

THE SLATON SLATONITE

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

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS.

VOL. 9, NO. 20. JANUARY 30, 1920

Are You Doing All You Can?

Are you exerting yourself to the utmost to make your farming, your business, your productivities 100 per cent efficient? Do you need money, advice or help to enlarge your activities in these lines? This Bank stands ready to encourage to the utmost all legitimate production.

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HELPS FOR THE SICK ROOM



'TIS TRUE, THE SICK-ROOM IS NONE TOO CONVENIENT, NOR PLEASANT AT BEST. BUT YOU CAN ADD MUCH TO ITS CONVENIENCE AND COMFORT BY PROVIDING IT WITH UP-TO-DATE SICK-ROOM NECESSITIES, THAT ARE CARRIED IN ABUNDANCE AT THIS STORE. WHEN YOUR LOVED ONES ARE ILL IT PAYS TO GIVE THEM EVERY CHANCE SUCH AS THIS.

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C. F. ANDERSON, Proprietor.

THE REXALL STORE

W. P. FLORENCE ANNOUNCES FOR COUNTY JUDGE

To the People of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

I offer myself as a candidate for the office of County Judge subject to your action in the Democratic primaries, and if elected will do my best to make you a most faithful servant.

I am a native Texan and grew up in the cotton patches of Smith County. I farmed and taught school a few years in Central Texas and then discovered the Staked Plains and Lubbock County, A. D. 1900. In that same year I made this my permanent home and have continued to boost the country as it justly deserves, and especially have striven to build up its educational interests. In addition to boosting and teaching school my occupation here has been farming, trucking, dairying and raising an extra large family.

My talents incline especially toward the work of county judge, with its duties of county school superintendent, and I feel that I can soon master the details of the office sufficiently to render you valuable service.

I have never held nor before asked for any public paying office. But that would be the greater incentive to strive to make good if elected.

Would it not pay a deserved tribute to the great occupation of farming and encourage those who follow it if you call one of your citizens directly from the farm to one of your highest county offices? And surely I have lived among you long enough for you to know whether I am worthy to be that honored citizen.

Respectfully,
W. P. FLORENCE.

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.

F. K. MITCHELL ANNOUNCES.

Asks to Be Sheriff and Tax Collector of Lubbock and Attached Counties.

The Slatonite is authorized to announce F. K. Mitchell of Lubbock as a candidate for sheriff and tax collector of Lubbock and attached counties, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, July 24th. His name will be found in the regular announcement column.

Mr. Mitchell has been a resident of Lubbock County for the past twelve years, and for nearly eight years has been city marshal of the city of Lubbock, and his friends claim that he has made a most faithful peace officer and attended to the duties of the office in a very capable manner.

Mr. Mitchell is also identified with the business interests of Lubbock, owning a confectionery located in the Lindsey Theatre building.

He asks that when you go to cast your vote on July 24th that you give his candidacy your careful consideration, and assures you that your vote and influence will be greatly appreciated.

C. K. BRAZELL DIED AT MAGNOLIA, ARK., JANUARY 19

Virgil Brazell has received the sad news of the death of his father, C. K. Brazell, which occurred at Magnolia, Ark., Monday, January 19, after an attack of paralysis. The Slatonite joins in extending condolence to the bereaved ones.

TEAGUE'S CONFECTIONERY for Candies that are THE BEST.

Miller Casings with uniform mileage. BIG STATE GARAGE.

Saturday last day to pay poll tax.

CLEARANCE SALE

Of Odds and Ends from Our Winter Stock

Every Department of our store is affected by these marked reductions from the regular prices and offer unusual advantages for thrifty shoppers.

From our inventory just finished we are offering come real bargains in Odds and Ends and Remnants.

Come in and see the new goods—Ladies' Dresses, Suits, etc. Something coming in every day.

Robertson Dry Goods Co.

THE HOME OF HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES.

MRS. MARY F. HINTON ANNOUNCES FOR SECOND TERM COUNTY TREASURER

To the Voters of Slaton and Community:

I wish to say, I am a candidate for re-election to the office of County Treasurer. On taking up the duties of the office a year ago, I had much to learn, and am not yet perfect, but I have the work well in hand and feel that I can make you a better officer than before.

I fully realize the responsibilities resting upon me in the handling of the county funds, and if it be my good fortune to be again elected to serve you in this capacity, I shall put forth every possible effort to perform every duty devolving upon me in a most satisfactory way.

I thank you kindly for all past favors, and for the one I am now asking of you, that you again elect me your County Treasurer.

Most sincerely,
MARY F. HINTON.

Movie Theatre PROGRAM.

Monday, Feb. 2, "AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY," Corinne Griffith.

Tuesday, Feb. 3, "HER FIGHTING CHANCE."

Wednesday, Feb. 4, "HIS MAJESTY, THE AMERICAN," featuring Douglas Fairbanks.

Thursday, Feb. 5, "FITS ELOPE," featuring Marguerite Clark.

Friday, Feb. 6, "THE GREAT RADIUM MYSTERY," "HANDS UP," and two-reel comedy.

Saturday, Feb. 7, "HAY FOOT, STRAW FOOT," by Chas. Ray.

Beginning Monday, Feb. 2, the show will begin promptly at 7 o'clock every night except Friday and Saturday, when it will begin at 8:30 promptly.

Four room house for sale, which is a bargain at \$1600; \$750 cash, balance good terms. See R. J. MURRAY or J. T. OVERBY.

THE BIRDS FLY SOUTHWARD TO AVOID THE COLD

AND WELL BEFORE THE COMING OF THE SNOW, THE THRIFTY SQUIRREL LAYS BY A STORE OF NUTS. THE BEE REMEMBERS THAT THE FLOWERS WILL FADE. ALL NATURE SEEMS TO SENSE THE COMING NEED. AND MAN, ALONE OF ALL THE LIVING THINGS, SEEMS BLISSFULLY CONTENT TO LIVE TODAY AS IF TOMORROW'S SUN WOULD NEVER RISE. WE DEFY THE LAWS OF NATURE WHEN WE FAIL TO PROVIDE FOR THE FUTURE. BEGIN SAVING A DEFINITE AMOUNT EACH MONTH AND DEPOSITING IN THIS BANK.

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

The Slaton State Bank

THE BANK OF PERSONAL SERVICE.

OUR JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE

Is to be short and sweet [to you] for the cuts, where made, are to be heavy from the first. Closes Saturday, Jan. 31st. Notice clearly the prices for where named they are very special.

 <p>Big Misses' Cloaks, blue and brown \$22.50</p> <p>Cloak and Fur, assortment colors, medium sizes \$32.50</p> <p>Cloaks, some with fur collars, medium and large sizes \$37.50</p> <p>Cloaks and plush with fur collars \$47.50</p>	<p>COMFORTS AND BLANKETS</p> <p>54 x 72 Comfort \$2.15</p> <p>72 x 80 Comfort, floral, green and pink grounds \$3.95</p> <p>Fancy Sateen Comfort, assorted colors, only \$4.95</p> <p>60 x 76 Blankets \$2.95</p> <p>66 x 80 Blankets, wool finish \$4.95</p> <p>Same size, Woolnap \$8.95</p> <p>All-Wool Blankets \$13.95</p>	<p>BABY GOODS</p> <p>Silk Carriage Robes and Quilts for only \$4.75 and \$6.75</p> <p>Sweater Sets \$1.45</p> <p>Mercerized Knit Caps 55c</p> <p>Papoose Blankets, good size \$1.25</p> <p>Baby Pants, rubber 19c</p> <p>Crib Sheet, rubber 75c</p> <p>Buy now for balance of this season and next winter's use. Things will be no cheaper.</p>	<p>BLACK CAT HOSIERY</p> <p>Big bargains, all sorts of white hose. Buy now for summer. Boys' 6½ heavy 29c</p> <p>Women's Black Cotton 35c</p> <p>Men's Hose, black and colors 13c, 23c</p>	 <p>DRESSES</p> <p>One lot Serge Dresses, dark green and navy \$18.75</p> <p>One lot green and plum for only \$26.50</p> <p>One lot Serge and Tricotine only \$32.50</p> <p>REDUCTIONS ALSO ON SILK DRESSES.</p>
	<p>MEN'S UNDERWEAR</p> <p>We Sell the Famous Cooper Brand Men's Heavy Fleece Unions, Sale Price \$2.45</p> <p>Boys' Unions 95c</p> <p>Ladies' Knit Drawers 45c</p> <p>Misses' Silk and Wool Unions, sizes 6, 8, 10 \$1.45</p> <p>All Misses' Unions \$1.15</p> <p>Child's Sleeping Garments \$1.35</p> <p>Boys' Night Shirts 75c</p>	<p>CHILDREN'S COATS</p> <p>A size 4 Corduroy \$1.95</p> <p>A 6 and 10, cloth \$2.95</p> <p>Sizes, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 13 \$3.95</p> <p>Sizes 12 and 15 \$8.75</p> <p>Sizes 14 and 16 \$10.75</p>	<p>SHOES</p> <p>Women's 2-tone, military heel \$8.95</p> <p>Women's Patent Bro. kid top, Louis heel \$9.85</p> <p>Women's Gray Suedes, Louis heel, for \$9.85</p> <p>Men's Heavy Work Shoes \$4.75</p> <p>Women's and Children's Felt House Shoes 10 per cent off</p> <p>Misses' Shoes, patent, white kid tops and black kid tops... 10 per cent off</p>	
	<p>WAISTS</p> <p>Voile and Organdie Waists 55c</p> <p>Another lot voile and organdie 95c</p> <p>Middies with assorted trimmings 50c</p> <p>A lot of Georgettes for only \$3.95</p>	<p>WATCH FOR RED TAGS</p> <p>No reductions unless these tags are on, but you'll find plenty of these tags.</p> <p>No exchanges, no refunds, no approvals, on reduced items.</p>	<p>CORSETS</p> <p>Some in one lot (rubber in elastic gone, but you can buy extra) .. 59c</p> <p>Another lot, broken sizes 95c</p> <p>Another lot \$1.95</p> <p>Another lot 25 per cent off</p>	
	<p>DOLLS</p> <p>Came in too late for Christmas. Very SPECIAL PRICES.</p>	<p>MILLINERY</p> <p>You Will Find Many Rare Bargains in Our Millinery Department.</p> <p>One Lot 95c</p> <p>One Lot \$2.95</p> <p>One Lot \$4.95</p> <p>One Lot \$7.95</p>	<p>MEN'S CLOTHING</p> <p>A few left, but you'll find some with red tags on them.</p> <p>Gray Sweaters \$1.35</p> <p>Men's Jumpers are \$3.00 you know.</p>	

We are daily receiving new good in every department

Barrier Brothers Dry Goods Company

WEST SIDE SQUARE AND BROADWAY.

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

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.

MEETING AT HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM MONDAY NIGHT

A meeting will be held at the high school auditorium at 7:30 o'clock Monday night for the purpose of organizing a branch of the American Legion. All ex-service men are urged to be in attendance.

Hardening of Kidneys.

(Health Talk No. 6)
By C. A. SMITH, D. C.

Sufferers from this trouble, called "Interstitial nephritis," may have it for years before coming to a realizing sense of the fact that they are diseased. The urine discharge is pale. Usually there is dizziness and pain across the back, failing vision and eventually uricemic convulsions and a dropsical condition. The cause is in-

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.

De Long

THE MERCHANT TAILOR

CLEANING AND PRESSING IS A SPECIALTY WITH US.

PHONE 58, SLATON, TEXAS

BIRTH REPORT.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bain, Jan. 18, girl.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weaver, Jan. 19, boy and girl.

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.

LADIES, PAY YOUR 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 if Hunt's Salve fails 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



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 and
 Surgeon
 SLATON, TEXAS

Office third door west
 of First State Bank.

Residence Phone 25
 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**

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get her home. They're going Cunard day after tomorrow if she's able to travel."

When I came out of my stateroom on the steamer the next-day-but-one after seeing my suitcase stowed the first person my eye lighted on was—Claire!

Claire tripped up to me, delighted but a little embarrassed, and in her wake followed a lady whose face was very familiar, as mine was to her, and a smile of recognition broke out on both of us at once and we exclaimed at each other, "Why, you're the Lady of the Slippers."

Now "the slippers" were the top notch of my wild extravagant life in Paris and I'd never mentioned them to Ann. I came by them in this wise: Just as I was leaving for Vevay I had passed a little shop on a funny little street and in the window was a pair of slippers. They were high over the instep—so they'd keep my feet warm—and decorated with the queerest oriental pattern you ever saw, and they had low heels.

I bounced into the shop to ask the price, and at the counter stood another American lady with an identical pair in her hand. I demanded the price.

"One hundred and twenty-five francs," beamed madame, "and most reasonable."

The other American woman and I dropped the slippers like hot cakes—our reckless passion for spending wasn't equal to twenty-five dollars for a pair of slippers. Madame came down ten francs and inveigled us into trying on the slippers. There was a difference of half a size in the pairs and they fitted as though they'd been made in heaven. Madame came down ten francs and I picked off five, and she picked off a hundred francs a pair, laughingly telling each other we'd caught each other in the act and promising never to give each other away.

I had liked this American woman and should have been glad to see her again; and here she was. She was pleasant and unaffected, a woman of possibly forty; dark hair, black eyes, waxy as to complexion; not what I would call handsome but with a distinct air.

Claire had introduced her as Mrs. Delario and later the child confided that her father had found her by accident as he had me. That he paid her fare over as an inducement to her to come on this steamer—with me, I even then surmised. Claire and she shared the largest stateroom on board.

There were two other women going over, but Mrs. Delario and I seemed the only ones able to keep our sea legs, while Claire stayed in her berth for almost the entire passage.

But the really friendly acquaintance between Mrs. Delario and me began by our being flung into each other's arms when our frisky little craft took an unexpected dive, trying to see if she could hit bottom with her nose. We made profuse apologies and dropped for safety into the nearest chairs. I was clutching vigorously at the arm of mine, when she fastened her gaze on a ring I wore, reached out and took my hand.

She said, "What a very curious ring—it looks as though it had a history," turning it for different angles and fumbling at it as though she meant to draw it off.

I said it had, and she asked me to let her take it off and try it on. I had curled my fingers over hers to prevent it, for I hate to have people trying on my rings. So I shook my head and replied, "That would break the spell."

She dropped my hand instantly; said, "Excuse me—I didn't know it was that, though I felt the spell—the occult influence—before I touched it. You know I think I felt it that first time we met when we bought the slippers, though I didn't see the ring. I felt something occult all around you. You are under the protection of very powerful influences."

Well, of course, I hadn't meant anything so serious as that when I spoke, but seeing that she was very much in earnest I let it pass and told her the story of the ring. It is a pleasantly romantic tale, the curious escapes from perils and sudden deaths coincident to the ring's possession giving you the

feeling that it's lucky.

Mrs. Delario listened, and when I had finished she burst out, "I'm mad over gems—simply mad! It's been the dream of my life to own them in hand-fuls. You can't imagine the influence they have over me. I could sing—I could dance. They thrill me through and through. People don't generally think it, but gems are alive."

We had some discussion on this, rather flippant on my part, and it was this incident that started us talking gems and gem values, a subject that had been my pet delight since childhood when I learned the story of the ring that was one day to be my own. A few days later she came to my stateroom with a very mysterious air, said she had some stones she would like to have me value for her, and produced a package of topazes. She said she had bought them in a little town in Belgium.

I ran them through my hands, held a few to the light and in less than sixty seconds told her they were worth from ninety cents to a dollar apiece.

She was in high feather over it, saying she'd paid only a franc each for them. She next asked me to appraise the diamonds in a ring she wore. I gave her the value of the stones and the probable price that had been paid for it. She appeared so much impressed by my knowledge that she flatteringly said as she rose to leave me, "I'll know where to come if I ever need expert opinion on stones—and I may some day."

I didn't think anything of this at the time—people always say it to me out of politeness—and I no more expected her to call on me as a gem expert than I looked for her to call me as a physician or a lawyer or anything that I professionally wasn't. She knew I was a writer, for I was pegging away at "Belgian Byways" as hard as ever I could to get it ready in time for Blank's magazine—so much that I had to tell Claire frankly she mustn't bother me while I was working. I remember that I was quite sharp to her one morning, saying I should not be able to go out on deck with her till afternoon, and after she had left me, looking rather sad, I had to rush to my stateroom for my forgotten penknife, and there was Claire.

I confess it surprised me to see her there without invitation, but she excused it by saying that she thought I wouldn't mind—she'd grown so tired of her own stateroom and Mrs. Delario was always talking about people she didn't know—and wouldn't I, just out of pity, let her lie in my berth a while?

My suitcase was open in the berth. I took it out and stowed it; and then just out of pity I laid Claire down in its place and stayed with her. That one trifling act probably changed the course of my life; but I'm telling the story as it unwound its length and coiled its entangling meshes over the straight and narrow path my feet were treading.

It was because of our common interest in Claire that I saw a great deal more of Mrs. Delario than I otherwise should have done. It was on the last day out that she first mentioned her own children to me, saying that one reason why she'd been willing to take the responsibility of Claire was that she was so like her Lila, a girl of thirteen in a boarding school; and from Lila she went on to Eugene, who couldn't meet her at the steamer, unfortunately, because she'd come back two weeks early and he was in the West.

He seemed very near her heart, and after talking of him for half an hour she either warmed to it or let slip by accident, I couldn't tell which, the



It Surprised Me to See Her There.

words, "It's the grief of my life—and of his, poor boy—that he detests my profession so. But what can I do?" "Your profession! What is your profession?" I exclaimed, thrown quite out of my customary reserve in ask-



WE ARE LISTENING FOR YOUR ORDER

DON'T DISAPPOINT US AND WE CAN ASSURE YOU WE WILL NOT DISAPPOINT YOU. OUR PRICES SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES. A DOLLAR IS NOT NEAR AS BIG, IN PURCHASING POWER, AS IT USED TO BE; THEREFORE IT IS VERY ESSENTIAL THAT YOU USE THOUGHT AND CARE IN BUYING YOUR GROCERIES. LET US ASSIST YOU IN MAKING YOUR DOLLAR DO THE MOST FOR YOU.

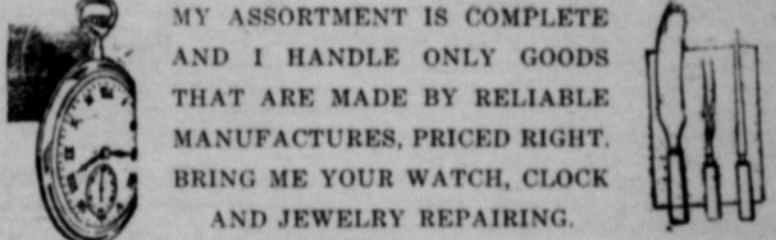
The Spot Cash Grocery
 J. E. KUYKENDALL, Propr. TELEPHONE NO. 12

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.

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 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.

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 FURNITURE-HARDWARE-UNDERTAKING
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HAVE YOU PAID YOUR POLL TAX?

IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SELL ADVERTISE IT.



DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

by **Jane Bunker**

Copyright-The Robbe-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER I.

Claire.

I've always thought this adventure might credibly have happened to anybody else but me. Since it did happen to me I've come to the incredible conclusion that it's your staid, proper spinsters who get into some of the bluggest adventures, only the world, just because of the bred-in-the-bone propriety of the people involved, never hears about the adventures.

Ann Preswick and I had spent the summer casually roving through Holland and Belgium, accompanied by two large suitcases, a bunch of extra soft lead pencils—mine—and a large paint-box and a white umbrella—Ann's—searching such adventures, literary and artistic, as two rather staid and prosaic women would be likely to find, which adventures we hoped to convert into cash through the American magazines.

At the end of three months Ann thought she saw two real live books as the offspring of our joint labors, so with my typewriter I went down to Vevey for the winter to work. However, I had hardly found myself nicely settled and "Belgian Byways" spurling along when I was cabled for to come home on family business.

While I was having the portier buy my Paris ticket for me a lady's card was brought to my room by the proprietor himself, telling me that the madame below stairs was the highly respected principal of a young ladies' school.

The madame turned out to be a pudgy, self-important person, speaking voluble and understandable English, who dived without waste of opportunity into her reason for visiting me: one of the young ladies of her school had just been telegraphed by monsieur le pere to meet him in Paris in the morning and must go up by the night train—of a necessity, mademoiselle must be chaperoned upon the journey—and madame had elected me to the privilege of doing it.

"That is something I never do, madame—chaperon strange young ladies." "Madame—if you please—one moment. See the message of the father." She pulled out a long telegram in French. "You see—he goes to America at once with his daughter. She must be in Paris in the morning—must, you comprehend?"

"Madame, you really must excuse me and allow me to say bonjour. I never chaperon strange young ladies."

With that I sailed off upstairs as fast as my legs could carry me.

After what I'd said to madame and the way I'd treated her it never occurred to me that she'd laugh at my refusal. But it's what she did. She simply brought the child to the station and put her in my hands. And I saw a pair of beautiful big round eyes and a pair of beautiful big braids behind—I'd seen the braids the moment I entered the station and before madame had discovered me—and a charming, charming little creature about fifteen, in short frocks, and she put her little exquisitely gloved hand in mine and said, "Oh, do let me go with you! I'll not cause you a bit of trouble. You make me feel so safe and I'm so scared."

The last came out with a little gulp, and, silly old thing that I am about children of just that age—where childhood's world is closing them out of its innumerable protections and womanhood is opening the door to the world of straying feet—I said, "Come on, my dear," and put my arm around her, and away we went.

Claire—she asked me to call her by her first name—was as good as her word. She didn't make me the least trouble and she saved me a great deal at the frontier, for she spoke both French and German fluently—which I don't—and when a dingy, villainous-looking customs official eviscerated our compartment I was only too thankful I had the child with me. I thought I heard her say, "C'est ma mere," and why she should be telling them about her mother I couldn't make out. So I asked her.

The child blushed furiously and took my hand.

"Don't be angry with me, please. The man insisted on knowing who you

were and I told him you were my mother."

And actually—that will show you the old sofy I am and the way I'd fallen in love with the little thing—I wished it were true.

"I was so frightened," she went on, "that I hardly knew what to do. So I told him—I told him that—she was red as a rose now—"I told him that you were the duchess de Pancefort—English, you know—and were traveling incognito. That's why they were all so civil."

"Why, my dear child," I expostulated, for I do hate unnecessary lies,

"I don't think all that was called for. I had nothing the officers might not have seen in welcome."

She hung her head and admitted, "I was afraid you wouldn't like it, but papa told me what to say in order to escape indignity. You see there are so many Russian spies passing the frontier—some very important ones have been escaping with papers and they are mostly women."

She seemed reticent about her father, saying he traveled most of the time and was in the diplomatic service and that she and her mother lived in Paris. But last September dear grandpa had had a stroke and her mother had to rush to America to a place called California, and she—Claire—was sent for safekeeping to madame's school.

Monsieur le pere met us at the station. Claire saw him in the distance, and with a cry of joy skimmed along the platform and into his arms. I came up sedately, just as her father set her down, and was introduced and thanked.

Monsieur de Ravenol had an air and a way, and the way was as con-



Monsieur de Ravenol Had an Air.

vincing as the air. He gave me all the gratitude for the favor rendered that it was worth—and I thought rather more, and then immediately insisted on my breakfasting with them.

Where monsieur took us I don't to this day know, but it was an expensive, obsequious place and he seemed to be at home there.

"It was when I was biting into my second roll that monsieur came out plop—no less than that I was to take Claire on the steamer with me and let her share my stateroom!"

Oh, it was more than a favor he was asking—madame and himself and Claire would be forever in my debt. He himself had expected to sail in two days and join madame in New York, but he was "recalled to court" (what court he didn't trouble to tell me), and he could neither take Claire with him nor yet leave her alone in Paris. Madame de Ravenol would be awaiting her child in New York, hence if I could continue to keep the girl under my so estimable care until I delivered her on the other side monsieur would retain for me an everlasting gratitude.

Claire started and exclaimed,

"Papa!" when she heard he was not sailing, and was meaning to send her on alone, but he gave her a hard look and a sharp sentence in what sounded German, but I've since learned was a dialect I couldn't be supposed to understand. All I got of it was a stern, "Du must," which silenced the girl completely.

It was that—the callous rudeness toward me, though at the moment he was in the very act of asking a great favor—that nailed my resolution to have nothing whatever to do with him or his affairs. I replied, the moment I got the chance, "It is quite impossible, monsieur. I never share a stateroom with anyone."

"Ah, madame—a child—a little child alone, alone,"—he looked at me reproachfully. "What shall she make alone on that long voyage? And coming to your customs house in New York—I hear zat zey are terrible—zat ladies receive indignities beyond belief—being stripped to ze skin to be searched by monsters in human form."

I flared up at this—our customs house isn't anything to give one particular pride, but it's nothing indecent, and I told him very flatly it was not so.

In an instant of unreserve I mentioned that I had a fourth cousin in the service who always met me and saw that I got through—he was in charge of the inspector who examined baggage on the line I always took.

"Ah, how excellent it would be for Claire to accompany you," monsieur exclaimed with feeling. "All her anxiety would zen be set at rest by your so estimable cousin. Surely you will not refuse her to share your stateroom?"

I was exasperated again in a minute. I've got Quaker blood in me, and come from a people whose yea is yea and whose nay means "that settles it." I snapped out that my stateroom was too small even for one, in comfort.

"But I shall most gladly engage ze largest on board for you and my daughter," he cried, brightening. "Indeed it is no more zan right zat I pay ze entire passage."

Claire started and turned furiously red. Child as she was, she had a breeding and a delicacy of feeling that her father lacked. As for me, my eyes were popping. I threw my napkin on the table and let this icicle slide off my tongue: "Monsieur, I am perfectly able to pay my way through the world without the help of strangers," and with that I rose, adding, "I must say farewell to you and your daughter. I have many things to attend to and my friends are expecting me."

Monsieur and Claire immediately followed my example in rising, monsieur calling the garçon to bring the bill and telling Claire to go with me to the saloon. As she was leaving he called her back for another communication not meant for me to understand. She, poor child, wasn't equal to the task he set, for she blurted out, very red in the face, "Papa wants me to beg you to take me with you—" and then stopped and looked at the floor, for the smile she saw in my face.

"I understand just how you feel, my dear," I said gently. "You're too beautifully well bred to urge the granting of a favor that has been and must be refused."

"Oh, how did you know how I felt?" she gulped, looking up with her big eyes relieved of their embarrassment. "It's just how I felt, and I'm ashamed that"—she bit her lip and kept back what she was going to say—that her father had asked it—and said, artlessly, "I love you."

She put up her face and we kissed. That one little moment—the feeling that she was the real thing—kept me believing in her later in spite of everything, and when I couldn't believe in her at all—except as the finished accomplice in a detestable crime.

Monsieur le pere hurried in. A glance quite plainly passed between them in which she told him it was no use. Then he said the carriages were outside, and he saw me into one and gave the driver the name of the hotel I told him, and I was off in a cloud of adieus and bows and hand-waves and whip-cracks and was presently at my hotel.

CHAPTER II.

The Slipper.

Ann was waiting for me at the hotel. While I unpacked and washed she sat on the bed and regaled me with the news. "Who do you think turned up from home last week? You'll never guess. Billy Rivers. And he's just the dearest ever."

Now, ages upon ages ago Billy Rivers had gone to school to me in the year of my initiation into the sacred mysteries of pedagogy in North Tonnawanda, and I rather think—now that I see things from the middle-aged point of view—that Billy taught me more than I taught him. He had been in New York now for some little time—since his graduation—a cub reporter on one of the big dailies.

"What's Billy doing over here?"

"His mother had a stroke or something while she was at Aix for the baths and Billy had to come over to

(Continued on page 3)

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IF YOU WANT A REAL PHONOGRAPH COME HERE FOR IT. YOU CAN ALWAYS GET REFRESHED AT OUR FOUNTAIN.

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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 UPON 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 20

BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

If you wake up with a bad taste, bad breath and tongue is coated; if your head is dull or aching; if what you eat sours and forms gas and acid in stomach, or you are bilious, constipated, nervous, sallow and can't get feeling just right, begin inside bathing. Drink before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will flush the poisons and toxins from stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels and cleanse, sweeten and purify the entire alimentary tract. Do your inside bathing immediately upon arising in the morning to wash out of the system all the previous day's poisonous waste, gases and sour bile before putting more food into the stomach.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became loaded with body impurities, get from your pharmacist a quarter pound of limestone phosphate which is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except for a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Men and women who are usually constipated, bilious, headachy or have any stomach disorder should begin this inside bathing before breakfast. They are assured they will become real cranks on the subject shortly.

HER PUPIL

By JACK LAWTON.

Miss Blair, looking up from her desk, saw the man standing in the doorway, and her brows wrinkled in annoyance.

This was one of her busiest mornings; she was always busy, feeding copy to a machine, which never seemed to be sufficiently fed. For little Miss Blair was an exceedingly clever person, and an efficient one as well.

The magazine for which she labored would have lacked much of its charm without her effort. She wondered why the office boy had left open the door to her sanctum—and she wondered also, as she raised inquiring eyes to her visitor—how he had proceeded so far. The visitor explained himself.

"Can I come in?" he asked frankly. You don't seem to remember me. I'm Bret Wells, an employee."

"I really don't recall—" Miss Blair began.

The big man laughed. "That's because you're so almighty busy," he said. "Sometimes, when I've had an errand in your office, you didn't see me at all. Not that I've been here long. That's what I want to see you about, when you can spare time. How to make myself worth a better position than the one I've got. You seem to know everything. And if you're as kind as you are wise—"

"That's flattery," said Miss Blair. "It isn't," he denied. "I mean every word I say. I'm asking in a favor—your personal advice, if you please, when convenient."

The little woman studied her caller; his sincerity was no more to be doubted than the eager appeal of his eyes. An earnest fellow, for all his contradictory air of helplessness. She glanced at her littered desk and back to the man with a sudden smile.

"Tomorrow, then, if you have confidence in my ability to help you—at three o'clock."

She was not surprised when he told her, next day, that he had come from the West.

"Spent my life there, in the lonely places," he added, "and can't lose my half-civilized ways up here, where things are different. That's why I'm begging you to help me. I'd do anything in return. I'd type off your extra work evenings, or—"

Miss Blair waved his eager offer aside.

"If I can help you, it will be for help's sake," she replied. "Now tell me what it is that you wish me to do."

Bret Wells seated himself; his embarrassment was evident.

"It's like this," he said. "I'm in love. Oh! none of your fancied affairs, but real, honest-to-goodness, once-in-a-lifetime love. I've got to have this girl for my wife. She's as far above me as a star. I—want you to teach me the little things that'll help me some day to win her. What they call the courtesies, you understand, and all that. Ways that'll help me, too, to get on in business. It isn't money that I care so much about. I've made mine, out West. It's—well, refinement, I s'pose you'd call it, that I need."

Miss Blair drew a deep breath.

"That's a big order for me," she

said. Her caller arose.

"Too big, I reckon," he said, disappointedly. But she put forth a detaining hand.

"I could coach you on etiquette at least," she suggested impulsively, and his clasp of gratitude left her fingers aching.

Miss Blair had been too busy in her hurried youth to think about love. There had been, at first, the absorbing college career.

She looked down at her unadorned businesslike dress as she thought of the man, and she smiled—an odd, twisted smile—down at her flat little shoes.

She questioned the Westerner concerning the lady of his heart when, on the following morning, she gave him a marked book of etiquette.

The big man's face softened into tenderness as he answered her question.

"She is small and fine, my girl," he said, "with eyes crystal clear, like water sparkling. Her voice is as a woman's voice should be, and—you'd have to see her to know," he added helplessly.

The hints on deportment which Miss Blair gave to her pupil bore immediate fruit. His daily visits became a source of amusement to both.

One evening alone again in her apartment, Miss Blair came upon the astounding realization that she herself was in love. In love so surely that thought of her misfortune took her breath away. For the object of her affection was no other than the man whom she had been teaching to win the heart of another.

At the next meeting she told him that their lessons must discontinue.

"I'm too busy," she explained.

"It's all been of no use then?" the man said dully.

Miss Blair stared.

"Does she not care for you?" she asked.

"She!" Bret Wells exclaimed. "Why, you are the one I have dared to love. You—the star above me. It began when I used to sit and watch you from across the hall. Since then the love's been growing until now—" the Westerner's voice broke.

"I can't live without you," he sighed.

Miss Blair, the efficient, slipped swiftly from her office chair.

"You don't have to, Bret," she said andly.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

By JANE BUNKER.

Our new serial is an unusual mystery story that defies picking to pieces; it has a time-lock on it which can't be opened by simply dipping into the story here and there and waiting for the last chapter. The combination goes from chapter one to finish, and you're kept on tiptoe with excitement all the way; that is, when you're not doubled up by the fun of it all.

Below are what some of the leading reviewers have said of it:

"Diamond Cut Diamond" is a veritable Arabian Night's entertainment in a modern setting with an abundance of humor and a delightful little love story on the side.—Washington Evening Star.

Not the least original feature of the plot is the introduction of a reporter who is not wiser than Sherlock Holmes and stronger than Sandow.—The Nation, New York City.

The story is well constructed and moves rapidly along from one exciting adventure to another. The author has a fresh, unconventional style, and the story, "Diamond Cut Diamond," contains no little of the spice of humor.—The Syracuse Herald.

From beginning to end the story holds the reader's interest closely and compels reading. The style itself, light and occasionally flippant, is of the galloping style that hurries the reader along from chapter to chapter and makes him reluctant to lay the story aside.—The Boston Times.

Those who enjoy good detective and unusual stories will be deeply interested in "Diamond Cut Diamond."—The Newark Evening Star.

"Diamond Cut Diamond" is a genuinely humorous detective story, containing all the elements of mystery, danger, cunning, and startling adventures that make one want to stay right "on the job" to see how it will really turn out.—Philadelphia Despatch.

"Diamond Cut Diamond" is the sort of a story that you can't wait to turn the pages. Something exciting is sure to happen on the next page.—Chicago Tribune.

There is an immense amount of mystery and no sooner is one tangled situation cleared up than another one equally or even more mysterious confronts the readers of "Diamond Cut Diamond."—Chicago Daily News.

It is easy to understand that a woman novelist wrote this novel because the latter is so elusive, interesting and feminine in its scope. The title is well chosen and the plot so galloping that the reader's attention is riveted.—Portland Oregonian.

MICKIE SAYS

JEST LISSEN T' WHAT I FOUND IN THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET! IT SAYS, "DEAR EDITOR—CALL OFF MICKIE AND ILL PAY UP! I DONT WANT TO SEE THAT LITTLE IMP PARADING MY SHORTCOMINGS RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES EVERY TIME I PICK UP THE PAPER!"



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.

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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.

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"I WILL NOT WASTE MONEY FOOLING MYSELF INTO BELIEVING THAT I AM SAVING MONEY. I WILL NOT LET MY PROPERTY DETERIORATE AND RUIN FOR LACK OF REPAIRS AND PROTECTION WITH PAINT." WE HAVE ALL THE MATERIALS YOU WILL NEED.

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SLATON, TEXAS

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A. M. WATSON CO.

TELEPHONE 116

SLATON, TEXAS

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If I Had Not Taken Rich-Tone."
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"This truly wonderful tonic has done me more good than all the doctors' treatments and I have been under the care of several eminent physicians. I am truly grateful for the benefit I have received from taking Rich-Tone and recommend it to all people who are physically weak and run down."

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, ruddy of cheek, able to go about your work with a smile on your lips! Try Rich-Tone entirely at our risk. Get a bottle today on our money-back guarantee. Sold and guaranteed locally by

RED CROSS PHARMACY



MORE TOYS TALK.

"Those other games and toys said why Santa Claus had made them, and I think some of us would like to have a chat, too," said a doll.



"I agree," said a sailor boy doll as he saluted.

"So do I," said a soldier boy doll as he saluted also.

"Well, I am a little nurse," said one of the other dolls, "and Santa said the child who got me was going to love me."

"I'm a nice roly poly little boy doll, all wrapped up in my winter clothes," said one of the other dolls.

"I've got a very funny face," said a little doll made of sawdust, "but Santa said they liked them of all kinds."

"Ab, I'll make them laugh," said the clown. "Santa himself laughed hard when he was making me."

"And they'll like me," said the little dancing doll with the beautiful frilly skirts and the lovely little picture hat.

"They'll enjoy us, too," said the dolls' beds. "Some of us are for two dolls and some for one; some of us have our bed-clothes all made and some of us are waiting for the children to fix us as they especially want to."

"We're going to be given as presents, too," said the little desks. "We can be used by the children next year when they write their letters to Santa and tell him what they want."

"They'll use us, too," said the little tables.

"And they'll sit on us when they write," said the little chairs.

"Oh, what a glorious workshop this is," said the dolls' houses. "Santa said they'd like us. He told us that children had always liked us."

"And though we look like work they'll have fun with us," said the washing board and the iron and the wringing machine.

"We're very gay with pictures painted on us," said the clothes pins.

"And we can be used to hang up the dollies' wash or we can be used for skipping with," said the clothes' lines.

"I'm a mechanical toy for a bathtub," said another toy. "Wind me up and I'll go around and around the tub for at least three minutes without stopping."

"Now toys and games and dolls and all," said Santa Claus, "the time has come when you'll go to the different children. Come, my fine reindeer are waiting. They are so impatient."

"Listen to them as they stamp around on the ground outside."

"Hurry, toys; come quickly into the bag! Ah! You're old Santa's beautiful toys and you're so bright and new and fresh and you're going to be so

150,000 Acres of Land in Terry and Gaines Counties

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Interesting Facts He Should Know About the South Plains.

WOULD YOU CARE TO OWN A FARM?

IT CAN BE DONE BY YOU.

Simply by YOUR applying as payment on YOUR own farm, the rent money YOU are now paying the land owner.

You agree that a 160-acre farm in a proven Cotton and Corn belt would be a fair sized farm for the average tenant.

Assuming that YOU are renting 160 acres, we conservatively estimate YOU are paying an average minimum yearly rental of \$320.00—it is more likely you are paying double this amount.

Do you intend to farm the next nine years? If so, then this rental you are paying to your landlord, if applied to your own purchase, will buy you a 160-acre farm where Cotton and Corn are now being successfully grown.

Investment 160 acres at \$14.00 per acre ----- \$2,240.00
Less cash payment ----- 320.00
1,920.00

Six months interest, 6 per cent to Dec. 1, 1919 \$57.60
Second year's interest, 6 per cent to Dec. 1, 1920 \$115.20
Third year's interest, 6 per cent to Dec. 1, 1921 \$115.20
Less payment note No. 1, due Dec. 1, 1921 275.00
1,645.00

Fourth year's interest, 6 per cent to Dec. 1, 1922 \$98.70
Less payment note No. 2 due Dec. 1, 1922 275.00
1,370.00

Fifth year's interest, 6 per cent to Dec. 1, 1923 \$82.20
Less payment note No. 3 due Dec. 1, 1923 275.00
1,095.00

Sixth year's interest, 6 per cent due Dec. 1, 1924 \$65.70
Less payment note No. 4 due Dec. 1, 1924 275.00
820.00

Seventh year's interest, 6 per cent to Dec. 1, 1925 \$49.20
Less payment note No. 5 due Dec. 1, 1925 275.00
545.00

Eighth year's interest, 6 per cent to Dec. 1, 1926 \$32.70
Less payment note No. 6 due Dec. 1, 1926 275.00
270.00

Ninth year's interest, 6 per cent to Dec. 1, 1927 \$16.20
Less payment note No. 7 due Dec. 1, 1927 270.00
\$632.70 \$2,240.00

Average yearly payment \$320.00—only \$2.00 per acre per year.

PRICES.

Land within two miles of town, \$20 per acre, and decreasing in price \$1.00 per acre thereafter, for each mile, as the land extends from railroad, until the minimum price of \$10.00 per acre is reached.

TERMS

On lands priced \$15.00 up to \$20.00, the cash payment is \$2.50 an acre. On land priced \$14.00 down to \$10.00 the cash payment is \$2.00 per acre. Balance in seven equal annual payments, drawing interest at six per cent, the first payment being due December 1, 1921.

WILL YOU CONTINUE TO PAY FOR A HOME IN RENT AND LET THE OTHER FELLOW KEEP IT?

Additional data will be sent upon request.

PEMBER & NIX

GENERAL SALES AGENTS
SLATON, TEXAS

No Hot Winds—No Boll Weevil

nice to the children. "But even if you get a bit scratched up they will still like you. Oh, yes, indeed!"

"Ah, there, you get in now in this pack," said Santa as he talked to the games, "and you get in here," he said to the toy animals, "and here is a nice place for the dolls, and another for the mechanical toys. Then you'll all go in the great sleigh outside."

"Listen to my reindeer. How anxious they are to be off. And how we'll go! Over the towns and over the cities and stopping at all the homes where there are children!"

"And I know where the children are; yes, old Santa knows; so come along toys, come along."

And the toys all went with Santa Claus and soon were packed into the sleigh.

"Now we can be off, my beauties," he said to the reindeer.

And with a joyous sound of happiness and glee from every reindeer they were off with a great leap and a bound for Santa Claus' yearly trip which, as we all know, he takes every single year.

Engine Had Died.
A friend was sitting with his little son on Sunday listening to the buzzing of a blue-bottle fly. When the fly alighted the buzzing ceased. The little one said: "He has shut his engine off, dad."

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.

in for it.
An Irish conductor had the misfortune to run his car over an old man who had a bottle of bluing inside his coat. Jumping from his car and seeing the fluid gathering in a pool on the street, he cried to his friend, "Finnegan, it'll go hard wid us. We've killed! one o' them blue bloods."—Boston Transcript.

Dragon's Service to China.
China adopted the dragon as the symbol of empire because of the superstition that 1,500 years before the time of Moses a golden dragon rose from the waters of the Yellow sea and imparted to the emperor the secrets of agriculture.

Kind of Horse He Wanted.
Billy admired Charlie's rocking horse very much and begged his mother to buy him one. His mother could not understand what he wanted, so he said: "Oh, I want a horse that keeps on going and never gets anywhere."

Tiny Flats.
Little Roy, after his first experience in a sleeper, said to his aunt: "The flats were awful small. There was only room for mother and me downstairs, so pa had to sleep in one upstairs."

Musings of Martha.
Before a man's married you'd think he hadn't another thing in th' world 'o do but court you, an' after he's wedded he's so busy all th' time he plumb forgets how.

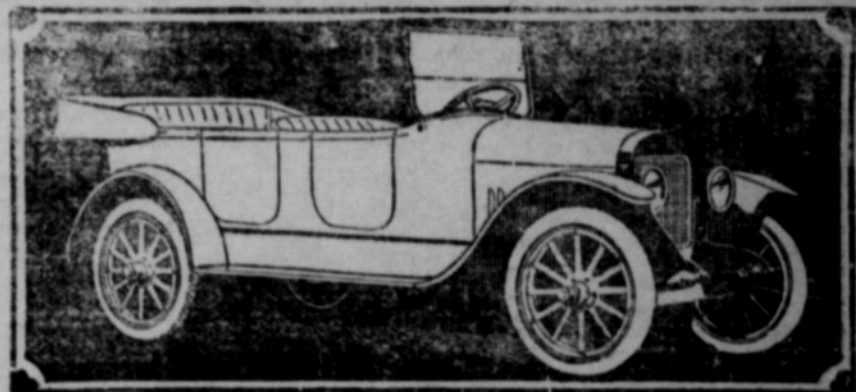
Electricity Saves Timber.
English scientists have decided that passing electricity through freshly cut timber makes it more resistant against decay and fungus growths.

Eggs Five Cents Per Dozen.
Price fixing can be dated as far back as the fourth century, when Diocletian placed the price of eggs at 5 cents a dozen.

The Difference.
And the difference between a lie and a fib depends on whether the man or his wife tells it.—Dallas News.

Optimistic Thought.
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