

# THE SLATON SLATONITE

W. DONALD, Publisher and Owner. \$1.50 Per Year.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS.

VOL. 9, NO. 21. FEBRUARY 6, 1920

## THE BAROMETER OF A TOWN

—the never-failing guide by which the prosperity of a community is judged, is invariably its financial institutions. THE FIRST STATE BANK offering you the advantages of our resources, solicits your business, assuring you of our appreciation of same. We are appreciative of the splendid business this bank has enjoyed since its organization. LET US BE YOUR BANKER.

## THE FIRST STATE BANK

RESOURCES OVER \$600,000.00

### OFFICERS:

J. H. BREWER, President  
C. C. HOFFMAN, Vice President H. C. JONES, V. P. and Cashier  
I. M. BREWER, Asst. Cashier S. G. WILSON, Asst. Cashier

## VIOLET TOILET WATER POPULAR BEVERAGE OVER MEMPHIS WAY

Memphis, Texas.—At request of District Attorney Leak the grand jury has been recalled and is in session investigating the recent liquor activities, resulting in the death of several Hall County citizens. It is a cinch that much dope of different kinds is being sold here for beverage purposes and some one is very liable to get into trouble. A federal prosecutor has been here assisting in ferreting out the facts, and it is probable that indictments against some parties will be returned as a result.

This community was shocked Tuesday afternoon to learn that Lee Henderson, one of the pioneers of Memphis, had just died at his home from the effects of poison taken into his stomach in some liquor of some sort that he had drunk the night before. Not many minutes passed until it was announced that Bill Anderson had died about the same time at Estelline, perhaps from the same cause, and in about the same manner. On Wednesday morning it was learned that a third person, Ed Denson, had died during the night at his home near Newlin from the same cause. Several others were reported sick to a greater or less degree, but gradually they recovered and are now out of danger from the old cause.

The facts leading up to this tragic end of so many seems to be about as follows, as near as could be learned.

Several local men had been on a spree Saturday and Monday, and had been mixing every kind of tonic and extract that bid far to produce the kick. It was said they drank several sorts of hair tonics, perfumes, toilet waters and the like during the time. There were a dozen, more or less, in the escapade. On Monday night Bill Anderson was pretty drunk or sick, and hired a man to drive his car and take him home to Estelline. He arrived there in a maudlin condition and was put to bed. Tuesday he was thought to be merely recovering from his spree. About 2:30 p. m. Dr. Miller was called and a half hour later was recalled. He was in the last stages of wood alcohol poisoning and soon died. Lee Henderson went to his home in this city Monday night and Tuesday morning was in bad shape. A physician was called. Blindness soon set up and it was soon seen that there was no chance for his recovery. Death soon put an end to his misery.

Ed Denson went to his home near Newlin Monday night and died Tuesday night.

Several others who had been in the escapade were more or less sick but finally escaped. No doubt the affair will have the effect of slowing down the use of many concoctions that are being experimented with by the drinking element in this community. It may produce the kick, but it is flirting with the undertaker.

## CENSUS TAKERS' PATH LADEN WITH THREATS AND THORNS

It is said the way of a census taker is hard. Yet it's an amusing job. Plenty of sport—indoor and outdoor. All a man needs to be a good census enumerator is the gift of second sight, the diplomacy of a foreign minister, the manners of a Chesterfield, the skill of a handwriting expert, the patience of Job and the optimism of Pollyanna. For equipment he needs a magnifying glass, a good club or gun, an electric flashlight and a map of the world.

The flashlight is to find his way by night through dark alleys and by-ways; the magnifying glass to distinguish whether certain scrawls submitted are names of people or maps of their native land, and the weapon to defend himself from the house dog.

For the census enumerator is not as welcome as the flowers in May—don't think it. Sometimes he has to remind the "lady of the house"—and the man, too—that there is a penalty for refusing information. And while he is establishing his credentials cute little Fido or astute-looking Rover is on the job. The mistress of the house will inform him that Fido is perfectly harmless, but Fido looks at him with the same expression that she does herself—ready to bite.

He must be a mind reader to decide which of conflicting answers is the right one; must be suave in manner, to mollify injured feelings and coax information that is given unwillingly; must possess the ability to estimate at a glance the age of indignant ladies, all the way from their 'teens to nineties.

### Did This Happen to You?

William Klattenhoff is census enumerator for this section, and occasionally encounters a snag, but when

asked about any information absolutely refuses to talk.

However, some one who probably heard the conversation has put out a story that runs something like this: The enumerator called at a certain home, and in going down the list of questions asked of the lady, "How old are you?"

"Oh, dear, do I have to answer that horrid question?" At last she said: "I'll not tell you. You can put down what you think is right."

He placed her in his mind at not much over thirty, but wrote down "45." When he was going she asked what he had written, and he showed her. Then she laughed and said he was a poor judge, that she was only thirty-eight on her coming birthday.

That's one of the places where a census enumerator needs a little diplomacy. If he had put her down as thirty, she would probably have admitted that she was only in her twenties.

## Movie Theatre

### PROGRAM.

Monday, Feb. 9, "THE SPARK DIVINE," by Alice Joyce.

Tuesday, Feb. 10, "CRUCIBLE OF LIFE."

Wednesday, Feb. 11, "GHOST OF A CHANCE" and "ZIP AND ZEST."

Thursday, Feb. 12, "VIRTUOUS THIEF," featuring Enid Bennett.

Friday, Feb. 13, "THE GREAT RADIUM MYSTERY" and "HANDS UP."

Sat. Feb. 14, "WAGON TRACKS," featuring Wm. S. Hart.

Show will start promptly at 6:30 every evening next week. Be there.

## Mrs. A. P. Smith Died Sunday, February 1

Mrs. Fannie L. Smith, wife of A. P. Smith, living on V Ranch, east of Slaton, died at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Feb. 1, following an illness of pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith had disposed of their property and were preparing to move away.

Besides her husband deceased is survived by a son, Tom Hemphill of Weatherford. She was born Dec. 24, 1861, and was therefore a little over 58 years of age. She was converted at an early age and had been a consistent member of the Methodist church since that time.

Funeral services were held over the remains at the Methodist church at 2:30 Tuesday afternoon, conducted by the pastor, Rev. A. V. Hendricks. Burial followed in the Slaton cemetery. The funeral and burial was largely attended.

The Slatonite joins a host of friends in extending sincere sympathy to all upon whom bereavement has fallen.

## SPECIAL APPEAL IN "THE VIRTUOUS THIEF" FOR BUSINESS MEN

New Enid Bennett Picture Has Realistic Wall Street Background. Movie Theatre Feb. 12.

Every girl stenographer and every employer of girls in business offices will be especially interested in the plot of "The Virtuous Thief," in which Enid Bennett will appear at the Slaton Movie Theatre Thursday, Feb. 12.

Miss Bennett, who has won a nationwide reputation for herself by her artistry and charm, plays the part of a girl who becomes a stenographer in the office of a Wall Street broker in order to atone for the guilt of a weak brother who has stolen money from her employer. The broker proves to be a type of business man that is, fortunately, extremely rare in the financial district—a rascal. Miss Bennett finds herself the central figure in a tangled plot that attracts toward her the finger of criminal accusation. How she is lured into a deadly trap by her designing employer, who plays upon her intense devotion to her brother, and escapes in a miraculous way makes up the dramatic story.

Don't forget the date.

Beginning Monday and all the week, the show will begin promptly at 6:30, which will give you ample time to attend the tent show afterward if you desire.

## EXPLOSION WRECKED GAS PLANT AT AMARILLO TUESDAY

Amarillo, Feb. 4.—An explosion at 10:30 o'clock Tuesday morning at the plant of the Amarillo Gas Company, blew out the north side of the building and slightly injured D. Stanley, a laborer. Buildings for several blocks in every direction were shaken by the force of the explosion.

As a result of the explosion the city was without gas, but a force of workmen immediately began clearing away the debris and surface indications were that damage to the machinery had been slight.

## AUTOMOBILE KICKS WRONG WAY; EXCITED PEOPLE DECLARE GUN FIGHT ON

Dallas, Texas, Feb. 4.—"There's a big gun fight going on out here. I am afraid a lot of people have already been killed," was the message heard from an excited voice when local Police Captain Elmick answered the telephone.

Armed with shotguns, two officers rushed to the locality but they looked in vain for the battle. A lone, cussing, autoist however, was having trouble with his motor. Officers questioned the man and learned that his "backfiring" motor had caused the supposed riot. He was warned against further "racket."

## POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For County Judge:  
W. P. FLORENCE.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:  
C. A. HOLCOMB  
(For re-election, second term.)  
F. K. MITCHELL.

For Tax Assessor:  
R. C. BURNS  
(For re-election.)  
A. J. CLARK

County and District Clerk:  
SAM T. DAVIS.

For County Treasurer:  
MRS. MARY F. HINTON.  
(For Second Term.)

"THE UNDERWORLD," a sermon from the stage, with lots of good comedy, at the Tent Theatre Friday, Feb. 13. Don't fail to see it.



MAKE TRACKS FOR GOOD SHOES AND GOOD SHOES MAKE GOOD TRACKS—BUT HOW CAN YOU MAKE GOOD TRACKS WITHOUT GOOD SHOES? AND SPEAKING OF TRACKS, A LOT OF THE COLDS AND "FLU" AND THINGS CAN BE TRACKED RIGHT TO THE POOR TRACK OF POOR SHOES. OUR NEW SHOES ARE ARRIVING DAILY.

NETTLETON SHOES FOR MEN, AT ONLY ..... \$15.00 TO \$19.00

MAXINE, AND AMERICAN LADY, FOR LADIES ..... \$7.50 TO \$20.00

GOOD SHOES ARE HEALTH INSURANCE THESE DAYS, AND WE HAVE A PAIR OF POLICIES WAITING FOR YOU.

## ROBERTSON'S

THE HOME OF HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES.

## ASK YOUR BANK'S ADVICE

JOHN HOLBROOK, A GOOD FARMER, WAS STUCK WITH \$2,000 WORTH OF WILD-CAT OIL STOCK. "HELP ME TO GET OUT," HE BEGGED. "IT'S TOO LATE," HIS BANKER REPLIED. "IF YOU HAD ASKED ME AT FIRST I WOULD GLADLY HAVE ADVISED YOU; NOW YOUR MONEY IS GONE." THIS BANK SEEKS ALWAYS TO ADVISE THE FARMERS OF OUR COMMUNITY SO THEY WILL MAKE MONEY. OUR AIM IS TO SERVE OUR PATRONS TO THE LIMIT THAT IS CONSISTENT WITH SAFE, SOUND BANKING PRINCIPLES, AND WE INVITE YOU TO MAKE USE OF OUR FACILITIES. YOUR ACCOUNT AT THIS BANK ENTITLES YOU TO THE CLOSE PERSONAL RELATIONS THAT WE ENDEAVOR TO MAINTAIN WITH EVERY ONE OF OUR CUSTOMERS. COME IN AND LET'S TALK IT OVER.

WHEN YOU HAVE MONEY—WE WANT IT.  
WHEN YOU WANT MONEY—WE HAVE IT.

## The Slaton State Bank

THE BANK OF PERSONAL SERVICE.

**MOVIE THEATRE TO SHOW HIS MAJESTY, THE AMERICAN**

It is doubtful if any motion picture was ever awaited with as much interest and anticipation in Slaton as Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, "His Majesty, the American," which will be the attraction at the Movie Theatre, Wednesday, Feb. 4.

In January of 1919 the entire amusement world was startled by the formation of the United Artists Association, composed of Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith, conceded throughout the world to be the screen's foremost producers.

The first picture made under these ideal conditions is "His Majesty, the American." The management of the Movie Theatre feels great pride in having secured this production for Slaton. In the case of "His Majesty, the American," knowing what a Douglas Fairbanks film will be when the inimitable "Doug" can put his best into it, the theatre management feels and justly so, that it will offer to its patrons on next Wednesday what should prove to be the very height of screen entertainment.

**WILLIAM KLATTENHOFF, CENSUS ENUMERATOR, BEGINS WORK IN COUNTRY**

William Klattenhoff, census enumerator for this precinct, has about completed his work in Slaton and is now busy taking the census of the farming population. If you will carefully study the questions below, you will be able to give him more intelligent answers when he gets to you. The purpose of the census is to get the population of our country, as well as its resources of every kind, and facts given out about property will not be used as a basis for taxation. The questions follow:

Each occupant of a farm will be asked how many years, if any, he worked on a farm for wages; how many years, if any, he farmed as an owner.

Whether he (a) owns, or (b) rents, or (c) partly owns and partly rents his farm, or whether (d) he operates the farm for others as a manager or superintendent.

How many acres in his farm? Number of improved acres? Number of unimproved acres?

Total value of farm? Total value of buildings? Value of implements and machinery on farm?

Whether farm is mortgaged? If so, the amount?

Expenses for feed, fertilizer, and labor in the year 1919?

Number of cows, horses, sheep, chickens, and other domestic animals on the farm January 1, 1920?

Quantity and acreage of all crops grown on the farm in 1919, including fruits and vegetables?

Quantity of milk and butter sold off the farm during the year 1919?

A farm for purposes of the census includes all the land cultivated by a single farmer either by his own labor alone or with the help of hired labor. It may be in two or more separate tracts, but it is all one farm if it is all under one management.

The land cultivated by a share hand or cropper, or by a cash renter, constitutes a separate farm and is not to be counted as the owner's farm or included in it, but should be reported in the name of the tenant.

**POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

For County Judge:

W. P. FLORENCE.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:

C. A. HOLCOMB  
(For re-election, second term.)  
F. K. MITCHELL.

For Tax Assessor:

R. C. BURNS  
(For re-election.)  
A. J. CLARK

County and District Clerk:

SAM T. DAVIS.

For County Treasurer:

MRS. MARY F. HINTON.  
(For Second Term.)

Ladies, you can pay your poll tax at either bank, and our bankers are so courteous they will not question you very closely as to your age.

Saturday last day to pay poll tax.

**FATHER OF MRS. B. W. DAVIS DIED AT BIG SPRING THURSDAY**

Mrs. B. W. Davis was called to Big Spring last week to attend the bedside of her father, R. S. Cravens, who was seriously ill, and who died at 4:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon, Jan. 22. Burial followed Friday in the cemetery there.

Mr. Cravens and family at one time resided in Slaton where he was connected with the Santa Fe, and had many warm friends in this city. He was a prominent worker in fraternal societies, and his death will be mourned by many friends.

The Slatonite joins in extending sincere sympathy to all whom this death has caused bereavement.

**TWO YOUNG LADIES SUCCUMB TO INFLUENZA**

On January 22 a fourteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hillon, living between Slaton and Wilson, died of influenza. Her remains were laid to rest in the Slaton cemetery on Friday.

On Saturday, Miss Norma Hillon, 17-year-old daughter of the same couple died, and was buried in Slaton Sunday.

It is stated that all other members of the family have also been suffering from influenza.

The Slatonite joins in extending sincere sympathy to all upon whom bereavement has fallen.

**MEETS TRAGIC DEATH.**

**Young Man Caught By Driving Belt of Well Drill—Badly Mutilated.**

Fred Corner, age 35 years, was caught in the belt that drives the well drill on Delmer Parrish's drilling outfit Monday afternoon, and as a consequence death resulted one hour and forty-five minutes later.

The details of this deplorable accident, as given to a Banner representative, are about as follows:

Mr. Parrish was drilling a well on the Dave Benton place, south of Ralls, and it became necessary for the belt to be thrown, and as was their habit, the young man attempted to throw same with his shoulder, and when the belt came off the pulley that drives the machine, in some unaccountable manner it wrapped around him, and drew him into the flywheel, where he was whirled 'round and 'round. His arms and legs were broken, his skull crushed and his face so badly mutilated that he was unrecognizable.

Mr. Corner has been in the Ralls country during the past year, and has many friends among our people who will regret to hear of his untimely death.

We understand that his home is in Oklahoma, and the remains will be taken there for interment.—Ralls Banner.

**LADIES! LOOK YOUNG, DARKEN GRAY HAIR**

Use the Old-time Sage Tea and Sulphur and Nobody Will know.

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

**Cold Weather Specials For Economical Buyers**



WE WILL OFFER SPECIAL PRICES ON ALL BLANKETS, MEN'S MACKINAWs, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS, MEN'S SWEATERS, AND ALL HEAVY WINTER GOODS FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, AS WE WANT TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE NEW SPRING GOODS THAT WILL BE ARRIVING SOON.

WE ALSO HAVE A FEW PAIR OF LADIES' SHOES ON THE BARGAIN COUNTER THAT WE ARE OFFERING BELOW WHOLESALE COST. BE SURE TO SEE IF YOU CAN GET YOUR SIZE IN THIS LOT.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED SOME LADIES' HOUSE DRESSES AND APRONS; ALSO A LOT OF CHILDREN'S GINGHAM DRESSES AND ROMPERS; LADIES' SKIRTS AND MIDDIES. LET US SHOW YOU HOW LOW THEY ARE PRICED.

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF TAKING A TRIP DON'T FAIL TO SEE OUR NEW TRUNKS AND SUIT CASES. COME IN AND LOOK OVER OUR STOCK AS WE ARE RECEIVING NEW GOODS ALMOST EVERY DAY.

**M. D. JONES & CO.**

WHERE YOUR DOLLARS DO DOUBLE DUTY.

TELEPHONE 44, SLATON, TEXAS

**NEW GOODS ARE ARRIVING**

LARGE SHIPMENTS OF SUIT CASES, HAND BAGS, UNDERWEAR, SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES, HOSIERY, SUSPENDERS, BELTS, CAPS, GLOVES, AND ALL KIND OF MEN'S FURNISHINGS ARE ARRIVING DAILY. LET ME SHOW YOU THE GOODS AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD.

**DeLong THE MERCHANT TAILOR**

CLEANING AND PRESSING IS A SPECIALTY WITH US.

PHONE 58, SLATON, TEXAS

**POSTMASTER RUSSELL HAS INSTALLED NEW FIXTURES**

Postmaster C. J. Russell has just received and installed a 108-division dispatching rack and three sections of lock boxes, together with all other fixtures necessary to install them. These like the original fixtures, are steel throughout, and fireproof.

Mr. Russell states that he now has 480 lock boxes, which is double that of one year ago, and that they are all

in demand. Of course the receipts of the office and the mail handled has also greatly increased during the past year.

The fixtures in the Slaton post office are thoroughly modern and would be in keeping with offices in cities large enough to be housed in a federal building. Which is another evidence that Slaton is growing rapidly.

COME TO SLATON.

Saturday last day to pay poll tax.

**Church of Christ.**

Preaching every second Sunday at 11 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Rev. Ribble of Lubbock, Pastor.

**WANT CITY PROPERTY.**

Will trade good Overland touring car, in fine condition, for city property. What have you to offer?  
W. DONALD.

**Slaton Sanitary Grocery**

I HAVE BOUGHT THE STOCK OF H. W. RAGSDALE & SON, KNOWN AS THE SLATON SANITARY GROCERY, AND WILL CONDUCT THE BUSINESS AT THE SAME STAND. I WILL AT ALL TIMES CARRY THE BEST IN GROCERIES THAT THE MARKET AFFORDS AND WILL SELL THEM AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD TO PAY. ORDINARILY YOU PAY TOO MUCH FOR GROCERIES, BUT I AM GOING TO REDUCE THE PRICE UNTIL YOU CAN AFFORD TO EAT ALL YOU WANT. THE DELIVERY SERVICE WILL BE DISCONTINUED AND THIS EXPENSE WILL BE TAKEN OFF THE PRICE OF GROCERIES BOUGHT FROM ME. I WILL SELL FOR CASH ONLY—AND THAT MEANS CASH. THE SAVING IN BAD ACCOUNTS WILL ALSO BE TAKEN FROM THE PRICE OF GROCERIES BOUGHT OF ME. DON'T FORGET THAT I AM GOING TO DEMONSTRATE THAT GROCERIES CAN BE SOLD CHEAPER. COME HERE AND MAKE ME PROVE THIS STATEMENT.


**N. C. GENTRY**

**Phone 19**

**Slaton, Texas**

## ECZEMA!

**MONEY BACK**  
 without question! Hunt's Salve falls in the treatment of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Itch, etc. Don't become discouraged because other treatments failed. Hunt's Salve has relieved hundreds of such cases. You can't lose on our Money Back Guarantee. Try it at our risk TODAY. Price 75c at



Sold by SLATON DRUG CO.

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

Offices on  
 Second Floor  
 Masonic Building

Slaton, Texas

PHONES:  
 Office 108  
 Residence 66

**S. H. ADAMS**


Physician  
 and  
 Surgeon

SLATON, TEXAS

Office third door west  
 of First State Bank.

Residence Phone 26  
 Office Phone 10

## Own Your Home



You do not have to invest your money in rent receipts if you will see me. I can sell you a home or a vacant lot and you can pay for it just like paying for rent. Let me show you how it is done. Or if you want a farm or ranch I have some of the best bargains in this section listed that I can sell on terms that you can meet.

**H. D. Talley**

Real Estate. Slaton, Texas.

## DON SUNG

Makes Hens Lay

Gets the eggs in any weather. It is easily given in the feed and doesn't force or hurt the hen in any way. Don Sung is a real tonic. Try it—if it doesn't pay for itself and pay you a good profit besides, your money will be promptly refunded. Trial size 50 cents.

SLATON DRUG COMPANY

## Commercial Truck

I AM NOW OPERATING A COMMERCIAL TRUCK AND AM PREPARED TO DO HAULING OF ANY KIND PROMPTLY. YOUR BUSINESS WILL BE APPRECIATED.

**W. E. BUNCH**

PHONE 12 SLATON, TEXAS

**C. Johnson**

SLATON, TEXAS

Public Auctioneer

FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.

Graduate of School of Auctioneering, Minneapolis, Minn.

IF YOU ARE PLANNING A SALE OF ANY KIND SEE ME. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

## Diamond Cut Diamond

By JANE BUNKER

Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

to wait for final proofs of people's delinquencies. She hadn't even mentioned her suspicion to Claire; at the same time the incident decided her that she could on no account keep the child longer in the house, the worry of looking after her was too great, and she had told Claire this and that if her father didn't arrive by Monday Claire would have to go to a boarding school for safekeeping till he did. Monsieur le pere opportunely arrived next morning and took Claire away. That was Thursday—the day before she called on me—and Claire had been with Mrs. Delario just since Monday.

Very naturally, then, in all the story I never once thought of the slipper and that Mrs. Delario might be suspecting Claire of taking it also. But having, so to speak, settled Claire in saying that she had left on Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Delario quickly switched the conversation on the real subject of my visit. She introduced it by saying that Lila—who was still in a boarding school near Philadelphia—was breaking down and might have to be sent abroad for treatment—she seemed to be developing spinal trouble, though the doctors here really didn't seem to know what ailed the child; and then the sentence I clearly remember was, "I'm very greatly in need of money."

I fear I must have drawn back suddenly—I actually thought she was trying to borrow of me—for she smiled and answered my unspoken words: "I don't mean I want to borrow anything. I have some property I want to dispose of. I want to sell some rubies."

"Why, Mrs. Delario, I'm not a dealer," I replied quickly.

"I know you're not—that's why I thought you could help me better than anyone else. The stones were left me by a great-uncle in France, and I may as well confess it now—they came in duty free."

"Smuggled!" I interjected.

"Well, a friend brought them over and they weren't found when the baggage was examined. But don't you see that was why I could sell them at a bargain?"

"I don't know anybody who deals in smuggled gems."

"Of course—but you needn't tell that—you don't actually know how they got in—you are selling them for a friend. It's because you don't know that that you can sell them better than I can. At least you wouldn't mind looking at the stones and telling me what they're worth so I'll have something to go on? I haven't an idea how valuable they are."

"Take them to Tiffany's," I suggested.

"I'm afraid to take them anywhere, to tell you the truth. Eugene took them to a place on Maiden Lane yesterday and the people acted so queerly. Eugene—he's very psychic—got the impression that they were going to accuse him of smuggling them or something of the kind—stealing the rubies, perhaps from them—and he put them in his pocket and ran out. He thinks he was followed, but he couldn't make sure. Don't you see how easy it would be for anyone to accuse a lone woman of theft—"

"But how would they prove anything?" I interrupted. "If the stones are yours—"

She stopped me with a bitter laugh. "Can't you see that the mere public accusation that I'd stolen jewels would ruin me professionally? It would put me instantly under suspicion of fraud in all my dealings. Oh, you don't know; you haven't a conception of what this life means," she went on a little wildly. "You don't know the struggle just to make one's daily bread. A lawsuit would ruin me financially—I have no money to hire a lawyer to defend me."

I felt myself give in to her then, as a friend. Yes, I'd help her in every reasonable way.

"You mustn't labor under any false impressions about me," she went on. "I have a little property—not enough to support two people—and what I earn. I live here rent free—they pay the rent—the circle that meets here twice a week. I have the house much as a minister has his parsonage. If there were ever any scandal—if they turned me out from here—I'd be practically penniless. I couldn't make a fresh start with that hanging over me. And then my son!"

I said, "Well, get the stones and I'll

### THE SLATON SLATONITE

look at them if you care to have me do that."

She left me with a grateful smile, but returned so quickly that I rather guessed she had the stones on her person. It was a dingy little pasteboard box she'd come back with, fastened with a common little elastic. She slipped the elastic and placed the box in my hand.

I raised the lid. I gave one look at the contents, emptied out the stones into my hand and—nearly fell off my chair!

THE STONES I HELD WERE BLOOD-RED DIAMONDS! And there were seven of them—a stone you don't see one of in a year, perhaps. Why, I didn't know there were such stones in the heavens or the earth or the waters under the earth! Seven blood-red diamonds, absolutely flawless, first-water gems, and perfectly matched to the last facet, the last gleam and twinkle in their radiant depths.

I held them, almost frightened, and really didn't hear what she was saying till she remarked something about their being matched.

Matched! Well, they were matched this way: If an absolutely perfect mechanical mind with an absolutely perfect mechanical tool, working on absolutely perfect substance can be conceived, the mind and the tool, working without variation, might have produced those seven stones. Yes—I should say they were matched!

"I remember you told me once," she was prattling, "that the larger the stones the more individual they became and the harder they were to match. If they were worth five thousand dollars apiece couldn't I get—say—forty thousand dollars for the seven?"

"Forty thousand dollars!" I gasped, looking at her now for the first time since I'd looked at the stones.

An expression of disappointment crossed her face, and of chagrin too, at having committed herself before an expert—as she kindly regarded me.

"Couldn't I get as much as twenty thousand for them, don't you think?" she faltered. "Aren't rubies that size worth even that?"

"RUBIES!" I must have simply shouted the word at her.

"And aren't they rubies? Oh, don't tell me they're only paste!" She looked ready to cry with disappointment and mortification.

"PASTE!" I know I yelled that word so the walls echoed. "Why, woman, they're DIAMONDS!—blood-red diamonds—the most valuable stone in the world."

She clasped her hands about my arm and gave out a long "O-o-oh! Then



## YOU GET A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY AT OUR STORE

FOR YOU WILL FIND ON INVESTIGATION THAT YOUR DOLLARS WILL GO FURTHER, AND YOU WILL GET IN RETURN FOR THEM THE VERY BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS. WE ARE AFTER YOUR BUSINESS AND WILL DO OUR BEST TO MERIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

## The Spot Cash Grocery

J. E. KUYKENDALL, Propr. TELEPHONE NO. 12

## Our Success Proves That Service Counts

WE FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT OUR SUCCESS IS LARGELY DUE TO THIS ONE THING—NEVER BEING AFRAID OF DOING TOO MUCH FOR OUR PATRONS. WE ARE SERVING CUSTOMERS INSTEAD OF BEING SATISFIED WITH MERELY SELLING GROCERIES. THIS SERVICE INCLUDES THE MOST CAREFUL BUYING OF HIGHEST GRADE GROCERIES AND MAINTAINING A DELIVERY SERVICE THAT WILL NOT KEEP THE HOUSEWIFE WAITING. TRY US NEXT TIME.

## Lanham & Smart

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

## Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware



MY ASSORTMENT IS COMPLETE AND I HANDLE ONLY GOODS THAT ARE MADE BY RELIABLE MANUFACTURERS, PRICED RIGHT. BRING ME YOUR WATCH, CLOCK AND JEWELRY REPAIRING.

## PAUL OWENS, Jeweler

Official Watch Inspector A. T. & S. F. Ry. SLATON, TEXAS

## Are You Playing "The Game of Chance?"

ARE YOU BUYING, CHEAP, SHODDY, HOUSE FURNISHINGS? IF SO, WE ARE NOT SURPRISED AT YOUR COMPLAINING OF THE HIGH COST OF LIVING. BUY HERE AND SAVE MONEY.

## Howerton's

FURNITURE HARDWARE UNDERTAKING

Picture Framing a Specialty With Us Phone 49, Slaton, Texas

## HAVE YOU PAID YOUR POLL TAX?

IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SELL ADVERTISE IT.



She Gave Out a Long O-o-oh!



# DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

by Jane Bunker

Copyright—The Robbe-Merrill Co.

up to see me and tell me that her father had arrived.

It was the first time I'd seen her since we'd parted at the cable office, and of course I had to spare her a few minutes and hear what she had to say. She was staying with her father at a hotel—mamma hadn't yet come, because grandpapa was dying every day and she didn't dare to leave him. And then she suddenly wished to know if all Americans lived the way Mrs. Delario did, and did American ladies work?

I had to ask her what she meant, and she explained that everything at Mrs. Delario's was "so unlike the way they lived abroad;" that Mrs. Delario never left her bedroom unlocked for a single minute; that all the upstairs rooms were locked; that she made her—Claire—keep her door locked, "because," she said, "you never can tell;" that people, most of whom were strangers, were coming to the house all day from nine till five. Mrs. Delario called them "sitters" and gave them "readings" in an awfully queer room where the shutters weren't ever opened; and she—Claire—believed that Mrs. Delario took money for these readings, though she never would say what she read; and if she took money how could she be a lady? Though she was very nice and kind and papa wanted her to keep her—Claire—till her mother arrived, and Mrs. Delario wouldn't on account of her work, and what sort of work could it possibly be?

I saw by that that Mrs. Delario hadn't taken Claire much into her confidence—Claire said even her father couldn't guess what Mrs. Delario did, exactly, though he thought he knew a little, only he didn't know that ladies did it in America.

While I was considering what I'd better say the clock struck and I bounced out of my chair in a hurry—it was the hour of an appointment, and here I was five miles away, gossiping.

I told Claire I had to run, and she followed me to my bedroom while I got my coat, and it was she who exclaimed, "Why, there's Mrs. Delario's slipper! She's hunted everywhere for it. You picked it up at the customs house and put it in your suitcase."

"I'm the thief," I laughed, slipping on my coat.

Claire took a couple of steps toward the slippers and said, "I'll take it back to her."

"No, my dear—just leave it. I don't know which is hers—I see Mrs. Jimmson has mixed them all up—and I haven't time to find out now."

"Oh, I can soon tell," and Claire was about to pounce on them, but I headed her off.

"That's a matter for me to attend to, Claire, and entirely between Mrs. Delario and myself."

By this time I had on my veil and gloves, and hearing the elevator stopping at the floor, I shoed Claire and bolted for it.

Now I'd looked at the slippers as Claire spoke, and they were standing HEEL TO THE WALL, between a pair of oxford ties and a pair of bath slippers that were toe to the wall, as were all the rest but these three slippers; and I noticed this particularly and remembered it later coming home in the cars when the incident recurred to me, and I wondered why—since Claire was no longer with Mrs. Delario—she had been so anxious to take the slipper back, and if she needed an excuse—possibly—to her father for going to the house to see her friend, and how if it hadn't been for Mrs. Jimmson I could have let her take the slipper and been glad to have her do it; and how Mrs. Jimmson must have pleased herself in placing the slippers just that way, backs to the wall, so they'd show off to best advantage as works of art and decorate the room at large with their beauty; and how it must have puzzled her to find three slippers all alike in my room—not two, not four, but three; and why three? And what would the good creature say if I told her I'd stolen the odd one?

These thoughts may seem too trivial to mention, but the point is that I thought them and they were so obviously suggested by the way Jimmson

placed the slippers, heel to the wall. But here's the uncanny thing that happened: When I got home one hour after seeing them that way and turned on the light my eyes fell upon the slippers—THEY WERE ALL TOEING THE WALL.

It gave me such a shock that I sat flop down on the bed. So far as I knew not a human soul had entered during my absence of one hour and some minutes, nor was there any evidence that anything else in the place had been touched—the other shoes stood toe to the wall just as I'd seen them when I went out with Claire.

I suppose I'll be set down as a perfect fool, but I actually turned sick all over, and it required positive courage on my part to pick up the slippers and examine them. Which taught me nothing, of course, and—I may as well confess all my folly—I set them back heel to the wall and actually sat there and watched to see if they'd turn about of their own accord. But nothing happened, and there they stayed, heel to the wall, till morning.

That same evening, however, another thing happened that annoyed though it didn't alarm me. I was awakened about half past two by the sound of a key in the front door—someone was trying to get in. I bounced out of bed and looked to see that the chain bolt was on—that was all that worried me; for I had a neighbor on a floor below who came home frequently at that hour of the night in so elated a condition that he never stopped ascending stairs until he reached the top, and as my flat directly corresponded with his on the lower floor he tried to get in with his key, and sometimes threatened to smash the door in if "Minnie" didn't open it.

So hearing the familiar key now fumbling, I looked at the chain-bolt, and then merely "hollered" through the door my usual, "You're trying to get in the wrong flat—yours is downstairs."

The key slid out of the lock and there wasn't another sound. I stood there shivering in my nightie, waiting for the usual colloquy that would convince Mr. Man I wasn't his Minnie, but as he didn't favor me with so much as an oath of recognition, I went back to bed after a few moments and fell asleep. It never entered my head that the person at the other end of the latchkey wasn't the high-spirited Mr. Man that I knew and was prepared for, but another Mr. Man I didn't know anything about.

I went to sleep dreaming about slippers; I waked up to wonder about slippers. They were just as I'd left them—which gave me real disappointment. I was out nearly all day, and when I came home my first look was to see if the slippers had been making any more "manifestations."

ALL THREE SLIPPERS WERE GONE.

### CHAPTER III.

#### Mrs. Delario's Diamonds.

To say I was astonished when I beheld that neat row of footgear with three teeth knocked out simply doesn't express it. I was flabbergasted. It wasn't only the mysteriousness of that particular theft—if theft it were—and why all three slippers had been taken and not one slipper, or one pair; it was that nothing so far as I could observe had been touched in the flat but just the particular objects that the day before had turned and toed the wall. Now they had walked off and left me.

Well, the end of all my puzzling was that I had my choice between two explanations—(1) that some person, name, age and sex unknown, motive impossible to guess, had entered my flat with a duplicate key and stolen the slippers; or (2) that Mrs. Delario had worked a "physical manifestation" to get her slipper home and had taken all three at once to be on the safe side.

One explanation seemed about as possible as the other, for I didn't see how anyone could have a duplicate key—even the janitor does not have a pass key to the flats in this house—and I didn't see how magic could carry off three slippers. But whatever way I put it I had still the unpleasant task of explaining the loss to Mrs. Delario.

I remembered she'd said when we were

buying them that they were more than she could afford, but she just must have them and would go without something else, and I was particularly mystified because of it. If I could in any way have replaced the slipper I'd have done so and never said a word about it.

Meantime I remembered that I hadn't communicated with Mrs. Delario since my return—though I had the slipper all that time. Then came a letter asking me would I do her a great, a very great favor—would I come to her house that Sunday evening at eight o'clock? The letter arrived on Sunday morning, special delivery.

I went, but I never once mentioned the slippers—slippers were the last things in my mind as I rang the bell.

Mrs. Delario herself admitted me, apologizing that her maid was away



Mrs. Delario Herself Admitted Me.

for her Sunday evening out, and what between welcoming handshakes and Mrs. Delario's taking off my coat and fastening on my taking off my hat and "being comfy," and my declining, and her leading me into the seance room Claire had told me about, and my astonishment at seeing it, slippers didn't occur to me and the chance to speak of them went by.

The seance room was as queer to my eye as it seemed to have been to Claire's. I think the impression uppermost in my mind was the soundlessness of the place. It seemed as remote from the bustling life of the great city in the midst of which it was as if it had been in the heart of a desert.

But Mrs. Delario left me but little time for observation, merely remarking that this was the seance room, she asked if I'd seen Claire and what I thought of her.

"Well—I thought she was a thief," and many things about her, and while I was considering my answer Mrs. Delario propounded a question that fairly stunned me: "Do you think the girl could be a thief?"

"Oh, never—never in the world! What—Claire?" I cried hotly, and the picture of the high-bred girl came before me. I could as soon have thought my own sister a thief. Nevertheless I was soon at a loss to explain the episodes Mrs. Delario told me.

On the steamer, for instance, she had twice caught Claire turning over things in her—Mrs. Delario's—suitcase. Claire excused it once by saying she'd accidentally put some of her own toilet articles in it by mistake while she "was too sick to notice." But what finally brought about the crisis was this: A sitter had given Mrs. Delario a ten-dollar bill in payment for a reading, and she had gone hastily to her room for change, and returning had left her bedroom door ajar and a quantity of bills lying on the bureau which she hadn't stopped to put back into her purse. The moment she had shown the sitter out she went back to replace her purse and found Claire in her room. Claire was in the act of closing the wardrobe door and said she was looking for her muff! And why her muff in Mrs. Delario's wardrobe?

"But did she steal any money?" I demanded, almost in fear of the reply.

Mrs. Delario took some time to answer, and this is what she said: "You know I'm so fond of the child I'd rather think I made a mistake than that she robbed me. I had two five-dollar bills—a lot of twos and ones and several tens—and what I think I did was to take a five and a two—seven dollars—and rush downstairs. But what I might have done was taken the two fives—a five instead of a two—and give them to the lady. She didn't look at them. Anyway, the other five was gone."

It was this sort of thing about her that made me like Mrs. Delario so much—her willingness to excuse and

(Continued on page 3)

# How Good?

THAT'S THE BIG CONSIDERATION IN HAVING PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED OR IN BUYING DRUGS. HERE YOU ARE CERTAIN OF ABSOLUTE QUALITY, ACCURACY AND SPEEDY SERVICE. YOU WILL FIND THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IN STANDARD REMEDIES, TOILET ARTICLES, STATIONERY AND OTHER DRUG SPECIALTIES. COME HERE.

"If It's Advertised We Have It."

YOU CAN ALWAYS GET REFRESHED AT OUR FOUNTAIN.

## Slaton Drug Co.

J. V. HOLLINGSWORTH, Propr. Phone 92, SLATON, TEXAS

## 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



## DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS

AND WHILE YOU ARE THINKING OF INSURING YOUR PROPERTY IT MAY CRUMBLE INTO ASHES. FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED, AND THE TIME TO THINK ABOUT A FIRE IS BEFORE IT HAPPENS. A FEW DOLLARS SPENT TODAY AN INSURANCE POLICY TODAY MAY BRING IN A WHOLE LOT OF DOLLARS TOMORROW. I WILL INSURE YOU IN A SOLID COMPANY AT LOW RATES.

W. DONALD, At Slatonite Office. Phone 26





## SAYS HOT WATER WASHES POISONS FROM THE LIVER

Everyone should drink hot water with phosphate in it, before breakfast.

To feel as fine as the proverbial fiddle, we must keep the liver washed clean, almost every morning, to prevent its sponge-like pores from clogging with indigestible material, sour bile and poisonous toxins, says a noted physician.

If you get headaches, it's your liver. If you catch cold easily, it's your liver. If you wake up with a bad taste, furred tongue, nasty breath or stomach becomes rancid, it's your liver. Sallow skin, muddy complexion, watery eyes all denote liver uncleanness. Your liver is the most important, also the most abused and neglected organ of the body. Few know its function or how to release the dammed-up body waste, bile and toxins. Most folks resort to violent calomel, which is a dangerous, salivating chemical which can only be used occasionally because it accumulates in the tissues, also attacks the bones.

Every man and woman, sick or well, should drink each morning before breakfast a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, to wash from the liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, the poisons, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Limestone phosphate does not restrict the diet like calomel, because it can not salivate, for it is harmless and you can eat anything afterwards. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, and any pharmacist will sell you a quarter pound which is sufficient for a demonstration of how hot water and limestone phosphate cleans, stimulates and freshens the liver, keeping you feeling fit day in and day out.

## PEG'S SACRIFICE

By MARGARET WILDER.

Peggy was excited and happy. Sitting before the big mirror, she brushed out the tangled curly hair, singing to herself. Tonight, oh, what fun! That great big marvelous dance she had looked forward to for the last three weeks was really about to "happen." Before her on a chair lay the blue evening dress and slippers, and they actually seemed to match her shining eyes.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, as the door opened, "I'm just crazy to go—why—why mamma, what is it?"

Surprise and alarm were mingled in Peggy's voice. Her mother, sweet and young looking, came to her daughter's side and put her arm around Peggy's waist.

"Darling, I—I can hardly tell you. Oh, Peggy, what if I should ask you to give up that dance tonight?"

Peggy's eyes lost some of their glow. "Why, mamma—what's happened?" she managed to say.

Mrs. Palmer's voice broke a little.

"Your Aunt Alice is ill out in Chicago. I just received this telegram from Uncle Jack, and he wants me to come there tonight. And—and—you know, Peg, I can't leave a two-year-old baby alone in the house and since he is not well anyway, I hate to entrust him to a neighbor, yet I hate—Peg, I hate to keep you home!"

Peggy's heart seemed to be sinking within her, but her sweet lips turned and smiled at her mother's wistful face.

"Run right along, mamma. Of course I'll stay with Bob Boy. Give my love to Aunt Alice, and just make her get well. Probably knowing you are near will do her more good than any amount of medicine."

Mrs. Palmer kissed her daughter several times, and Peggy understood the deep sympathy and appreciation which her dear little mother could not express in words.

At eight o'clock that night all was still in the Palmer house. Peggy sat by little Bob Boy's crib, musing. The music was starting now, she knew. She could picture the orchestra jazzing away at their many different instruments, and she wondered what the girls were wearing, and how pretty they looked.

Bob Boy was sleeping peacefully. Peggy's mother heart went out to her tiny brother, and she was glad a hundred times over that she had stayed with him, instead of leaving such a warm little bundle with some careless neighbor. But she could not help that dull ache in her heart, in spite of everything, but not a tear passed her eyes.

An hour dragged by, and the house was still as a mouse. Peggy leaned over her little brother and kissed him.

straightened the cool sheet under his pink chin and then tip-toed quietly down the stairs. She went to the parlor window and looked out. What a night! A glorious moon hung low in the sky, and every little star twinkled and flirted with her, as if trying to entice her out into the night. As she looked she saw a tall, slender soldier boy limping along the sidewalk. She rested her head against the window sash and her thoughts flew back over the space of a whole year. She, too, had had a soldier boy, but he had not been her sweetheart. They had not known each other long enough for that. Yet why had she watched the papers for every battle fought, in hopes of seeing his name, and why had she felt that stab of keen disappointment when the postman had failed to bring even one of those longed-for letters? She was watching the limping soldier as he approached with dreamy, wistful eyes, and not until he had actually turned and came up her front steps did she realize the truth. She heard the bell as in a dream; then the color rushed into her face, and she went quickly to the door.

The boy entered and looked intently into Peggy's flushed face.

"Peggy! Are you surprised?" His voice was eager as he awaited her reply. Peggy couldn't speak. She didn't trust herself just then.

He continued: "I hope you don't mind my running in this way. Our ship arrived this afternoon. I have a day or so to go home in before I leave for camp. My ticket is for the one o'clock train tonight—"

Peggy suddenly took his big hand in hers.

"Roy, why didn't you write ever?" "Because," replied Roy slowly, "just one little girl's image has been in my mind for this past year—it was yours, Peg—I didn't believe you cared—so—so—I was afraid to write for fear I'd say too much."

Suddenly Peg was in his arms.

"You—never, never could say too much!" She was half-laughing, half-sobbing.

Late that night after Roy had left Peg received a telegram. The crisis was past—Aunt Alice would get well—and they would pack mother off home tomorrow.

Peg prayed long and earnestly that night. She thanked God for his many blessings.

(Copyright, 1919, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### Get Busy Quickly.

"Well, what's the first thing your son did after graduating from that expensive college?"

"Touched me for \$300 to buy some girl an engagement ring."—Kansas City Journal.

### New Fish Story.

A convalescing Indian fisherman in a Rangoon hospital was fishing along the foreshore recently when he caught a small fish. His basket being a short distance away, he put the head of the fish in his mouth, and closed his teeth on it, while he was rebaiting his hook. The fish slipped into his throat, and struggling to escape, got stuck there. The fisherman was hurried into the hospital, where an incision was made and the fish removed just in time to save the patient from choking to death.

### Laid Color on Thickly.

There were periods when even men rouged. In the Eighteenth century little attempt was made to imitate nature's coloring. The ladies "laid it on thick" in round red spots, and seemed to apply it, as they did patches, to obtain a supposed decorative effect, and to stimulate the blush of nature. The red and white they used, unlike the modern cosmetics, were actually poisonous, and there is record of more than one lady of quality who died from the effects of white lead.

### There for a Good Time.

While entertaining our club one evening our hostess felt it her duty to ask a member to sing. Realizing what we would have to endure, and without stopping to think, I suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, we came here to have a good time; let's play cards." The painful silence which followed, together with the look which the would-be singer gave me, made me truly experience the most embarrassing moment of my life.—Exchange.

### Deserved the Cookies.

Our neighbor's small son was well bred and he never asked for things to eat at our house. The other day he came into the kitchen just as I had spread the last of a batch of cookies on the table. The sight of so many and their delicious smell almost overcame his manners, for he said, "Cookies are one thing that have never disagreed with me yet." He got the two largest in the batch.—Chicago Tribune.

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

## MICKIE SAYS

OUR REPORTER SAYS, "WHEN FOLKS TRAVELLED BY TRAIN, I COULD KEEP TRACK OF 'EM, BUT SINCE THESE DOD-GASTED AUTOS ARE LEAVIN' TOWN BY EV'RY ROAD EV'RY HOUR, I GOTTA FAT CHANCE! WHEN FOLKS GO VISITIN', ER HAVE VISITORS, I WISHT THEY'D TELL ME ABOUT IT."



CHARLES BUCHHEIT

## AN IDEAL HOME READY TO MOVE INTO.

We have for sale 75 acres adjoining the city limits of Slaton; 4 acres in orchard, 2 acres in vineyard, good residence, very large barn, garage, and all other necessary outbuildings; two good silos, and everything else that goes with a well improved place. For a limited time we are offering this bargain for only \$12,000, which includes all the farm implements, wagons, etc. on the place. Part of the live stock and feed can also be bought if desired. Better see us quick if you want a chance at this bargain. A. M. WATSON CO., Telephone 116. Slaton, Texas.

Ladies, you can pay your poll tax at either bank, and our bankers are so courteous they will not question you very closely as to your age.

INSURANCE THAT PROTECTS See W. Donald at Slatonite Office.

# Buy Good Furniture From a Reliable House--It Pays

Ask your friends who have bought Furniture, Hardware and Implements here during the past years, and you will be told that the Quality House is a reliable store. Come and see the many beautiful things we have gathered from the best factories. You'll find it pleasant and profitable to get better acquainted with our merchandise, prices and service.

## FORREST HARDWARE

THE HOUSE OF SATISFACTION Phone 6, SLATON, TEXAS

# You Can Not Afford to Wait For Lower Building Costs

With all the reconstruction problems, all the delayed building now to be resumed, prices are not likely to be lower. A delay may mean higher costs for you besides the loss of time and profits to you now. We will save you every possible dollar if you will figure with us.

# Rockwell Bros. & Co.

S. F. KING, Manager.

SLATON, TEXAS

IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SELL ADVERTISE IT.

# "Cash In" Your Property

IF YOU HAVE CITY PROPERTY THAT YOU WANT TO "CASH IN" LIST IT WITH US AND WATCH THE QUICK RESULTS WE GET. AT PRESENT WE ARE HAVING MORE CALLS FOR CITY PROPERTY THAN WE CAN SUPPLY. SO IF YOU WANT TO SELL AND WILL MAKE THE PRICE RIGHT WE CAN DISPOSE OF IT FOR YOU.

WE ALSO HAVE A FEW CLIENTS THAT WANT SMALL TRACTS OF LAND THAT THEY CAN GET POSSESSION OF FOR THIS YEAR. IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING THAT IS WORTH THE MONEY AND WANT TO SELL DON'T DELAY IN LISTING IT WITH US.

DURING THE YEAR 1920 WE ARE GOING TO OFFER SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO THOSE WHO WILL GIVE US THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO SELL THEIR REAL ESTATE. IT IS BETTER FOR THE PROPERTY OWNER AND WE CAN BETTER AFFORD TO PUSH THE SALE OF IT AND ADVERTISE IT WELL, WHICH IS THE BEST AND EASIEST WAY TO SELL REAL ESTATE.

# A. M. WATSON CO.

TELEPHONE 116

SLATON, TEXAS

**HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD**

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed up with a cold or nasty catarrh.

Five-acre tract for sale; price \$750; terms, half cash, balance in 2 years. See R. J. Murray or J. T. Overby.

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



BIDDLE'S CHRISTMAS.

"I must tell you about the Christmas which Biddle Birdsall is going to have," said Daddy.

"The cat who does such wonderful things?" asked Nancy.

"Yes, the cat," said Daddy. "But this time we are to hear of the things which are to be done for Biddle for Christmas. They had a fine Christmas for him last year, and they will have another fine one for him this year."

"Even Biddle is getting excited about it, I suppose," said Nick.

"Yes, I do believe he must be dreaming about it," said Daddy, "for I have heard that he sleeps with an eye open most of the time for fear he will miss something."

"And they tell me that he sits a great deal by the window watching for Christmas packages to come."

"They have a red bow for his neck and they have some delicious catnip all ready for him. He will love that, and it will make him feel so sleepy and so comfortable. That, he thinks, will be the nicest present of all."

"As Biddle was sitting by the window the other day a little tiny dog ran out of one of the opposite houses and barked at Biddle's little master who was on his roller skates."

"The little dog was frightened, but Biddle looked much disgusted."

"That dog," he said to himself, "is very foolish to mind roller skates. I'm too fine and sensible a cat for that."

"Just the other day he saw the first real signs of Christmas. The ash pile in the garden was covered with snow, and it looked pretty, yes, really that old ash pile looked quite lovely, for it looked like a mountain of snow and was of such a beautiful shape."

"Biddle didn't care about the beauty of the ash pile, but he had always remembered that just before Christmas there was lots of snow so that even the ash pile looked like a snow mountain."

"Of course some time Biddle may make a mistake for this heavy snow-storm has happened to come just at this certain time since Biddle was a



"Looked Quite Lovely."

little kitty, and so he was quite sure that without any mistake it would soon be Christmas.

"Then he was given his Christmas ribbon a day or two before Christmas so he would look all dressed up for the day, and he smacked his lips and licked his little gray toes and said to himself: 'Ah, soon it will be time for the catnip.'"

"The door bell began to ring so often now. It has such a gay and happy sound, like door bells do sound around Christmas time. People were getting presents from the postman which were all marked: 'Please do not open until

Christmas,' and others were leaving their presents ahead of time.

"Ah," said Biddle, "soon it will be time, soon the children will shriek with delight, and I won't shriek—no, that would be beneath my dignity, but I will purr and I will lick their hands—I mean the hands of all the different ones in the family."

"And I will wish them a merry Christmas in my very own way. Oh, soon, I think it will be time. Soon, for what need is there to wait? I am dressed up and ready. I am waiting for the excitement. I can scarcely take a nap. It will not be until I get my catnip that I will be able to take a cat-nap."

"I'm ready, so why should they wait any longer? So, you see, Biddle is waiting for Christmas and he will not be disappointed about his Christmas present, for he will get the catnip."

"But clever though Biddle is, he cannot bring Christmas ahead of time, and in the long run it's better that no one can, for there would be no excitement if Christmas came without having all those gloriously, wonderfully, exciting days which come before!"

"And so, among other reasons, we always have the days before Christmas in addition to Christmas day!"

**Giving Without Getting.**

In order to give out we must drink in. The teacher who stops learning soon becomes a mechanical instructor, lacking inspiration. Those who in their aspiration to do good lose sight of the necessity for self-development, soon realize their inability to serve their fellow men as they should. We must live deeply in order to help others, we must enjoy in order to scatter cheer about us. We must get, in order to give.—Girls' Companion.

**THOUSANDS OF COMMERCIALY TRAINED YOUNG PEOPLE ARE WANTED FOR SERVICE. THE NEED IS GREAT AND THE DEMAND FOR EFFICIENT HELP IS URGENT.**

Young people! Will you take advantage of this opportunity? War has greatly widened the horizon of American Commerce. One of the benefits growing out of the war is the world-wide viewpoint of American business men and women. They are engaged and must continue on a larger scale in the production and distribution of commodities for the world. Our fast growing merchant marine is an important factor in the trade development with the foreign countries. Markets are being opened that have never, heretofore, been visited by American Commerce. The volume of American business must increase. The countries destroyed by the four years of war must be reclaimed and rebuilt. Factories, homes and cities must be restored. American capital, mills and factories managed by men trained for business are being called upon to do this work. There will be a small place for the fellow with just hands and feet to offer. But a premium will be paid to the one who offers efficient service as a bookkeeper, stenographer, or business executive. Hundreds of ambitious young men and women are now with us, preparing for these high salaried positions. We have had the largest enrollments during the month of January 1920 that we have ever had in any single month in the history of the school.

The Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas, with its practical and thorough courses of Bookkeeping, Business Training, Shorthand, Typewriting, Business Finance, Telegraphy, and Cotton Sampling and Marketing will prepare you in the shortest time, at the least expense, for a business career. Fill in and mail for large free catalog. Be ambitious to be a leader.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

**Famous English Lotteries.**

It brought a shock to many Londoners when somebody informed them that Westminster bridge was built from the proceeds of a lottery. Then somebody dug up the fact that away back in 1736, parliament incorporated a lottery through which the beginnings were made toward establishing the British museum.

FOR SALE: Two car loads of extra fine mares, horses and mules. See them at McDonald Sales Barn, Lubbock, Texas.

INSURANCE THAT PROTECTS  
See W. Donald at Slatonite Office.

GET THE BEST  
5 1/2 PER CENT

**Farm Loans!**

WHY PAY MORE?

Long time (5 to 35 years). Easy payments that cancel the debt. The Government's own system of giving Texas people through the Federal Land Bank of Houston CHEAP MONEY. See—

**W. E. OLIVE**

Secretary-Treasurer, Slaton, Tex.



**HORROR UPON HORRORS!**

THE OLD FAMILY SILVERWARE—HEIRLOOMS OF MOTHER'S PERHAPS—INITIATED INTO THE ART OF PULLING NAILS, WAS THE LAST STRAW. EVERY HOUSEHOLDER SHOULD MAKE PROVISION AGAINST SUCH AN OCCURANCE AS THIS BY SUPPLYING THE HOME WITH A FEW ESSENTIAL ARTICLES OF HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE. WE HAVE A BIG ASSORTMENT OF CLAW-HAMMERS, CHISELS AND LIKE ARTICLES NECESSARY TO EVERY WELL-REGULATED HOME.

**A. L. Brannon Hardware**

DURABLE WARES AT RIGHT PRICES.

PHONE 55, SLATON, TEXAS

**Spring's Newest Styles  
IN MILLINERY**

WE INVITE EVERY LADY AND GIRL IN SLATON AND SURROUNDING COMMUNITIES TO COME TO THIS STORE, WHERE THEY WILL FIND THE LATEST STYLES IN NEW SPRING MILLINERY. IT IS CORRECT IN SHAPE, TRIMMING AND MARKED AT A PRICE THAT WILL PLEASE YOU. WE ARE IN TOUCH WITH THE WORLD'S GREATEST PRODUCERS OF MILLINERY, AND WE ARE ANXIOUS TO MEET AND GREET YOU IN OUR STORE. OUR SALES LADIES WILL RECEIVE YOU CORDIALLY AND SHOW YOU OUR STOCK.

**LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS**

WE ARE NOW SHOWING THE NEW SPRING READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS, SUCH AS SUITS, DRESSES, BLOUSES, ETC. YOURS TO SERVE AND PLEASE.

**Mrs. F. Graves**

DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY STYLE SHOP.

Phone 126, SLATON, TEXAS

**High Grade Tailored Suits in Stock**

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A SHIPMENT OF HIGH CLASS TAILORED READY TO WEAR SUITS. BETTER COME IN AND GET ONE BEFORE THEY ARE ALL GONE. PRICED RIGHT.

**DeLong**  
THE MERCHANT TAILOR

CLEANING AND PRESSING IS A SPECIALTY WITH US.

PHONE 58, SLATON, TEXAS

IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SELL ADVERTISE IT. TRY CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.