

# THE SLATON SLATONITE

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: JULY 9, 1915.

Number 44.

## SHALL WE IMPROVE THE CITY PARK WITH TREES THIS YEAR

"My, what a fine little park you have in the city Square," is the frequent comment made by visitors to Slaton. And when told that the trees are only a year old, and that they were trimmed back twice last year, the admiration is yet greater. The Square certainly presents a handsome and attractive appearance, and is one of the greatest advertisements for Slaton and the Slaton country that we have. The top-most branches of the trees are about fifteen feet in height, and the trunk about three inches in diameter, and the stretch of the limbs is about ten feet across. The foliage is so thick that the trees afford much shade already, altho they are only a year old.

If there were 5,000 such trees or similar ones about the homes of the city, (and there could be just as well as not) Slaton would be the handsomest and most attractive city on the Plains. Plainview is now a marvel of delight to every person who goes to that city on account of the miles of beautiful trees along the streets. Some of the homes in Slaton have been made beautiful with trees, and one or two have pretty lawns of blue grass and clover. A number have strawberry, dewberry, and blackberry beds and grape arbors that bore fruit this year. The men who worked the most diligently to get the trees for the Square deserve much credit for their enterprise and civic progressiveness.

There remains a duty for every man on the South Plains both in town and in the country to plant trees this fall. Trees seem to thrive and grow rapidly here, and we are told that in the years gone by the Plains was once a wooded country. Fires swept the Plains from one end to the other year after year, and as the grass was so rank and there were no rivers nor natural obstructions to stop the devastation the trees were killed out.

The city park set aside by the Santa Fe townsite company should be improved this fall, and it could be made a beauty retreat that would add untold wealth to our city. The park lies a block north of the school house, and there are fifteen acres in land set aside for a park. There are two lakes on the land which could be scraped out and the earth used in grading up the land around the ponds. Two wind mills would keep the ponds full of water, and water lillies, moss and other pretty plants put in the water. The well at the school house would supply one pond with water, and this would cut the expenditure required for wells to only one well which would pump water into the north pond.

The ponds could be stocked with fish and ducks, and the entire park planted to a variety of trees, reserving a small part for an athletic park for the high school pupils. A fountain surrounded by rocks in the middle of each pond would be practicable and of no upkeep expense. Take a look at the city Square

## Opportunity Knocks at Every Man's Door

And a nickel saved is a nickel earned. If you were to come into our store and set your own prices on our goods you wouldn't have the nerve to ask for them at the price we are selling them for. Yet we think there's nothing too good for our customers.

This is our Summer Removal Sale and we have marked the articles at prices that are bound to sell them whether you really need them or not. It will pay you to lay in a supply.

Our customers know our quality. We handle nothing shoddy. We sell nothing that we can't guarantee. Let us wise you to this fact: You will find reductions here worth your money. Put the dollar where it will go farthest. Get the best. Remember, our supply is limited, so don't put your purchases off. Buy now.



and just imagine how attractive such a place as the city park would be beautified after this plan. The place is now a dreary waste of weeds and mud holes, an eyesore to the town and every one that comes here; and it could be made into a park at a small outlay of money. A crop could be raised among the trees the first year or two to help pay for the improvement work on the land.

Every business man in Slaton should pay for some trees and the expense of preparing the land for them.

Will you join the boosters' club for a city park beautiful?

**SAVE THE BIRDS.**—One billion dollars a year is lost by the farmers, gardeners, and fruit growers of the United States by the ravages of insects. The cotton-growers of Texas lose, every year, more than \$40,000,000 by the boll-weevil. The wheat growers lose \$100,000,000 a year by the chinch-bug. The farmers of the eastern states pay \$15,000,000 a year for materials to kill the potato bug. The apple-producing states pay from \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000 for spraying trees to keep down the codling moth. Gardeners lose nearly \$53,000,000 by insects. Shade-trees everywhere and our forests are destroyed by insect pests. Why this great loss? Here it is in a nut-shell: Ninety per cent of the bird-life of this country has been destroyed. Birds, and birds only, are able to keep in check the ravages of insects.—Farm Journal.

Mrs. Harriett Christian, Special Grand Deputy of the O. E. S., is in Slaton organizing a chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star.

### J. T. HOOTEN OF LAMESA BUYS CITY MEAT MARKET

The City Meat Market changed ownership this week, G. W. Dudley having sold the business to J. T. Hooten of Lamesa. Mr. Hooten took charge of the business Monday, and he has associated with him in the shop R. P. Williams who has had a large number of years of experience in a meat market and understands how to give the patrons the best of service in the meat line. Mr. Williams comes from Lamesa and he will move his family to Slaton as soon as he can rent a house to live in.

Mr. Hooten is a brother-in-law of Pat Trammell, and he will move to Slaton as soon as he can get a house to live in. He announces that he will endeavor to give the Slaton people the very best of service, and solicits your patronage. The market carries an ad in the Slatonite.

Dr. G. H. Branham sold his land south of Slaton, Section 23, the first of the week to a Mr. Wilson of Grayson county who will build on the land and make a home place of it. The consideration of the deal was \$16,000.00.

The Crosbyton South Plains Railway Company has been refused a new hearing in the suit brought by the town of Ralls to compel the railroad to put a depot there, says the Ralls Banner.

Justin Stein, president of the Texas Immigration Information Bureau, with headquarters at Dallas, was in Slaton Monday.

They are coming to Slaton.

The Santa Fe has a new superintendent. E. S. Farley, former agent at Kansas City, arrived in this city yesterday for the purpose of taking over the superintendent's office. He takes the place of D. Elliot, who owing to ill health, has been unable to fulfill the duties of his office for some time. Mr. Elliot has been away for about six months on leave of absence. Whether the change will be permanent or not could not be learned last night.—Amarillo Daily News.

The Slaton Gun Club has been organized with about a dozen members, and a trap placed east of the round house where a considerable quantity of ammunition is used twice a week. The Slatonite has had no report on high scores yet, but for the benefit of the punster we will state that the general war conditions did not prompt the organization of this club.

Harry McGee sold a half-section of the Scott-Robertson land south of Slaton the first of the week to an Iowa prospector.

## CAPITOL SYNDICATE SELLS ITS HOLDINGS OF 978,055 ACRES

Dalhart, Dallam Co., Texas, July 3.—There was filed with Roy W. Thompson, County Clerk of Dallam County, today a deed from the Capitol Freehold Land and Investment Company, Limited of London, England, to Francis C. Farwell, Hobart C. Chatfield Taylor and George Findlay, conveying 978,055 acres of land in the counties of Dallam, Hartley, Oldham, Deaf Smith and Farmer, together with town lots in the towns of Texline, Channing, Farwell and Bovina. The consideration named, \$4,736,000. The instrument bears revenue stamps in the sum of \$4,736.

The land conveyed is a portion of the 3,000,000 acres granted by the State of Texas to the Capitol Freehold Company for the construction of the State Capitol, and comprises all of the original grant from the State except lands heretofore sold.

The deed is the longest single transfer ever recorded in this county. It contains approximately 50,000 words and the recording fee will be \$50. The internal revenue stamps required are in a sum greater than any ever known in the Panhandle country.

It will be necessary for those who have not paid their last year's interest due on their school land to pay by about the middle of August if they desire to prevent a forfeiture of their land. This is necessary on account of the importance of getting the money into the State's Treasury before the close of the present school year on August 31st in order to help prevent a deficit in the school fund apportionment. No one should wait for personal notice before sending in his payment.—J. T. Robinson, Commissioner.

The second business year of the Wilson administration shows a deficit of \$35,864,381. The fiscal year closed June 30th. The surplus shown at the close of the fiscal year in 1914 was \$34,418,677.

At the U. S. Government Experiment farm near Dalhart they sow alfalfa in rows, 17 inches apart and cultivate it like corn. In dry years it yields a ton to the acre and in wet years 5 tons.—Stratford Star.

The Only Perfect Way to Preserve Food is With a Reliable

## Refrigerator

A Summer Necessity

We can supply you with any size from the smaller ice boxes to the famous HERRICK, the world popular refrigerator. They are economical, odorless and roomy.

FORREST HARDWARE



... WATCH ...

# The Grand Leader

Slaton, Texas

Leader in Best Merchandise and Lowest Prices

M. Olim, Prop.



North Side Square

Only Three Weeks More

## Piano Contest Closes Saturday Night JULY 17

You should use every effort to win  
this beautiful \$400.00 Instrument

# HOWERTON

### More Brick Buildings for Slaton

A. B. Robertson has purchased lots ten and eleven in block 48 on Texas Avenue from G. W. DeBerry of Ore City, Texas. The consideration was \$1,200.00. Mr. Robertson already owned the two lots adjoining these on the west, and the two additional lots give him a frontage of 156 feet. He announces that he will erect a two-story brick building on these four lots this fall, commencing construction not later than September 1st. The lower floor will be devoted to store rooms and the upper floor to offices. These lots are just east of Howerton's furniture store. Such a building would be a handsome addition to Slaton's business district, and an investment worthy of Sug Robertson's confidence in the city of Slaton.

The merchants of Slaton have decided to close their stores every evening at 7.00 o'clock except on Saturdays and Pay Days, commencing next Monday and continuing until Sept. 1st. So if you want to buy anything at the stores make your plans to be there before 7 o'clock.

Chas. Ackers received a shipment of fine peaches the first of the week from his old home farm down near Tyler, Texas, and favored the Slatonite with a basket of them. The peaches were highly enjoyed, and we expect to be eating peaches from an orchard on Mr. Ackers' Slaton farm one of these days. At least Mr. Acker said that he hoped that conditions down in eastern Texas are good this fall so he can sell his property there and put his money in Slaton land. If he is here to stay, one of the first things he will do is to develop a good orchard and vineyard.

Edward Keightly, wife and little son left the first of the week for Farwell, Texas, where Mr. Keightly will be engaged in the blacksmith business.—Melrose, N. M., Dairyman-Farmer.

B. M. Halbert, a prominent ranchman of Sutton county stated to the editor of the Seminole Sentinel recently that the most of Sutton county is under wolf proof fence, and that some destructive disease has attacked the rabbits and has about cleared that county of the pests. The disease seems to be contagious for rabbits and effecting them only. That is the solution of the rabbit problem. Better get a few infected rabbits for this section.



Lincoln Climatic Paint is Manufactured to Suit the Climate and is Fully and Freely Guaranteed With a Guarantee That Means What It Says. Come and see us about this paint. We have a full line.  
**RED CROSS PHARMACY Slaton**

July 2nd and 3rd

## Auto Excursion to Tahoka

Via Sasco Service Cars The Safest and Most Comfortable Cars on the Line

# \$2.00 Round Trip

SCHEDULE, CARS LEAVE SLATON: 7 a. m. 9 a. m. 11 a. m. 1 p. m. 5 p. m.  
RETURNING TO SLATON: 10.30 a. m. 12.30 p. m. 2.30 p. m. 4.30 p. m. 8.30 p. m.

Which hour suits you best? Make reservation now. Phone 100. Come and go. You owe your self this day of pleasure. Cars leave and return to

**Slaton Auto Supply Company**

at these hours.

### THE WAY OF THE WISE



**PRACTICAL COW-TESTING ASSOCIATIONS**

**NEWAYGO COUNTY DAIRY TESTING ASSOCIATIONS,  
MICHIGAN.**  
YEARLY AVERAGES PER COW  
SUMMARY OF THE SEVEN HERDS WHICH HAVE BEEN  
IN THE ASSOCIATION CONTINUOUSLY SINCE ITS ORGANIZATION

| YEAR | NUMBER OF COWS | POUNDS OF MILK | FAT TEST | POUNDS OF BUTTERFAT | PRICE OF FAT | VALUE OF FAT | COST OF ROUGHAGE | COST OF GRAIN | TOTAL COST OF FEED | PROFIT | RETURNS FOR \$1 EXPENDED IN FEED | FOOD COST OF 1 LB OF BUTTERFAT | FOOD COST OF 100 LBS OF MILK |
|------|----------------|----------------|----------|---------------------|--------------|--------------|------------------|---------------|--------------------|--------|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1906 | 50             | 5885.0         | 3.92     | 231.1               | 23.39        | 53.89        | 21.21            | 10.44         | 31.65              | 22.23  | 1.70                             | 13.78                          | 53.89                        |
| 1907 | 60             | 5852.7         | 3.94     | 234.6               | 29.1         | 68.23        | 26.38            | 13.41         | 39.79              | 28.44  | 1.71                             | 17.0                           | 66.8                         |
| 1908 | 69             | 6035.4         | 4.15     | 253.3               | 27.3         | 69.20        | 24.10            | 16.35         | 40.45              | 28.75  | 1.71                             | 16.0                           | 66.4                         |
| 1909 | 72             | 6302.6         | 4.28     | 269.7               | 31.1         | 83.98        | 25.94            | 16.11         | 42.05              | 41.33  | 1.99                             | 15.6                           | 66.7                         |
| 1910 | 79             | 6208.6         | 4.28     | 265.7               | 33.9         | 90.22        | 31.66            | 17.86         | 49.52              | 40.70  | 1.82                             | 18.6                           | 79.8                         |
| 1911 | 80             | 6411.0         | 4.38     | 280.3               | 28.7         | 80.65        | 29.82            | 18.66         | 48.48              | 32.17  | 1.66                             | 17.1                           | 75.6                         |
| 1912 | 80             | 6154.8         | 4.45     | 273.9               | 35.0         | 35.73        | 27.80            | 16.66         | 44.46              | 51.27  | 2.15                             | 16.2                           | 72.2                         |
| 1913 | 69             | 6223.4         | 4.64     | 284.7               | 35.2         | 100.35       | 31.01            | 18.26         | 49.27              | 51.08  | 2.04                             | 17.3                           | 80.5                         |

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In popularity, cow-testing associations have grown rapidly in late years, increasing about 63 per cent in the United States in 1914. The prime purpose of an association is to put dairying on a better basis and to eliminate unproductive cows. The average annual production of the cows of the United States is approximately 4,000 pounds of milk, containing 160 pounds of butterfat, though there are many herds with records of production averaging more than 10,000 pounds and 350 pounds of fat. It is the low average production which increases the dairyman's troubles. Chief among the causes of small milk flow are the following: The cows are not properly fed; many of them are not capable of making a large production; the farmer has no records and has little idea of which cows are making him a profit and which are falling to pay for the feeds they consume. Farmers are often prone to believe the cows pay in some mysterious way, mainly through the manure they produce, and thus bring ultimate success.

The first cow-testing association in this country was organized at Fremont, Mich., in 1905. These associations are now to be found in 30 states and in 1914 totaled 165; of these New York had 29, Vermont 28, and Wisconsin 24, other states following with much smaller numbers. Co-operative cow-testing did not originate in this country; indeed, the movement is still in its infancy when compared with the number of associations in Europe, where there are between 2,500 and 3,000.

There is nothing especially difficult in the work of keeping records of cows, but it is usually more advantageous to the farmer to hire the testing done than to devote so much time to the work himself. The tester hired by the association usually has special training in an agricultural college, his experience running all the way from a short winter course to full four years' work. A knowledge of feeding, breeding, and her management is essential.

The expense of hiring a man to act as tester varies, but it not far from \$550 a year, which is divided among the members in proportion to the number of cows they own. The membership is necessarily limited to the owners of about twenty-six herds of ten or more cows each, or one herd for each working day in the month. The cost to the members usually is about \$1.50 a cow a year when the herds contain 10 cows or over, or \$15 for the herd of fewer than ten cows.

The tester arrives in the afternoon at the farm at which he is to work for the next 24 hours. When the milking is done he weighs the milk given

by each cow and takes a sample to test of butterfat. At feeding time he weighs the feed given each cow, whether she is milking or dry, and also weighs the roughage that several cows get, in order to know the average weight given to each. This is repeated in the morning. It is as important to have the records of the feed given dry cows as of those that are in milk, as the total cost of feed for the year should be balanced against the total value of the product to show the profit or loss on feeding.

Each cow's milk is again weighed in the morning and a sample taken, to be mixed with the sample taken at the night's milking; later in the day the samples of milk are tested for butterfat by the Babcock test. Thus the tester is fortified with the complete data of the production of milk and butterfat by each cow in 24 hours, as well as the record of all feed consumed. On this one day's average he calculates the amount of production and cost of feed for each cow for the month. It may be seen that an estimate made in this way is not exact; careful studies have shown, however, that this method gives results that are within 2 per cent of the actual production of the cow. The findings are recorded in a herd book that is supplied to each member by the state experiment station or by the United States department of agriculture.

The tester is expected to follow the local feed market and work out the most economical ration for the dairymen. When the record books are completed, the tester loads his outfit in his wagon and drives to the next farm where he is to work, arriving there in time for the evening milking.

Thus, at the small cost of \$1.50 a cow, dairymen have learned that they have kept many cows that did not pay for the feed they consumed. They have also learned that many cows in their herds were capable of paying for much more feed than they were in the habit of allowing them, that there is a great difference in the feeding values of feed mixtures, and that equally good mixtures can often be purchased on the market at different prices.

**Cultivating the Garden.**

In cultivating the garden, small-tooth cultivators should be used to prevent ridging or furrowing. A turnplow or sweep should not be used to prevent ridging or furrowing. A turnplow or sweep should not be used for cultivation unless the land becomes so weedy that cultivators will not do the work. Frequent cultivation kills the weeds between the rows before they become large, but hand work will be necessary to keep the soil stirred between the plants and to keep down weeds in the row.

**COST OF SPRAYING PER TREE**

Difference in Profit on Sprayed and Unsprayed Trees Given Out by Nebraska Station.

In an orchard sprayed by the Nebraska experiment station, the total cost of spraying per tree was twenty-four cents; the net income per tree from the sprayed trees was \$2.35, from unsprayed trees, 81 cents, leaving an income of \$1.50 more from the sprayed than from unsprayed trees, or a net income above the cost of spraying of \$1.30 more on the sprayed than on the unsprayed trees. In other cases the difference between the profit on sprayed and unsprayed trees has been very much greater than this. The difference, of course, will depend on the prevalence of disease and insects.

**Hen is a Machine.**

The hen, like the cow, is simply a machine to convert the raw materials of the farm into profitable products.

Thinking Dairymen Needed. We need more thinking dairymen.

**PICKED UP IN THE ORCHARD**

Soil Around Trees Should Be Firmed Frequently—Cease Cultivation After August First.

The ground around newly set trees should be firmed frequently for at least a year, as otherwise they are apt to be blown out of line by the strong winds.

Do not be afraid to thin the fruit on the trees. Rub off the apples and peaches until one is left every five or six inches. It takes grit to do this, but you will have better and larger fruit if you will follow this plan.

Orchard ground should not be cultivated later than August first, because cultivation keeps the sap running and the trees must have time to harden before winter comes.

**Turkeys From Incubator.**

Turkeys can be hatched in an incubator and raised to the age of three months in a brooder, but only in flocks of 25 or less, as they are tender and require constant care.

**FEW MONOGRAM HINTS**

USE CARE IN SELECTING THE STYLE OF LETTERS.

On This the Success of the Work Depends to a Large Extent—Three Excellent Ideas Illustrated Here.

In making articles, either household or personal, with a monogram, select the style of letters in every case with an eye to the particular article to be decorated. For example, one sees a very pretty monogram designed, say, for a sheet or a pillow slip, and desires to adopt it for marking handkerchiefs. Sometimes it will work out right, but a large monogram reduced to a small one frequently loses its clearness of outline—becomes distinctly blurred. This is inevitable when the design is intricate. Again, a small design may be so enlarged as to give the effect of bareness to the larger lettering. This, however, can be remedied in a measure by adding stitches to aid the impression of fullness—such as delicate vines creeping in and out of the lettering—or by encircling the letters with a heavy frame in satin stitch as shown in illustration No. 1.

This monogram, worked about twelve inches in length, is especially pleasing on a cushion cover, the center of a bedspread or at the top of a sheet. It is a design, too, which may be increased or reduced in size without spoiling the effect aimed at. One would scarcely need it very much larger, but it may be reduced to five inches, if desired, without losing any of its beauty.

No. 2 is excellent for making men's collar bags, pajamas, golf bags, shirts, shirt cases, etc., and will look well in any size from one to four inches. It is a good design also for the smaller household linens—tray cloths, doilies, guestroom towels and pillow slips.

The plain outline depicted looks well as a house linen decoration; but when such dainty articles as a pin-cushion top, a handkerchief or glove



No. 1—Monogram for Cushion Cover or Bedspread.  
No. 2—Monogram for Collar Bags or Golf Bags.  
No. 3—Monogram for Handkerchiefs.

case, a handbag or a nightdress case are to be decorated, a small vine, conventionalized or natural, might be attempted.

The ladder of intertwining letters is an excellent design for handkerchiefs, either men's or women's. It is effective also on small tea napkins, lingerie and across the center of a linen handbag. The designs given are worked in satin stitch, but, if preferred, the heavier portions can be outlined and then filled in with French knots or seed stitch. The combination of two or three stitches often is very effective. Not always, however—for example, in the case of No. 2. This design, to be really effective, must be worked out in solid stitch entirely; although, as I said, the outline may be lighter looking.

When the monogram is quite large I like it carried out in satin stitch over the lighter portions, with the heavier parts in Italian cut work. This makes an exceedingly beautiful monogram.

**FOR THE BATHROOM FLOOR**

Something That is a Real Novelty Will Probably Be Given a Warm Welcome.

We have all become so accustomed to accepting the Turkish bath mat as the regulation thing that it is a positive relief to see the shops exploiting something new in this indispensable household commodity. This newest venture into realms of unusual needlework is a bath mat worked in colors upon what might be described as huck toweling, disguised as a natural colored, heavy, linen basket weave cloth. It is not very large, but of a size sufficient to cover the tile

or wooden floor in front of the usual size bathtub. There is a border on this rug formed by a darned stitch done with blue cotton. In the center there is a large oblong containing the enlightening words, "bath mat," worked out in the same blue cotton.

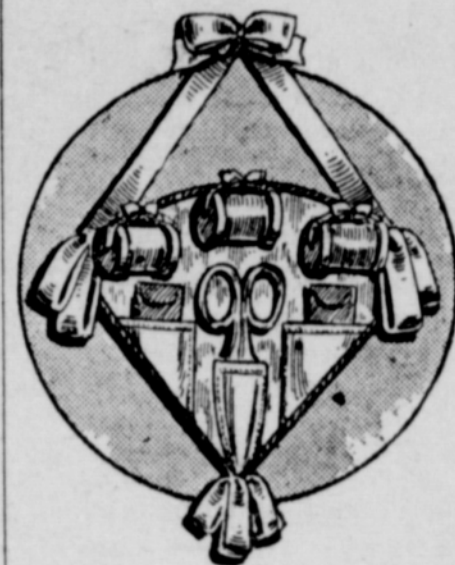
Between the border and the oblong portion there is a curious blending of colors in the same darned or weaving stitch, except that the stitches run only one way. The rug is finished at both ends with an ornamental linen braid. The whole effect is of a rug woven with rich colors on a putty-colored ground.

**FAN-SHAPED WORK BOARD**

Design is Somewhat Different From the Ordinary One—Will Be Found Easy to Make.

Here is a useful work board of a pretty and decorative shape, which is easy to make.

For the foundation, a piece of thick cardboard is cut out in the shape of an open fan and covered in front with watered silk and at the back with



sateen, the two pieces of material being smoothly stretched across on either side of the card and sewed together at the edges. But, however, prior to doing this, the two pockets for the needles and the pocket for the scissors must be sewed in their places upon the silk. These pockets are bound at the edges with narrow ribbon and the board is edged with a silk cord of the same color as ribbon.

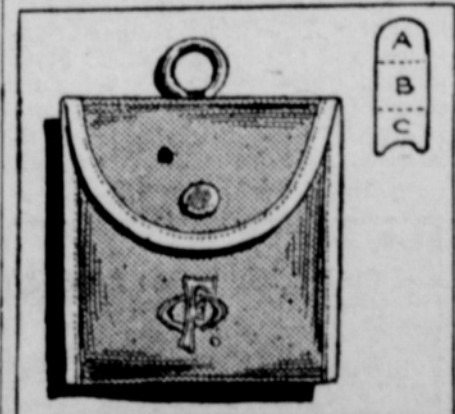
Three reels of cotton are suspended from the top of the board with loops of narrow ribbon, the ends of which are tied in smart little bows.

For suspending the board from a nail in the wall, a loop of broad white satin ribbon with a bow at the top is attached to the back and the board is further ornamented with two loops of ribbon at each side and three loops at the base.

**USEFUL LITTLE COIN PURSE**

Many Men Prefer Such a Receptacle to Carrying Their Change Loose in Pocket.

The practical little purse, of which we give a sketch, is simple and easy to make, and can be carried in the waistcoat pocket or attached to a key chain. It is made of strong corded silk and lined with wash leather, and, when complete and fastened up it measures an inch and three quarters each way. The material is cut in one piece, in the shape shown in the diagram on the right of the illustration, A indicating the fold-over flap, B the back of the purse, and C the front of the pocket. The portion B is stiffened with a piece of stout card, cut to fit, and sewed in between the silk and the lining. If it should be desired to attach the purse to a chain, then a tiny



key ring should be securely sewed on in the center at the top. The flap fastens with a push button, and one can be cut from an old glove and used for this purpose, and the initials of the owner can be embroidered where indicated.

**How to Transfer.**

Place a sheet of impression carbon paper between your fabric and the newspaper design, the latter on top. With a sharp pencil or a glass-pointed pen go over the outline. The design will be transferred to the material.

**Took His Mind Off.**

"He was a very good man, my husband, though he would often say, 'Don't make me go to church too much, Hattie; it takes my mind off religion.'"—American Magazine.

**WOMAN COULD HARDLY STAND**

Because of Terrible Backache. Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I suffered from displacement and inflammation, and had such pains in my sides, and terrible backache so that I could hardly stand. I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I can do any amount of work, sleep good, eat good, and don't have a bit of trouble. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman."—Mrs. HARRY FISHER, 1625 Doughton St., Nicetown, Pa.



**Another Woman's Case.**

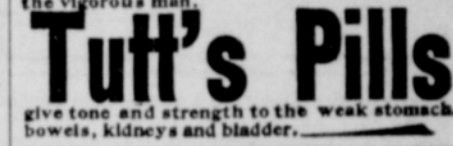
Providence, R. I.—"I cannot speak too highly of your Vegetable Compound as it has done wonders for me and I would not be without it. I had a displacement, bearing down, and backache, until I could hardly stand and was thoroughly run down when I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helped me and I am in the best of health at present. I work in a factory all day long besides doing my housework so you can see what it has done for me. I give you permission to publish my name and I speak of your Vegetable Compound to many of my friends."—Mrs. ABEL LAWSON, 126 Lippitt St., Providence, R. I.

**Danger Signals to Women**

are what one physician called backache, headache, nervousness, and the blues. In many cases they are symptoms of some female derangement or an inflammatory, ulcerative condition, which may be overcome by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of American women willingly testify to its virtue.

**FOR OLD AND YOUNG**

Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.



give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.

Economical. "You always seem to have money, Jack. How do you manage it?" "Well," said Jack, jingling the loose coins in his pocket, "I live at home with the old man f. o. b." "What do you mean by f. o. b.?" "Doesn't that stand for free on board?"

Just the Same. Patience—Does she dance well? Patience—Doesn't make any difference if she's well or not, she dances.

Cures Ivy Poisoning. For ivy poisoning apply Hanford's Balsam. It is antiseptic and may be used to kill the poison. Prompt relief should follow the first application. Adv.

When a man shows his ankles, that is an expose. When a woman displays hers, that is an exhibition.

Smile, smile, beautiful clear white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore best. All grocers. Adv.

If a man gives us a dime to see a museum freak he exhibits his own curiosity at the same time.

Sold upon merit—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Some sentences of a grammatical judge are anything but proper.

All the average man lacks is persistence, ability and nerve.

**King Naphtha**



The king of naphtha laundry soaps, laughs at hard water and dirt.

COTTON BOLL, white laundry soap should be your way to an easier and more pleasant wash day. Free from anything that would injure your clothes. Shorter hours for women.

**Send for Premium List**

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PRODUCTS MANUFACTURING CO. OKLAHOMA CITY OKLAHOMA



# The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations  
from Photographs of Scenes  
in the Play

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14 CHAPTER XV—Continued.

In two days, the grand jury, with much secrecy, returned a true bill, and a day later a considerable detachment of infantry started on a dusty hike up Misery. Furtive and inscrutable Hollman eyes along the way watched them from cabin doors, and counted them. They meant also to count them coming back, and they did not expect the totals to tally.

Back of an iron spiked fence, and a dusty sunburned lawn, the barrack-like facades of the old administration building and Kentucky state capitol frowned on the street and railroad track. About it, on two sides of the Kentucky river, sprawled the town of Frankfort; sleepy, more or less disheveled at the center, and stretching to shaded environs of colonial houses set in lawns of rich bluegrass, amid the shade of forest trees. Circling the town in an embrace of quiet beauty rose the Kentucky river hills.

Turning in to the gate of the state-house enclosure, a man, who seemed to be an easterner by the cut of his clothes, walked slowly up the brick walk, and passed around the fountain at the front of the capitol. His steps carried him direct to the main entrance of the administration building, and, having paused a moment in the rotunda, he entered the secretary's office of the executive suite, and asked for an interview with the governor.

"Have you an appointment?" the secretary asked.

The visitor shook his head. Scribbling a brief note on a slip of paper, he inclosed it in an envelope and handed it to his questioner.

"You must pardon my seeming mysteriousness," he said, "but if you let me send in that note I think the governor will see me."

Once more the secretary studied his man with a slightly puzzled air, then nodded and went through the door that gave admission to the executive's office.

His excellency opened the envelope and his face showed an expression of surprise. He raised his brows questioningly.

"Rough-looking sort?" he inquired. "Mountaineer?"

"No, sir. New Yorker would be my guess. Is there anything suspicious?"

"I guess not." The governor laughed. "Rather extraordinary note, but send him in."

Through his eastern window the governor gazed off across the hills of South Frankfort, to the ribbon of river that came down from the troublesome hills. Then, hearing a movement at his back, he turned, and his eyes took in a well-dressed figure with confidence-inspiring features.

He picked up the slip from his desk and, for a moment, stood comparing the name and the message with the man who had sent them. There seemed to be in his mind some irreconcilable contradiction between the two. With a slightly frowning seriousness the executive suggested:

"This note says that you are Samson South and that you want to see me with reference to a pardon. Whose pardon is it, Mr. South?"

"My own, sir."

The governor raised his brows slightly.

"Your pardon for what? The newspapers do not even report that you have yet been indicted." He shaded the word "yet" with a slight emphasis.

"I think I have been indicted within the past day or two. I'm not sure myself."

The governor continued to stare. The impression he had formed of the "Wildcat" from press dispatches was warring with the pleasing personal presence of this visitor. Then his forehead wrinkled under his black hair and his lips drew themselves sternly.

"You have come to me too soon, sir," he said curtly. "The pardoning power is a thing to be most cautiously used at all times, and certainly never until the courts have acted. A case not yet adjudicated cannot address itself to executive clemency."

Samson nodded.

"Quite true," he admitted. "If I announced that I had come on the matter of a pardon, it was largely that I had to state some business and that seemed the briefest way of putting it."

"Then there is something else?"

"Yes, Mr. Governor, there is. I am

clemency I should expect the matter to be chiefly important to myself. In point of fact, I hope to make it equally interesting to you. Whether you give me a pardon in a fashion which violates all precedent, or whether I surrender myself and go back to a trial which will be merely a form of assassination rests entirely with you, sir. You will not find me insistent."

Then Samson launched into the story of his desires and the details of conditions which outside influences had been powerless to remedy—because they were outside influences. Some man of sufficient vigor and comprehension, acting from the center of disturbance, must be armed with the power to undertake the house-cleaning, and for a while must do work that would not be pretty. As far as he was personally concerned, a pardon after trial would be a matter of purely academic interest. He could not expect to survive a trial. He was at present able to hold the Souths in leash. If the governor was not of that mind he was now ready to surrender himself and permit matters to take their course.

"And now, Mr. South," suggested the governor, after a half-hour of absorbed listening. "there is one point you have overlooked. Since in the end the whole thing comes back to the exercise of the pardoning power, it is after all the crux of the situation. You may be able to render such services as those for which you volunteer. Let us for the moment assume that to be true. You have not yet told me a very important thing. Did you or did you not kill Purvy and Hollis?"

"I killed Hollis," said Samson, as though he were answering a question as to the time of day, "and I did not kill Purvy."

"Kindly," suggested the governor, "give me the full particulars of that affair."

The two were still closeted when a second visitor called and was told that his excellency could not be disturbed. The second visitor, however, was so insistent that the secretary finally consented to take in the card. After a glance at it his chief ordered admission.

The door opened and Captain Callomb entered.

He was now in civilian clothes, with portentous news written on his face. He paused in annoyance at the sight of a second figure standing with back turned at the window. Then Samson wheeled and the two men recognized each other. They had met before only when one was in olive drab; the other in jeans and butternut. At recognition Callomb's face fell and grew troubled.

"You here, South!" he exclaimed. "I thought you promised me that I shouldn't find you. God knows I didn't want to meet you."

"Nor I you," Samson spoke slowly. "I supposed you'd be raking the hills."

Neither of them was for the moment paying the least attention to the governor, who stood quietly looking on.

"I sent Merriweather out there," explained Callomb, impatiently. "I wanted to come here before it was too late. God knows, South, I wouldn't have had this meeting occur for anything under heaven. It leaves me no choice. You are indicted on two counts, each charging you with murder." The officer took a step toward the center of the room. His face was weary, and his eyes wore the deep disgust and fatigue that come from the necessity of performing a hard duty.

"You are under arrest," he added quietly, but his composure broke as he stormed. "Now, by God, I've got to take you back and let them murder you, and you're the man who might have been useful to the state."

## CHAPTER XVI.

The governor had been more influenced by watching the two as they talked than by what he had heard.

"It seems to me, gentleman," he suggested quietly, "that you are both overlooking my presence." He turned to Callomb.

"Your coming, Sid, unless it was prearranged between the two of you (which, since I know you, I know was not the case) has shed more light on this matter than the testimony of a dozen witnesses. After all, I'm still the governor."

The militiaman seemed to have forgotten the existence of his distinguished kinsman, and, at the voice, his eyes came away from the face of the man he had not wanted to capture, and he shook his head.

"You are merely the head of the executive branch," he said. "You are as helpless here as I am. Neither of us can interfere with the judicial gentry, though we may know that they stink to high heaven with the stench of blood. After a conviction, you can pardon, but a pardon won't help the dead. I don't see that you can do much of anything, Crit."

"I don't know yet what I can do, but I can tell you I'm going to do something," said the governor. "You can just begin watching me. In the meantime, I believe I am commander-in-chief of the state troops."

"And I am captain of 'F' company, but all I can do is to obey the orders of a bunch of Borgias."

"As your superior officer," smiled the governor, "I can give you orders. I'm going to give you one now. Mr. South has applied to me for a pardon in advance of trial. Technically, I have the power to grant that request. Morally, I doubt my right. Certainly, I shall not do it without a very thorough sifting of evidence and grave consideration of the necessities of the case—as well as the danger of the precedent. However, I am considering it, and for the present you will parole your prisoner in my custody. Mr. South, you will not leave Frankfort without my permission. You will take every precaution to conceal your actual identity. You will treat as utterly confidential all that has transpired here—and, above all, you will not let newspaper men discover you. Those are my orders. Report here tomorrow afternoon, and remember that you are my prisoner."

Samson bowed and left the two cousins together, where shortly they were joined by the attorney general. That evening, the three dined at the executive mansion, and sat until midnight in the governor's private office, still deep in discussion. During the long session, Callomb opened the bulky volume of the Kentucky statutes, and laid his finger on section 2673.

"There's the rub," he protested, reading aloud: "The military shall be at all times, and in all cases, in strict subordination to the civil power."

The governor glanced down to the next paragraph and read in part: "The governor may direct the commanding officer of the military force to report to any one of the following-named officers of the district in which the said force is employed: Mayor of a city, sheriff, jailer or marshal."

"Which list," stormed Callomb, "is the honor roll of the assassins?"

"At all events"—the governor had derived from Callomb much information as to Samson South which the mountaineer himself had modestly withheld—"South gets his pardon. That is only a step. I wish I could make him satrap over his province, and provide him with troops to rule it. Unfortunately, our form of government has its drawbacks."

"It might be possible," ventured the attorney general, "to impeach the sheriff, and appoint this or some other suitable man to fill the vacancy until the next election."

"The legislature doesn't meet until next winter," objected Callomb. "There is one chance. The sheriff down there is a sick man. Let us hope he may die."

One day, the Hixon conclave met in the room over Hollman's Mammoth Department store, and with much profanity read a communication from Frankfort, announcing the pardon of Samson South. In that episode, they foresaw the beginning of the end for their dynasty. The outside world was looking on, and their regime could not survive the spotlight of law-loving scrutiny.

"The fust thing," declared Judge Hollman, curtly, "is to get rid of these damned soldiers. We'll attend to our own business later, and we don't want them watchin' us. Just now, we want to lie mighty quiet for a spell—totally quiet until I pass the word."

Samson had won back the confidence of his tribe, and enlisted the faith of the state administration. He had been authorized to organize a local militia company, and to drill them, provided he could stand answerable for their conduct. The younger Souths took gleefully to that idea. The mountain boy makes a good soldier, once he has grasped the idea of discipline. For ten weeks, they drilled daily in squads and weekly in platoons. Then, the fortuitous came to pass. Sheriff Forbin died, leaving behind him an unexpired term of two years, and Samson was summoned hastily to Frankfort. He returned, bearing his commission as high sheriff, though, when the news reached Hixon, there were few men who envied him his post, and none who cared to bet that he would live to take his oath of office.

That August court day was a memorable one in Hixon. Samson South was coming to town to take up his duties. Every one recognized it as the day of final issue, and one that could hardly pass without bloodshed. The Hollmans, standing in their last trench, saw only the blunt question of Hollman-South supremacy. For years, the feud had flared and slept and broken again into eruptions, but never before had a South sought to throw his outposts of power across the waters of Crippleshin, and into the county seat. That the present South came bearing commission as an officer of the law only made his effrontery the more unendurable.

Samson had not called for outside troops. The drilling and disciplining of his own company had progressed in silence along the waters of Misery. They were a slouching, unmilitary band of uniformed vagabonds, but they were longing to fight, and Callomb had been with them, tirelessly whipping them into rudimentary shape. After

all, they were as much partisans as they had been before they were issued state rifles. The battle, if it came, would be as factional as the fight of 25 years ago, when the Hollmans held the store and the Souths the courthouse. But back of all that lay one essential difference, and it was this difference that had urged the governor to stretch the forms of law and put such dangerous power into the hands of one man. That difference was the man himself. He was to take drastic steps, but he was to take them under the forms of law, and the state executive believed that, having gone through worse to better, he would maintain the improved condition.

Early that morning, men began to assemble along the streets of Hixon; and to congregate into sullen clumps with set faces that denoted a grim, unsmiling determination. Not only the Hollmans from the town and immediate neighborhood were there, but their ehaggler, fiercer brethren from remote creeks and covers, who came only at urgent call, and did not come without intent of vindicating their presence. Old Jake Hollman, from "over yon" on the headwaters of Dryhole creek, brought his son and fourteen-year-old grandson, and all of them carried Winchester. Long before the hour for the courthouse bell to sound the call which would bring matters to a crisis, women disappeared from the streets, and front shutters and doors closed themselves. At last, the Souths began to ride in by half-dozens, and to hitch their horses at the racks. They also fell into groups well apart. The two factions eyed each other somberly, sometimes nodding or exchanging greetings, for the time had not yet come to fight. Slowly, however, the Hollmans began centering about the courthouse. They swarmed in the yard, and entered the empty jail, and overran the halls and offices of the building itself. The Souths, now coming in a solid stream, flowed with equal unanimity to McEwer's hotel, near the square, and disappeared inside. Besides their rifles, they carried saddlebags, but not one of the uniforms which some of these bags contained, nor one of the cartridge belts, had yet been exposed to view.

Stores opened, but only for a desultory pretense of business. Horsemen led their mounts away from the more public racks, and tethered them to back fences and willow branches in the shelter of the river banks, where stray bullets would not find them.

The dawn that morning had still been gray when Samson South and Captain Callomb had passed the Miller cabin. Callomb had ridden slowly on around the turn of the road, and waited a quarter of a mile away. He was to command the militia that day,



He Held Her Very Close.

if the high sheriff should call upon him. Samson went in and knocked, and instantly to the cabin door came Sally's slender, fluttering figure. She put both arms about him, and her eyes, as she looked into his face, were terrified, but tearless.

"I'm frightened, Samson," she whispered. "God knows I'm going to be praying all this day."

"Sally," he said, softly, "I'm coming back to you—but, if I don't—he held her very close—"Uncle Spicer has my will. The farm is full of coal, and days are coming when roads will take it out, and every ridge will glow with coke furnaces. That farm will make you rich, if we win today's fight."

"Don't!" she cried, with a sudden gasp. "Don't talk like that."

"I must," he said, gently. "I want you to make me a promise, Sally."

"It's made," she declared.

"If by any chance I should not come back, I want you to hold Uncle Spicer and old Wile McCager to their pledge. They must not privately avenge me. They must still stand for the law. I want you, and this is most important of all, to leave these mountains—"

Her hands tightened on his shoulder.

"Not that, Samson," she pleaded; "not these mountains where we've been together."

"You promised. I want you to go to the Lescotts in New York. In a year, you can come back—if you want to; but you must promise that."

"I promise," she reluctantly yielded.

It was half-past nine o'clock when Samson South and Sidney Callomb rode side by side into Hixon from the east. A dozen of the older Souths, who had not become soldiers, met them there, and, with no word, separated to close about them in a circle of protection. As Callomb's eyes swept the almost deserted streets, so silent that the strident switching of a freight train could be heard down at the edge of town, he shook his head. As he met the sullen glances of the gathering in the courthouse yard, he turned to Samson.

"They'll fight," he said, briefly. Samson nodded.

"I don't understand the method," demurred the officer, with perplexity. "Why don't they shoot you at once. What are they waiting for?"

"They want to see," Samson assured him, "what tack I mean to take. They want to let the thing play itself out. They're inquisitive—and they're cautious, because now they are bucking the state and the world."

Samson with his escort rode up to the courthouse door and dismounted. He was for the moment unarmed and his men walked on each side of him, while the onlooking Hollmans stood back in sullen silence to let him pass. In the office of the county judge Samson said briefly:

"I want to get my deputies sworn in."

"We've got plenty of deputy sheriffs," was the quietly insolent rejoinder.

"Not now—we haven't any." Samson's voice was sharply incisive. "I'll name my own assistants."

"What's the matter with these boys?" The county judge waved his hand toward two hold-over deputies.

"They're fired."

The county judge laughed.

"Well, I reckon I can't attend to that right now."

"Then you refuse?"

"Mebby you might call it that."

Samson leaned on the judge's table and rapped sharply with his knuckles. His handful of men stood close and Callomb caught his breath in the heavy air of storm-freighted suspense. The Hollman partisans filled the room and others were crowding to the doors.

"I'm high sheriff of this county now," said Samson, sharply. "You are county judge. Do we co-operate—or fight?"

"I reckon," drawled the other, "that's a matter we'll work out as we goes along. Depends on how obedient ye air."

"I'm responsible for the peace and quiet of this county," continued Samson. "We're going to have peace and quiet."

The judge looked about him. The indications did not appear to him indicative of peace and quiet.

"Air we?" he inquired.

"I'm coming back here in a half hour," said the new sheriff. "This is an unlawful and armed assembly. When I get back I want to find the courthouse occupied only by unarmed citizens who have business here."

"When ye comes back," suggested the county judge, "I'd advise that ye resigns yore job. A half-hour is about as long as ye ought ter try ter hold hit."

Samson turned and walked through the scowling crowd to the courthouse steps.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a clear, far-carrying voice, "there is no need of an armed congregation at this courthouse. I call on you in the name of the law to lay aside your arms or scatter."

There was murmur which for an instant threatened to become a roar, but trailed into a chorus of derisive laughter.

Samson went to the hotel, accompanied by Callomb. A half-hour later the two were back at the courthouse with a half-dozen companions. The yard was empty. Samson carried his father's rifle. In that half-hour a telegram, prepared in advance, had flashed to Frankfort.

"Mob holds courthouse—need troops."

And a reply had flashed back: "Use local company—Callomb commanding." So that form of law was met.

The courthouse doors were closed and its windows barricaded. The place was no longer a judicial building. It was a fortress. As Samson's party paused at the gate a warning voice called:

"Don't come no nigher!"

The body-guard began dropping back to shelter.

"I demand admission to the courthouse to make arrests," shouted the new sheriff. In answer a spattering of rifle reports came from the jail windows. Two of the Souths fell. At a word from Samson Callomb left on a run for the hotel. The sheriff himself took his position in a small store across the street, which he reached unhurt under a desultory fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



# Write R. J. Murray & Company

Slaton, Texas, About Agricultural Lands and City Property

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Mayor R. J. Murray returned home last Friday from Kansas City, Mo.

J. G. Wadsworth and R. G. Shankle were in Snyder the first of the week on business.

A large number of Slatonites were in Tahoka Friday to help celebrate the Fourth. Saturday it rained.

Mrs. J. F. Spetter of Topeka, Kans., is visiting Mrs. A. L. Brannon in Slaton this week, and will go from here to California.

The Trammell House is carrying an adv. in the Slatonite informing the public of a good place to stop for meals and lodging.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sewell and their little son motored up from Abilene, Texas, the first of the week and visited Mrs. Sewell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Robertson at the V Ranch.

Col. L. A. H. Smith arrived home from Alabama last Saturday morning. He saw lots of good country on his trip by way of Richmond, Va., where he attended the Confederate Veterans annual re-union, but nothing that would quite come up to the South Plains.

Be a Slaton booster. R. L. Blanton went to Dallas the first of the week.

"Plum picking parties" to the shinnery flats is one of the principal attractions for town folks this week.

Mrs. Henry Blake and her son, John, of Amarillo are spending a few days with Mrs. Joe Smith and Mrs. E. B. Lee in Slaton.

Wm. Kuykendall was up from Sweetwater the first of the week in a jackrabbit "Apperson" six car. Bill is selling the Apperson car.

J. M. Tucker, letter carrier on Route No. 1 in the city of Terrell, Texas, is visiting his mother, Mrs. A. M. Tucker, in Slaton this week.

Douglas Wadsworth of Hartley, Texas, visited his brother, J. G. Wadsworth, in Slaton two days last week. Douglas Wadsworth is railway agent at Hartley.

The revival services at the First Baptist Church conducted by the Rev. E. C. McDonald of Chilli-cothe closed last week. Brother McDonald found two old friends in Slaton, J. S. Edwards of the First State Bank and R. L. Blanton of the Red Cross Pharmacy.

J. W. Richey has put up a big barn on his South Slaton suburban tract.

The Slatonite has notice to change W. R. Hampton's paper from Peacock to Big Springs, Texas.

To double and treble your money in Slaton residence lots C. C. Hoffman.

Mrs. A. E. Arnfield of Lamesa visited friends in Slaton Monday on her way to Fort Sumner, N. M., where she will visit her mother.

The Misses Margaret and Cornelia Rosson of Fort Worth are the guests of their sister Mrs. Briggs Robertson, in Slaton.

The old Gamble tailor shop was bought by a Mr. Lavender the first of the week and moved to his farm six miles south of Slaton to be converted in a residence.

The revival services of the Christian Church started Sunday night in the warehouse on the south side of the Square, under the leadership of the pastor, J. F. Matthews.

The postoffice at Southland officially opened on July 1st. Mrs. Ermina Fleming is postmistress and her son, B. E. Fleming, assistant. There will be between forty and fifty families receiving mail at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Alderman, Mr. Stanbery Alderman, and Miss Alderman, all of Big Spring; the Miss Garner of Midland, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cunningham of Tahoka motored to Slaton Friday evening for a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Connor of the local telephone exchange. The Aldermans entertained at the Harvey House with a special supper with Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham and Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor as guests. An unusually enjoyable time is reported. The Messrs. Alderman are managers of the Western Telephone Company, and Mr. Cunningham is exchange manager at Tahoka.

## ENTERING OUR FIFTH YEAR

We are entering on our fifth year's business. We have endeavored at all times to conduct the business satisfactorily to you and we trust that we have done so.

To our old friends and customers we extend our thanks.

To our new friends and customers we extend our willing hands.

Bear in mind that the State of Texas is behind us. Your funds are absolutely guaranteed.

FIRST STATE BANK of Slaton

## Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

Everything Good to Eat

Groceries by the Single Order or by the Case. We Can Save You Money.

## The Central Grocery

J. M. SIMMONS, MANAGER

## REAL ESTATE BULLETIN OF CITY BARGAINS

FOR SALE—Bargain in good corner lot; east front, excellent well of water, three blocks from either of the churches and from the public school. Must be sold by Saturday evening at \$125.00. Cost originally \$225.00. Can loan \$100.00 on same.

FOR SALE—Practically new five-room bungalow, has two closets, pantry, three porches; extra large corner lot, northeast front, excellent well of water. Easy distance from depot and business district. Price \$1,250.00. \$250.00 in cash or residence lots; balance \$25.0 per month.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Large, full two-story twelve-room house, large halls both up and down stairs. Property in excellent condition throughout, and will bear closest inspection. All rooms well lighted and ventilated, good new frame out-buildings. Two lots on corner high and dry, drain nicely. Good cased well of soft water. Price \$2,000.00. Would take half in vacant residence lots, balance to suit purchaser.

For information on above or any property you may be interested in phone 59 or write

C. C. HOFFMAN \* \* \* SLATON, TEXAS

## Bring Us Your Orders for Select Groceries. All Orders Will Be Promptly and Carefully Filled.

We select our groceries with a view to suiting the careful purchaser, and have at your disposal everything of the best with full weight or measure guaranteed. We receive regular shipments of Fresh fruits and vegetables.

## Slaton Sanitary Grocery

W. E. SMART, Proprietor

Mrs. Jasper McCarley is spending a few weeks in Slaton with Mrs. Louis Smith.

E. J. Ward, shoe and harness shop, North Side Square. Bring me your shoes and harness to be repaired. Prompt service.

The Klattenhoff farm has been entertaining a large number of Williamson County people who are on a vacation, and on their way to the Exposition in San Francisco.

M. Olim announces in his ad this week that he will leave next Wednesday for the eastern markets to buy a complete line of the latest fall merchandise. Mrs. Olim will be in charge of the Grand Leader until Mr. Olim returns, and the store will close every evening at 7 o'clock except Saturdays. On Saturdays the store will remain open until after the Movie Theater so that late buyers can go to the show and then make their purchases. Mr. Olim tells the Slatonite to say that he is more than satisfied with the business that he has built up in the few weeks that the Grand Leader has been established in Slaton and that he is a Slaton Booster strong. He says he is making arrangements to bring home a swell line of general merchandise and will have a stock that you can well afford to wait for.

## B. Y. P. U. Program

B. Y. P. U. Program for Sunday, June 11, at 6.45 p. m.  
Bible Study Meeting. Isa. 6th chapter.  
Song.  
Prayer.  
Leader, Mr. Stottlemire.  
Introduction, by Leader.  
Isaiah's Conviction of Sin. Isa. 6:1-5, Miss Tula Berry.  
Isaiah's Cleansing From Sin. Isa. 6:6-7, Mrs. Hubbard.  
Isaiah's Call to Service. Isa. 6:8, Mrs. Stottlemire.  
Solo, Mrs. Chavers.  
Isaiah's Consecration to Service of God, Isa. 6:8, Miss Aura Adams.  
Song.  
Business.  
Closing prayer.

## Announcement.

Williams, the picture man from Snyder, is in Slaton and is doing high grade picture work of all kinds. Bring the babies early while it is cool. Also kodak finishing on short notice. Will be there only a short time. Located near Paul Bank.

Two families of business men wanting to move to Slaton and can't secure residence houses to live in. Slaton needs fifty new residence houses of the better class.



**The North Side Tailor Shop**

Solicits Your  
**Cleaning,  
Pressing and  
Altering**

All Work Guaranteed

We Have Added to Our Shop for the Convenience of Our Patrons a Laundry Wagon and Are

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Guaranteed Service. Will call for and deliver your laundry and clothes to be tailored.

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Estimates Furnished Promptly  
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Northwest Corner Square, Slaton

S. H. ADAMS

Physician and Surgeon

Office at Red Cross Pharmacy  
Residence Phone 26  
Office Phone 3

**JUST BASEBALL**

The Slaton boys played basket ball at the Tahoka picnic Friday, winning by a score of 7 to 0. The girls lost their game of basket ball to Tahoka. The Slaton boys started a game of baseball with the Tahoka boys but at the end of the first inning with the score 4 to 0 in favor of Slaton the game was suddenly called off in favor of the Brownfield-Tahoka game.

The Monograms lost a game at Post City Monday 5 to 4, but the circumstances under which they lost did not seem to make the boys feel like they had lost a ball game. It is reported to have been a word swapping stunt, one of these previously announced "we're going to win" affairs.

The Floydada Hesperian, is getting its sporting blood riled up and states that the Floydada baseball team will meet the Slaton Monograms in the near future and endeavor to take them to a cleaning. Fair enough.

The Monograms played in Post City Sunday, winning the game by a score of 10 to 1. Towers pitched another one of his strong games.

**Local and Personal.**

C. C. Hoffman is in Kansas this week on a business trip.

Miss Octavia Manley of Stamford, Texas, is a guest at the V Ranch.

A. E. Howerton is in Tahoka today on business for Howerton's store.

Best residence lots in Slaton, \$5.00 down, \$5. per month. Phone 59—C. C. Hoffman.

W. T. Knight and Harry Hollingsworth motored over to Clovis, N. M., the first of the week to take in the celebration.

Mrs. U. W. George was down from Lubbock the first of the week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Nix.

Mrs. Brooks Grant has returned to Fort Worth after a visit in Slaton with her sister, Mrs. Briggs Robertson.

The report to the Slatonite on the meetings just closed at the First Baptist Church is that the church was much revived spiritually and that there were seventeen additions to the church, seven being by experience and baptism.

**SMALLEST OF ALL CHURCHES**

This tiny old church of Upleatham, ten miles from Middleboro, England, is believed to be the smallest in the world, its seating capacity being ten. On the inside walls are painted coats of arms of three titled houses in the district. A quaint inscription roughly



carved in the stone midway up the tower tells that the church was built in the sixteenth century. Judging from the grave stones and masonry, it would appear that the church was built at a far earlier date.

Sympathizing Friend—Didn't you find it hard to lose all your money?  
Hardup—No; easiest thing in the world.—Town Topics.

**ORDER OF WELL DRESSED MEN.**

Do YOU belong to the order of WELL DRESSED MEN? Better join now.

**A Suit Bought Here is a Membership Certificate.**

The PASS WORD is "STYLE."

The Dues Are: Suits \$7.50 to \$45.00  
Hats 50c to \$8.00. Shoes \$2.00 to \$6.00  
Shirts 50c to \$5.00. Underwear 50c to \$3.50

**Chris Harwell, Gents Furnishings Lubbock, Texas**

We Will Make Right That Which is Not Right

**School of Forestry in China.**

It is notorious that afforestation is one of the most urgent of China's needs, and it is, therefore, of interest to learn that a school of forestry is about to be established in the University of Nanking. The co-operation of the director of forestry at Manila has been secured, and it is proposed to send two experts from Manila to aid in establishing the school.—Scientific American.

**Learning to Keep House.**

"In Democratic Denmark," according to Edwin G. Cooley, "the education of country girls in housekeeping has followed as a natural appendix to the training of country boys in agriculture."

**ENORMOUS ENGLISH PIES**

A meat pie weighing 200 pounds was recently baked for a banquet given at Gorleston, England. That the English

are fond of pie is plainly shown by the famous pies for which Denby Dale, near Halifax, has long been noted. These are baked only upon very special occasions, the very biggest of them all being prepared in 1887, in honor of Queen Victoria's jubilee. It weighed, when cooked, no less than 1,500 pounds, and the ingredients comprised 850 pounds of beef, 160 pounds each of mutton and veal, 140 pounds lamb, 250 pounds lean pork, and enough fowls, geese, pigeons, rabbits, hares, etc., to stock a poulterer's shop. To make the crust 60 sacks of flour were used, mixed with 100 pounds of lard and 50 pounds of butter.

Another similar monster was prepared in 1846 to celebrate the repeal of the corn laws. Yet another was baked in 1788, in commemoration of King George III's recovery from illness; while a fourth was prepared and eaten in 1815, in honor of Wellington's victory over Napoleon on the field of Waterloo.

**Famous Street in Damascus**



The principal street of Damascus is the "Street that is called Straight," mentioned in the New Testament in connection with the conversion of St. Paul. The entrance to it is here pictured. The street is about a mile long, beginning at one of the chief gates of the city and running east and west. It is covered by a great barrel-like roof throughout its length.

**If You Have a Printing Want**

**WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS**

Putting out good printing is our business, and when we say good printing we don't mean fair, but the best obtainable. If you are "from Missouri" give us a trial and we will

**Show You**

R. B. HUTCHINSON

DENTIST

Citizens National Bank Building  
Lubbock, Texas

**S. C. Marrs**

**Contractor and Builder**

Slaton . . Texas

**Don't Take It For Granted**

that just because you are in business, everybody is aware of the fact. Your goods may be the finest in the market but they will remain on your shelves unless the people are told about them.

**ADVERTISE**

If you want to move your merchandise. Reach the buyers in their homes through the columns of THIS PAPER and on every dollar expended you'll reap a handsome dividend.

**Posts, Wire, Rock Salt, and Sack Salt**

We can supply you at the lowest prices

**We Are in the Market for All Kinds of Grain**

See us before you sell

**Slaton Grain and Coal Company**



# ORIGIN OF BAYONET

**Invention of Prized Weapon of France Is Uncertain.**

**Women of Bayonne Said to Have Contrived Diminutive Spear for Use on the Ramparts—May Be Basque Invention.**

Paris, France.—A Paris newspaper publishes the following:

"The bayonet continues to be pre-eminently the French weapon of war. In deeds of pure glory it goes side by side with the '75. Like the latter, it inspires our soldiers with confidence. Never has any troop, of any force, experience or valor, resisted our infantry charging with the bayonet.

"And yet no one knows to whom we are indebted for this irresistible weapon. One would like to venerate the man who has placed this jewel of war in the hands of the French soldier.

"The bayonet, according to some historians whose thesis Littré made popular by reproducing it in his dictionary, is of Spanish importation. It crossed the Pyrenees to come and immortalize itself in France, as did the Old. It is true that in the Spanish vocabulary there is the 'bayoneta,' mean-

ing 'small scabbard.' What then? "There is more likelihood of truth in the narrative which mentions Bayonne as the home town of the bayonet. A tale from the South of France gives an account of its birth which, if not rigorously true, is very pretty.

"It was, so the story goes, during the siege sustained by Bayonne in 1523 against the allied kings of England and Aragon that the women of this city, courageously taking it upon themselves to defend its ramparts, invented the bayonet.

"Other historians assert that the Basques invented the bayonet in circumstances not less heroic. They had been fighting against the Spanish for hours. Their ammunition was exhausted, while their courage still held out. To conquer in spite of this they affixed their knives in the ends of their guns, and, thus armed, hurled themselves on the enemy, who fled in terror.

"General Marion used the bayonet in 1641 and Gassendi in 1671.

"To relate the heroic charges in which our soldiers have immortalized the bayonet would be to mention almost all the battles in which the French army fought. It was Chevert who, in reply to a soldier who complained of being short of powder, said: 'What does it matter? Haven't we the bayonet?' It was Dupont, in 1801, who overthrew 45,000 Austrians with 14,000 men at the mill of Volta.

"In 1915, our infantrymen, perpetuating the glory won by their elders, continue to give the bayonet their confidence and their affection."

# CLASSIFIED COLUMN

**LOST OR STOLEN**—Gold watch, chain and charm, South Bend make, open face, small size man's watch. Finder return to Avalanche office, Lubbock, and receive reward.

**WANTED**—Chicken Raisers to try a box of Page's Mite and Lice Exterminator. Sold under a positive guarantee to rid place of mites, lice, blue bugs, and all insects, or will refund price. Sold by grocerymen or sent postpaid for 50c. M. A. Page, Box 101, Lubbock, Texas.

## BANK STATEMENT.

Official statement of the financial condition of the FIRST STATE BANK at Slaton, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 23rd day of June, 1915, published in the Slatonite, a newspaper printed and published at Slaton, State of Texas, on the 8th day of July, 1915.

**RESOURCES**  
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral..... \$36,018.00  
Loans, real estate..... 3,480.24  
Overdrafts..... 42.90  
Real Estate (banking house) 3,600.00  
Furniture and Fixtures..... 1,400.00  
Due from Approved Reserve Agts., net \$28,733.84 28,733.84  
Cash Items..... 256.83  
Currency..... 3,466.00  
Specie..... 943.00 4,665.83  
Interest in Depositors Guarantee Fund..... 530.49  
Other Resources as follows:  
Assessment for Guarantee Fund..... 64.91  
Total..... \$78,536.21

**LIABILITIES**  
Capital Stock paid in..... \$15,000.00  
Surplus Fund..... 700.00  
Undivided profits, net..... 2,931.27  
Individual Deposits, subject to check..... 56,783.45  
Time Certificates of Deposit 2,500.00  
Cashier's Checks..... 621.49  
Total..... \$78,536.21

State of Texas,  
County of Lubbock.

We, J. S. Edwards, as president, and J. G. Wadsworth, Asst. cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

J. S. EDWARDS, President.  
J. G. WADSWORTH, A. Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of July, A. D. 1915.

(SEAL) W. E. Olive,  
Notary Public Lubbock County, Texas.

**CORRECT—ATTEST:**  
W. S. POSEY }  
O. L. SLATON } Directors.  
E. SHOBPELL }

## SAYS BEES HAVE PARALYSIS

Oklahoma Entomologist Finds Evidence of the Disease Among Honey Producers.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—C. E. Sanborn, state entomologist at the A. & M. college, has discovered that a disease which he describes as paralysis has attacked the honey bees in Oklahoma. Dead bees are furnished him for investigation.

He took live bees and infected them with the bacillus of the dead ones and soon they died. He says:

"In death they showed the same action as bees ordinarily found with paralysis. Their abdomens became distended, their two front feet drawn up against their chests, the four hind feet stretched out, sprawling and quivering; the mouth parts extended and quivering, and the head frequently turned to one side."

**Gives Birth to Twentieth Child.**

Calxico, Cal.—Mether of twenty children, Mrs. Alvira Ollav of Calxico expects no more children, so she has decided that a boy born a few weeks ago shall bear the father's name. Although eleven brothers preceded him in the family, the twentieth child shall bear the name of Juan Ollav, Jr. The father was born on a Spanish island in the Mediterranean fifty years ago. The mother is a native of Guaymas.

**Gold From the Philippines.**

The 1914 output of gold in the Philippine islands shows a gain of 39 per cent over the year 1913. The value of the year's yield was \$1,203,433, a little over one-half of which is from lode mining, the remainder being the output of dredges.

# THE TRAMMELL HOUSE

SLATON, TEXAS. 2 Blocks from Depot. Meet All Trains

Mrs. M. C. Trammell-Robinson, Prop.

A Good Place to Stop. Board by the Day or Week; Rates Reasonable. Coziest Place in Town.

# THE JACKSON HOUSE

Rates: \$1.50. Special Rates by the Week or Month

LUBBOCK, TEXAS. T. S. JACKSON, Proprietor

# Auto Livery Service Anywhere

Calls Answered Promptly

# Slaton Livery Barn

G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor

We have also Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations. We have for sale Hay, Grain, Feed, and Poultry Yard Supplies

# L I S T E N !

Most of us want the Moon. Most of us could have plenty of star beams and sun rays, but these we are likely to fail to notice or accept. We want the Moon; in longing for the thing we can not have we become unhappy, ignoring the fact that there are plenty of gifts from life right at hand within our reach.

BUILD YOU A HOME.

# Slaton Lumber Company

LUMBER DEALERS

# City Meat Market

Slaton, Texas

We have purchased the City Meat Market and solicit your patronage. We will appreciate your trade and will keep at all times a full line of fresh meat from choice beeves. We can fill your orders. For a choice steak, a tender roast, or prime pork chops, come to the City Market.

Hours When Shop Will Be Open on Sundays

Shop open on Sundays until 9 o'clock in the morning, and from 4.30 to 6.30 in the afternoon.

J. T. HOOTEN, Proprietor

# Are You Aware That....



The Modern Picture Show of First Class Entertainment is now a permanent part of our society? It's influence is eminently good, and like all good things it is here to stay.

EDISON says: "Moving Pictures have a tremendous educational effect. They are an important factor in the world's intellectual development. They have a great up lifting effect on the morality of mankind. They wipe out various prejudices which are often ignorance. They create a feeling of sympathy and a desire to uplift the down-trodden of the earth."

Entire Change of Program Every Night at the Slaton Movie Theater

## CHURCHES.

### METHODIST CHURCH.

C. H. Ledger, Pastor.

Preaching services every second and fourth Sundays in the month at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7:30 p. m.

Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m. C. C. Hoffman, Superintendent. N. A. Terrell, Asst. Supt.

Womans' Missionary Society meets every Monday at 3 p. m.

Union Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock at the Methodist church. Everyone welcome.

### BAPTIST CHURCH.

J. D. Lambkin, Pastor.

Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. E. S. Brooks, Supt.

Preaching services every first and third Sundays in the month at 11 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m.

Ladies Aid Society meets every Monday at 3 p. m.

### FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

At the McRea Hall.

Sunday School at 10 a. m.

Preaching services every fourth Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 8 p. m.

J. F. Matthews, Pastor and Superintendent.

## LODGES.

### I. O. O. F.

Slaton Lodge No. 861 I. O. O. F. meets every Monday at 8.00 p. m. Visiting brothers cordially welcome. G. L. Sledge, N. G. L. P. Loomis, Secy.

### WOODMEN.

Slaton Camp No. 2871 W. O. W. meets 1st and 3rd Friday nights in the month at the MacRea Hall. W. E. Olive, C. C. B. C. Morgan, Clerk.

### WOODMEN CIRCLE.

Slaton Grove Woodmen Circle No. 1320 meets on first and third Friday afternoons in the month at 3.30 o'clock in the MacRea hall. Visitors cordially welcomed. Mrs. Pearl Conway, Guardian. Mrs. Carrie Blackwell, Clerk.

### A. F. AND A. M.

Slaton Lodge A. F. and A. M. meets every Thursday night on or before each full moon, at 7.30 o'clock. Joe H. Smith, W. M.

The Brotherhood of American Yoemen meets every second and fourth Thursdays at 8.00 p. m. at the hall. C. W. Olive, Correspondent.

## RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

### SANTA FE.

California and Gulf Coast Trains. Limited, daily.

No. 921 (west bound) from Galveston arrives in Slaton at 4.25 a. m. Departs for all points west to California 4.35 a. m.

No. 922 (south bound) from California arrives in Slaton at 12.10 p. m. Departs for central Texas and Galveston 12.35 p. m.

Slaton-Amarillo Trains, Eastern and Northern Points, daily.

No. 903 leaves Slaton for Amarillo at 6.40 a. m.

No. 904 from Amarillo arrives in Slaton at 11.55 a. m.

Slaton-Lamesa Local. Daily Except Sunday.

No. 908 from Lamesa arrives in Slaton at 11.15 a. m.

No. 907 departs from Slaton for Lamesa at 2.00 p. m.

## WOMAN PENSIONER AT 108

Widow of a Veteran of the Confederate Army is Placed on First Class Roll.

Montgomery, Fla.—Mrs. Esther Dees of Montgomery county, one hundred and eight years old and widow of a Confederate veteran, has been placed on the first class pension roll of the state by Auditor M. C. Allgood.

Mrs. Dees is among the first to be placed on the first class roll under the law which provides that widows of Confederate veterans who are more than seventy years of age shall be entitled to draw a first class pension.

This law was passed by the legislature at its last session and Mrs. Dees is one of the first to qualify.

When Mrs. Dees' application was received, Auditor Allgood placed her name on the first class roll and requested Gardener Courtney of the capitol to send her a handsome bouquet of flowers.

### Plymouth Rock Wonder.

Dexter, Me.—Ralph C. Blethen claims the New England record for hatching chickens. Three weeks ago he placed thirteen eggs beneath one of his prize Plymouth Rock hens. When he inspected the nest he discovered eighteen chicks. His only explanation is that some of the eggs must have been double yolked.

A New Serial  
By a Writer of  
"Best Sellers"

# Parrot & Co.

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

It's a real, honest-to-goodness romance — there's action, mystery and adventure, and the breezy manner of its telling is full of charm. You can't afford to miss it if you enjoy a good story.

Watch for the First Installment!

It's a Bird

PARROT & CO.

Watch for It!



**SLATON SLATONITE**

Slaton, Lubbock County, Texas

Issued..... Every Friday Morning  
Loomis & Massey..... Owners  
L. P. Loomis..... Editor and Manager

SUBSCRIPTION, THE YEAR..... \$1.00

Entered as second class mail matter at the post office at Slaton, Texas, on Sept. 15, 1911, under the act of March 3, 1897.

It is rather an old subject, but we hope those new sidewalks get in before the rains set in again.

One T. Roosevelt handed his old political enemy a swat the other day. When told what Bryan had to say about him, and asked what reply he was going to make, Roosevelt said: "Nothing now. I have something important on hand." Bryan's triumphal lecture bureau march since his resignation has been strewn with a crown of thorns.

Speaking of handshakes, if there is one thing that makes a man want to cuss in six different languages it is to take hold of the hand of a man who doesn't know how to shake hands. He sticks out a hand that feels like a limp dishrag and lets you do the shaking; and you feel like you are working the handle of a pump which has a broken sucker rod. A firm, cordial handshake is an accomplishment.

Col. L. A. H. Smith says that he learned from his recent trip thru Georgia that the entire state seems fixed in its belief that Leo M. Frank was equally guilty with the negro in the death of Mary Phagan at Atlanta, and that it is about all that a man's life is worth to start an argument to the contrary. The Georgians say that there were circumstances in the case that never appeared in the papers. If this is the sentiment in Georgia Governor Slaton had plenty of reason for resigning and going to California.

Attorney General Looney says that he will prosecute every man who opens a pool hall under the decision handed down by the supreme court. In the meanwhile the pool hall owners will play safe and keep their halls closed.

The statement of the First State Bank of Slaton as made to the comptroller of the currency appears in this issue of the Slatonite. Each statement that the bank has made during the past two years has been just a little better and stronger than its predecessor, and this statement shows the bank's business just a little better than it has ever been before. Slaton continues to grow and every month's volume of business is a little better than the previous month. The statement shows the affairs of the First State Bank to be in first class shape; in fact they could not be any better.

The Brownfield Herald wants to start a "See Texas First" movement. Recently a large ad in the Dallas News informed the public that the thermometer stood at 66 degrees at a mountain resort in the Ozarks when the train passed thru there that morning. On the same morning the thermometer stood at 64 on the South Plains. So the Herald thinks that the South Plains are better than the mountain resorts and that we need a "See Texas First" movement to demonstrate this fact to the people of the lower lands. And then the tourists would be delighted enough to move to the South Plains where we have a mountain resort season in the summer and a seacoast season in the winter.

"You will have more people on the Plains that you can take care of this fall," said a business man from east Texas to the Slatonite editor one day last week. "Everybody is looking to the South Plains," he continued, "and you will certainly have a big year." The prospects are flattering for Slaton and the Slaton country. With business in this city enlarging all the time and extensive improvement work in both the residence and the business districts, under consideration, Slaton should make a larger growth this fall than the most excellent record in city building established this spring. With two-story brick buildings announced for fall construction, more concrete sidewalks laid, and new business enterprises, Slaton will indeed establish an enviable record for the year 1915.

Almost all the towns of the South Plains are pushing development work this summer in the way of concrete sidewalks, brick buildings, and water for fire protection. Slaton has erected more residence houses this spring than any two of the other towns put together, and the nice part about our improvement work is that every house has rented just as soon as it was completed. But in the matter of civic improvement Slaton has done less than any other town. We need those new sidewalks and water for fire protection and for lowering the insurance rates. If we would get our share of the new capital that will come to the South Plains towns this fall we must offer as good inducements as the other towns do. We must show a pride in our town and a desire for attracting outsiders by offering conveniences that every up-to-date town now affords. There are very few towns that are built in spite of themselves.

**IN HORACE'S WINE CELLAR**



Horace, the Latin poet, of course was a devotee of the wine cup, so when the ruins of his villa at the foot of Mount Laetretillus were excavated recently the discovery of an ample wine cellar was no surprise. A large number of amphorae or wine jars, some of which are here shown, were found in this apartment.



The birds that selected this queer place for their nest—a coil of wire netting—evidently did not find it as comfortable a habitation as they had hoped, for it had been abandoned before the photograph was taken, but after two eggs had been laid.

**The Richey Lumber Yard**

To Figure Your Bill for Less

Why is the Ocean so Near to the Shore?

TELEPHONE and Find Out.



The Western Telephone Company

**SLATON PLANING MILL**

R. H. TUDOR, Proprietor

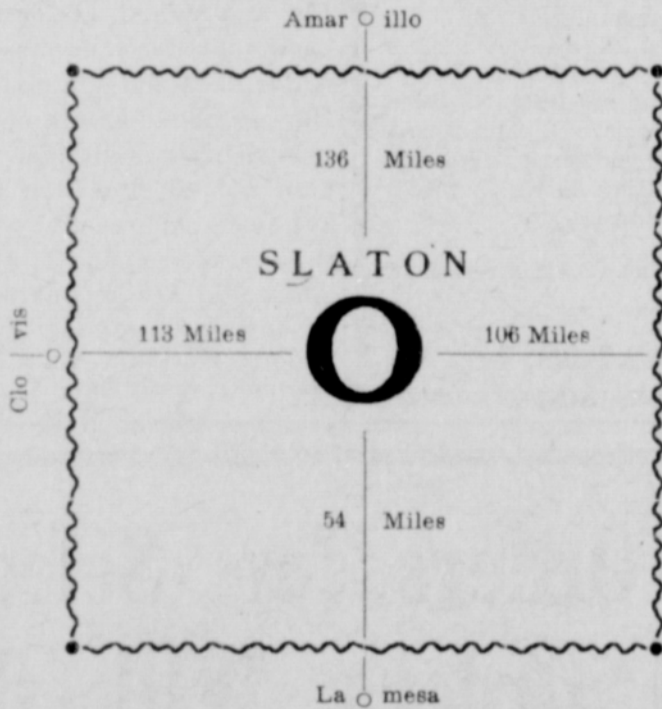
Contracting and Building

Estimates furnished on short notice. All work given careful and prompt attention. Give us a trial.

North Side of the Square

**Founded and Owned by the Pecos & Northern Texas Ry. Company**

4-Way Division Santa Fe System



**SLATON LOCATION**

SLATON is in the southeast corner of Lubbock County, in the center of the South Plains of central west Texas. Is on the new main Trans-Continental Line of the Santa Fe. Connects with North Texas Lines of that system at Canyon, Texas; with South Texas lines of the Santa Fe at Coleman, Texas; and with New Mexico and Pacific lines of the same system at Texico, N. M. SLATON is the junction of the Lamesa road, Santa Fe System.

**Advantages and Improvements**

The Railway Company has Division Terminal Facilities at this point, constructed mostly of reinforced concrete material and including a Round House, a Power House, Machine and Blacksmith Shops. Coal Chute, a Sand House, Water Plant, Ice House, etc. Also have a Fred Harvey Eating House, and a Reading Room for Santa Fe employees. Have extensive yard tracks for handling a heavy trans-continental business, both freight and passenger, between the Gulf and Atlantic Coast and the Pacific Coast territories, and on branch lines to Tahoka, Lamesa and other towns.

**BUSINESS SECTION AND RESIDENCES BUILT**

3000 feet of business streets are graded and macadamized and several residence streets are graded; there are 26 business buildings of brick and reinforced concrete, with others to follow; 200 residences under construction and completed.

**SURROUNDED BY A FINE, PRODUCTIVE LAND**

A fine agricultural country surrounds the town, with soil dark chocolate color, sandy loam, producing Kaffir Corn, Milo Maize, Cotton, Wheat, Oats, Indian Corn, garden crops and fruit. An inexhaustible supply of pure free stone water from wells 40 to 90 feet deep.

**P. and N. T. Railway Company, Owners**

THE COMPANY OFFERS for sale a limited number of business lots remaining at original low list prices and residence lots at exceedingly low prices. For further information address either

**South Plains Land Co.**  
Local Townsite Agent, Slaton, Texas

....or.... **Harry T. McGee**  
Local Townsite Agent, Slaton



A STORY full of fine romantic color, with the glamour of the Far East running through it and just a touch of oriental mysticism to add zest to the adventures of the hero and heroine, our new serial

**Parrot & Co.**

is guaranteed to charm any reader looking for a happy, thrilling, breezy tale that will amuse and satisfy.

A Pure Romance  
A Tale of the  
Seven Seas

Be Sure to Get the Issue with the First Installment!



**CARE IN SELECTING MUTTON**

Healthful Meat May Be Good or Bad, According to Condition—Much Fat Good.

Mutton is generally considered the most healthful meat, and is eaten by many, to the exclusion of any variety. Consequently great care should be exercised in the selection, and a little time should be given to the study of quality.

In buying mutton (or lamb) care should be taken to see that the fat is clear, hard and white, as mutton with soft or yellow fat indicates too long a stay in cold storage. It might appear that a great quantity of fat on mutton signifies waste; but the lean part is much juicier and more tender when this is the case, so the wise housewife makes purchases with this in view.

The leg has the least fat in proportion to weight. Next comes the shoulder. The color of lean mutton is a deep red.

Lamb is good to eat when one year old and is much more digestible than other immature meat, such as veal or young pork. The wise housewife knows the value of nutrition, so she will hesitate about buying lamb merely because it is in market, as it is generally expensive.

The meat of spring lamb should be a clear pink, with plenty of pure white fat.

**VINEGAR KILLS THE GERMS**

Best of Reasons Why the Condiment Should Always Be Used Liberally on Salads.

Drs. Lofr and Legagneux of Paris have been testing vinegar as a destroyer of the germs of typhoid fever. That they are killed by a mixture of wine and water in equal parts has long been known. These investigators prove now that twenty germs of vinegar to a liter of water kill the typhoid bacillus in an hour and five minutes.

"From this," writes the Paris correspondent of the Lancet, "a practical inference may be drawn concerning salads. After washing the salad as usual, detaching each leaf, it should be put into water acidulated with ten grams of vinegar to the liter and remain immersed in this liquid for about an hour and a quarter. All vegetables ordinarily eaten uncooked may be subjected without any inconvenience to the same process."

A liter is equivalent to about a quart and ten grams are equivalent to about a third of an ounce. So, if lettuce or other greens for salad be placed in water to which about one-third of an ounce of vinegar has been added and be left for about an hour and a quarter, all danger of typhoid fever will be removed.

**Fig Pudding.**

Chop one-half pound of suet and work with the hands until creamy, then add one-half pound of figs finely chopped. Soak 2½ cupfuls of stale bread crumbs in one-half cupful of milk half an hour. Add two eggs well beaten, one cupful sugar and three-fourths teaspoonful of soda. Combine mixtures, turn into a buttered mold and steam three hours. Serve with yellow sauce made by beating two eggs until very light, add gradually one cupful sugar and continue beating; then flavor with one teaspoonful of brandy and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla.

**Cold Bean Croquettes.**

Here is a nice way of using cold beans in croquettes: I get them ready at night, so it takes just a moment to cook them for breakfast. Mash two cupfuls baked beans, yolks of one or two eggs, one tablespoonful melted butter, pinch of salt. Form into cones. Roll in cracker crumbs. I do not coat with egg, as they are rather moist, and I find the cracker crumbs stick on all right—Exchange.

**Maple Cream Puffs.**

Stir half a cupful of butter into one cupful of boiling water; when melted add one cupful of flour, stir until the mixture leaves the sides of the pan, cool, add three unbeaten eggs one at a time, beat thoroughly, drop from a spoon on buttered pans and bake about twenty-five minutes.

Beat half a pint of heavy cream until solid and fold in three tablespoonfuls of grated maple sugar. Make an incision in each puff, fill with the cream and garnish the tops with maple icing.

**Sugar With New Potatoes.**

New potatoes are very much improved and have a delicious taste if boiled with a lump or two of sugar along with the mint. Two lumps of sugar to a pound of potatoes give excellent results, rendering them firmer and more appetizing.

**Cover the Bread.**

Newly-baked bread should be lightly covered with a clean cloth while it is cooling. If it is not aired when it is taken from the oven it is apt to be soggy.

**UGH! CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK!  
CLEAN LIVER AND BOWELS MY WAY**

Just Once! Try "Dodson's Liver Tone" When Bilious, Constipated, Headachy—Don't Lose a Day's Work.

Liven up your sluggish liver! Feel fine and cheerful; make your work a pleasure; be vigorous and full of ambition. But take no nasty, dangerous calomel, because it makes you sick and you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver, which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

Listen to me! If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-

back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning, because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children. Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.

**Just Like Her.**

"Well, Jane, dear," said Smithers. "I see that that little milliner up on Main street has joined the antis since you suffragettes adopted the 48-cent hat."

"Oh, well, what if she has?" retorted Mrs. Smithers. "Nobody's surprised at that. She always was a trimmer."

**WORK OF MAKING A HOME**

Many Things Enter Into Atmosphere of Abode That is Dear to All Mankind.

A home is not merely a house; it is an atmosphere, a feeling. It is a place of beloved associations, where you can wear old clothes, and think old thoughts, and hear familiar voices without hearing them. You can be happy there, and be comfortably unhappy, be thoroughly unpleasant even, and know that those you love will think no worse of you than they do already. Luxury cannot make a home, nor can books or pictures or rugs or bric-a-brac. A cat, a canary, two geraniums, a Bible and old rocking-chair may make one of the loveliest homes in the world. At the same time, a home is not necessarily happy because it is the house of poverty, as some would have us believe.

The art of creating home atmosphere is wholly the art of woman, and she has none more charming. Mere care will not do it, or mere neatness and tidiness; indeed, those things sometimes work the other way. The love of prettiness will not do it; good cooking will not do it, although it is a mighty help. Even being gay and merry and kindly yourself is not quite enough, although it helps even more than the cooking. Success in home-making, as in everything else, requires that you shall feel a real joy in your work. If it is a drag, if it is an irksome duty, if your mind is on a thousand outside things that are not home, you cannot make home what it should be. Not that the homemaker should think of nothing else. That is neither desirable nor possible. But the woman whose first pleasure is to create that beautiful thing, home, will be a precious and permanent influence not only to her own family, but to all her household, to all her guests, to the whole community in which she lives.—Youth's Companion.

**Unlucky Henry.**

A new Englishman was complaining to a friend the hard luck encountered by his son Henry.

"Now, take the last case," he said. "Just as soon as he went to Boston to work, Henry fell in love with a girl. She lived in one of the suburbs, and as soon as Henry made up his mind he liked her, he up and bought a fifty-trip ticket to her place and—"

"And—?"  
"Got turned down at the second call! The ticket was left on his hands! If that ain't hard luck, what is?"

**To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System**

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents. Adv.

**Aye, There's the Rub.**

"What's the hardest part of your new job, Blinks?"  
"Holding it."

**YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU** Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by Mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

It is the fate of practically every man to be bossed by his rich relatives and imposed upon by his poor ones.

For galls use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Easter never misses anything by coming late in the spring.

**COULDN'T BE WELL ARRANGED**

Esther Would Very Willingly Have Obligated Employer, but, Under the Circumstances You Know.

A southern family employed a very skillful cook, called Esther. She had been with them about ten days, when she announced that she would have to leave, as she was about to be married.

The mistress received the news with consternation.

"You've been with me only a few days, Esther," she said, "and you remember you told me you would stay."

"I know it, ma'am, an' I've awful sorry," said Esther mournfully, "but I don't see how I kin help it. The gentleman wants de weddin' to be on Tuesday, ma'am."

"Don't you think you could get him to put it off, Esther," asked the mistress, "just a little longer—until I could get another cook?"

"Deed, ma'am, I'd like to oblige you," said Esther, earnestly, "but, to tell you de truf, I ain't well enuff acquainted with de gentleman to ax him to do dat, ma'am."

**Not Necessarily an Objection.**

"Would you marry a man for his money?"

"Positively not. But I wouldn't hold his money against him, however."

**Wicked.**

"I stole three bases today, pop," said the young hopeful proudly.

"Willie," interrupted his mother, before the boy's father could express his appreciation of the feat, "you go and put them right back where you got them. I'll not have it said that any boy of mine is a thief."

And she doesn't understand to this day what made the male members of the family laugh.

**HANDS LIKE VELVET**

Kept So by Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

On retiring soak hands in hot Cuticura soapsuds, dry and rub the Ointment into the hands some minutes. Wear bandage or old gloves during night. This is a "one night treatment for red, rough, chapped and sore hands." It works wonders.

Sample each free by mail with 32-p. Skin Book. Address Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

**The Reason.**

"There is something melancholy to me in these incubator arrangements."

"Naturally. They're brooders."

We all want to go to heaven—but there is no demand for rapid transit.

**What is Castoria**

**CASTORIA** is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

**The End and Aim.**

"The British must have been very much surprised when the Germans first let loose those poisonous gas bombs at them."

"Surprised? Why, it fairly took their breath away!"

For sprains make a thorough application of Hanford's Balsam, well rubbed in. Adv.

If a man's father's sword happened to be a musket it is unlikely that you will see it hanging on the walls of his library.

Beautiful, clear white clothes delights the laundress who uses Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

If what a man desires is to hug a woman he doesn't make dancing an accessory to the offense.

Wounds on man or beast should be healed by Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Work is hard enough without riding to it on a bicycle.

**Approaching a Reform.**

"Has Crimson Gulch adopted prohibition?"

"No," replied Broncho Bob. "But it's on the way. So's to bring it around gradual, the judge has made a rule that any man who draws a gun on another will have to quit drinking. You'd be surprised to see how nice and orderly the old place is gettin' to be."

**Experience.**

"Any sort of sites around about your suburban place?"  
"Yes, lots of parasites."

**PEACH BASKETS**

Best bushel baskets, carloads and local shipment, lowest prices for cash.

**Morrison Produce Co.**  
Oklahoma City Oklahoma

AGENTS—Sell Palm Beach Suits—Made to Measure. Prices low. Big profits. Write for Samples. Leeds Woolen Mills, Chicago.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 24-1915.

**160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE**

**WAITING FOR YOU**

Yes, waiting for every farmer or farmer's son—any industrious American who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is higher but her farm land just as cheap and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

**160 Acre Homesteads are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land at From \$15 to \$20 per Acre**

The people of European countries as well as the American continent must be fed—thus an even greater demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Any farmer who can buy land at \$15.00 to \$30.00 per acre—get a dollar for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to

**G. A. COOK**  
125 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.  
Canadian Government Agent.

**DEFIANCE STARCH** is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. **DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska**

**DAISY FLY KILLER** placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, economical, non-toxic, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, non-toxic, will not injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers order upon paid for 25c. **HAROLD SOMERS, 100 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

**You Look Prematurely Old**

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA GREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, 51.00, retail



# TELLS OF A TRIP THROUGH DESOLATED AND DEVASTATED VILLAGES OF FRANCE

Edward B. Clark Gives a Simple and Uncolored Story of Conditions As He Found Them—Responsibility for the Destruction of Many Fair Places of France One of the Things to Be Considered When Final Day of Reckoning Comes.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

(Staff Correspondent Western Newspaper Union.)

Sommellies, France.—As I make a few notes in this place which once was a village the



ground is shaken by the transmitted tremor imparted to the earth by the shock of the great guns which are bellowing all along the battle front from St. Mihiel to the forest of Argonne.

Sommellies is beyond the present indicated range of the big rifles, but an elevation of an inch or two to the muzzles of the siege pieces would result in a rain of shells falling on a village, or at least the remnants of a village which already has had not a rain but a deluge of fire.

There is little chance that any gun will be elevated, for the cannoners are too much occupied with the multitude of human targets and with the sod and beam-covered trenches immediately at their front to be willing to waste shots at the well-nigh invisible. I am here with a French army officer, Capt. Gerard de Ganay, who stands six feet three in his military boots and who looks and is a soldier. If the enemy in the trenches, battering away over the hill and the valley at our front wanted to put this officer out of the service with a shell, I doubt if it could see him, even if their range-finding experts were possessed of triple-powered field glasses. The captain is arrayed in what they call "horizon blue," a color which so melts into the skyline that it becomes a part of it.

**Ruins Where Army Passed.**

To this place I have come after a trip of two days' duration in a high-powered military motor through about twenty of the desolated and devastated villages of France which lay in the line of advance and of retreat of a great army. In the days to come, when there is a final reckoning to fix responsibility for the destruction of these fair places of France and for the killing of more than a few noncombatants, there will be a controversy as bitter as that which has marked the battling from the Marne, the high point of the German advance, to the Aisne, where the German now is entrenched, with the Frenchman on the offensive and striking daily and boldly at his front. Included technically within the field of war operations today is a large part of France. Virtually all the scene of the battle of the Marne is forbidden ground to all persons except those who go with proper credentials.

It is my intention to take my readers through some of these desolated places of France; to tell a simple and uncolored story of their condition today as my eyes saw them, and to repeat occasionally the words of men and of women who saw the acts of destruction and who have formed their own opinion as to the reasons therefor. One day the truth underlying all this ravage will be known. The world probably will continue to withhold its judgment, but the fact remains that a score or more of thriving French villages have perished from the earth

## POKES HIS OAR INTO WHALE

New York Tourist Has Surprise and Barely Escapes Death at Santa Barbara.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—When Frank Hamer, New York tourist, poked his oar on to what he thought was a slimy black rock protruding above the waves in the channel, he turned loose a geyser, and rowed for his life to escape from what for a time looked to him like certain death. It proved to be an immense whale, and Hamer barely got beyond range in time to escape the powerful lashing of the monster's tail as it dived into the depths of the channel. The waterpout thrown up soaked Hamer to the skin and water-logged his boat. He was rescued by fishermen who caught his frantic signals for help.

**Thieves Return His Ticket.**

Brewster, N. Y.—When three highwaymen held up Charles Zimmer on a lonely road near his home he protested bitterly to them. "I guess it's all right to take my

grounds closed in by an iron fence of fine workmanship. Today, there is nothing left of the official home but its foundation stones. Shell and fire took their toll. The outlying garden, however, seemingly knew nothing of the ravage of battle. It had been untended since last autumn, but nature, the restorer, today is making it to blossom with spring's rare coloring. War showed no favoritism at Cour-de-Manges. The houses of the poor and the house of the rich alike were swept to swift destruction.

**Was Fired by Incendiaries.**

From Vitry-le-Francois, where I left the train and took a military motor, I went first to Hurion, or rather to the place where Hurion once stood. The French declare that this place was burned by German incendiaries. They hold that the absence of shell holes in the walls and the roofs of houses standing aloof, and whose interiors are scorched and blackened ruins, proves beyond cavil that the fires were set by hand. The Germans say that at this place some of the inhabitants were caught with firearms in their hands. This plea will probably enter later when all these acts are brought to the bar of man's adjudication. A it is, Hurion virtually has disappeared from the face of the earth.

This village was proud of its Gothic Catholic church of St. Martin, which has stood here for centuries. The church is not beyond repair, but today it is literally riddled with shot and shell. Within is an undamaged shrine of Mary the Virgin, and before it women were praying for the success of the arms of France.

Not far from Hurion stands the village of Glennes, or, again let me say, what once was Glennes. This village was destroyed utterly by shell fire, except in the cases of a few of the larger buildings. The church is badly damaged, but, like the sanctuary at Hurion, it can be restored. I went into the churchyard at Glennes, drawn thither I think by a somewhat shadowed form of curiosity. The shells had fallen thick and fast into this place where the villagers for centuries have buried their dead. The church and cemetery are pictures of gray and black desolation. Images and monuments are shattered almost to dust. Barely one of the smaller tombstones in the cemetery is left untouched. Here, however, one sees the frequent freak of war. A great tomb stands almost in the center of the churchyard. It dominates the scene. All about it trees and headstones and footstones have been splintered and smashed, and yet the great tomb stands unmarred. Its escape is one of the mysteries of the chances of war. Within the tomb, as the inscription tells us, rests the family of Jesson Boilleau. Jesson and his family still sleep undisturbed.

**Soldiers' Sepulchers Everywhere.**

After leaving Glennes, the country is nothing but a great graveyard. Soldiers' sepulchers are everywhere. Single graves are the exception. Germans and Frenchmen alike rest under the newly sprung May flowers in these fields of the republic. Nature is celebrating its own memorial day and is decorating the resting places of the brave with daisies and dandelions, violets, forget-me-nots and the white valley lilies.

Cour-de-Manges is a village not far from Glennes. In it only a few houses escaped fire or shot. Into the desolation of this place the people are beginning to enter. They scattered to the four parts of France when the storm broke, but this was their home, and here few by few they are coming back and are seeking the means to build again their houses as they already, in the retreat of the enemy, have built again their hopes.

The mayor of Cour-de-Manges dwelt in a handsome house with outlying

roll," he said, "but when you swipe my commutation ticket so I can't go to work you're going too far."

"We'll see about it," mumbled one of the men.

The other day a boy went into the Purdy station of the Harlem division with an envelope for the station master. A man had given it to him, he said. It contained the ticket, with this note:

"Give this back to the guy that was robbed."

**Bar His Mother-in-Law.**

New York.—Dr. Henry A. Bunker, living at 158 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, recently sued for separation in Manhattan, filed his answer yesterday before Justice Donnelly.

Mrs. Bunker alleged cruelty, saying that her husband was so unkind that her hair turned gray. One of his names for her was "cockroach," applied when his food didn't suit him, his wife avers.

Doctor Bunker says all troubles originated with his wife's mother, Mrs. Johnson. He expressed willingness to take back his wife, now living at the

grounds closed in by an iron fence of fine workmanship. Today, there is nothing left of the official home but its foundation stones. Shell and fire took their toll. The outlying garden, however, seemingly knew nothing of the ravage of battle. It had been untended since last autumn, but nature, the restorer, today is making it to blossom with spring's rare coloring. War showed no favoritism at Cour-de-Manges. The houses of the poor and the house of the rich alike were swept to swift destruction.

It is only a few miles from Cour-de-Manges to Frignicourt, but the journey is from Desolation to Desolation. All the way between the villages, however, there is a land of beauty. The peasants, following on the heels of the French army in its forward movement, are cultivating every possible patch of ground, leaving untouched nothing but the graves of friend and foe. The grace of enjoyment is not to be found among ruined homes, but confessedly there is momentary forgetfulness of the stricken villages when one looks on the beauty of the fields which lie between the houses of desolation.

Frignicourt has been swept from its place on the plains. Not one stone rests upon another here. Was there justification for this laying waste or was it sheer wantonness? Time perhaps will disclose the truth. I wanted to determine for myself whether or not the tales constantly told of incendiarism were true or untrue. I began to observe closely and I hit upon a means of test which I have found that already the Frenchmen have applied.

Faremont is not far from Frignicourt, and it was destroyed only in part by artillery fire. A fine highway runs through the heart of the village, and it was along this highway that the invading army passed. The houses on either side of the road and immediately confronting it have all been destroyed while the houses back of them are intact. Gunfire from a distance makes no such fine distinctions. The houses along the street were set on fire by hand.

From Faremont I passed through Favresses, Blesme and Maurupt-le-Montoy. There is little left of any one of these places to give it the right to be called a village.

At Vaubecourt such walls as still rear themselves from the ruins are shaken daily and nightly by the thunder of pounding guns. At least one-half of the Vaubecourt villagers have returned to their blasted dwellings ready again to take up life where their forefathers lived for centuries. These villagers give no heed to the trembling of the earth under their feet. The cannon shot does not disturb their dreams. Hell came here last fall.

There was terrific fighting at Vaubecourt and in the country all about it and there is still terrific fighting near at hand. The village has been battered from its foundations by shell and shot.

As things are, however, the village of Vaubecourt as a village of homes and houses is no more, but the people are coming back to find the May sun shining on the ruins and showing forth the ravages of a storm that has passed on a little way and which now vexes priest and villager only with its noise.

Much more has been heard in America of the destruction of the villages of Belgium than of those of France. I had no conception of the ruin that had been wrought by artillery and by fire in this part of the French republic which lies under the shadow of the Argonne forest and not only within sound but within range of some of the heavy guns as they play hourly today along the banks of the Aisne, the Meuse and the Orne. I visited a dozen places other than those of which I have written and the story of the desolation virtually is the same. It is a hard sight to look upon and a hard story to write. I turn from the last blackened picture while the roar of the distant guns reminds me that these scenes elsewhere, if fate so wills, may be re-enacted in all their horror.

Martha Washington hotel with their daughter Elizabeth, but he wants his mother-in-law barred.

Justice Donnelly granted Mrs. Bunker \$40 a week alimony pending trial.

Tennille, Ga.—The announcement in the papers of a family of 23 children in Tilt county, that county claiming the record for the largest family in Georgia, brings to life another claimant for the title in Wallington county. R. W. Josey, living near Riddle, has a family of 25 children, 21 of whom are living.

Josey has been married twice.

Hibbing, Minn.—M. Garber, cattle buyer here, who is the owner of the Hibbing cow which set a new record by giving birth to a 185-pound calf, announced that one of his cows gave birth to twin calves. The twins are white and brown, with colorings mixed in such a way that their coats differ from those of other calves.

So many imitation affairs are coming in style; jewelries, engagements and matrimonial happiness.

## DRY FARM SEED ESSENTIALS

Great Many Failures May Be Attributed to Overseeding—Much Care Must Be Exercised.

One of the most important problems associated with dry farming is the determination of the rate of seeding per acre. A great many failures in dry farming may be attributed to overseeding.

The one limiting factor of crop production on dry lands is moisture, and it is largely because of its deficiency that care must be exercised in the rate of planting. Each plant in the soil takes out large quantities of water, which are evaporated into the air through the leaves, consequently when a thick stand is obtained large quantities of water are drawn from the soil.

A thick, luxuriant stand in the spring or early summer is no indication of a good harvest, as the probabilities are that such a heavy stand will deplete the soil of moisture and prevent complete maturity of the crop, while a thin stand would be able to withstand the dry periods and yield fairly well when harvested.

Thin planting does not of necessity mean a thin stand. Whenever the moisture conditions are favorable the plants will stool or branch out and make a stand that will warrant a satisfactory yield and at the same time be heavy enough to shade the ground and reduce the losses from excessive evaporation. When plants are crowded, very little, if any, stooling occurs, and the plant is unable to adapt itself to its immediate conditions.

As a general rule the rate of planting for dry lands is just a trifle more than half of what would be used on irrigated lands.

## DISK HARROW IS IMPORTANT

Nothing Will Conserve More Moisture Than by Using It on Stubble—Also Used as a Cultivator.

The disk harrow may be considered as the most important implement for grain farming in a dry climate. Nothing will conserve more moisture by using it on stubble after harvest and before plowing time. It may be used as a cultivator for summer fallowing. On ground where small grains are to follow such crops as beets or potatoes the use of this implement will often make plowing necessary.

The 16-inch disk is of proper size for ordinary farm work. This disk pulls somewhat heavier than the larger sizes, but pulverizes enough better to justify its use. The 16-inch disk penetrates the soil deeper than the larger one, because it has less bearing-up surface; it revolves faster, thus pulverizing the soil better.

For handiness and ease of operation, each gang of the disk should be controlled by an individual lever. All bearings must be well protected from dust and dirt, so constructed as to be easily oiled. Each disk should be provided with a satisfactory foot-lever cleaner. For thickening a thin stand of alfalfa in the early springtime or after a cutting, the disk is set almost straight, in which condition it is run over the field twice, just as the alfalfa is beginning to grow in the spring.

**Protect the Birds.**

Harmful insects are becoming more plentiful all the time. Wild birds are decreasing. There is very close relationship between these two statements. Every boy who shoots a robin saves the lives of thousands of bugs and worms. If the birds were all destroyed it would be only two or three years until there was not a particle of green foliage left on the face of the earth.

**Stunted Calf Unprofitable.**

The stunted heifer seldom makes a successful cow. Give them the right kind of treatment from early calf-hood.

**Water System Is Essential.**

No farm home of any pretensions should be without a pressure water system. Neither should any farm of forty acres or more be without power to shred fodder, cut silage, grind feed saw wood and do many other jobs.

**Producing Good Hogs.**

While pasturage and free range are absolutely essential in producing good hogs, it is better to confine them in pens rather than to turn them into poorly fenced lots too small and poorly supplied with proper forage.

**Enhance Value of Cow.**

Firmness and docility of temper greatly enhance the value of a cow. One that is quiet and contented, feeds at her ease, does not break over fences, or injure other cattle, is a more valuable animal than one of a turbulent nature.

**Right Start for Pigs.**

Give your pigs the right start by keeping their surroundings in a clean, sanitary condition. Hogs cannot possibly grow well if they are kept in a mudhole.

## GOT CHANGE SHE WANTED

Woman Proved Herself a Strategist in Dealing With Man at the Ticket Window.

"Here," she said, rushing back to the ticket window, "this dollar you gave me in change is counterfeit."

"Pardon me, but I didn't give you a dollar in change."

"Yes, you did. I bought a ticket here not two minutes ago and you changed a five-dollar bill for me. It was all the money I had, so I couldn't have got this bad dollar anywhere else."

"You should have examined your change when it was handed to you. I can't make any correction now."

"I shan't budge from this window till you give me a good dollar for the bad one you tried to foist upon me."

"Let me see it."

"There."

"Why, this is a perfectly good bill. Here is another. I'm not afraid of it."

"No, I won't take this bill. It's torn. Give me a new one."

"I'm sorry, but if you don't want that bill I'll have to give you your change in nickels."

"Thank you," she said, after counting the pieces of coin. "I wanted a dollar's worth of nickels, but I knew you wouldn't have that many if I asked for them in the first place."—Chicago Herald.

**She Was Willing.**

He walked timidly in and looked around in a hesitating manner. His wife—a large, portly woman—towered over him. A lady from the desk came forward. The man spoke:

"This, I presume, madam, is suffrage headquarters?"

"It is."

"I came in to offer my services as a speaker for your cause. Are you looking for talent?"

"Yes, sir; we are. Every little helps. Thank you. So you are friends of the cause?"

"The man's wife now spoke.

"Not exactly," she whispered. "I'm an anti—even if he isn't. But I approve, ma'am; I approve. If my dear little hubby here wants to speak in favor of suffrage, and you are willing, so much the better. As you say, every little helps—the anti's."—Life.

**Celluloid Watch Crystals.**

At the outbreak of the war American watchmakers were much concerned regarding the watch crystal situation; the German source of supply being shut off, and previous attempts to make them in this country having failed.

Watch crystals of glass are now being made here successfully, and an American inventor has helped the matter along by devising a celluloid watch crystal, which has the beveled edge and general appearance of a glass crystal and possesses the additional advantage of being unbreakable.

**A Fake.**

"Yes," said Audrey, "I spent the entire evening telling him that he had a terrible reputation for kissing girls against their will."

"And what did he do?"

"He sat there like a booby and denied it!"—Answers.

The glazier must have his glass before he can begin his day's work.

**GET POWER**

The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by selecting food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

"Not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach trouble," writes a lady from a little Western town.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heart-burn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed.

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I kept up its use. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed.

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heart-burn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain, disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 lbs., my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts did it."

A ten days trial will show anyone some facts about food.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.