart's grocery.

J. D. Butler, a former resident of this city, but now living in East Texas, was a business visitor here this week.

FOR SALE: Bundled cane hay. See FORNEY HENRY, one mile south of town.

Mr. and Mrs. June C. Johnston have moved to Slaton from the Johnston Ranch and are now occupying a pretty stucco cottage bought from J. S. Edwards.

Mrs. John Brazell is in a Lubbock sanitarium where she underwent an operation and is reported as improving nicely.

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

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Crow have just moved into a pretty stucco cottage on Grand Avenue that they bought from J. S. Edwards.

FOR SALE: 40 acres land close in. Also 4-room house and 2-room house. See J. M. OLIVE.

LOST: A black coat, with light pin stripe. It had a pair of rosary beads, Crucifix, and five postal cards. Take to DeLong's tailor shop and receive reward.

FOR SALE: New 4-room house, windmill, garden, etc. Two lots. See owner, GEORGE REICHLING, at Morgan's Tin Shop.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?" "To hear the Angelus Trio, sir," she said.

"May I go with you my pretty maid?" "Sure!"

HOLLIDAY MAIZE KNIVES; best in the world. Guaranteed. For sale by Forrest Hardware, Slaton.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Hannam left Thursday for a two months' visit to relatives and friends in New York City, Jackson and Detroit, Michigan, Columbus and Toledo, Ohio, and other cities in the North.

The Civic and Culture Club will meet Saturday with Mrs. K. C. Scott, Mrs. Rutter assistant hostess.

YOUNG FOLKS HERE IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Pick scraps of time from the waste basket, turn them into dollars; earn while you learn by taking a money back guaranteed course of Bookkeeping, Shorthand, and Typewriting, and Business Administration and Finance, Telegraphy, Commercial Law, Business Arithmetic, Salesmanship, Advertising, Commercial Lettering or Business Penmanship, by correspondence through the Extension Department of the TYLER COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

We secure satisfactory results or refund tuition. Our correspondence courses include the same subjects as given with a personal course, with the privilege of netting college for personal work at any stage of your course, without paying additional tuition. In other words, the correspondence instructions are absolutely free if you enter for personal work. Many find it to their advantage even when they intend to take personal work later, to first enroll for the course by correspondence and utilize their spare moments until they are ready to enter since it costs nothing extra. This often saves a couple of months' time and board in school on their personal work, and enables them to leave college and accept a good position two months earlier. Another advantage of the correspondence course is that we give three months free use of a standard typewriter with the full shorthand course. Many of our students have attained a speed of from forty to fifty words per minute through our system of touch typewriting during the three months and have at the same time carried on their other work. Telegraphy instruments and supplies are furnished with our course in Telegraphy, and a thorough course of Salesmanship is given with Bookkeeping.

We use our original copyrighted methods. We make every subject practical and interesting from start to finish. Every lesson receives prompt personal attention and a personal reply. We have taught hundreds of students successfully and know we can teach you or we would not guarantee to refund your money. Why continue to waste your spare moments? Turn them into knowledge and make them earn you dollars. Take advantage of the wonderful opportunities for young men and women in the business world today. You can't afford to let your spare moments pass when there is such a crying need for office help. For full particulars and large free catalogue, address Extension Department, Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

Course interested in Name _____ Address _____

DATE OF ANNUAL STATE FAIR OCT. 9

Dallas, Texas.—Within a short time now gates will swing open at Dallas for the thirty-fourth annual exposition of the State Fair of Texas.

Dates of the great state exposition this year are October 9 to 24, showing that sixteen red letter days for Texas are promised on the calendar of October. As usual the great state fair of Texas, coming in October, marks the imprint of its calendar existence on Texas history, and officials of the big show have left no stone unturned this year to make the exposition bigger and more extensive in its scope than ever before.

An elaborate program of amusement has been provided including a great musical extravaganza known as De

Calendar for October showing dates and days of the week from Sunday to Sunday.

Recat's "Smiles of 1920." This will be given each afternoon and evening in the state fair coliseum. In addition there will be Barnes All-Star Hippodrome of twenty acts before the grand stand each day. Automobile races have been provided for three days of the exposition. "The Siege of the Dardanelles" a replica in pyrotechnic display of one of the greatest battles of the world war is to furnish the night's entertainment before the grandstand. A multitude of musicians, comprising some of the best bands of the United States will be there, to say nothing of the Estado Mayor Band of 117 pieces which is sent to the state fair this year by the Mexican government. The Mexican National Exhibit is the premier feature of this year's exposition.

MEXICAN EXHIBIT PULLS INTO TEXAS

Dallas, Texas.—The great Mexican National Exhibit of ten cars, routed direct into Texas from Mexico City, has arrived at the state fair grounds in this city and is now being unloaded in preparation for the million and a half visitors to this year's exposition.

Dates of the State Fair of Texas this year are October 9 to 24. Specially constructed show cases have arrived at the fair grounds in which to house the big exhibit and a rush of work, directed by a special mission from Mexico City, sent here by the Mexican government, is now under way to have everything in readiness for opening day, October 9.

General J. B. Trevino, of the department of commerce, industry and labor of Mexico will arrive later in company with provisional president de la Huerta and President Elect Obregon, according to the latest advices. Among the exhibits which make up this remarkable display, according to advance information, is 250 works of art by celebrated Mexican artists.

STATE FAIR WILL OPEN MEXICAN TRADE

Dallas, Texas.—The Mexican National government is bending every effort to promote friendly trade relations with the United States. Addressing a recent meeting of wholesalers on Dallas, Consul Roberto Garcia declared.

"My country will have the greatest and most complete array of exhibits this year at the State Fair of Texas to be held in your city October 9 to 24, that has ever been exhibited abroad. In addition to the big delegation which will accompany this exhibition, large excursions are now being prepared to bring to Dallas the most prominent business men of Mexico.

"I repeat, gentlemen, here is your chance. Advertise your markets, show them what you have to offer, and I confidently assure you that your relations with my country may be made permanent and mutually beneficial." Consul Garcia's office is in Dallas, Texas.

Mrs. C. F. Anderson has returned from Amarillo, accompanied by her little daughter Claudia, where the latter underwent an operation, having her tonsils and adenoids removed.

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

SPECIAL DAYS WILL FEATURE STATE FAIR

Dallas, Texas.—The great State Fair of Texas which swings wide its gates October 9 for a sixteen day's exposition, has made every effort to take care of all activities by scheduling of special days. Something will be doing each day of the sixteen not alone to attract the great mass of a million and more people who will pass through the exposition gates, but for the particular concern of every organization. Nobody has been overlooked. Sunday, October 10, will be Scandinavian Day; Monday, October 11, Wholesale Manufacturers' Day; Tuesday, October 12 Mexico Day, Dallas Day, Columbus Day; Wednesday, October 13, Fine Arts Day, 36th Division Day; Thursday, October 14, Cattlemen's Day, Texas Elec-



tic Medical Association Day, Kiwanis Day; Friday, October 15, Texas School Children and Teachers' Day, League of Texas Municipalities Day, Kidd-Key Day, Orphans Day, County Agents Day, Texas Swine Breeders' Association Day, Elks Day; Saturday, October 16, Press Day, Traveling Men's Day, East Texas Day, West Texas Day, Texas-Oklahoma A and M Day, Harrison County Day, Rainbow Day, Boys' Club Day, Cumberland University Day; Sunday, October 17, Junior Chamber of Commerce Day, American Legion Day, 90th Division Day, Legislative Day; Monday, October 18, G. A. R. Day, Women's Relief Corps Day, Texas Holstein-Friesian Breeders' Club Day; Tuesday, October 19, Confederate Veterans' Day, Good Roads Day, Texas Congress of Mothers Day; Wednesday, October 20, Farmers Day, Panhandle and Plains Day; Thursday, October 21, Texas Jersey Cattle Day, Home Demonstration Agents Day, Girls' Club Day; Friday, October 22, Nut Growers' Day; Saturday, October 23, W. C. T. U. Day; Sunday, October 24, Closing Day.

DALLAS TO ENTERTAIN ALL CHILDREN AT FAIR

Dallas, Texas.—Mayor Frank Wozencraft, through the courtesy of the State Fair of Texas management, has arranged to admit every school child and every school teacher of Texas free of charge to the exposition grounds on Friday, October 15, according to an announcement here today. The committee named by the mayor to prepare for this rush of young America to Dallas, anticipate more than 100,000 teachers and children will be visitors and guests of Dallas on that occasion.

They will not only be admitted free of charge to the fair grounds on that day, but also to the grand stand events that afternoon and to the Coliseum attractions of that afternoon.

SPECIAL RATES TO DALLAS GRANTED FOR STATE FAIR

Dallas, Texas.—Special rates on all railroads have been granted during the season October 9 to 24 on account of the State Fair of Texas at Dallas. The tickets upon which rates are granted this year give ample time to arrive before the great exposition and return when it is over. The state fair management this season anticipates an attendance of a million and one half people.

The largest and finest tomatoes we have seen this season were sent to the Slatonite by W. F. Pinion of near Wilson. Mr. Pinion moved to this section from Hopkins County and he knows how to grow tomatoes.

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

SCHOLARSHIP FOR SALE.

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

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

TWO GINS ARE BURNED WARNING GIVEN TO OTHERS

Abilene, Oct. 6.—There were no new developments overnight in the so-called "Night Riders" situation in Jones County, following receipt by a number of gins of warnings to cease operations, so far as can be learned here.

Gins at Anson which received warnings to quit are continuing operation, it is stated. One Anson gin proprietor said that he had received one notice to quit, and considered every bale of cotton driven into his yard a notice to continue, so he will follow the majority.

"One threatening letter from an anonymous writer who doesn't know what he is talking about, and probably doesn't own a pound of cotton himself, shouldn't have much weight with anybody," this ginner is quoted as saying.

Heavy guards have been placed on the gins. The text of the letters received by the Anson gins reads as follows:

"Stop ginning. To stop till cotton sell for 40 cents. Signed—Cometie. Tell all others."

Officers Refuse to Discuss Situation.

Anson, Oct. 6.—Peace officers are here and refuse to divulge their plan of action against the further burning of gins in this county following the warning received by gins to stop operations until cotton sells for 40 cents.

A gin at Lueders was burned Monday night and the plant of C. H. Rowland was destroyed by fire there Saturday night. Officers declare they have no evidence to ascertain the origin of the fire. All six gins are running to their capacity.

Four of the Anson gins received warnings last Friday to suspend ginning.

Georgia Gins Guarded.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 6.—Destruction of several cotton gins and business houses in the cotton belt after anonymous threats had been received by operators and business men to cease activities while cotton was selling at what many farmers termed prices below the cost of production, has resulted in the placing of armed guards around several gins and the closing of business in at least one community.

The general mercantile establishment of Taylor & Barnett at Hanceville, Ala., was destroyed early yesterday after the proprietors had ignored orders to close their places of business until cotton was selling at 40 cents a pound and had withdrawn guards.

Business houses at New Hanceville, whose proprietors received similar warnings, closed yesterday, but stores at Garden City and Hanceville and gins in the vicinity remained open under armed guards.

Threats also have been received by business men in Georgia and South Carolina and the sheriff of Anderson County, South Carolina, on yesterday was appealed to for protection after gin operators had received additional warnings. In Anderson County the gins have been given until Oct. 7 to suspend activities. Warnings posted on gins at Bowman, Ga., read:

"We, the citizens of everywhere, kindly ask that this ginnery be closed until November, 1920, unless further notified. Please take notice."

"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.
Are you reading "The Blue Moon?"

M. B. TATE

BUILDING CONTRACTOR
TURN-KEY JOBS A SPECIALTY

Before you build anything let me give you an estimate on the job.

Rich-Tone Is a Friend of the Weak

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

He writes: "Rich-Tone is a wonderful remedy for people who are weak and lacking in vigor, and all those who desire to gain strength and energy should take this truly famous tonic. It has given me perfect health and cured me of ailments from which I have 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 the famous tonic—if it doesn't bring to you new energy, a splendid appetite, restful sleep, peaceful and quiet nerves—if it doesn't destroy that tired feeling and build you up, then Rich-Tone will be free to you—it will not cost you anything—not one penny.

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

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

RED CROSS PHARMACY

Save \$4.00 Per Hundred Feet
WE HAVE A LOT FLOORING AND SIDING AT A PRICE THAT WILL MEAN A SAVING OF ABOUT \$4.00 PER HUNDRED FEET. BETTER GET A SUPPLY BEFORE IT IS ALL GONE. BUILDING MATERIAL OF ANY DESCRIPTION AND THE PRICE IS ALWAYS RIGHT. BUILD A HOME.
Rockwell Bros. & Co.
F. E. CALLAWAY, Manager SLATON, TEXAS

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 W. DONALD, Editor and Publisher
 Miss Cleffie Watson, Society Editor
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GAMBLERS AND VAGS.

It is common talk that Slaton is a refuge of gamblers and vags. It is also common talk that when criminals are caught in Lubbock County that the courts are too lenient with them. In some cases we believe it is. In others we do not believe that our courts and officers have the moral support of the citizenship in suppressing vice. Our citizenship should wake and do their duty. If they want to see the town full of gamblers and vags why not abolish our city government and turn the old town loose. But if the citizenship of the town want to get rid of the element that has no employment and do not want work, it will take backbone and determination to do it. We believe that our peace officers are ready to do their part if the citizens will back them up with their moral support.

There are people in this town who have no visible means of support, and who would not have a job at any price and work at it, that could be prosecuted under the "vag" law, yet they are permitted to loaf our streets during the day and at all hours of the night.

This is a subject that we had not rather publish to the outside world, as it hurts the town's reputation and drives away homeseekers and investors that would be worth something to our town and community, but we have no alternative as too many things go to prove the truth of it.



Baptist Ladies.

If you missed the gathering Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 5 of the B. W. M. Society at the home of Mrs. Ray Stephenson, you have much to regret. The guests were received by Mrs. Stephenson and Mrs. W. B. Jones as assistant hostess. After an hour of social enjoyment, into which were introduced prizes and spelling matches, delightful refreshments were served consisting of sandwiches, cake and cream.

Following a short business session each one departed feeling grateful for this further instanced of the interest evinced by our hostess and assistant, in the welfare of the work of our society. REPORTER.

Missionary Society.

The home of Mrs. H. A. Tait was thrown open Monday afternoon to the business and social meeting of the society. About forty members were present and the meeting was full of interest and enthusiasm. The devotional exercises were conducted by the president and a very interesting business session was held. The reports from the different committees and officers were splendid, showing an increase in every department. In our work we find that "knowledge is power" and we believe it so fully that we work from it as a basis. We cannot neglect Bible study, Mission study, Christian stewardship, nor our Prayer circles and have power to make the spiritual part of our work the most important. We find in Acts 6:3 these words: "Look you out men and women of good report full of the spirit and of wisdom whom we may appoint over this business." Psalms 10:9-14: "I give myself to prayer." 1 Timothy 6:20: "Guard well that which is committed unto thee." 2 Tim. 2:15: "He began to publish it much." Heb. 11:39: "These all have obtained a good report through faith." If the task of saving a world takes all of God's time and all of Christ's time, we needn't expect to help much with spare time. O! women, God wants the time we can't spare. "Take my life and let it be consecrated Lord to thee."

We were favored with a solo by Mrs. Tait. Instrumental music by Mesdames Todd, Call, Tait and sons Herbert and Garland, which was very much enjoyed by all present.

The names of Mrs. E. E. Wilson, Mrs. Beulah Berkly, Mrs. G. A. Van Natta, Mrs. Lulu Morris, Mrs. J. S. Bagby, Misses McFadin and Lewis were added to our roll.

Delicious refreshments were served by Mrs. Tait, assisted by Mesdames Schmidt, Henry, and George, after which we were dismissed with the blessing song and prayer by Mrs. Forrest, to meet at the church Monday, Oct. 11, in Bible study, Matt. 11 to 15.

The blessing box this month contained \$12.00.

PUBLICITY SUPT.

Program Junior B. Y. P. U. Oct. 10.
 Subject, Japan.
 Song service.
 Prayer for our missionaries in Japan.
 Scripture reading, Ex. 20:3-5.—Adrian Owens.
 Business: Minutes. Roll call answered by naming some of our foreign

missionaries and in what country located.

Prayer: That God will show us what he wants us to do for Japan.
 "The Sunrise Kingdom." Arah Moore.
 The Edict of Death, Loney Barton.
 S. B. C. Work, Alta Lois McCauley.
 Leader's ten minutes.
 Sentence prayers for the Japanese people who know no God.
 Closing song.

Birthday Party.

Miss Bernice Wilber entertained a number of young people Wednesday afternoon at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Wilber, celebrating the birthday anniversary of Miss Jewell Harlan. Twenty-one boys and girls were present. Outdoor games were enjoyed. Delicious refreshments of hot chocolate and wafers were served.

B. W. M. S. Program for Oct. 12.

Devotional and song service.
 In the Holy Mount, Mrs. J. H. McCauley.
 Discussion: Preparation necessary to do our part in the vision of God's plan for the world:
 1. Knowledge of God, Mrs. C. V. Young.
 2. Experience, Mrs. Williamson.
 3. Spiritual Vision, Mrs. J. S. Lanham.
 Business: Minutes and reports.
 Roll call: Answer with verse of scripture containing a promise.

WILL FIND HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS CHILDREN

Misses Eva Chadwick and Grace Hamill of Fort Worth were in Slaton recently and organized a local board, whose work it shall be to assist the State organization in finding homes for neglected and homeless children. The board is composed as follows for Lubbock County:

- Mrs. S. H. Adams, Slaton.
- Mrs. Lee Green, Slaton.
- Paul Owens, Slaton.
- R. J. Murray, Slaton.
- Geo. W. Briggs, W. B. Atkins, Mrs. M. Fulton, Mrs. J. S. Penney, J. D. Quick, Dr. O. F. Peebler, J. O. Jones, Mrs. J. T. Griswold, E. P. Earhart, Lubbock.

The Children's Home and Aid Society, which has its headquarters in Fort Worth, was organized more than 20 years ago by the late Rev. I. Z. T. Morris. It started with Mr. Morris taking in a little street waif into his home, and watching the change that took place in the boy when he received the care and love that is every baby's birthright. Mr. Morris decided that every child is entitled to a home and that there were enough good people in the State to provide every unfortunate orphaned baby or neglected child with a home.

Mr. Morris recognized that the natural affection which all children crave and are entitled to, is lacking for the institutional child, so with the help of his wife, who is still superintendent of the society, he built up the organization which has found homes for more than 2,000 unfortunate little ones.

Some of these children were whole orphans, having lost both father and mother, some half orphans, possibly having lost the mother, and the father, after having endeavored to care for the little one, had brought the child to Mrs. Morris with a plea for a home, where the little one might have the care of a good mother; some have been little door-step babes who the world might term "nobody's child;" others were committed to the society by the courts in the various counties of the State.

The society cares for and places children, regardless of creed or color, but one of the standards is—a Hebrew child in a Hebrew home, a Catholic child in a Catholic home, and a Protestant child in a Protestant home.

When these children come to the society a thorough physical examination is made and if any medical attention is found needed it is given, so that when the child is given out for adoption it carries a health certificate with it.

Adoption is not permitted by the society under three months. When an application for a child is received at headquarters, blanks are sent to applicant to be filled in. Three references are required. These references are written to, and if possible, a worker is sent to investigate the home and surroundings, as well as to interview the people desiring the child.

If the home is approved, the child is selected and sent by one of the field workers to the home, and there placed for a period of three months. During this three months visits are made by the workers and should it be found during that time that the child is not properly cared for or if the applicants have "changed their minds" and no longer want the child, it is taken back to headquarters and kept until a suitable home is found. If, however, all is satisfactory, the adoption can be made and another home made more complete and another child happier.

In addition to the placing of children in homes for adoption the society is doing another splendid piece of work for the children. There is an aid department and through this department many cases are handled.

Instances are found where the father is dead, the mother ill, and there is no one to care for the child, although the mother is able to pay a small sum until such time as she is physically able to care for them. In other cases the mother is dead and until the father is able to adjust affairs in the home, there is no one to care for the little motherless children.

When these cases are brought to the society there is always a waiting list of "approved boarding homes" where children can be placed and will have

the care and attention needed for every child. The expenses of such children can be met by the parent of the child, and is handled through the society, it having acted merely as the agent for the securing of a home suitable for the temporary placement of the child.

Recently an interesting case of this character was handled. A Syrian mother with three beautiful children appealed to the society, and after proper investigation was made it was found that it was necessary that the mother receive medical treatment for several weeks, during which time she would be unable to care for the three children. She was financially able to care for the children, but did not want to place the children in an orphanage or other institution and the Texas Children's Home and Aid Society opened to these three little ones of the "approved homes" and until the mother's physical condition was such as she could take the children, they were properly cared for, and during the time mother and children were able to see each other. After several weeks the children were returned back to the mother and they left for their own home in a distant county.

SEPTEMBER SCHOOL REPORT.

We are glad of the co-operative spirit of the patrons of the Slaton schools, and assure you of our utmost endeavor to make your school grow in every way.

Our enrollment the first month reached 497. For awhile we were handicapped for lack of room, but the board came to our relief by having a three-room building constructed and by cutting the assembly hall into two class rooms. As soon as our new seats arrive we shall be supplied with equipment for the present enrollment.

The high school department registered 12 tardies this month, and that is exactly 12 too many. I want to enlist every patron in a campaign to eliminate tardies. If you want to help make your school better, help to get your children off to school in time for them to reach the school building by 9:00 o'clock, and have them in school every day.

Below will be found an honor roll in the elementary grades. For a pupil to get his name on the honor roll he must be neither absent nor tardy and must have a general report not below 90. It requires some effort to get on the honor roll, but it is worth something.

Honor Roll.

Mrs. Wallace's room: Everett Austin, Winifred Booher, Alton McClintock, Grafton Henry, Jessie Belle Riney, Joseph Reynolds, Harper Wickler, Leroy Manire, Brooks Hazelwood, John Lewis Thorp.

Miss Clark's room: Beatrice Henry, Billy Thott.

Mrs. Smart's room: Choice Rucker, Lorene McClintock, Virginia McKirahan, Viola Frost.

Miss Simmons' room: Charles Bowlin, C. S. Green, J. C. Harris, Mary Ellen Morgan, Cornelia Weight, Dorothy King, Felix Hood, Margaret Ochse, Grace Williams, Wayne Smith, Mareen Shelby, Ima Jean Keys, Raymond Hollingsworth, Ruby Christy, Dayton Echert, Earl Brasfield, George Leverett.

Miss Blankenship's room: Celia Westerhoff, Mancel Bailey, Thora Self, Annie Ahler, Francis Harlan, Inez Tunnell.

Miss Holland's room: J. W. Swan, Fern Sandlin, Jewell Johnson, Nettie Frost, Ralph Nix, Dorris Selmon.

Miss Knox's room: Alene Bassenger, Winnie McGar, Weldon Preston, Barney Bain, Velda Barron, Marion McHugh, Grady Florence, Emmett Waldrop.

Mrs. Evans' room: Virginia Montague.

These names are given as they were handed in by the respective teachers. If any mistake has been made I shall be glad to correct it.

Respectfully,
 S. L. RIVES.

A KNOCKER.

After God had created the heavens and the earth and had made all of the good things therein and after he had made the toad, the rattlesnake and the vampire, he had some awful substance left of which he made a KNOCKER. A knocker is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul, a water-sogged brain, and a backbone made of a little glue and jelly stuff. Where an honest man has a heart a "knocker" has a tumor of rotten principles. When the knocker is seen coming down the street, honest men close their doors of business. Angels take precipitous refuge behind their harps and the devil bar-locks the gates of hell.—Swipe.

Announcement.

I wish to announce to my friends that I have located in Fort Worth, Suite 203-4-5 W. T. Waggoner Bldg. DR. ARVEL R. PONTON.

FOR SALE: Two span mules, one team mare, 85 full blood White Leg-horns, 4 peafowls, two wagons, and farm implements. See me at once. Will sell worth the money. I am located in South Slaton on the old Foreman place. FRANK MATTHIS.

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

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

Thrilling Automobile Leap

Will take place from a high cliff at the canyon north of Slaton

SUNDAY, OCT. 17th, 4:30 P. M.

A large 32-horsepower touring car, going at a high rate of speed, will plunge from a high cliff into the canyon hundreds of feet below, giving you a thrill that you have never before experienced. Much money will be expended to make this event one of the most thrilling and sensational spectacles veer seen in this part of the country—one you can't afford to miss.

Admission: Adults, \$1.00; children under 15 years old free.

Do not miss this, as you will get a thrill worth many times the price asked. Tickets will be on sale at convenient places down town during the coming week. Get your tickets and avoid congestion and delay at the grounds. Watch for announcement next week giving the details of this event in full.

Cotton Owners

I WRITE

100 Per Cent

INSURANCE ON

COTTON

ANY YARD, ANY FARM, ANY PLACE

I. M. BREWER

Office Rear First State Bank

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Universal Thresher

THE INDIVIDUAL MACHINE

This wonderful machine is in truth as well as in name, a Universal Machine—it will thresh Kaffir, Milo Maize, Cane, Wheat, Oats, Rye, Millet, Alfalfa, Peas, Sudan Grass, Beans, Peanuts. This is the machine each individual farmer should own. Thresh your own and your neighbors' crops; use it for all threshing you have.

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Agents, Slaton, Texas

Blacksmiths and Woodworkmen

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

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

STEWART & NIX

J. C. STEWART

SLATON, TEXAS

E. P. NIX

PHOTOGRAPHS

Your friends can buy anything you can give them except your photograph. Why not have one made for them now? We make portraits that please the particular ones. Visit our studio and see for yourself.

KODAK FINISHING. We give special attention to mail orders.

The Johnson Studio

Leader Building Box 537 Lubbock, Texas

REGULAR MEALS AT 50 CENTS

WE ARE NOW SERVING REGULAR MEALS AT NOON AND NIGHT, FOR ONLY 50 CENTS. GOOD HOME COOKING AND HOT BISCUITS EVERY NIGHT. TRY THEM.

SUPPER BEGINS PROMPTLY 5:30

THE CITY CAFE

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

Slaton Auto Shop

J. R. CHILDRESS, Propr. SLATON, TEXAS

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

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

MUTON T. COUNCIL, D. C. Chiropractic Masseuse. Phone 540 LUBBOCK, TEXAS

CITY BARBER SHOP

J. S. BAGBY, Proprietor SLATON, TEXAS

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

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I am in the insurance business to stay. Mr. Rutter will not be with me in the future, therefore I feel you are due the explanation that I will represent only the strongest old line companies. I will pursue no other line of work and will be in position to handle your insurance business to your entire satisfaction.

I cannot see everyone personally, therefore I am taking this means of asking that you kindly give me consideration in placing your next risk.

I. M. BREWER

Phone 153 Phone 112
Office in rear First State Bank Bldg.

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

Washington, Oct. 8.—Warm wave will reach Vancouver, B. C., about Oct. 9, and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope and the American and Canadian Rockies. Its center will pass southeastward near Salt Lake, St. Louis and Nashville, then northeastward into the New England States and eastern Canada, occupying about five days in crossing the continent. Two or three days behind this warm wave a cold wave will follow and carry frosts southward about the average distance for the season.

Precipitation from this storm will be located about the same as for the past three months and together with the preceding storm, will bring the principal moisture of this month. I am not expecting any radical change in the location of moisture until in November. Principal rains come with the severe storms and there is one more severe storm period for this month; it will cross the continent during the five days centering on Oct. 27.

I advise to sow winter grain where the soil is now in good condition. Of course, conditions are never favorable on all parts of the continent and while the crops of 1921 will be much better in some sections than others, the general average for Canada, Mexico and America will be better than usual and I believe the demand will be all that producers can reasonably ask.

Producers should not be discouraged by future prospects. Bad management of those higher up has caused unnecessary losses, but for 1921 all values will be reduced and therefore the expenses of the farm, the mine and the factory will be less. Normal market values cannot go back to the low points that prevailed before the World War. Increases in the cost of labor will be compensated by increased values of products as compared with before-the-war values.

An immense immigration from Europe is now pouring into America and Canada and is decidedly favorable to all of our industries, particularly to agriculture. All this will result in smaller farms, better cultivated, and better returns. The small farms of France constitute a great agricultural success. The greatest mistake is being made by young people leaving the farms and going to the cities.

Grain and Cotton Letter.

Producers, dealers, and consumers are anxiously interested about market values of farm products, particularly grain and cotton. I do not believe that this great depression was necessary or advisable but it is onto us and further arguments from me are not necessary. We are interested in the future, not in the dead past. Markets are on the down grade and may go below the normal. All the powers of earth cannot control normal values; only supply and demand have to do with normal market prices. But supply and demand do not cause the frequent fluctuations; the profiteers do that and no way has yet been found to control them or anticipate what they will do to the markets. My effort is to estimate future market normals. As I see it wheat values will be controlled by Europe's wars and its financial conditions; therefore market values cannot be estimated long in advance. But normal values of wheat must continue relatively high. Corn and oats may go below 2 cents a pound and if they do I advise to buy. Growing crops in South America, Australia, India, and Africa constantly affect the normal values in our markets.

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:

R. 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.)

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

J. A. CALDWELL DIED WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

(Lubbock Avalanche.)

A wave of sorrow spread over the city when it was known that J. A. Caldwell, another of our pioneer citizens had passed out of this life, and gone to the rewards of another land. Mr. Caldwell had been in a critical condition for several weeks, following an attack of paralysis, and though it was known by a few that his condition was serious and was likely to result fatally, hopes were entertained for his recovery up to a few hours before death claimed him.

Mr. Caldwell was an old-timer on the Plains, having resided here for a number of years prior to the advent of the railroad into Lubbock, and farmed and ranched and freighted many years in this section before taking up his regular residence in Lubbock.

Mr. Caldwell was the father of a number of children, whom with their mother, survive deceased, and reside in this city.

ACREAGE

—Several ten-acre blocks adjoining town on the northwest corner. Easy terms.

—Four room house, three lots, well and mill, fenced, close to town. \$2,000. Only \$300 down, balance \$40 per month. A big bargain.

—Four room house, new. Price \$1700. Only \$500 down, balance \$35 per month. Close to school and near business center.

—WE ALSO HAVE EXCLUSIVE TOWNSITE LOT AGENCY.

R. J. Murray & Co.

R. J. MURRAY

J. T. OVERBY

SLATON DECORATING CO.

HOUSE PAINTING AND INTERIOR DECORATING OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND WORKMANSHIP.

F. H. HOFFMAN & KING

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

C. A. Cozby

South Slaton State Bank

SLATON, TEXAS

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.

M. A. PEMBER REAL ESTATE--INSURANCE

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN SLATON HOMES.

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

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

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

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

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.

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.

Why rent land, when the rent will soon pay for it? Let us show you how it is done. A. M. WATSON CO.

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 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
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Office Third Door West of First State Bank

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Spinal Adjusting for Acute, Chronic and Nervous Diseases

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CHIROPRACTOR

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 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.

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

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.

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.

HOGVILLE HOWLINGS.

(By Dunk Botts.)

The Hogville fiddling band rendered several nice pieces of music at the ice cream supper the other night. However, as it was a very hot night, they played so fast that when they got through the audience was almost completely out of breath.

Zero Peck's 12-year-old boy whom he named Jack, has now changed his name to Raz. Zero says the little boy which arrived at his house last week does not propose to spend hours and hours trying to think of appropriate names for his children and then after they have grown up have them change it all.

It is reported that Zero Peck has left his wife forever again.

Bill Hellwanger, who swore off drinking the first of the year, has had a great deal of help in the way of new liquor laws. This is the first time he has ever been able to live up to a New Year's resolution.

Dan Hocks, Hogville blacksmith, says it is easy for a preacher to keep his religion, but if one had to get into his shoes and shoe mean mules in fly time he would soon be like the rest of his congregation.

Alexander Mosely says onions are out of season as soon as it gets so people cannot keep their windows open.

A blind man with a hand organ hit town last week and he has found business so good that he has ordered a new tune and bought a larger tin cup.

Miss Lydia E. Peck, who has done nearly everything else in the category to attract attention, has now had her hair shingled and cut off the bottom of her skirt.

Gape Allsop, who ranks next to the postmaster in the way of brains, is beginning to warm up politically, and the postmaster fears he may be after his job.

Sile Sims, who is very fond of paw-paws, has suggested that his wife try making some pawpaw preserves and jelly this fall. It is believed Mrs. Sims will tell the women of the Hogville Improvement Society of the silly idea and Sile will thereafter be regarded as just a little bigger fool than ever, by the women.

The Hogville Fiddling Band played for an ice cream supper on Petunia Ridge Saturday night. Gape Allsop, who plays one of the little fiddles, was all out of luck. Just as they were tuning up Gape broke one of the most important strings on his fiddle. As the band was being paid to work on this occasion the managers of the ice cream supper put Gape to turning an ice cream freezer.

As the days are getting shorter the Hogville Horseshoe Club has reduced the number of hours per day for pitching shoes.

It has been ordered that all the benches in the Bear Ford church be dusted off right good next Sunday as Miss Petunia Belcher is scheduled to be present in her new blue serge dress.

AMARILLO SHOP EMPLOYEES VICTIMS OF COLLEGE WOMEN

Amarillo, Oct. 5.—Two employes of the Fort Worth & Denver railway shops are "wiser, but sadder" men as the result of having been victimized by two sweet "college" women recently. They went to the shops a few weeks ago soliciting subscriptions for magazines, declaring they were working after scholarships in colleges, and the number of subscriptions counted for votes in a contest.

Of course, these men could not resist their pleas of assisting two "worthy college" girls. As the shopmen's hands were rather dirty on account of their work, the girls kindly consented to fill out the checks for the proper amounts.

Friday was October 1 and these men received their canceled checks from the banks. One had written a check for \$4.50 and it had been raised to \$14.50, and another check made out for \$1 had been made to read \$19 and the amounts had been deducted from their bank deposits.

One of the women gave her name as "Ruth Hogan, Box No. 13, Amarillo." The sheriff's department is now making efforts to locate the two other young "college" women.

SUNDAY BASEBALL NOT ALLOWED IN COUNTY PARKS

Lubbock, Oct. 6.—At a recent session of the Commissioners' Court of Lubbock County the following resolution was passed, applying to playing of baseball on property owned by the County of Lubbock, on the Sabbath day.

"Believing that the playing of football and baseball games on Sunday is detrimental in many ways to our young people and others, and contrary to that high standard of morals a county, such as ours should maintain;

"Be it therefore resolved by the Commissioners' Court of Lubbock County in regular September session, that it is the sense of such court that our young people who engage in these great games and others who are desirous of seeing such games, fostered by the good that is in them, refrain from engaging in or encouraging such games on Sunday.

"Be it further resolved that hereafter no such games on any grounds belonging to the County, whether such grounds are used for park purposes or otherwise, will be permitted to be played on Sunday."

Knee pads, cotton picking sacks, and cotton scales. Save money by getting them here. A. L. BRANNON HARDWARE.



You know that "Feelin'--"

NOW DON'T YOU? YOU CAN NEVER FORGET HOW IMPORTANT YOU FELT AFTER YOU GOT YOUR FIRST RABBIT. AND IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO YOU WHAT KIND OF AN OLD "FIELD PIECE" YOU HAD TO USE EITHER. BUT NOW, SINCE YOU HAVE "GROWED" UP, YOU WANT THE BEST IN HUNTING EQUIPMENT. WE CAN TAKE CARE OF YOUR WANTS IN GUNS, AMMUNITION, HUNTING KNIVES, ETC.

A. L. Brannon Hardware

The Home as an Investment

THERE NEVER WAS OR WILL BE ANY INVESTMENT THAT WILL PAY SUCH RETURNS ON THE MONEY INVESTED AS YOUR HOME. THE SAVINGS IN RENT IN A SHORT TIME WILL REPAY THE COST AND IF IT IS WELL BUILT, MODERN AND ATTRACTIVE THE SELLING VALUE WILL BE MORE THAN THE COST. THEN ADD THE DAILY INCOME OF HAPPINESS, CONTENTMENT AND PRIDE OF POSSESSION AND BY COMPARISON TO OTHER INVESTMENTS IT WILL BE AS A CANDLE TO THE SUN. WE FURNISH MATERIALS NEEDED.

PANHANDLE LUMBER CO.

OUR AIM — TO HELP IMPROVE THE PANHANDLE

Much New Stock Received

I HAVE ADDED \$6,000 WORTH OF NEW GOODS TO MY GENTS' FURNISHING STOCK AND WILL BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THE WANTS OF ALL THE MEN AND BOYS IN THIS SECTION IN THE WAY OF WEARING APPAREL. I HAVE ADDED A LINE READY-MADE SUITS, ODD PANTS, RAIN COATS, OVERCOATS, HEAVY WOOL LINED WORK COATS, AND A FULL LINE OF MEN'S AND BOYS' OVERALLS AND KHAKI TROUSERS. MY STOCK OF CAPS, GLOVES, HOSE, COLLARS, SHIRTS, TIES, UNDERWEAR, AND NOVELTIES OF EVERY KIND IS COMPLETE AND CONTAIN THE NEWEST THINGS OUT. OR IF IT IS A SUIT THAT YOU WANT TAILORED CORRECTLY, OF THE BEST MATERIALS AND AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD TO PAY, COME AROUND AND TAKE A LOOK AT MY SAMPLES.

CLEANING AND PRESSING IS A SPECIALTY HERE.

DeLong
 THE MERCHANT TAILOR