

# THE SLATON SLATONITE

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

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS.

VOL. 10. NO. 2. OCTOBER 1, 1920

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

### STOCKHOLDERS

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

### OFFICERS

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

### HON. R. A. BALDWIN INTRO- DUCE BILL PROVIDING FOR WOMEN TO VOTE

In the House Journal of the Fourth Called Session of the Thirty-Sixth Legislature we find a bill that was introduced by Hon. R. A. Baldwin of this city, Representative from the 122nd district. It follows:

"An act authorizing and permitting all persons within the State of Texas who have become qualified voters in general elections since January 31, 1920, and who, prior to February 1, 1920, were not permitted to vote in general elections, and who, on the date of any general elections fulfill the requirements of the election laws of Texas with reference to residence, to vote in any general election that may be held in this State during the year 1920; regulating the manner of voting and requiring all such voters to fill the affidavit prescribed by this act with the county tax collectors of their counties; prescribing the duties

of county tax collectors to file and safely keep all such affidavits, and certify alphabetical lists of all persons filing affidavits to the election officials of their counties; providing that nothing in this act shall be construed to exempt any person from payment of poll tax that accrues January 1, 1921, or to exempt any person from payment thereof when same shall become due and payable; providing penalties for any tax collector who shall willfully fail or refuse to perform duties required of him by this act; providing penalties for any person who shall knowingly make and fill any such affidavit which shall contain any false statement of any material fact or who shall designedly induce another to thus offend, and declaring an emergency."

### 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.

### ROBBERIES IN SLATON LAST SATURDAY NIGHT

Early last Sunday morning it was found that the stores of Robertson Dry Goods Co. and J. M. Simmons' grocery had been robbed. Investigation proved that at least \$1,000.00 worth of merchandise had been taken from the dry goods store. About \$5 in change and a number of articles of merchandise were taken from the grocery store.

At Robertson's two suits of men's clothes, hats, underwear and shoes were found discarded which indicated that the burglars had dressed out in new garments from head to foot.

Officers were immediately notified and on Tuesday two young men were caught in Clovis, N. M., having possession of the articles stolen with the exception of one man's suit that been sold to a local man for \$15.00. Immediately upon receiving notice that the men had been arrested A. J. Payne, J. M. Simmons and Special Officer W. B. Jones drove to Clovis, and returned the men and goods to Slaton, where they were dressed up in the old clothes they had discarded and later lodged in the Lubbock jail.

The men are about 21 years of age and gave their names as James Harris and Frank Hunter, New York. They came to Slaton Saturday morning, looked over the town carefully, burglarized the stores Saturday night and rode a blind baggage into Texico on the early Sunday morning train.

### FAKE STOCK PROMOTERS ARE RECEIVING ATTENTION

Hon. R. A. Baldwin has received the following urgent request from Porter A. Whaley, manager of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce. It is self explanatory:

Stamford, Texas, Sept. 18, 1920.—Hon. R. A. Baldwin, Slaton, Texas. My Dear Sir: I want to call your attention to a very serious matter which I think should have the attention of us all. Fake stock promoters and vendors of worthless schemes of every imaginable kind are already invading West Texas literally in droves. Day by day schemes are being "hatched up" in the large cities, covering the sale of worthless securities, and hundreds of salesmen are being sent broadcast over West Texas to peddle their worthless "junk" to our people. The bumper crops of West Texas are the target. Even the very best people "fall" for some of these schemes.

I suggest that you personally give this matter your attention. Warn your people about these "fakers," and especially put your farmers on guard against them. Incidentally I favor the strongest kind of a "blue sky" law at Austin just as soon as it can be gotten to.

Respectfully,  
PORTER A. WHALEY.

Mattresses \$7.50. HOWERTON'S.



## WORTH HATS

EVERY WORTH HAT REPRESENTS THE UTMOST IN STYLE, QUALITY, AND WORKMANSHIP. BUT BESIDES THIS, A WORTH HAT POSSESSES DISTINCTIVENESS AND INDIVIDUALITY—THAT EVIDENCE OF GOOD TASTE WHICH IS EVEN MORE THAN STYLE.

THERE IS A CERTAIN SUBSTANTIAL SATISFACTION IN THE POSSESSION OF A HAT IN WHICH YOUR INDIVIDUALITY IS PERMITTED TO FIND EXPRESSION. YOU WILL FIND THE HAT WHICH BEST REPRESENTS YOUR PERSONALITY IN THE WORTH LINE.

## ROBERTSON'S

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE. SLATON, TEXAS

### FIRST BALE OF COTTON FOR LUBBOCK COUNTY

C. H. Ball of near Canyon, brought the first bale of cotton to Lubbock Wednesday. The bale weighed 398 pounds and was classed as middling. The cotton was bought by J. L. Graves, local cotton buyer, for which he paid 26 1-4 cents, and a sum of \$61 was made up by the concerns of the city. Two arrived in Lubbock the s Lubbock Avalanche.

Just to keep the record straight the above mentioned bale received a bale on Monday previous to this, and the of Slaton gave a cash \$86.50, besides merchandise boasts of being the n. Plains country, but S. times outdo her when equality and progress TO SLATON.

### Methodist Preacher Pounded.

On last Saturday night the dist minister, Rev. Hendrix, such a pounding as had been heard of. STUFFS FROM bles of ev many oth. DE EATABLES. PRE- were The COMES A PLEASURE.

## Ham & Smart

PHONE 5 W. E. SMART

## Movie Theatres ON EASY TERMS

Monday, Oct. 4, "THE EYES."  
Tuesday, Oct. 5, "THE GERS" serial and good  
Wednesday, Oct. 6, "LARRY SEMON COMEDY."  
Thursday, Oct. 7, "featuring Wm. S. Har."  
Friday, Oct. 8, "LOVE and good comedy."  
Saturday, Oct. 9, "All next week the promptly at 7 o'clock those who want to show will have pleasure in the picture show f ranged with them performance until the gram is over."



MRS. F. M. ONG AMARILLO S. PER CENT CASH AND PER CENT PER MONTH. THEM RANGING FROM \$50.00 TO \$5,000.00.

Mrs. Lee Green advising her of M. Ong in Amarillo and went to that present at the following day. Mrs. Ong was ton. She is survived two daughters and a son, Proprietor. Phone 92, Slaton, Texas

## SLATON DRUG COMPANY

WANTED TO goods. HOWE

### MONEY TALK



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



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

**INSURANCE**

BUSINESS MEN'S SICK AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE AT A VERY LOW RATE. LET ME EXPLAIN THE PLAN TO YOU.  
 FIRE INSURANCE IN ONLY THE BEST COMPANIES. LET ME QUOTE A RATE ON YOUR RISK BEFORE IT BURNS.

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

**S. H. ADAMS**  
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
 SLATON, TEXAS

Office Third Door West of First State Bank  
 Phones: Office 10; Residence 26

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

Offices on Second Floor Masonic Building

SLATON, TEXAS

Phones: Office 108; Residence 66

**CHIROPRACTIC**

Spinal Adjusting for Acute, Chronic and Nervous Diseases

**C. A. SMITH**

CHIROPRACTOR

First Door North of Jewelry Store  
 PHONE 137 SLATON, TEXAS

**Dr. Ben T. Owens**

DENTIST

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

**Dr. Lewis W. Kitchen**

VETERINARY SURGEON  
 POST, TEXAS

Register No. 10059

straightened and stood crumpled. His eyes and massive face were against the cabin near the step. He picked it up, turned it upside-down over the heel print and went back into the cabin.

He kindled a fire in the cook stove, and when he had it going good, dropped both masks in and watched them burn to cinders—and afterward raked the ashes.

The Pearlhunter, with the horse sense 20 years of hard knocks had beaten into him, knew that this was his day—his one first day—his to seize; to have; to hold.

Five thousand dollars; a gray ghost in the easy chair in the cabin of the three gables; a girl that "trusted" him—and the big day going! It was enough to make a man restless.

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

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

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lowery will leave Tuesday for a visit in Houston.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**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.

**FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN.**  
 (Copyrighted.)

Washington, Sept. 16.—Warm wave will reach Vancouver, B. C., about Sept. 18 and temperatures will rise on all the northern Pacific slope and northern Rockies. It will pass eastward by way of the great lakes, crossing continent in about five days and out onto the Atlantic by way of Newfoundland. As the storm wave crosses continent all the country south of it will be warmer than usual; north of it cooler than usual. The cool wave following this storm will go most below normal in the middle northwest and northern Rockies, least below normal in the Missouri, Ohio and lower Mississippi valleys. Near normal temperatures in eastern sections and Pacific slope. Not much rain anywhere.

October promises warm weather first and last weeks with unusually cool between. Not much change in precipitation. Most precipitation the first half of the month. Most severe storms during the weeks centering on Oct. 1 and 27. Most severe frosts in northern sections during the week centering on October 4 and in the cotton states during the week centering on Oct. 28. Present conditions are favorable to sowing winter grain. Business and financial conditions are very promising for 1921 and still more promising for agriculture. A great change is coming for America and Canada favorable to the farms, instead of overcrowding the cities.

Dangerous and destructive hurricanes occur in the three great oceans, the north Atlantic, north Pacific and Indian. Those that occur in the Atlantic are called by their proper names, hurricanes, those in the Pacific are called typhoons and those in the Indian cyclones. But they are all of the same nature and are all organized by the planetary physical forces which I call electro-magnetism. It has been known for a long time that a hurricane in the West Indies pulls down a cold wave in the middle northwest—Alberta, Saskatchewan or Manitoba, or sometimes covering all of these Provinces and then coming into the States.

But official scientists have not noted the important fact that a typhoon in the vicinity of the Philippines pulls down a cold wave on the northern Pacific slope, sometimes causing very destructive frosts as far south as northern California. Strange to say that the official scientists of Europe have not noticed that the cyclones of the Indian Ocean pull down cold waves in northwestern Europe making very disagreeable weather that occasionally reaches Great Britain.

The machinery that operates these very important weather events is worthy of note. Our North America magnetic pole is located twenty degrees south of the north geographic pole and swings around the western side of Boothia Island, located near latitude 70 and longitude 110.

against the table and came out upon the floor.

the Security Savings and Trust Co. at Hollywood, California. Mr. Brewer is going there for a rest before actively engaging in business in Slaton.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Austin and children of Denison, left Thursday after a week's visit to the former's brother, C. F. Austin and family. They were delighted with this country. They will also visit Mr. Austin's parents in Austin and relatives at Waco, Fort Worth and Dallas.

**THE SLATON SLATONITE**



SAVING THE PRICE OF A WOODSAW, OR THE LAZIEST MAN IN TOWN.

"Of all the saws we ever saw, we never saw a saw saw like our saws" is an old saw, but a true one when speaking of our line. Our full line of reliable tools cannot be excelled in quality, or equaled in price. We know you are not the laziest man in town; in fact, we're sure that in your business, or on your farm you buy every implement and device to save time and labor—to increase your efficiency. But how about your Kitchen? Is it equipped to reduce the drudgery of housework? Is this department 100 per cent efficient? How about the new washing machine you have been promising so long and that bright, beautiful, light, clean aluminum ware; some new calery and silver? Give your wife a chance to do better work. It will pay big dividends in health, happiness and satisfaction.

**A. L. Brannon Hardware**

**Store Your Coal Now**

During the month of August is the time to have your coal delivered. If you do not receive your coal by September 25, you will be putting your work up against that of some one else and comparing the big difference. agents that we have. Trust that you will be able to send us more of your students at once and keep them coming. they are capable. I had

erty, to-wit:  
 One Case 40, 7-passenger automobile, 1912 model, for the purpose of satisfying my charges against said automobile for labor and material furnished and placed on said automobile and for storage amounting to a total on August 31, 1920, of \$196.20 owing by the Nitrate Products Co. of Fort Worth, Texas, a corporation, who claims to be the owner of said automobile.  
**LEE GREEN.**

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

**MUTON T. COUNCIL, D. C.**  
 Chiropactic Masseuse. Electrical, Mechanical, Chiropactic, Osteopathic-Massage, Light and Heat Therapeutics a Specialty in the Prevention and Treatment of Sub-Acute and Chronic Diseases.  
 Phone 540 LUBBOCK, TEXAS

**Oh! Skinnay---Come On Over! See What's Come to Town**

THERE'S GUYS SLIDING ON THEIR HEADS DOWN WIRES, THERE'S DOG, MONKEY AND PONY SHOWS, THERE'S A FELLER WHO WILL GO A MILE HIGH IN AN AIRPLANE AND DROP IN A PARACHUTE FOR 500 FEET BEFORE HE OPENS THE CHUTE, THERE'S BAND MUSIC AND SINGING MUSIC, AND WRESTLING AND BOXING, THERE'S ACROBATS RIGHT FROM GREECE WHO DO REAL STUNTS, THERE'S FUNNY ACROBATS WHO PERFORM THIRTY FEET IN THE AIR ON LADDERS, THERE'S BASEBALL AND FOOTBALL GAMES AND A ROUND-UP THAT HAS EVERYTHING WESTERN IN IT; THERE'S AUTO RACES AND FOOT RACES AND ALL SORTS OF TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS; THERE'S WATER AND FIRE FIGHTS AND DRILLS AND AUTO PARADES AND EVERYTHING—AND SKINNAY, BRING THE OTHER KIDS 'CAUSE IT'S MOST ALL FREE AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO CRAWL UNDER. AND BRING YOUR MA AND PA TOO, FOR THERE'S WORLDS OF FINE EXHIBITS AND THERE'S NO ADISSION, NO ENTRANCE FEES, AND IT'S OPEN TO THE WORLD.

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

GET PREMIUM LIST, PROGRAMS AND INFORMATION FROM E. B. MILLER, SECY., PLAINVIEW.



"THE BLUE MOON."

The head of flowing hair rocked back and forth across the curtains.

It was a strained moment; a three-handed game in the dark; an intense three-angled drama of life—mayhap

of more than life, if the honor of a woman is more than that.

The man hesitating before the door had the next play. What held his hand? The song? Perhaps his plans were not yet ripened to the full. He made another step toward the door; stopped; jerked his shoulders up savagely; glared about; brought his eyes back to the rocking shadow; swore softly; turned and stalked silently away down the path toward Fallen Rock.

CHAPTER IX.

Once to Every Man.

For some distance down the branch the Pearlhunter followed the night prowler. Within sound of the waterfall he followed him, and then turned back toward the cabin of the three gables. He had come into the path and was passing the pool when the light went out in the windows. He was sorry for that. He had hoped to have speech with the girl. Tomorrow would be too late. Tomorrow the law would be on his trail—and a pair of eyes more terrible than the law.

Leaving the path, he stepped out upon the flat rock that jutted from the bank into the pool. Once he glanced at the cabin; then sprang to the bank and went on up the path.

It was far the hardest thing he had ever tried to do in his life to go round to that east window. It was partly open. His breast was pounding; his ears humming. He forced himself up to the window and brought his lips close to the sash.

"Wild Rose!" He heard her start, and spring up in bed. Then all was breathless still.

"Wild Rose!" The bed creaked. He heard her soft feet moving about over the floor. A muffled shadow came toward the window—a shadow and a whisper:

"Pearlhunter!" He reached his hand inside. A white arm and slender fingers came out of the gloom and found his palm. The shadow on the outside and the shadow on the inside drew closer, the one searching what that word would be.

The man swallowed hard. "I sold the Blue Moon to Louie Solomon today—five thousand dollars."

He felt a thrill in the girl's fingers. "This afternoon Louie Solomon was murdered, and the pearl stolen."

She shuddered, took her hand out of his and fumbled the loose garment about her shoulders, but made no answer. Her mind was unconsciously prepared for terrible things.

"They accused me of the crime!" The girl gasped. Her hands fluttered toward her throat.

"You!" "Me," he answered, strained and slow. "I've come to tell you, myself, because—because—you trusted me. The mob had the rope around my throat. But the sheriff got me away, and put me in jail. I broke out, and came to tell you. I couldn't hear for you to think—"

She stood perfectly still inside the window. He mistook her silence. He laid his hand on the window ledge and tried to drive his eyes through the glass to her face.

"Please believe me!" he pleaded. He couldn't have pleaded harder had he faced judge and jury, instead of merely a ragged girl of the Flatwoods. "I didn't kill Louie Solomon. I didn't take the Blue Moon—"

The white arms reached out toward him.

"No! No! I do believe you!"

Her face had come close to the window. He could see her eyes—like star spots in the dark—big with startlement, for they had caught sight of his tattered blouse; the dried blood on him, and clotted in his hair. With a cry, her hands went to his face.

"Why, your head is bleeding! And your face!"

"Scratches! Nothing but scratches!" he hastily reassured in tones that caution held low; pained at her distress; pleased, too; his eyes averted.

"But this one on your head! It's a cut—deep—and still bleeding!" Her voice was steeper. "You must let me bind up this one."

He glanced toward Fallen Rock.

"We da'n't risk a light," he said. "For your sake we da'n't. The night has eyes. And they'll comb these woods tomorrow."

She shrank back into the room. He drew half a step nearer, laid his arm on the ledge and stood fumbling the casement, lost in thought.

"And yet I've got to do that must have light," he mused, more to himself than to her, raising his head after a time and glancing toward the dim outline inside the window. "Is there a blind on your window that would hide a candle?"

"Why—yes—" she answered, puzzled and slow.

It was a long time before he spoke again. Had the light served, she might have seen in his eyes the strain of

was going through. He rubbed his drawn lips together to loosen them.

"Will you trust me in your room?"

The girl started. Her hands clutched each other. She knew it was not to have his wounds dressed that he asked. Short as her acquaintance with him had been, she knew it was not that. It was no light reason that had driven him to ask such a privilege. It gripped her, shook her, but strangely enough did not frighten her.

"I'll trust you." Not often in a man's life does he hear such gracious words. Nature is not lavish of such gifts. The shoulders of the Pearlhunter lifted. The droop left his head.

"May I come now? The night is going. The moon will be up in another two hours."

"Yes!" She stood farther back in the gloom.

He slipped lightly in over the sill. "Please draw the blind before you light the candle," he directed.

He saw her arm reach up along the casement. The blind came down, within touching distance of each other they stood in pitch darkness; a man and a woman—alone—wrapped in the silent secrecy of the deep woods. He heard her quick breath. His heart beat up into his throat. Her garments brushed against him. He heard her slippared feet feeling their way across the floor.

There came the guarded scrape of a match. A sputtering, tardy flame was laid to the wick of a candle on a small stand in the corner under a mirror. The wick caught; smoldered; flared to full strength. The wonder of her hair and throat and arms sprang out of the night. She laid the burnt match upon the candlestick and



"Forgive Me That I Come Before You Like—This."

turned. A gasp broke from her at the sight of him—tattered, hatless; bruised and bloody.

"Forgive me that I come before you like—this," he stammered.

An impulsive step brought her to his side.

"Forgive me!" she repeated, her voice still a quiver; her face pity-tendered. "You must let me dress your hurts."

He shaded the candle with his body while she raised the curtain over the door and slipped out to the kitchen. She was back before he could have believed it, carrying a basin of cold water and some strips of muslin, all of which she had managed to get together in the deep dark.

Drawing a chair near the candle, she made him sit down—a quite obvious necessity, if she was to reach his head. But she didn't stop with washing the clots out of his hair and binding up the scalp wound. The cuts and bruises on his face and chest came in for their share. When her ministrations were over he was another man.

All unsuspecting, the girl did other things for him that night besides washing his wounds. Nothing can so refine a man as the ministry of a good woman's hands. It never leaves him quite as it found him. He can never again be quite the same. His life out he will be a grain the finer for it. So great is the grace of nature that no man is denied that touch. Once to every man it comes—to recreate; to make him new; to call him up to his higher self. It came that night to the Pearlhunter.

The girl seemed to lose all fear of him; to forget that he was in her bedroom in the secret night. She even smiled a contented smile of satisfaction as he rose and stretched himself. He fumbled in his tattered blouse and drew forth the draft.

"Have you a pen and ink?" he asked, his voice, his manner, again the voice and manner of the alert, keen woodsman.

Wondered—of the drawer

of the small stand under the mirror and placed pen and ink before him. He picked up the pen, awkwardly—a fish spear, an oar, or a six-gun fitted his hand better—dipped it in the ink; laid the draft upon the stand; squared himself; and after no small pains succeeded in writing the word "Pearlhunter" across the back. It was quite evidently a relief when the unaccustomed task was over. He laid the pen down as if glad to be quit of it and handed the draft to the girl.

"It means that I have five thousand dollars in the bank," he said, "and anybody that takes this draft there with my"—he hesitated—"name across the back can get the money. The banker said so."

Her face showed how little she guessed what his words were leading up to. It was some time before he went on. "I'm askin' you to keep it," he said. "And if anything should happen to me, I'm askin' you to keep the money, too."

The girl caught his tattered sleeve. "No! No!" she said. "Don't say—that!"

He looked down at the hand on his sleeve; picked it up; held it an instant; suffered her to take it away.

"I know who killed Louie Solomon," he said slowly. "I know who has the Blue Moon—absolute knowledge, but no proof. He'll be on my trail tomorrow; and he'll be the most dangerous man in the county. He'd ask me to give you the chance to kill

me. And I am any man's game now."

It is marvelous how a woman's intuition will drive at the very heart of a matter that puzzles men. She saw at a flash what had escaped the wits of the whole village.

"You mean the—timber buyer," she said.

"I mean the timber buyer," he answered, with a quick look at her. "His eyes see everything. You must destroy these bloody rags, and you must rake the yard in the morning. Rake the east yard first, and then the west. I'm not aliming to leave any tracks, but it's so dark I can't make sure." He was talking rapidly. "I'm not expectin' to leave the Flatwoods, and—you, unless they crowd me hard; not till I've run him down and found my proof. But the odds are against me. If anything should happen, I want you to have this money. And the minute you hear they've got me, you must go straight to the sheriff. Don't risk the woods another hour. Put yourself under his protection, and tell him why; have the money transferred to you; and—send for that surgeon."

The tears beat their way up into the girl's eyes in spite of her, and ran down her cheeks. Her head bent low. It was the one thing he knew not how to face. His hard life hadn't taught him that. The tears hurt him. What had caused them? Maybe it was just a woman's way. Maybe he had done wrong to come to her with his cuts and blood and danger.

She raised her face after a time. He drew a long breath; dropped his hand to his side; stared in astonishment. She was smiling—smiling through the tears—and the dimples were back. The ways of woman—utterly beyond him, and past finding out! She smoothed the draft out in her hands and was looking at him over it.

"I wonder if I ought to take it," she mused to herself, as much as to him.

He took the paper out of her hands, folded it and with a masterful air thrust it under a fold of the loose garment across her bosom.

"I haven't a soul in the world to leave it to but—you."

His slow eyes left her face and stared hard at the basin of red water. Stepping over to the stand, he stooped and snuffed the candle. The huge shadow of him filled the room. Turning away, after he had the candle again at full flame, his eyes came back to the thoughtful face of his companion.

"That revolver I saw yesterday on the mantel—is it loaded?"

"I think so."

She looked up in curious half surprise, as if the question had brought her thoughts back from afar.

"May I see it?"

"Why—yes—"

He shaded the candle again while she lifted the curtain over the door; paused a moment to listen to the heavy breathing of the sleeper in the west room; crossed to the mantel over the fireplace and brought him the revolver.

Several minutes the man spared to its inspection; testing the action of the hammer, cylinder revolution and trigger pull; replacing the somewhat corroded caps on the tubes with new ones; even packing fresh grains of powder into the tubes where he thought necessary.

"Do you know how to use it?" he asked, looking up from his inspection. "I've shot lots of squirrels with it, sometimes clear in the treetops," she answered. "And once I killed a hawk that pestered the chickens."

(Continued on page 4.)

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

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

Forrest Hardware

Phone 6, SLATON, TEXAS



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SLATON DRUG COMPANY

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



# THE BLUE MOON

## A TALE OF THE FLATWOODS

### BY DAVID ANDERSON



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the west window.  
A sound caught his ear; steps coming down the river road. He listened. The steps turned in at the jail yard; came around to the west window. A face appeared between the bars. Enough light fell from the stars to reveal its identity—the suave, handsome face of the man he least expected to see there.

The Pearlhunter came close to the window. The other backed a step away.

"Pleased to find you in," he sneered. The Pearlhunter passed by the taunt in silence. It seemed to irritate the other that his shot had missed.

"Just thought I'd call around at your—ah—your boarding place this evening and talk over a little matter of business—a sort of proposition—a—ah—bargain," he drawled.

The man on the inside of the bars made no answer. His face was as stolid as if he hadn't heard. Neither was the other much on talk. He shot straight and talked the same way. Half petulantly he shifted to his other foot; took his thumbs out of his vest pockets. The easy smile left his face; the real man came out—a wildcat, fanged and clawed.

"I'll uncork this rotten old jug," he growled, "if you'll bolt the Flatwoods and stop queerin' my game."

His lips snapped tight. His cards were on the table. The Pearlhunter pondered them in his deliberate way and cast up the sum total of their exact value.

First. There would be no mob. Otherwise he would have trusted to that. The meeting behind the Mud Hen had fizzled.

Second. He had no stomach for

Third. "Queerin' his game." What did he mean by his game? He couldn't have meant the Blue Moon, for he didn't know the Pearlhunter knew he had it. His game. That tense scene at the fence the evening before flashed up clear as the river bed under the jack light; a girl with a basket; frightened eyes; a yellow curl that rose and fell upon a startled bosom.

"I'll stay where I am," he answered, and cold. "The law put me in; get me out."

He shrugged his shoulders. The coolness he couldn't afford

them by feel-

trim pair of ankles waitin' for me down the road."

He had so framed the taunt as to reflect on the girl his very thought dishonored. Without another word he turned and walked away.

The Pearlhunter seriously debated whether to shoot him dead and trust to fate for the rest. The revolver crawled up over the window sill. He grasped one of the bars to steady his hand. A start of surprise came to his face. The revolver went back below the window sill. The bar was loose.

It was almost unbelievable, but it was so. For some reason or other it had not been fixed very firmly in its auger hole sockets. There was play—a heartening amount of it—between the upper and lower auger holes. His blood missed a beat; then leaped the higher.

He jammed the bar into the lower socket. The bottom of the hole was soft. The rain had probably rotted it. He jammed the bar again and the wood gave. He put all his strength to it. Each effort drove the bar a little deeper; gave it a little more play at the top. If he could only drive it far enough so that the top would clear! He was working like a wild man.

Bearing down with all his strength, he rotated the bar. The tremendous exertion opened the cuts and scratches on his neck and breast until they bled afresh. He jammed the bar down again; bore upon it with all his strength; rotated it again and again. Less than half an inch still held at the top.

His exertions brought the sweat out upon his face. Another effort; tremendous; to the last ounce of his power.

His hands were like fire—but the bar cleared. He could move it a tiny mite to the side of the upper auger hole. The clearance was ever so little—but it cleared. Bracing his knee against the wall and grasping the casement with his left hand for anchorage, he bent and worked and twisted the bar outward. At last, by a final supreme heave, it cleared the upper log. There remained only to lift it out of the lower auger hole.

The Pearlhunter dropped back panting and mopped the sweat from his face with his sleeve. The effort had been tremendous.

A minute to get his breath; another spent in listening; and he worked the end a little freer; lifted out and crawled outside; put it back again, feeling about with to make sure there were no the wood or bits of chips use, and stole away under

robably be quite impossible to appreciate fully of the Pearlhunter at find-of the open woods once face. The trees were in arms. The rough bark their stout hearts actually and good to his hands as a shadow from one to his way out of the jail side of the bluff.

ing there would be eyes in the morning, he dared y to where his misgivings he sheriff he did not fear. he was still the notori-. To the mob that was er he would be the Red scape, with lock and bolt ould mystify both mob they would ascribe it to ers with which popular ated his name.

bble that would curse it the old jail there ir of eyes that the id not escape; a pair ld find it as sure as and read the riddle they would be eyes a trail—and follow- t went against him, d his steps east in- l plunged in among erbrush that grew e cliff.

ver road was the a place where the the track on each ce above where the he turn, he leaped considerable care to ed his way down the brush-tangled

fence row.  
That path! It led out of an old world into a new. Peering through the bushes he spared a hurried glance toward the low place in the fence where the path crossed. The stars peopled the place with memories. A girl with a basket; round, frank eyes; the sun-bonnet caught by an overhanging limb; the curl that wouldn't behave—they all came to life out of the shadows. So many things had happened since he walked that path with her that it seemed long, long ago; and it was only yesterday.

The picture dissolved. A breath between steps it had held him, and he was off on the long, lanky jog. The memory had brought a half longing to traverse the path again, but prudence warned him to keep away. The sharpest eyes in the Flatwoods would be on that path at sunrise.

If the night did hold the menace he feared—that in so many words had threatened—it would undoubtedly develop in or near the three-gabled cabin. As he drew near the place his mastery of woodcraft showed in his approach. The bushes were not allowed to give up a sound.

A light shone through the front windows of the main room of the cabin. He wondered at this. It made him uneasy, for the evening was gone and the ripe night come. Not many candles were alight at that hour in the Flatwoods. He sank back under the bushes and crawled nearer. The muslin curtains were drawn, but no shadows crossed them. The stillness within vaguely disquieted him. He was searching for a way to crawl a little nearer, when the low tones of the cello broke across the silence; and he knew the girl was keeping her lonely vigil beside the stricken old man.

Then came the voice from a throat the gods had kissed. Each tone found a kindred sound in the cello and coaxed it forth to flutter out upon the listening night in a lustrous witchery that somehow brought to the fancy of the listener under the bushes a picture of soft-winged swallows skimming over sun-kissed waters.

The figure of a man slid into the candle glow that beat the night back for a space outside the window—trim; compact; jaunty—the man he



The Man He Had Expected to Find Prowling There.

had expected to find prowling there. The picture was gone. He had little ear for the music that followed. The hand of the listener at the window stole up against the light and dragged off his hat. The man crouching in the bushes could make out the crisp locks that clung close to the bared head.

The song ended. The last soft harmony of the cello lost itself among the listening trees. There came a muffled shuffling inside the cabin; a huge shadow, as of two figures bulked together, crossed the curtain of the window at the west side of the door. The Pearlhunter knew what was happening—the girl leading the stricken man to his bed. But his eyes were upon the still figure outside the window.

One shadow came back, a slim, trim shadow; there followed the creaking of a chair; a head, hung with loose hair, rocked back and forth across the curtain—and the man who crouched under the bushes knew the girl was alone with her thoughts.

The man at the window watched the shadow. It seemed to rouse him—to recall fancies that the song had caused to wander far. He glanced about; pulled himself together; made a half petulant step toward the door.

The man in the underbrush stiffened; slowly rose, noiseless as smoke. The man approaching the door seemed to hesitate; stopped. The other sank down in the bushes.

(Continued on page 3.)



I AM

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

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## NEW EQUIPMENT ADDED

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## R. A. HENDERSON

UNDER SINGLETON HOTEL

SLATON, TEXAS



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

Washington, Oct. 1.—Warm wave will reach Vancouver, B. C. about Oct. 2 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope and the American and Canadian Rockies. Its center will pass eastward by way of Chicago and then into the New England States, crossing continent in about five days. Highest temperatures are expected along and south of a line drawn by way of Salt Lake, St. Louis, Nashville and Atlanta. Storm wave will follow that line.

The reader will better understand the movements of weather events by keeping in mind that they move in a rough circle around the north magnetic pole located on west side of Boothia Island near longitude 94 west, latitude 70 north. If you place a watch, face up, on Boothia Island, all weather events on this continent move contrary to the watch hands motion except that the wind blows in all directions into the lows or storm centers thereby bringing the clouds together causing precipitation. The wind blows in all directions out of the highs or cool weather centers thereby scattering the clouds and causing clear weather.

When these lows or storm centers reach the Atlantic they pass out of control of our north magnetic pole into the north side of the north Atlantic permanent high. Place the watch on the Sargasso Sea, southwest of the Azores Islands. The weather events of all that north Atlantic ocean move around the watch in the direction the hands move.

Cool wave will come southward, its center passing by way of Alberta, Missouri and then eastward, crossing continent in about five days. That cool wave will not be a cold wave but will bring ideal weather for outdoor work.

In the middle and western sections of Canada and the northern States west of great lakes indications are that unusually cool weather will prevail during the week centering on Oct. 10. On balance of the continent east of Rockies the coldest part of October is expected during the week centering on Oct. 15. About normal weather on Pacific slope.

Another general severe storm period is expected to affect the whole continent during the week centering on Oct. 26. It will cause unusually high temperatures last week of October. But it is not expected to be as severe as the storms during the week centering on Sept. 14.

Scientists are discussing the make-up of the universe many times more than ever before. The great World War seems to have broken the ties that formerly bound our race to its moorings and all science is springing into new life in search for the facts of Nature's laws. Men and women of good minds are beginning to see that the more we learn of nature the more we will know about ourselves and our welfare; the more we know of the universe the better we can deal with the little things about us.

What would a farmer, ten years ago think of advice to feed his cow on sawdust? Or what would he say if some one advised him to get the food out of the clay soil instead of sowing wheat? I do not say these things can be done, but men and women are at work on them; stranger things have occurred.

Our race is surely throwing off the shackles; a new Heaven and a new Earth are revealing themselves to man. The great was certainly an eye opener and the millenium seems to be looming up in the distance. We should better understand nature that lies all about us.

**Do You Want a Home This Winter?**

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

W. DONALD, At Slatonite.

**WHY PAY RENT?**

Why pay rent when you can own a home and put your rent money into it each month? Let us show you how easy it can be done.

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

**CLOSE IN FARM BARGAIN.**

We have for sale 68 acres of fine land, adjoining the townsite, on main highway, that we are offering for a short time at \$150 per acre. Possession Jan. 1, 1920. Let us show you this bargain.  
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**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.  
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Why rent land, when the rent will soon pay for it? Let us show you how it is done. A. M. WATSON CO.

**"THE BLUE MOON."**

A grin puckered his eyes for a moment, then his brows lowered. Another question, a hard one, had to be asked, that set him raking over his slim stock of words for ways to ask it.

"Do girls—I mean—have you got any place about you—your dress—to carry it?"

She was looking at him, her eyes frank and wide—eyes that had no need to narrow.

"I haven't," she answered; "but I can make one."

"I advise you to."

He laid the revolver on the stand and turned back to her. The time had come to go, and they both knew it. For a while they stood silent. Once his hand reached toward her, but he drew it back.

"Will you be ready to raise the blind when I blow out the candle?" he said at last.

She went to the window and the next moment the room was in darkness.

Two fluttering spots of white in the gloom rolled up the blind, found the strings that held it and whipped them into a knot. Then the girl stepped back. The man crawled through the window—with extreme care not to scar the ground outside.

It is past all knowing how her hands happened to get into his. He bent his head and laid his face upon them; suffered them to slip out of his fingers at last; and turned away.

He was gone on the instant—gone as a shadow goes—never knowing that for long and long the dull window framed a white face listening for some sound of him to come back out of the night.

The woodcraft of the Pearlhunter was profound. It was about all life had taught him, but it had taught him that. With the logical precision of a schoolmaster passing from one step of a problem to another, it led him straight to the trail of the man he had been following a short time before—which, of course, took him in the direction of Fallen Rock. The man he followed had doubtless gone back to the village by this time. This probability he had already estimated and set down in his reckoning at its proper value. But he had another purpose in turning his steps toward Fallen Rock. He was deliberately going back to the cabin.

With every caution to leave no trail, he picked his way through the woods to the edge of the bluffs, stole over and down toward the cabin. The first glance at the black bulk of it, squatted in the deep gloom under the up-standing rocks, brought him to instant pause. There was a light within. He crouched down in the bushes to consider what this unexpected circumstance meant before venturing another step.

No sound came from the cabin. The night was intensely still. Not an oar stirred the river. The waterfall alone fretted the silence. The Pearlhunter flattened himself in the weeds and bushes and foot by foot worked his way until he was able at last to bring his face level with the tiny opening. With his eye close, the chink afforded a tolerably clear view of the interior of the cabin. He barely restrained a cry at what he saw.

Stooped over the small, hair-covered trunk, his hat off, stood the Red Mask. He had pried open the lid and had laid the contents of the trunk out with seeming care in rather neat heaps upon the floor. In his hand he held the picture of the Iron-Gray-Woman.

The Pearlhunter's gorge rose at seeing his mother's picture in such hands, and his breast burned to dash into the cabin and settle his score with the sacrilegious wretch once and for all. But it was not his to do as he pleased that night. His activities for the moment were limited to keeping his eye fast to the chink.

The man by the trunk straightened, carried the picture to the candle and stood looking long upon it. He laid it to his lips, again and again, as if he would drink up the beautiful face from the card. He pressed the picture to his bosom; held it again to the candle and whispered to it in tones that did not carry to the ear of the amazed listener. He strode up and down the room; and there was on his face a look that no man had probably ever seen there before, and probably would never see again.

After long moments he roused himself, unbuttoned his vest, and put the picture carefully away in an inner pocket. The watcher outside the wall winced; his lips drew together in a tense line. But there was much to be seen just then. The man inside had risen, crossed the floor, put the things back in the trunk, closed the lid and picked up his hat. Next moment the candle was blown out. The Pearlhunter barely had time to creep into the fringe of weeds when the cabin door opened and softly closed.

With a brisk step that indicated he had flung off the spell of the past, the notorious renegade walked around the



Stood Looking Long Upon It.

west end of the cabin, past the spring, and straight to the tiny pool under the waterfall, where the Pearlhunter, who had stolen along the north wall of the cabin had his second astounding surprise since coming down the bluff.

Jumping lightly from rock to rock in the shallow water of the pool, the bandit approached the cataract, the third leap landing him upon the flat top of a rock almost within the very wash of the falling water. Pausing an instant to pull his hat tight and turn up the collar of his coat, he sprang straight into the thin blade of the falls. His leap must have carried him completely through to the other side. It was the first the Pearlhunter knew, or even suspected, that there was an open space beyond. So completely did the falling water hide everything back of it that probably the man who had just leaped and the man who watched him were the only two who knew there was anything back of it.

The Pearlhunter stretched himself flat under cover of a clump of sprouts growing about an old white oak stump, and kept his eyes fixed on the waterfall.

Time goes slowly to one who watches and waits. It was probably not more than ten minutes, though it seemed far longer, when, without so much as a diverted feck of spray in warning, the waterfall flung forth upon the flat-topped rock a lithe and active figure that sprang lightly to shore over the two intervening stones.

Pausing on the brink of the pool barely long enough to shake his coat by the lapels and to knock his hat

against his hand, he immediately set out along the bluffs toward the village, as unconcerned as if he had not just pulled off about the most sensational stunt ever seen by a Flatwoodsman.

The Pearlhunter slipped out of the cover and softly followed; trailed him up the bluffs, through the corner of the woods and out to the river road where it angles north through the cut in the cliffs; listened at the fence, near where the path crossed it, till the receding steps were well on their way to the village.

**CHAPTER X.**

**The Candle in the Cranny.**

All the way back to Fallen Rock the Pearlhunter pondered the scene he had gazed on through the chink in the cabin wall: the man's transfigured face; his actions with the picture—that above all—the picture. It puzzled him, angered him. That such a man should have her picture; his mother's—with the darkly beautiful face and wonderful eyes—warm against his breast! It was another reason why he should hunt him down.

The Pearlhunter was as brave as the woods make them but it is no discredit to his manhood to say that his blood ran a little faster as he stepped down off the rock into the water and waded through the falls. Every inch of the way had to be felt out with his fingers before his feet could be trusted to follow.

The roar of the falls had dulled a little when suddenly a sound came out of the dark just ahead—a sound like a garment rubbing against some rough surface. The Pearlhunter stepped to one side of the passage and flattened himself against the wall. Out of the dead silence the sound came again. A grin loosened his face. The very sound he had half expected—a horse contentedly munching his hay.

The Pearlhunter came out from against the wall and inched his way deeper into the blackness of the passage. It abruptly widened until he was no longer able to reach from one wall to the other with his outstretched

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

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SLATON, TEXAS

E. P. NIX

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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.

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.

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IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SELL ADVERTISE IT.



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 W. DONALD, Editor and Publisher  
 Miss Cleffie Watson, Society Editor  
 Subscription, per year ..... \$2.00  
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 at the postoffice at Slaton, Texas.



**Civic and Culture Club.**  
 A meeting of the Civic and Culture was held last Saturday afternoon with Mrs. J. H. Brewer as hostess.  
 The lesson for the afternoon was "Russian Music," which was ably led by Miss Jeanette Ramsey.  
 Roll call was answered with noted musicians and quotations about music.  
 A very interesting paper on "Music in Russia" was read by Mrs. B. M. Holland.  
 Other numbers on the program were  
 Short sketch of the life of Glinka—Mrs. W. E. Smart.  
 Short sketch of the life of Tchaikovsky—Mrs. J. M. McCann.  
 Short sketch of the life of Rubenstein—Mrs. Irvin Brewer.  
 Short sketch of the life of Rimsky-Korsakov—Mrs. Ed Tonn.  
 Piano solo, prelude (Rachmannev)—Miss Ramsey.  
 Vocal solo, "Spanish Serenade," (Tchaikovsky)—Mrs. H. A. Tait.  
 Piano duet, "Melody in F," (Rubenstein)—Mrs. Call, Mrs. Tait.  
 Delightful refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.  
**Sunday School Entertained.**  
 The Methodist Sunday School held an entertainment at the church Friday night, which was largely attended and highly enjoyed throughout. Delightful refreshments of cream and cake were served.

**Missionary Society.**  
 The Methodist ladies held a very interesting and instructive devotional meeting at the church last Monday afternoon, led by Mrs. S. H. Adams.  
 They will meet next Monday afternoon in a business and social session at the home of Mrs. H. A. Tait, with Mesdames T. M. George, Forney Henry, and Fred Schmidt, assistant hostesses. Every member is urged to be present.

**Baptist Ladies.**  
 The Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist church held a rally day meeting Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 3 o'clock p. m. The afternoon was ideal and there was a large number present. We were glad to welcome several new members. Our next meeting will be Tuesday, Oct. 5 at the home of Mrs. Jones. We wish to extend a cordial invitation to all members who have not been coming recently and to any new ones who might be eligible to come and be with us. We need you so come and help us make this year the very best year our society has ever known.

**Rives Literary Society Meeting.**  
 The boys' literary society of Slaton High School held their semi-monthly meeting Friday afternoon, Sept. 24. A committee for naming the society selected "The Rives Literary Society" as a suitable name, in honor of Supt. Rives. Some short impromptu addresses were made by several of the boys. A program will hereafter be rendered at each meeting.

**B. Y. P. U. Program Sunday, Oct. 3.**  
 Subject: "The Mill of Missions."  
 Song.  
 Prayer.  
 Song.  
 Scripture reading, 1 Chron. 29:1-5, Louise Whitaker.  
 Prayer: For busy hands and hearts to do God's will among the boys and girls of the church, Fate McCauley.  
 "The People Who Help," Julia Florence.  
 "They Way They Help," Mable Stottlemire.  
 The "Why" of Missions, Leader.  
 Bible exercise.  
 Closing song and prayer.

**Eighth Grade Organized.**  
 On Wednesday, Sept. 9, the eighth grade of Slaton High School met with Miss Hill and organized. A committee was appointed for naming the organization. The following officers were elected: Lena Klattenhoff, president; Mildred Johnson, vice president; Theresa Morgan, secretary; Royce Pember, reporter.

**LUBBOCK CHILD DROWNED IN TANK NEAR HOUSE**

Lubbock, Sept. 25.—The 1-year-old child of W. F. Pruitt, living a short distance east of Lubbock, was drowned Friday when it fell into a ground tank near the house. The parents of the child did not miss it until they saw its lifeless body lying at the edge of the pond of water.

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

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

**PERSONAL MENTION.**

Did you ever hear Taggart?  
 Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Tucker have moved to Lubbock.  
**FOR SALE** Some fine pigs; also some grown hogs. G. L. SLEDGE.  
 Taggart, with a real Yankee dialect, will be here Monday, Oct. 11.  
 E. N. Twaddle has accepted a position with the dry goods store of M. D. Jones & Co.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lowery have returned from an extended visit to relatives and friends in Houston.

Marion B. Tate and family have moved into a pretty new-five-room residence that he has just completed.

Mrs. King and daughter Gwyndalin of Abilene, have returned home after a visit to Mrs. J. W. McDonald.

Miss Alma DeShazo, teacher in the public schools of Lubbock, visited friends in Slaton Sunday.

Taggart absorbs the spirit of humor from everything and gives it out in bright and new forms. Here Oct. 11.

Mrs. Guy Nix and little daughter of Gorman are here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Haney, and her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Nix.

Did you ever hear Taggart?  
 Mrs. M. D. Jones and daughter Evelyn, returned Thursday from a visit to friends in Plainview.

Come here for your cotton sacks, knee pads and scales. We save you money.—A. L. BRANNON.

R. G. Shackle suffered a broken arm several days as the result of cranking a Ford car.

John Ralls of Hale Center is visiting his sister, Miss Allie Ralls, of the R. & C. Millinery store.

Mr. and Mrs. Q. D. Gould of Hanover, N. M., are here visiting T. J. Castleberry and family, and will probably locate in this section.

See the new Ladies' Coats at M. D. Jones. Large assortment of both the high grade and cheaper ones. We can fit any size. Come early.

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

Did you ever hear of Taggart?  
 Miss Marie McDonald has gone to Abilene to enter Simmons' College for a course of study.

Charles Ross Taggart, the old country fiddler, will be here Oct. 11.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Henderson visited their daughter, Mrs. Glen Barkhurst, in Post last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Mathis of Clovis, N. M., have returned home after a visit to the former's sisters, Mesdames J. W. Hood and Forrest Payne.

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

Miss Vera Green has gone to Fort Worth to re-enter Texas Christian University for her second year's work.

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

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Thompson and children of Spur, have returned home after a visit to Mrs. Thompson's brother, F. E. Weaver and family.

Mrs. Powers, son Cleve, and daughter Joyce of Post City, spent Sunday here visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McDonald.

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

Mrs. W. A. Bradley of Batavia, Ohio, has returned home after a visit to her brother, J. W. McDonald and family.

**DORT Roadster** for sale: Good condition, new tires, new engine, new Dodge switchboard, starter and new storage battery. Going at a bargain. DR. C. A. SMITH.

Abe M. Watson of Tolar, Hood County, was here several days this week visiting his uncle, A. M. Watson and family.

Mrs. C. C. Hoffman has returned from Dallas, where she accompanied her daughter Miss Frances, who entered the Southern Methodist University in that city.

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

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Dyer have arrived here from New Mexico and are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. A. M. Watson and family.

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

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

**Ladies' Coats** that are correct in every particular and priced low enough. Large shipment just received. Come in early before they are all picked over.—M. D. JONES & CO.

**Cotton Pickers** Here is the place to get your knee pads, cotton sacks, and scales. You can buy them for less. A. L. BRANNON.

N. W. Shaw and family of Loving, Young County, have arrived in Slaton and are now occupying a pretty cottage that they bought from M. B. Tate.

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

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

**Sheriff's Notice of Election.**

State of Texas, County of Lubbock.  
 Notice is hereby given that an election will be held on the 9th day of October, 1920, at the residence of S. A. Johnson, where the school has been taught, in Common School District No. 15, of this county, as established by Act of the Legislature of the State of Texas, House Bill No. 174, Chapter 26, Local and Special Laws, Thirty-fifth Legislature, to determine whether a majority of the legally qualified property taxpaying voters of said district, desire the issuance of bonds on the faith and credit of said common school district in the amount of \$3,500.00, the bonds to be of a denomination of \$100 each, numbered consecutively from one to thirty-five, both inclusive, payable forty years from their date, with option of redemption at any time after twenty years from their date, and bearing five per cent interest per annum, payable annually, on April 10th of each year, to provide funds to be expended in payment of accounts legally contracted in completing the construction and equipment of a public free school building of brick, or brick and tile material, within and for said Common School District, and to determine whether the Commissioners Court of this county, shall be authorized to levy, assess and collect annually, while said bonds or any of them are outstanding, a tax upon all taxable property within said district, sufficient to pay the current interest on said bonds, and to provide a sinking fund sufficient to pay the principal at maturity.  
 All persons who are legally qualified voters of this State and of this county, and who are resident property taxpayers in said district, shall be entitled to vote at said election, and all voters desiring to support the proposition to issue the bonds, shall have written or printed on their ballots, the words,  
 "For the Bonds."  
 And those opposed shall have written or printed on their ballots, the words,  
 "Against the Bonds."  
 R. M. Winegar has been appointed presiding officer for said election and he shall select two judges and two clerks to assist him in holding the same, and he shall within five days after said election has been held, make due return thereof to the commissioners' court of this county as is required by law for holding a general election.  
 Said election was ordered by the County Judge of this county, by order made on the 15th day of September, 1920, and this notice is given in pursuance of said order.  
 Dated the 15th day of September, 1920.  
 C. A. HOLCOMB,  
 Sheriff, Lubbock County, Texas.

**The State of Texas, County of Lubbock.**  
 Notice is hereby given that I will offer for sale and sell to the highest and best bidder for cash on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1920, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., at my garage in Slaton, Texas, the following described property, to-wit:  
 One Case 40, 7-passenger automobile, 1912 model, for the purpose of satisfying my charges against said automobile for labor and material furnished and placed on said automobile and for storage amounting to a total on August 31, 1920, of \$196.20 owing by the Nitrate Products Co. of Fort Worth, Texas, a corporation, who claims to be the owner of said automobile.  
 LEE GREEN.

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

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

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

**FOR RENT:**—Small modern house, wired for electric lights. Apply at Slatonite Office.

**Look who's coming**

One Solid Week Starting Mon. Night | **Oct. 4**

**Brunk's Comedians**

BAND AND ORCHESTRA.

Presenting Your Favorite Comedian

**Harley Sadler**

AND

**30---Others---30**

OPENING PLAY NEXT MONDAY NIGHT A FOUR-ACT RURAL COMEDY DRAMA OF THE CANADIAN WOODS, ENTITLED—

**"THE CALL OF THE WOODS"**

**New Plays Every Night**

**New Vaudeville Between Every Act**

THE BIGGEST LITTLE SHOW IN THE WORLD AT NON-PROFIT-  
 EERING PRICES:

Children 4 to 12 years ..... 25c  
 Adults ..... 35c  
 (War Tax Included)

BIG TENT WILL BE LOCATED ON LOT NEXT TO POSTOFFICE  
 WATCH FOR THE BAND MONDAY AT 4:00 P. M. ON THE STREET

**NOVEL HATS IN THE LATEST FALL MODELS**

Among the latest arrivals are many new types of hats which have been developed with the progress of the season. We have a splendid line for you to select from for any and all occasions.

**R. & C. MILLINERY**

AT M. D. JONES STORE SLATON, TEXAS

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

**Forrest Hardware**

Phone 6, SLATON, TEXAS



**THE SLATON SLATONITE**

**ISSUES WARNING AGAINST STOCK SELLING SHARKS**

Stamford, Sept. 23.—True to prediction made by the West Texas Chamber of Commerce stock-selling sharks are infested in the industrial waters of West Texas and "finning" as many gullible citizens as they come in contact with. Several weeks ago a blanket warning to the people of the west was issued by the organization following recorded instances where whole communities had been sated from the wholesale fleecing by the organization.

Manager Porter A. Whaley has issued another warning to the people of West Texas. It states that in the face of previous admonitions against strange stock-sellers whose "game" is to separate the prosperous farmer and merchant from his hard-earned funds, towns are catering to apparently distinguished gentlemen who manage by deceit and craft to represent their so-called companies as town and country builders. Such individuals have schemes speciously beneficial, but which fail to pan out. The organization is not opposed to legitimate stock-selling companies, but willing to assist them in every legitimate way; but the fact that the west is reveling in abundant crops and money has not been lost sight of by the thousands who come to get "easy" money.

While the organization does not like the task of speaking authoritatively for any community in matters of advice on the responsibility and standing of companies selling stock, it nevertheless agreeably enters into any investigation that will save West Texas towns and individuals from being mulcted of their funds. Inquiries about companies directed to the organization at Stamford will bring immediate reply.

**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.)

**YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED**

To visit our interesting and instructive exhibit at the Dallas State air, Oklahoma State Fair, Oklahoma City, Cotton Palace, Waco. We invite all our thirty thousand former students, their friends, and those interested in America's largest business Training School to visit our booth in the Exposition Building, and see our splendid exhibit which has won first honors at State Fairs, in four different states. Our exhibit will be interesting and educational to old and young. We will have demonstrations on some of the most modern office appliances which are taught in our school, exhibit of student's work in Bookkeeping, Business Training, and Shorthand, Typewriting, Business Finance, Penmanship, Cotton Classing and Telegraphy. A visit to our exhibit will show you why we have the largest school of the kind in America, you will see clearly why it is that we can make you a more practical and thorough stenographer in three and one-half months with the famous Byrne Shorthand than other schools teaching other systems can in seven months, and why it is with our original copyrighted system of Bookkeeping and Business Training we can you a course of both Bookkeeping and Business Training in less time than other schools teaching other systems can give you a mere theoretical course of Bookkeeping, and why it is that our practical department of Telegraphy, the largest in the United States, with a loop of the Cotton Belt train wire, giving every message to our students, every station blank and record book that is used by the Western Union or Cotton Belt Railroad, turns out practical operators and station men; and why it is that we can place our graduates in good position and have many more calls than we can fill; also investigate the practical manner in which we teach cotton classing.

Write today for catalogue and read what we guarantee to give you, what our former students say we have given them, and what their employers say of their efficiency. Get facts, and you will decide at once the kind of education you want and the place to get lege, Tyler, Texas.

**Mysteries of Science.**

For an hour the orator had been holding forth until his audience dwindled down to two small boys. Still, he was gratified that he still held them in his impassioned thrall. He was just working up to a grand, spread-eagle climax, when one turned to the other.

"What'd I tell yer, Bill?" he exclaimed. See, it is the lower jaw that works."

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

**WE PHOTOGRAPH BABIES**

WE SPECIALIZE IN PHOTOGRAPHING BABIES, ANY AGE FROM SIX MONTHS TO SWEET SIXTEEN. WE GUARANTEE TO PLEASE. GIVE US A TRIAL. WE PHOTOGRAPH ANYTHING OR ANYBODY.

**Kodak Finishing**

AS GOOD AS THE BEST.

We Pay Return Postage.

**The Johnson Studio**

LEADER BUILDING BOX 337, LUBBOCK, 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. Office Rooms 7 and 8 Burrus Building

MUTON T. COUNCIL, D. C. Chiropractic Masseuse. 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.

I HAVE BOUGHT THE INTEREST OF MR. H. A. RUTTER AND WILL CONTINUE TO WRITE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE. ONLY THE BEST COMPANIES REPRESENTED. I THANK YOU FOR YOUR PAST BUSINESS AND SOLICIT ANY NEW BUSINESS THAT YOU MAY HAVE.

**I. M. BREWER INSURANCE AGENCY**

Office in Rear of the First State Bank

**R. J. MURRAY & CO.**

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

**R. J. Murray & Co.**

J. T. OVERBY, City Salesman

SLATON, TEXAS

**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

**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.

**THE PHONOGRAPH YOU WANT**



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

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

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

**Westcota**  
NATURAL-TONED

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

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

Enjoy It While You Pay For It.

**PAUL OWENS, Jeweler**

Official Watch Inspector A. T. & S. F. Ry.

SLATON, TEXAS



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

**INSURANCE**

BUSINESS MEN'S SICK AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE AT A VERY LOW RATE. LET ME EXPLAIN THE PLAN TO YOU.

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

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

**S. H. ADAMS**

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
 SLATON, TEXAS

Office Third Door West of First State Bank

Phones: Office 10; Residence 26

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

Offices on Second Floor Masonic Building

SLATON, TEXAS

Phones: Office 108; Residence 66

**CHIROPRACTIC**

Spinal Adjusting for Acute, Chronic and Nervous Diseases

**C. A. SMITH**

CHIROPRACTOR

First Door North of Jewelry Store  
 PHONE 137 SLATON, TEXAS

**Dr. Ben T. Owens**

DENTIST

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

**Dr. Lewis W. Kitchen**

VETERINARY SURGEON

POST, TEXAS

Register No. 10059

DAY OR NIGHT CALLS PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

You lose many opportunities of saving both time 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 134 AND 55.

**HOGVILLE HOWLINGS.**  
 (By Dunk Botts.)

Alexander Mosely was in Pumpkinville last Saturday night and was an innocent bystander at a dance and saw several couples do the shimmy. He says that if he could teach his cows to do it, serving milk shakes would be an easy matter.

The Hogville Improvement Society composed wholly of women, at its last meeting decided to appoint at each regular meeting a standing listening committee to be composed of at least one-third of the membership. This was made necessary by the fact that it has gotten so that all the members wanted to talk and no one seemed willing to listen. This will prove a very happy diversion, provided they can get any one to serve on the committee.

Miss Petunia Belcher got called down at the Bear Ford church last Sunday by the preacher who always makes the ladies remove their hats. Petunia got the puff curls over her ears so large that the preacher thought she was trying to put one over on him by keeping some new style of hat on.

It is believed the recording angel has quit making record of the things Miss Petunia Belcher tells about her age and the sweethearts she once had. Zero Peck says "There is no place like home." Our town people are wondering what has happened at his house now. They notice Zero is always most of the time late.

All of Hogville is now going to make a strong effort to go to heaven. The Bear Ford preacher in a roundabout way same as says Bill Hellwanger was bound for hell, and this is a great inducement for the rest of us to want to go some place else.

Dan Hocks, who does blacksmithing on week days and the barber work on Saturdays, has had his wife make him a white jacket so he can stand in the door and look like other barbers in the larger towns.

Zero Peck was heard to tell a friend a few days ago that his wife had tried to take advantage of him ever since they had been married, on account of a few marriage vows he had taken away back in the seventies, but that some of these days the tie that binds is going to slip.

Have you noticed the latest styles? Gape Allsop was seen following Miss Lydia E. Peck Saturday. She had on one of the new style no-back waists.

The postmaster, who always tries to be on the right side of all questions politically, and has always managed to steer his boat in such a way as to be appointed postmaster time after time, is now out in an official announcement from the town which is a sort of disappointment to all concerned. He announces that he has nothing against either Cox or Harding for the presidency.

Gape Allsop has read where it has been discovered that souls have different colors. He says if this really be true he would like to take a look at the Old Miser's.

The Bear Ford photographer was through here last week making pictures of many of our influential and respectable looking people. Alexander Moseley bought a whole dozen of his wife's pictures. He says it is the first time in forty years that he has seen her look pleasant.

Gape Allsop believes if everybody knew as much about a fellow as a man's wife claims to know about him, he would most certainly be a back number.

A number of our most prominent citizens, including Gape Allsop and Dan Hocks, Bill Hellwanger, Zero Peck, Sile Sims and the assistant constable, held a long discussion over the question of useless citizens, while seated on the fence near the Petunia Ridge stillhouse one day this week. The result of their talk was a general agreement among themselves that a useless citizen is one who works and attends to his own business.

Miss Petunia Belcher, who has been wearing her bouquet of flowers on the west side of her hat for the past several years, has moved them to the top.

Mrs. Dan Hocks set a hen last week and since then she has been making Dan wear his overshoes so he will not jar the eggs when he walks about the place.

A doctor is the kind of married man who can go out nights and stay as long as he desires and come in and not have to undergo a thorough cross examination.

**THE AD AND THE MAN.**

He saw an ad from day to day  
 And muttered, "I defy it!  
 Their stuff may be just what they say,  
 But I'm not going to buy it."

As time wore on he made remarks  
 It would not do to mention,  
 For he was mad because that ad  
 Was forced on his attention.

But in a week, or two, or three,  
 He said, "There's no denying  
 The way that ad gets hold of me—  
 The stuff may be worth trying."

For just about a fortnight more  
 He dared mere words to win him,  
 And then the ad completely had  
 Aroused the spender in him.

Next day he drifted to a store  
 And quietly expended  
 A few big iron dollars for  
 The stuff the ad commended.

He found it filled a long-felt need  
 Its excellence surprised him,  
 And now he's glad because the ad  
 So deftly hypnotized him.

—James J. Montague.



**Have You Ever Figured It Out This Way?**

THE DANGER OF BUYING GOODS AWAY FROM HOME IS MORE THAN THE FACT THAT THEY ARE NOT ALWAYS AS REPRESENTED; THERE'S SURE TO BE A LONG DELAY, AND POSSIBLE DISSATISFACTION WHEN THE GOODS ACTUALLY ARRIVE. AND, BESIDES, YOUR OWN HOME MERCHANT CAN MAKE YOU A BETTER PRICE ON ANYTHING YOU BUY THAN YOU CAN OBTAIN ELSEWHERE. BE A HOME BOOSTER—IT HELPS YOU AND IT HELPS US; AND REMEMBER WE'RE ALWAYS RIGHT HERE TO BACK UP EVERYTHING WE SELL WITH OUR GUARANTEE OF ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION. COME IN AND MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.

**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, HOSIERY, 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