

# THE SLATON SLATONITE

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

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS.

VOL. 10. NO. 6. OCTOBER 22, 1920

J. R. Reed

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## 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

## Movie Theatre

### PROGRAM

Monday, Oct. 25, "THE SPORTING BUTCHER," by Alice Joyce.  
Tuesday, Oct. 26, "INKLESS BANK NOTE," and dandy good comedy.  
Wednesday, Oct. 27, "THE COUNTRY GOD FORGOT," featuring Mary Charleston and Geo. Fawcett.  
Thursday, Oct. 28, "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," by Marguerite Clark.  
Friday, Oct. 29, "LOST CITY" serial, good comedy, and western.  
Saturday, Oct. 30, "PROBATE WIFE," by Norma Talmadge.  
This week we have lined up for every night a special picture that we had bought to use in our new building. But the Exchange won't give us any more time on them, so we are going to give you a week of specials, and at the same admission price. We hope that this line-up will please you. Do not miss them. Show begins at 6:45 p. m. every night. Come early.

### SCHOOL NOTICE

Pupils who are compelled to lose time from school on account of sickness will not be graded down, if they lose not more than ten days during the month. For that reason it is important that the parent or guardian send the reason of absence when the pupil returns to school.  
A written statement from the parent certifying to the reason of absence also informs the teacher that the parent was aware of the pupil's absence.  
The teachers are willing to carry their share of the responsibility for truancy, but their share is not as great as that of the parent. It is a fatal error for the parent to start a child to school and charge the teacher with all the responsibility of the pupil's reaching the building. Indeed it is the parent's responsibility to see that the child goes straight to school, and for that reason we require an excuse or reason of absence or tardiness, when a pupil is absent or tardy.  
If a parent discovers that his child has been tardy when the child could have gotten to school on time, or truant, the parent should go immediately to the teacher with the case. To co-operate with the teacher is absolutely the only successful way to recover the child from such a practice. While on the other hand, if co-operation with the teacher is not sought by the parent a foundation is being laid that will lead the pupil to believe that the teacher is his enemy. From that condition he easily contracts a disposition of dislike and hatred for school. When he reaches that stage teachers have not enough salt to save him, especially if it happens to be a pupil about 16 years old, or over.  
Kind co-operation on the part of both teacher and parent is unquestionably the sane and safe method for the salvation of the pupil.  
Respectfully,  
S. L. RIVES.

## BAPTIST FIFTH SUNDAY MEETING AT POST CITY

The Fifth Sunday meeting of the Brownfield Baptist Association will be held at Post City beginning Thursday evening, Oct. 29. The program follows:  
7 p. m. Preaching, Rev. J. E. Anderson.  
Friday, Oct. 30.  
9 a. m. Devotional.  
9:30 a. m. The value of an aggressive denominationalism, J. H. McCauley.  
10 a. m. Baptist and the Bible, W. L. Taylor.  
10:30 a. m. Baptist history, J. M. Earls.  
11 a. m. Song and prayer service.  
11:20 a. m. Preaching, J. H. McCauley.  
Afternoon given to work.  
Devotional, Mrs. H. H. Brownfield.  
Welcome address, Mrs. J. B. Slaughter, Post.  
Response, Mrs. J. H. McCauley, Slaton.  
Special music, Mrs. Marshall Mason.  
What constitutes a good Association Auxiliary, Mrs. W. G. Briley, Magnolia.  
Round table talk on methods.  
The Y. W. A. as a training school for young women, Mrs. Dr. Copeland, Brownfield.  
Our place in the denominational program, Mrs. Kemp, Garlynn.  
Can we afford to fail, Mrs. W. T. Farrow, Southland.  
A new year's forward look, Mrs. J. B. Walker, Tahoka.  
6:45 p. m. Preaching, H. D. Heath.  
Saturday, Oct. 30.  
9 a. m. Devotional.  
9:30 a. m. Sunday School methods, H. H. Copeland.  
10 a. m. The church member and the Sunday School, J. G. Cole.  
10:30 a. m. The Sunday School as a mission field, D. W. Reed.  
11 a. m. The teacher and his preparation, J. H. McCauley.  
11:30 a. m. Missions in our Association, L. M. Williamson.  
2:30 p. m. Devotional.  
2:45 p. m. The present status of the 75 Million Campaign, W. L. Tubbs.  
3:30 p. m. Over the Top for 1921, H. D. Heath.  
4:00 p. m. A new year's outlook, L. W. Williamson.  
6:45 p. m. Preaching, E. B. Atwood.  
Sunday to be arranged for.

### HEAVY RAINS THIS WEEK.

A very heavy rain fell over the entire South Plains country Sunday night, continuing through a portion of Monday. Light showers have followed until Thursday morning, when another heavy rain fell. Farmers in this section were not needing rain at present and it will delay cotton picking for a few days. Stockmen state that grass was cured just as fine as it could be and were not wanting rain.

## FARMERS MET HERE SATURDAY TO DISCUSS THE COTTON SITUATION

A largely attended meeting of farmers was held at the Movie Theatre Saturday afternoon to discuss the cotton situation. It was the sense of this meeting that at the present price of cotton the farmers would be unable to pay the prevailing prices for ginning and picking. A committee was selected to call on the ginners of Slaton, and the ginners promptly granted a request of 10 cents per hundred pounds for ginning. And so far as we are able to learn Slaton has taken the initiative in this movement and reduced the price for ginning.  
The ginners of Slaton have also expressed themselves as being willing to buy the farmers when necessary to hold their cotton by carrying the ginning account for awhile.  
Another meeting was held Wednesday afternoon and the following resolution was carried with only four dissenting votes:  
"That cotton picking in the future will be \$1.00 per hundred and board, or \$1.50 without board."  
Those voting for the resolution were: Ragan Reed, G. M. Harlan, Forney Henry, R. M. Winegar, J. J. Garland, W. T. Wicker, F. J. Pohl, J. B. Stallings, C. V. Young, J. S. Rhoads, J. S. Harlan, R. M. Alba, J. M. Shafer, John Stephens, J. B. Barron, S. R. Lynn, W. A. Lavender, F. W. King, J. H. McCollum, J. J. Riney, L. B. Olive, S. G. Brasfield, W. E. Bennett, E. H. Ward, C. D. Damron, A. H. Bales, J. L. Benton, Joe Oehrlein, A. E. Cockerfoot, Harry McKee, J. T. Lokey, T. R. McCallister, C. Z. Fine, Otto Rinne, J. H. Trim, Frank Hazelwood, W. H. Adams, L. L. Harlan, T. E. Amos, M. G. Leverett, R. A. Meeks, Frank Miller, Chas. Wild, E. E. Wilson.  
Judge Paul P. Murray was elected chairman of these meetings and Ragan Reed secretary.  
Another meeting will be held at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon for the purpose of organizing a farmers' union.  
SOME SWEET POTATOES.  
Judge Paul P. Murray came into our office Wednesday carrying a large sack, laid it down and began mopping the sweat from his brow. As soon as he got his breath he panted: "Mrs. Murray sent you some potatoes." In the sack were six sweet potatoes of the Porto Rico and Jersey Cream variety. The largest one weighed 6½ pounds and another 53-4. The judge took a paralyzed oath that he dug the potatoes but admitted that Mrs. Murray grew them. These are the largest potatoes ever seen in this section and we are under lasting obligations to Mrs. Murray for them.  
NEW FORD touring car for sale. —I. M. BREWER.  
Get your electric light globes at Teague & Son's Confectionery.



## PIECE GOODS

For Fall and Winter 1920

SEE OUR SPLENDID SELECTION OF SILK AND WOOL MATERIALS, SATIN, GEORGETTE, TRICOTINES, VELOURS, SERGES, COMBINING THE MOST FAVORED PATTERNS AND SHADES FOR THE COMING SEASON'S WEAR.

OUR PRICES ARE IN KEEPING WITH THE TIMES. YOU WILL FIND OUR PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT WITH THE MARKET.

## ROBERTSON'S

HOME OF HART SCHAFFNER & MARX. SLATON, TEXAS

\*\*\*\*\* BANKING SERVICE \*\*\*\*\*

We All Blunder On To Success  
If We Make the Most of Our Blunders

THE ONE PREVENTIVE THAT COVERS EVERY FINANCIAL BLUNDER IS THRIFT. BY SAVING A PART OF YOUR EARNINGS YOU ARE PREPARED TO WITHSTAND THE SHOCK OF FINANCIAL MISFORTUNE. PLACE YOUR SAVINGS WHERE THEY WILL BE WELL PROTECTED. THE SERVICE AND PROTECTION OF THIS BANK ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING. OPEN THAT CHECKING ACCOUNT.

STILL BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS FOR YOURSELF

## The Slaton State Bank

A HOME INSTITUTION

SLATON, TEXAS

\*\*\*\*\* FOR EVERYBODY \*\*\*\*\*

**ANGELUS TRIO UNDER AUSPICES OF THE CIVIC AND CULTURE CLUB**

On Monday evening, Oct. 11, at 7:30 at the Baptist church, the Angelus Trio rendered an unusual and highly entertaining program. This trio which is composed of musicians and readers of marked ability, was the first of a series of three numbers which are sent out by the Redpath Lyceum Co. and which come to Slaton under auspices of the Civic and Culture Club.

Just as the vesper bells were ringing, three attractive young ladies stepped upon the stage and began the opening musical numbers which comprised the violin, saxophone and piano. Then Miss Arper told in a very able manner and pleasing way the naming of the Angelus Trio and the story of "The Angelus." She also capably played a number of violin selections.

During the evening Miss Watson delighted the audience with several vocal solos which were artistically rendered, while the younger Miss Harper thrilled the little folks with her songs that appealed to child life.

The latter came as piano accompanist for Miss Watson who played the saxophone and Miss Harper, violinist.

The church was filled to overflowing with an audience who gave hearty applause that bespoke of a satisfied and pleased people who enjoy music and reading that are uplifting.

It is to be hoped that the next number of this Lyceum Course which comes in November, will be as enthusiastically attended and that even a larger crowd will be present to show and to prove to the entertainers that the Slaton people appreciate the efforts of the Civic and Culture Club in bringing these performers to Slaton and that the entire citizenship stands for high class amusement and entertainment.

**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.

WANTED to buy second hand goods. HOWERTON'S.

FOR SALE Some fine pigs; also some grown hogs. G. L. SLEDGE.

**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 had long suffered."

**Take RICH-TONE and gain new energy**

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

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

You owe it to yourself to try this marvelous remedy. You owe it to your family and friends to be strong, well, happy, bright of eye, brisk of step, ready 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

**MR. AND MRS. S. E. BUSSEER VISITORS IN SLATON**

S. E. Busser, superintendent of Reading Rooms for the Santa Fe railway system, arrived in Slaton Sept. 7th, spending two days as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Marriott, who are directing the welfare of the local reading room. Mr. Busser was accompanied by his wife who is Chief Matron of the system, and "Uncle" Peter Farrell, general repair man. Mr. Busser was on one of his many tours of inspection, coming here directly from San Francisco.

Friday night Mr. and Mrs. Marriott invited a number of friends to the Reading Room in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Busser's visit, and an excellent impromptu musical and dancing program was enjoyed by all those fortunate enough to be present. Mrs. Tait charmed the guests with a song, accompanied by Mrs. Call at the piano. Herbert and Garland Tait rendered an excellent instrumental duet on cornet and clarinet, and the contributions of Miss Ramsey, Mrs. Fred Schmidt, and Miss Audrey Marriott at the piano were greatly appreciated.

Mr. Busser made a short talk of appreciation and informed the good people present that if they would select a number of the musicians present, organize an orchestra or concert company, he would place the company on the coming winter's entertainment schedule as the "Slaton Concert Company." He complimented very highly the renditions of the evening and opined that sending a musical organization to Slaton to entertain us was a joke in view of the amount of musical talent apparent in our midst.

Here is an opportunity. Some of the greatest professionals got their start in just such a manner, and others spent years in the hope that such an opportunity would present itself. It would be a mistake to pass up this chance to advertise Slaton in a most emphatic way. Let's materialize the Slaton Concert Company.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Levey, Misses Irene and Dorothy Levy, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Vaughn, Mr. and Mrs. Rosser, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McKirahan, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Tait, Garland and Herbert Tait, Mrs. M. W. Call, Gilder Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. George Marriott, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marriott and daughter Audrey, Miss Jeanette Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Rutter, Mrs. George McCarty, Mrs. J. N. McCarty, Miss Hobbs of Summerville, who was a guest of Mrs. Rutter.

**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.)

**"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.

**CLOSE IN FARM BARGAIN.**

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

A. M. WATSON CO.

Phone 116.

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

**Take All You Can Get**

FARMERS OF LUBBOCK COUNTY SHOULD SEE THAT THEIR PRODUCTS BRING ALL THAT THE MARKETS WILL AFFORD. TO BE SURE OF THIS YOU SHOULD TAKE YOUR CHICKENS, EGGS, BUTTER, CREAM AND VEGETABLES TO THE FIRM THAT PAYS THE MOST. BRING THEM HERE AND GET THE CASH.

THE CAREFUL GROCERY BUYER SHOULD ALSO COME HERE IF THEY CARE ENOUGH ABOUT QUALITY TO NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN QUALITY AND QUANTITY. OUR STOCK IS ALWAYS LARGE ENOUGH TO MEET THE DEMANDS OF THE COMMUNITY AND BY BUYING IN LARGE QUANTITIES WE GET A PRICE LOW ENOUGH TO SAVE YOU SOME MONEY.

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

**Kuykendall Grocery Co.**

PHONE 12, SLATON, TEXAS

J. E. KUYKENDALL, Manager

**STORK SPECIAL.**

J. D. Parker and wife, Oct. 4, boy.  
Albert Johnson and wife, Oct. 8, boy.

**SCHOLARSHIP FOR SALE.**

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

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.

**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.

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

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

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

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

**Attention School Boys!**

WE WILL BUY A LIMITED NUMBER OF ONE GALLON BUCKETS WITH LIDS, AND FIVE GALLON OIL CANS. THEY MUST BE CLEAN, AND WE WILL PAY:

ONE GALLON BUCKETS EACH ..... 10 CENTS  
FIVE GALLON CANS EACH ..... 25 CENTS

**Rockwell Bros. & Co.**

F. E. CALLAWAY, Manager

SLATON, TEXAS

**SCHOOL NOTICE.**

Equipment for the primary room has arrived. Pupils not under six years old September 1, 1920, will be admitted. Those under scholastic age will be charged tuition.

S. L. RIVES.

**HERE'S YOUR BARGAIN!**

Two-room house, at a snap. Priced at only \$950. Terms to suit.

M. H. TATE.

Are you reading "The Blue Moon?"

**AUTOMOBILE LEAP HAS BEEN CALLED OFF**

Owing to the danger incident to staging such an event the automobile leap that was planned at the canyon Sunday afternoon has been called off by the management.

**FOR RENT.**

Three good store buildings at Southland. A good opening for grocery, gents furnishings or general store.

M. A. PEMBER, Slaton, Texas.

**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."

ther knew, nor even suspected, until the doctor explained it days later, that the blows of the revolver butt had loosened the tiny bit of skull that had so long shackled his brain—loosened it at the expense of a far worse hurt, but undoubtedly loosened it. They only knew that the eyes were free from the vacant stare; that his face was calm with the light of reason.

He felt again over his face, seemed astonished at the beard. His eyes calmly gazed up at the girl and studied her a long time.

"You couldn't be Dotty?"

His voice was queer, hollow, quavering, like some sound from another world, so long had it gone unused.

"Oh, Daddy!"

She threw her arms around him and dropped her head on his breast. He sat stroking her hair, finally raised her, looked hard at her, rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"You must be Dotty. But you've changed so since morning."

The girl seemed unable to tell him. She strove for words, but none came. The Pearlhunter drew nearer.

"You've been—sick a long time, sir," he said. "Seven years. And you're just getting well again."

The puzzled eyes, suddenly awakened into a world new and strange, turned toward him.

"I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance," he said with the stately politeness of a day long gone. "May I ask—?"

"I'm—I'm—"

He hesitated, flushed. The girl, calm again, came to the rescue.

"He's the Pearlhunter, Daddy. He's been—good to me—since you've been sick."

The old man reached out his hand. It seemed heavy for him. The Pearlhunter grasped it. He was startled to find it cold. He glanced hastily into the old man's face. A pallor was spreading over it that was unmistakable—the momentary return to consciousness was but the gleam that, at the end of a gray day, sometimes flares out between sundown and dark. He said nothing of it to the girl, who was busily busy again with the water and bandages.

The sheriff had left the couch and was squatting over the body of the fallen bandit. The Pearlhunter happened to glance that way. The sheriff beckoned to him.

"This feller ain't dead yet," he said, when the Pearlhunter had joined him. The young man stooped over the sprawled robber. He was still breath-

"He don't deserve it," the sheriff went on, "but it's only common decency to get him up."

He put his arm under the man and raised him, while the Pearlhunter brought a damp cloth from the basin by the couch, and wiped his face. The touch of the cold cloth roused him.

"Water!" he mumbled, husky and strained.

The girl had turned and was looking on. She ran to the kitchen and brought a cupful. The Pearlhunter held it to the man's lips. He couldn't swallow, but the touch of the water seemed to revive him. He opened his eyes and stared, like a man trying to make out objects in a very dim light. His eyes caught the glitter of the sheriff's star, frowned, raised, found the Pearlhunter and strained hard at him.

"And it was—a cursed Warbritton—that got me at last!"

"Who speaks the name of Warbritton?" came a hoarse voice from the couch.

The dying bandit started, rolled his eyes toward the sound.

"What was that! That voice!"

The Pearlhunter caught the foot of the couch and moved it around so the two fast sinking men could see each other. No sooner had the gray giant on the couch caught a glimpse of the man on the floor than, with a great cry, he tried to rise. His utmost strength only served to bring him partly up on an elbow,—and that only with the Pearlhunter's aid.

"Martin Redmond!" he cried—and almost instantly: "Where is she? The woman you dastined? And the boy? Tell me! I've still the strength to tear it out of your cursed throat!"

The dying robber fixed his falling eyes on the couch. Only God knows—who giveth his grace to the just and to the unjust—how he found strength for further words.

"Warbritton—!" He muttered the name huskily, the bloody froth upon his lips. "She was not dastined. It was all a mistake. I let you think it because I hated you—because I loved her—because she loved you and not me. Twenty years she's roved these rivers, pure as the dew at dawn. She sleeps tonight in a grave four days old at Fallen Rock."

He picked up his hand from where it sagged down upon the floor, carried it at great labor to his bosom, fumbled under the fancy vest, drew forth a picture and laid it against his lips. The Pearlhunter snatched it away. The action brought the picture near the old man. He seized it, held it an instant

before his eyes, and with a deep groan laid it against his bosom.

"And the boy?" he cried to the man on the floor. "The boy?"

The Red Mask was going fast, but he raised his face and muttered hoarsely: "The boy—stands before you."

Since the old man snatched the picture the Pearlhunter and the girl had



"The Boy—Stands Before You."

been staring at each other. Events were happening, developments unfolding, too fast for comprehension. The old man was staring at them both, from one to the other, as if unable to grasp a revelation that had been twenty years coming. He stretched up his hands at last to the young man, pulled his face down to him, gazed on it as at something of which he had long dreamed but never hoped to see; turned back to the man on the floor.

"Martin Redmond, I'll requite the deed you've done, the one good deed of your evil life. The little girl I've raised as my own, the child of the good woman you cruelly killed, the child you deserted, your daughter stands before you."

The girl recoiled in horror. Her natural father's eyes toward the child had outraged; she had seen the light of his chest and

of froth and blood; he stiffened; his face tightened horribly; he fell heavy against the arms of the sheriff—dead.

The girl turned away from the gruesome sight, stole a half faltering glance at the bewildered face of the Pearlhunter, threw herself down by the side of the couch and bowed her face upon the old man's bosom.

"Unsay it, Daddy! Oh, Daddy, unsay it!"

He softly stroked her hair with his great, gaunt hand.

"It's the truth, Dotty, and can't be unsaid. But you owe him no respect—a parent only, never a father. He deserted you, and killed your mother—in ways unspeakable killed her—a woman of the high blood of the Dawns." He fumbled the picture up off his breast, held it before his face a moment, laid it back. "God!" he groaned. "The ruin he wrought! For years I searched for her"—he spoke the name in reverence, "and you, my son."

His hand found its way back into the Pearlhunter's; his eyes strained hard toward the face bending over him.

They seemed hungry to know many things—the twenty years of wandering; the death of the woman of the picture; how the young man came to be just there; of his wounded arm. But with the steady courage of a soldier who knew the end was near, he put them by, and dropped his eyes to the girl's hair.

"Your grandfather, Dotty, old Godfrey Dawn, cast your mother off when she married Martin Redmond. Alone, and dying in poverty and want, she sent for me at last." The girl was crying softly. He stopped, put his arm about her and drew her close. "I had the privilege—and honor—of making her last hours less terrible. She died without—seeing you. You were three years old when I gave up the search, left everything in the hands of my good friend, Judge Eskridge, and came up here to lose myself in these vast woods along the Wabash, a present from General Jackson."

His eyes closed wearily. He lay so still, and the pallor on his face was so ghastly that the Pearlhunter bent anxiously over him. But the heavy lids presently unclosed; the voice, queer and hoarse from long disuse, and noticeably growing weaker, faltered on.

"Seven years! It seems only this morning he shot me! And yet, it couldn't be, or Dotty wouldn't be the wonderful woman she has become nor

you, my son, the man you are—the man I was when I led Jackson's rangers, Hesper Dawn Red—" the quavering voice hesitated. "No, no, let that name perish with his who disgraced it. The judge knows, Hesper Dawn; David Wulf Warbritton. Both of the high blood of the Dawns; your mothers both named Hesper Dawn, distant cousins, both the same name, and both of the same high blood. Neither need you be ashamed, my son, of your name of Warbritton. It has been more or less on the tongues of men since the brave days of Saxon Harold. Share your estate with Dotty. It is in the will that you do so, and there's ample for you both. The judge will know."

The Pearlhunter was on the point of mentioning the letter—the death of the girl's grandfather, his relenting his will. But the faltering voice left him no opening.

"My son, you are a man grown, but you will not deny your father the heart hunger of twenty bitter years."

His voice was fast falling; his eyes strained hard to find the Pearlhunter's face, though he was bending low over him. The young man read the meaning, the twenty years of longing, in the straining eyes. He knelt down and laid his face against the old man's cheek. An arm stole about his neck and held him close.

A long time the old man lay still, his right arm around the girl kneeling at one side of the couch, his left arm around the man at the other. So still, so motionless he lay that the deep silence became burdened with a heavy fear. The sheriff at the foot of the couch bent forward. The Pearlhunter turned his face, looked and bowed his head. The girl raised her eyes, gazed intently at the placid features, threw herself across the motionless body and wept aloud.

The graceful musician, the intrepid soldier—was dead.

CHAPTER XV.

The Song of a Thrush.

Twentieth of June, and the world at high tide; the woods full of cradles, and each cradle housing a lusty baby; the weak gone back to earth, the fit that survive beginning to test wing and claw. Streams and woodland pools grow languid with millions mating. Each leaf has reached its maximum of lung expansion. The trees breathe deep. The forest has settled down seriously to the business of fulfilling its promises. Cocoon and chrysalis have opened and flung forth their glittering mysteries. Burnished bodies and gauzy wings glance and glitter through yellow sunshine and soft shade, like flakes of star-dust sifting down out of the sky.

But if the woods have many cradles, they also have many graves. There was a new one this placid June evening at Fallen Rock—a new one beside the one that was almost new. There were orchids upon them both. A man and a maid had together hunted the woods for them. Only such as they could have found so many. Only to her favorites does nature show the way to her treasures.

The launch old Boss and hard-faced Masterson were back at their dam rakes. Billy's grand-uncle was staying at the cabin of the three gables a few days for company.

The Pearlhunter came from the village in the still evening. Along the dim, slim path through the woods he came, against the face of the sunset. The swing and spring of a master of men was in his stride, for he carried in his pocket a telegram addressed to a man with a name at last, to David Wulf Warbritton. The telegram told of two fortunes awaiting down the river, of houses and lands, and advising that Judge Eskridge was on his way.

Near the turn of the path he stopped and stood listening. The song of a thrush was charming the silence. Only, the song carried a certain delicious, elusive witchery that no bird throat ever knew. He stole along the path, stopped and stood with bared head.

Upon the flat rock at the pool stood the Wild Rose, the tears running down her face, her lips and throat alive with the magic of song. A lady cardinal perched upon her shoulder. A king cardinal fidgeted and twitched his crest on an overhanging twig that almost brushed her hair. A pair of shy thrushes fluttered and flitted in reach of her hand. Other birds walked up and down near-by branches, or darted down for a hurried peck at the crumbs she had scattered over the rock.

The tears drowned the blue; the song ceased. The birds fluttered away one by one. The girl bowed her head and stood with clasped hands, gazing down at the quiet water.

The man's step roused her. She turned, and her hands unclasped as if to reach toward him—but instantly clasped themselves again. He turned from the path, stepped out on the rock and came to her side. A moment her eyes met his, and then went back to the placid water, and she stood crying softly.

Continued on page 6

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

Forrest Hardware

Phone 6, SLATON, TEXAS

Save 25 Percent on Your Lumber

WE HANDLE ALL KINDS OF LUMBER, RED CEDAR SHINGLES, DOORS, WINDOWS, AND ALL KINDS MOULDINGS. IF YOU ARE IN THE MARKET FOR LUMBER, LET US HAVE YOUR HOUSE BILL COMPLETE, AND WE WILL MAKE YOU A PRICE DELIVERED AT YOUR STATION, AND GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU FROM 15 TO 25 PER CENT, DEPENDING ON THE GRADE.

EVANS & BEVELL

LUMBERMEN OVERTON, TEXAS

PRICE REDUCTIONS!

WE SELL GROCERIES AS CHEAP AS THEY CAN BE SOLD, AND WHENEVER THERE IS A PRICE REDUCTION YOU ALWAYS GET IT AT LANHAM & SMART'S. WE BUY IN LARGE QUANTITIES AND GIVE OUR CUSTOMERS THE BENEFIT OF THE LOW PRICES OBTAINED. COME IN AND LET US FIGURE WITH YOU ON YOUR NEXT ORDER.

Lanham & Smart

J. S. LANHAM PHONE 5 W. E. SMART

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

Slaton Gins were first on the Plains to reduce the price of ginning. Bring your cotton here. Buy supplies here.

# THE BLUE MOON

## A TALE OF THE FLATWOODS

### BY DAVID ANDERSON



COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY  
carried up the passage.

By the same subtle instinct that had served him the night before, he knew when he reached the point at which the passage widened into the cave. There he loosed the sheriff's collar and struck a match. The sheriff caught his breath and stared. The horse, the candle in the cranny, the saddle and spurs, the feed—all just as it had been described to him.

"I never knew there was anything like this under Fallen Rock."

"You're probably the third man that ever did know it. Pick your steps across those slivers of shale there and get into that pocket behind the hay. Hurry! We mustn't show much light. He's due any minute."

The one match served. So urgently did the Pearlhunter consider the need of haste that before it was gone they were crowded well back in the pocket behind the hay.

"The instant you're convinced I'm not the Red Mask, nudge me, and I'll give your revolver back. And I needn't tell you that when the time comes to act, we've got to act quick."

The two men had stood in the pocket for what must have been half an hour, and the throb of the Pearlhunter's wound was becoming almost unbearable, when the horse grew suddenly quiet. The Pearlhunter sank low in the cover and pulled the sheriff down beside him. A match scraped; a sputtering flame hunted the candle in the cranny; the cave, the horse, the jaunty form of the man they awaited sprang out of the dark.

He came straight to the horse; the one friend absolutely true to him in his dangerous world; the one friend who still regarded him as a gentleman. The horse reached out his nose to meet him; rubbed his shoulder with his head. A moment the man gave to the caress, then hurried to the corral, laid three ears upon the rock, and turned to the hay.

Now was the critical instant. If they escaped his glance now—! But he was totally unsuspecting. Without raising his eyes as far as the pocket, he grabbed up a handful or two of the brightest straws and turned back to the horse.

"Short rations tonight, Rocket; and I'll make your toilet while you eat."

He took down from near where the saddle hung a curry comb and brush from another of the numerous crannies of the cave and proceeded, with surprising skill and quickness, to groom the horse. The task completed, he laid back the brush and curry comb, and, lifting the feet of the horse, examined them one by one, nail by nail, afterward running his hands down the horse's limbs and lingering over each joint, finally summing up the inspection by listening with no little care to the animal's breathing. It was the work of a master. The inspection over, he took the saddle down from the wall, threw it on the horse, drew the girths, hung the bridle on the horn, unstrapped his spurs from the back of the saddle and buckled them to his heels.

"I wish I knew," he muttered, half to himself, apparently half to his dumb companion, as he waited for the animal to finish his supper, "whether that Pearlhunter has left. It looks like he had. And yet, that's not like his breed—to cut out. Still, there's always a chance." He seemed to meditate; fang up his head with a bitter grimace and a toss of his hand. "Chance?" he growled. "What's life without its chance! Life! Huh! A game of chance—with the cards stacked, and the devil's deal! Rocket, you'll carry double tonight. Yellow curls, eyes like bluebells and ankles—! But high headed—the came devilish high shootin' me this afternoon! But the harder to tame, the better worth tamin'."

The Pearlhunter was writhing back in the pocket, his face like the rock he crouched against; but the sheriff hadn't nudged him.

The Red Mask looked down at the fast disappearing provender before the horse, walked back and forth across the cave a time or two, turned and stood for a moment or two fumbling behind the oak root where it had been tied.

"That sheriff," he straightened, threw up his head and laughed hoarsely.



The Merciless Arm Struck Again and Again.

gunny. "He couldn't find a lost elephant, let alone a wonderful, wee little drop of distilled witchery like this."

From the dry clay and shale back of the oak root he had drawn forth a small plush box. With this word "this" he blew the dust off, and pushed in the catch. The lid flipped up. On the tiny cushion lay the Blue Moon twinkling in the candle-light, not unlike the princess that waked up in the cave of the dragon.

At last came the sheriff's nudge. The Pearlhunter quietly passed his revolver over. There couldn't have been a sound in the act louder than the drawing of a breath, but somehow it must have reached the man by the horse. There came a change over his face—a change so slight as to be as good as imperceptible; to be felt rather than seen. Had he so much as glanced toward the pocket back of the hay, the Pearlhunter would have acted on the instant. But he didn't glance that way. Very leisurely he closed the box, put it in his vest pocket and looked down to see if the horse had finished his supper.

The Pearlhunter was in the act of pressing against the knee of the sheriff in sign that the time had come, when, totally without a warning sound, without the slightest preliminary motion, there came a sound from behind the horse that dashed the candle out. The shot was followed by a scuffle of feet. The Pearlhunter leaped the hay and charged through the dense dark straight at the horse. It wasn't there. From the passage came the clatter of hoofs.

Followed by the stumbling sheriff, he groped his way to the mouth of the passage. He was barely in time to hear a splash, and the click of steel upon the rocks of the pool.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### Man to Man and an Even Draw.

The candle lingered long that night in the cabin of the three gables. The old man was more than usually restless. The girl hovered about his chair constantly. She succeeded at last in coaxing him down in his chair, where he sat groaning; numbing in his beard; and whetting the knife on the palm of his hand. She had smoothed the cushions behind his head and stood stroking his face with her hand, when, without the least warning, the door flew open, and, sharply outlined against the dark background of the night, a man with a red mask over his face stalked across the threshold.

He was, of course quite unaware that the girl already knew his identity. That probably explained why he had put on the mask. It would be impossible to describe the startling transformation wrought on his sinister face. From out of all its many terrors the night could not have selected a more appalling one to fling into the cabin.

The girl screamed and clung about the old man in the chair. Her scream seemed to rouse him. He glanced up, rubbed his wide, pitiful eyes, and, with a wild cry—more that of beast than man—sprang from the chair with a strength that sent the girl reeling. His sleeping senses seemed to wake, to recognize the object for which his ghostly eyes had searched the woods for weary years—a bit of red cloth with a certain face behind it. His giant frame seemed to swell with a strength tremendous. He raised the knife and leaped toward the intruder.

A giant's strength, but with the disordered unwieldiness of a stricken mind. The knife barely grazed where it was meant to kill. Before the gray

giant could recover his ponderous strength to strike again, the Red Mask had him by the wrist, and, seemingly unwilling to risk the sound of a shot, was raining blows upon his head with the butt of his heavy revolver. It was a horrible thing to see. The girl stood with laced fingers, helpless with horror. The first blow brought the blood streaming out over the white hair and disabled the old man so frightfully that he ceased the struggle and stood quivering. But the merciless arm struck again and again until the vast

frame drooped, shrank together, the knife fell from his fingers, his knees gave way and he sank groaning to the floor—writhed, straightened and lay still.

The revolver was foul with blood and gray hair. The murderer noticed it, hastily wiped it away on a corner of the fallen man's coat, thrust it back into his pocket and faced the girl.

The spell was broken. She started as if from a nightmare and sprang back of the chair. Like a man pressed for time, he dashed after her. With the chair between them, she managed for a bare moment to keep beyond his hands. He kicked the chair out of the way. She darted toward the kitchen door, probably with the hope of escaping to the woods, but he was too close to her. She whirled toward the door of the bedroom. The turn was fatal. His hands reached her and drove her back into the corner of the room at the head of the bed.

She fought as only a woman fights—for a stake infinitely higher than life itself. Since time began the earth has staged that struggle. Her dress was torn, her body bruised, her hands gradually driven together behind her back; a hot wild face near her own. A stop creaked. She plunk at the door. Her assailant whirled at the sound and she sank panting against the wall.

Just inside the door, his body crouched forward, his lips tight drawn, stood the tall form of the Pearlhunter.

Things happened so fast in the next instant that words are too slow to keep up with them. It was man to man, and an even draw. The two shots came so close together that the hills out through the open door caught but one echo. But the shot from the door struck first—a scant little mite of an instant first—and jarred the aim of the other a trifle high. The shot from the corner merely clipped a bandage at the top of the Pearlhunter's shoulder, drew a little welt on the skin, and whistled harmlessly away into the night. The bullet from the door evidently found the core of the target. The Red Mask bent backward. The revolver dropped to his side. He tried to raise it again; seemed surprised that he couldn't. He laughed oddly, and swore; stared round toward the girl; gasped and choked. The revolver slipped from his fingers. He groped with his hands, as if searching the air for it; staggered, caught himself, tottered, pitched heavily to the floor.

The girl edged out of the corner past his body and threw herself upon the form of the old man. The Pearlhunter eased down the hammer of his revolver, thrust it back into his pocket, and stooped beside her. At the touch of his hand, she raised her head and knelt stroking the still face and crying softly. The Pearlhunter opened the old man's coat and felt over his heart.

"He's alive!" She laid her face down close and spoke his name—the only name she knew. There was no response.

"Help me lift him to the couch," the man said.

They had the old man on the couch, and the girl had run for water, when the sheriff, who had been far outstripped by the younger man, dashed into the cabin. All three worked over him. The Pearlhunter chafed one wrist, the sheriff the other, while the girl bathed his face, washed the blood out of his hair, and strove to staunch its flow by binding up his head in cold cloths.

Suddenly, without any warning signs of returning consciousness, the old man pinched his hand away from the Pearlhunter and rubbed it over his face. His eyes came open, but they were not the same eyes. And his face was free from twitching. The girl stared down upon him in wonder. The Pearlhunter stooped low and marveled at the startling transformation. NEI (Continued on page 5.)



## 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

### Better Groceries for Less Money

In pursuance of the policy of the nation wide movement to reduce the high cost of living we are reducing our prices on groceries just as low as the market conditions will justify, and will sell you better groceries for less money. Our stock is always new and fresh. LET US HAVE YOUR NEXT ORDER.

## SIMMONS' GROCERY

THE OLD RELIABLE GROCERY

J. M. SIMMONS, Propr.

## "Columbia Six"

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

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

COME IN ANY TIME AND LET US DEMONSTRATE THIS CAR.

## Lee Green & Co.

THE SLATON GARAGE.

TELEPHONE 73

### NEW EQUIPMENT ADDED

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

### R. A. HENDERSON

UNDER SINGLETON HOTEL

SLATON, TEXAS

# **Announcing Our Fall Invitation Sale**

---

**Beginning Saturday, October 23rd ,Closing November 6th.**

---

We are sure that it will be an event well worth your consideration. Come over and buy at heavy reductions anything you need in things to wear for any member of the family, for our lines are complete and everything is reduced.

Our lines consist of the nation's best, we aren't considering cost, but the present market which, on many items, the bottom has dropped out and on which we are sharing our loss with the farmers who are having to sell cotton for 16c Sudan at 2c, and wool away down.

Come to see our little city, which being the metropolis of the South Plains we know you are just as proud of as we. Your fare one way we pay if your purchase amounts to \$20.00; if \$40.00 both ways. If auto the same.

Green stamps given on all purchases.  
Tuesdays are double stamp days.

No room to attempt to name prices. Come, you'll be paid.

---

## **BARRIER BROTHERS DEPARTMENT STORE**

WEST SIDE SQUARE AND BROADWAY.

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

# SLATON'S Great Consolidated Sale

Of the Progressive Dry Goods and Clothing Merchants

IN PURSUANCE OF A NATION WIDE MOVEMENT TO REDUCE PRICES ON ALL COMMODITIES, AND IN LINE WITH THE POLICY OF THE BEST MERCHANTS IN EACH COMMUNITY, THE UNDERSIGNED STORES HAVE DECIDED TO INSTITUTE THIS REMARKABLE SALE AT THE VERY BEGINNING OF THE SEASON. WE WANT THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH PLAINS TO ATTEND THIS

## Gigantic Consolidated Sale

AND WE ARE GOING TO TAKE THE LEAD IN REDUCING THE PRICES. MANY OF OUR LINES HAVE NOT DECLINED ONE PENNY, YET WE ARE SACRIFICING OUR PROFITS TO MAKE THIS THE GREATEST BARGAIN EVENT IN THE MERCHANDISING HISTORY OF SLATON. DON'T WAIT UNTIL STOCKS ARE EXHAUSTED BUT COME EARLY, EXPECTING THE GREATEST BARGAINS OF YOUR LIFE. YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED. EACH MERCHANT WILL MAKE HIS OWN PRICES AND CONDUCT HIS SALE IN ANY MANNER THAT HE DESIRES.

### Sale Opens Saturday Morning, Oct. 23rd

at 7 a. m. and continues until further notice

Robertson D. G. Co.

Mrs. F. Graves & Son

M. D. Jones & Co.

Alex DeLong

#### SLATON SLATONITE

Telephone ..... No. 20

Issued every Friday morning  
Slaton, Lubbock County, Texas.

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

Subscription, per year ..... \$2.00

Entered as second-class mail matter  
at the postoffice at Slaton, Texas.

#### TAKING IT OUT OF THE FARMERS.

Reducing the cost of living at the expense of the farmer-producer is a clever game now being played by manufacturers and distributors of the necessities of life. Frequent announcements of the reduction, or probable reduction in prices are appearing in the newspapers of the country. In every instance the lesser price is based on another cut into the farmer's income. In no instance has it been revealed that a manufacturer has made any sacrifices for the purpose of bringing about normal conditions. Accustomed to war prices which heaped up millions in profits in spite of income and excess profit taxes, they continue to follow a course which will either lead to national disaster or force the producer into an attitude of self defense which will culminate in an absolute dictation of prices on the farm.

The price of cotton has been forced below cost of production, but gingham dresses are almost a luxury. The retailers are not to blame for this condition either. It is those higher up. Wheat has continued to slump, but flour has been reduced very little. Hides are a drug on the market and hardly worth saving, but shoes of respectable quality cost money. Hogs and beef cattle are way down in the market centers and meat way up over the counters.

The warehouses are full of virgin wool and no demand while the consumer pays \$50 for a suit of shoddy. Cotton collars are 40 to 60 cents apiece and one pound of 15-cent cotton will make more than fifteen of them.

Go on down the line, if you will, and find, if you can, a single reduction in the cost of living that has cost the manufacturer a single cent of his war-time profits. Your investigations will disclose the fact that the farmer-producer has been the victim each time.

The manufacturer works on the percentage basis. The higher the price the greater the profits on a single transaction. The farmer works on an acreage basis. The more he produces the less he gets.

#### PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Cloud of Plainview were here Wednesday visiting old home friends.

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

Mrs. Ida Champion and daughter Mrs. Ray Connor were visitors in Lubbock Friday.

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

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

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

J. F. W. Maeker, a substantial farmer of the Wilson community, was a business visitor in Slaton Tuesday.

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

Prof. and Mrs. A. L. Foster and son Truman, were here from Wilson Sunday visiting Mrs. M. A. Evans.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Rush Meeker have returned to their home at Tolar after a visit to friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Simms have recently moved to Slaton from Fort Worth to make their future residence.

Carl George, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. George, has arrived here from Blooming Grove and accepted a position with the Slaton State Bank.

Mrs. Ray Connor spent Sunday at Lamesa with her husband, who is a trainman on that branch of the Santa Fe railway.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Rutter left last Sunday for Canadian to make their future home. Mr. Rutter will be manager of the Harvey House there.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Smithy and children and the former's mother of Hale Center, were guests of Misses Ralls and Cole of the R. & C. Millinery store, on last Sunday.

Rev. A. V. Hendricks left Tuesday for Clarendon where he will attend the sessions of the Northwest Texas Methodist Conference which convened in that city Wednesday and will close Sunday night.

H. A. Tait, former trainmaster for the Santa Fe here, has gone to Battle Creek, Michigan, to assume a responsible position with a large railroad company. His family will soon leave for that city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McDonald were called to Floydada Saturday to attend the bedside of a brother-in-law, C. O. Bradley, who was stricken with paralysis. Mr. Bradley died before they arrived there, and was buried Sunday. He leaves a wife and five children.

Marion Ralls of Lubbock visited his sister, Miss Allie Ralls, here Sunday.

Mesdames Allan J. Payne, A. L. Brannon and J. G. Levey left Sunday for a week's visit to the Dallas Fair.

J. M. McCann, who has been in charge of the bridge and building department of the Santa Fe here, has gone to Breckenridge to engage in business. His family will soon follow to make that city their future home.

Alex DeLong has returned from a visit to his wife and son William, who are undergoing treatment in Oklahoma City. William recently underwent an operation for tonsils and Mrs. DeLong will soon be able to return home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Trimble of Grady, N. M., are here visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Myatt. Mr. Trimble, who is selling E-B tractors, has just returned from the Dallas Fair, and may decide to locate in Slaton.

Miss Georgia Forschon has accepted a position with the Santa Fe as mail clerk, filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Ruby Reynolds, whose family will leave immediately for Arizona to make their future home.

#### CLASSIFIED ADS

**FOR SALE:** Three 4-room houses, 2 closets, running water, east fronts, on good street, convenient to shops, station and electric lights. Always rented. One third cash, balance on easy terms. See B. C. SPOONER.

**NEW 3-room house, worth the money. Terms to suit. See W. DONALD.**

**FOR SALE:** 12 by 18 foot tent. Apply first house south of R. B. Hazelwood's.—J. H. DANIELS.

**WANTED:** Local agent for high grade stock sales in Slaton and the surrounding country. I handle dividend bearing stocks only and want a substantial man who is well acquainted and favorably known. To such a man who wants to make some real money quick in a proposition that will bear the closest investigation and behind which he can put his reputation with absolute safety to himself and friends, I have an exceptionally fine opening and will give personal co-operation. Write R. A. LUDWICK, Investment Banker, 1010 Monroe Street, Amarillo, Texas.

**BUNDLED Kaffir Corn for sale. See Forney Henry, one mile south town.**

**FOR SALE:** Two full size iron beds with springs; one three-quarter bed with springs and mattress, and a few other small items. J. H. REYNOLDS.

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

#### BODY OF LUBBOCK MAN FOUND HANGING IN BARN

Lubbock, Oct. 20.—The body of F. N. Farris, age 55, cattleman and ranch man of this place was found hanging in his barn this morning at 8 o'clock. The doctor's report after examination that the body had probably been hanging twelve hours. Indications point to the fact that he retired to the barn, removed his coat and hat, hanging them on nails about the wall, then placed a keg upon a small box and tied a rope about his neck and kicked the keg out from under himself. He died from strangulation.

No motive has been assigned for his action since his health was reported good and nothing serious of any other nature has been known to be bothering him.

R. L. Wicker and family have gone to Abilene to live and will take charge of a rooming house near Simmons' College.

#### PICTURE SHOW PROGRAM FINE FOR NEXT WEEK

The new building of the Movie Theater has not yet been finished and the management announces that they will give their patrons the pictures that they had bought for the opening of their new theatre. Each one is a special, but no extra charge of admission will be made.

When they get into their new place they are planning some surprises for the theatre-going public that will be very pleasing to their patrons. Look for their announcements.

The contest closed last Monday night when the large phonograph was awarded to E. E. Harold, a railroad man. Mr. Harold also won the diamond ring and ladies' fine purse. Considerable interest has been manifested in this contest.

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



Save Money—Be Comfortable

Think of actually saving money without having to make some sacrifice of pleasure or comfort. Have you ever been able to do it before? It not only can be done, but at the same time new and added comforts can be enjoyed.

**COLE'S ORIGINAL HOT BLAST HEATER**

saves 75 to 75 your fuel bill and at the same time gives you double heating capacity. Come in and let us explain the features and guarantee of this heater.

**Howerton's**  
FURNITURE - HARDWARE - UNDERTAKING



Liberty  
Pattern

# Yourex

Silver

The Silverplated Knife  
that  
Can't Wear Black

Like All Others Must and Do  
also made in  
Forks, Spoons  
and  
Fancy Pieces

See Our Window Display

## PAUL OWENS

JEWELER SLATON, TEXAS

Solid Handle      Hollow Handle

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN.  
(Copyrighted.)

Washington, Oct. 22.—Warm wave will reach Vancouver, B. C., about Oct. 23, and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. Its center will pass southeastward near Edmonton, Calgary, Winnipeg, St. Louis, Springfield, Dayton; then northwestward by Oswego and Ottawa. Storm waves and cool waves will follow about one and two days behind warm wave. These weather events will affect the whole continent and will develop more than usual force. One particular and important feature of this storm will be the high temperatures that will prevail from Oct. 23 to end of month, east of Rockies and the cooler than usual weather west of the Rockies' crest.

Lower than usual temperatures have been expected for middle week of October and warmer than usual for first and last weeks. Tropical storms, or hurricanes, were expected and came last part of August, near middle of September and first part of October. Another is expected last part of October.

First and last parts of November are expected to be warmest parts of the month, and middle week coldest east of Rockies. Three severe storms are expected in November not far from 3, 13 and 27. An important change in precipitation will occur near middle of November, not very great for last half of that month but the change will be important for the five months following November and the results for each month will be noted in these bulletins in due time. The important thing now is that, following November 15, the winter snows and rains, on all the continent, will not be similar to what they have been during the past year.

Bad storms are expected during the week centering on Nov. 12. Get your out-door affairs in condition for that bad weather; don't make any lake or ocean voyages from Nov. 9 to 20. That bad weather is not expected to damage growing crops, but cotton picking and corn gathering should be completed as far as possible before that time. The Sun will be partially eclipsed Nov. 10 in the afternoon, generally visible east of Rockies. Bad storms are not caused by eclipses.

I believe that many farmers have been unjustly compelled to sell their products at prices that do not compare with what we of the cities have to pay. Heretofore financial panics have reduced everything in proportion except the price of money. Letters from farmers are telling me that several great staple products are now being sold at less than the cost of production. The farmers in the States are not ignorant as to the cause of this unequal reduction of values. For these reasons I believe I am justified in advising producers not to sell grain nor cotton before Nov. 15. At the same time I advise local dealers to buy these products, particularly for future delivery. Evidently the big profiteers are in possession of the grain and cotton the farmers were compelled to sell; if this be true the profiteers will see to it that the markets go up.

THE SICK MAN.

Stretch out a hand to him! Though poor se seems,  
Time was he cherished youthful hopes and dreams,  
Time was he woke at morning, just as you,  
To think of splendor that his hand might do,  
And though the outer garment shows sin's stains,  
Perhaps some beauty of his soul remains.

Stretch out a hand to him! To be his friend,  
May be your own great tribute at the end;  
Kindness to sinners does not breed disgrace—  
More shame to him who turns away his face;  
Help him to rise who falls beside the way  
As you to God for help are moved to pray.

Stretch out a hand to him! Were he in pain  
Or sorely hurt, with him you would remain,  
Did some mischance strike him a stunning blow  
Without delay unto his side you'd go;  
Well, he is sick at heart or stunned by fate  
And needs your help, but lo, you hesitate.      Edgar A. GGuest.—

GIN SUCTION TAKES  
MONEY OUT OF POCKET

As the result of a peculiar accident at a gin near Enloe, Delta County, Saturday, a young farmer of that community sustained a loss of \$170 in money.

Cashing a check for \$200 at the bank, instead of depositing it or any part of it, he put the bills in his pocket and went to the gin. Climbing into his wagon he leaned near the suction pipe which takes the cotton to the gin, the money was drawn from his pocket and whisked to the gin. By the time he succeeded in getting the gin stopped, the saws had cut the money up so badly that he was only able to recover about \$30 to send to the Treasury Department for redemption.—Texas Mesquiter.

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

# 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.

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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.

## Cotton Insurance

60 CENTS CARRIES \$100 ON A BALE OF COTTON FOR 30 DAYS. 90 CENTS WILL PROTECT YOU FOR 60 DAYS. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE THE CHANCE FOR THIS SMALL AMOUNT. I REPRESENT FIFTEEN OF THE LEADING COMPANIES.

See me for all kinds of  
INSURANCE

## M. A. PEMBER

REAL ESTATE—INSURANCE

OLD POSTOFFICE BUILDING

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Lubbock, Texas

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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.

SUPPER BEGINS PROMPTLY 5:30

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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.

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LUBBOCK, TEXAS

## CITY BARBER SHOP

J. S. BAGBY, Proprietor

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**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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**Dr. Lewis W. Kitchen**  
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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.

She turned back to him after a time a poor little half-drowned smile struck out and brought a suggestion of the dimples back.

"I had to tell them!" she said. "It was wonderful!" he answered very softly, as if his voice might disturb the spell of the music before the echoes had finished carrying it to the feet of the woods.

The leaves hung motionless, as if waiting for the song to start again. The tinkle of the rattle where the water waked up at the lower edge of the pool came out of the silence.

"The telegram came," he went on after a long time. "It says—he hesitated, as if pondering the next words before giving them speech, as if half dreading to give them speech—"that Judge Eskridge is coming for you."

The words strangely carried the girl's thoughts back to a mother driven forth to die in loneliness and poverty; to a grave on a hill overlooking the river, where the hand of a friend had laid her; to a great, silent house; to a stern old man relenting in his last hours—

"I shan't go back with him," she said. "Some day I'll go back to the grave on the hill, but not—now."

The man stood weighing the words in his slow way.

"I shan't either." He paused a moment; went on. "I'm going to tear down the old cabin at Fallen Rock, clear out the underbrush, lay out grounds, and build a house. Why should I leave the Flatwoods? All that I care for in the world is here: my father, my mother, and—you."

The last word came hard for him. The girl lifted a hurried, shy half-glance to his face; dropped her eyes again to the quiet water.

"The Blue Moon," he went on, "is—somehow—well, it oughtn't to pass from hand to hand for just—money! Mother spent her life for it. I now know why." There came a pause. "I'll never need that five thousand dollars, and maybe Louie Solomon's widow does. I've arranged with the sheriff to send her the draft, and I've kept the pearl."

The girl softly clasped her hands together and looked up at him with beaming eyes.

"And maybe I'll get to see it, after all!"

"I think maybe you will!"

He reached into the pocket of his blouse, drew out the small velvet box, raised the lid, lifted the girl's hand, and laid the Blue Moon in her palm. The sunset, the green of the leaves, the glory of a silver-edged cloud floating across the sky—the wonderful gem caught them all, and lay laughing them up into her face.

"Wild Rose!" Her eyes left the pearl and rose to his face. What she saw there brought a little catch to her breath. And there was a note in his voice that had never been there before. "I reckon there's nobody left but just—you, and—me. And nothing in the world counts to me but—you. The pearl is your birthday present."

"It's your birthday, too," she stammered, her face bowed and turned away. "And I have no present—"

"The most wonderful a man ever received! A Wild Rose—"

He held out his unwounded arm. His heart had leaped to his eyes. His voice held the note that makes all voices musical. The girl lifted her face—like the dawn of day; her eyes glimmered with the light not of star or sun; the light it is given a man but once to see. Her hands came toward him, found their way about his neck.

The sunset stole softly through the hushed branches and touched their heads, and bound the two together—the gold and the brown—with a shaft of living bronze. A little breeze came by, lifted a strand of her hair, laid it across his face, and slipped away to tell the trees—

**LUBBOCK COUNTY HAS BIG GAIN IN NUMBER OF PROPERTY OWNERS**

An increase of 25 per cent in the number of property holders in Lubbock County is the figures given out through the county offices.

The large per cent increase in the taxable values representing property owners of the county, is but a recording barometer of the wave of "Own Your Home" prosperity that has been sweeping this section of the South Plains for many months, and it continues to grow. A number of vast bodies of heretofore cattle range is being opened up, and dependable, progressive farmers from other sections are flocking to this country.

**WHAT THEN!**

When the workmen own the work-shops; and the railroad men the rails; and the grocery clerks the groceries; and the mail clerks own the mails—when the preachers own the pulpits; and the pressmen own the shops; and the drillers own the oil wells; and the jails are owned by cops—when the conductors own the street cars and each driver owns his bus; will you tell us common people—what inel becomes of us?—Santa Fe New Mexican.



**THAT DREADED EVENT**

OF PUTTING UP LAST YEAR'S STOVE; OF FINDING AND FITTING THE PROPER PIPE; WITH THE FAMILY AS A HORRIFIED AUDIENCE TO YOUR FORCEFUL REMARKS, ALWAYS WAS TRYING ON A MAN'S NERVES. WHY NOT ELIMINATE THE SOOT AND RUST—THE WORRY, BOTHER AND INCONVENIENCE BY STARTING OFF WITH NEW EQUIPMENT THIS YEAR? WE CAN SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT WILL CONVINCING YOU A NEW ONE PAYS IN THE SAVING OF TIME AND TROUBLE. ALSO A FULL LINE OF PIPE. BETTER BUY YOUR STOVE NOW.

**A. L. Brannon Hardware**

**The Home as an Investment**

THERE NEVER WAS OR WILL BE ANY INVESTMENT THAT WILL PAY SUCH RETURN 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

**The Value of Being Well Dressed**

YOU WILL ENJOY THAT FEELING OF SATISFACTION WHICH COMES FROM KNOWING THAT YOU ARE DRESSED ACCORDING TO THE LATEST DICTATES OF FASHION. IF YOU MAKE YOUR SELECTION FROM OUR LINE OF HIGH CLASS TAILORING. THERE IS A FABRIC AND FASHION FOR YOU, AND OUR GUARANTEE—"WE ARE NOT SATISFIED UNLESS YOU ARE" INSURES CLOTHES SATISFACTION. IT WILL PAY YOU TO COME IN AND INSPECT OUR LINE. THE PRICES ARE RIGHT AND THE EXTRA WEAR OUR CLOTHES GIVE REPRESENTS TRUE ECONOMY. WE ALSO CARRY A LARGE LINE OF HIGH GRADE READY MADE SUITS, SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, CAPS, GLOVES, OVERCOATS, RAINCOATS, OVERALLS, AND A GENERAL LINE OF GENTS FURNISHINGS.

CLEANING AND PRESSING IS A SPECIALTY HERE.

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