

# The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 3.

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Number 42.

## FERGUSON RALLY SMALL IN NUMBERS

The big state wide Ferguson rally at Dallas Saturday did not materialize in a way that would put enthusiasm in the hearts of Jim's boosters. The papers report the out-of-town attendance at the forenoon session as being somewhere between 750 and 1500 people, but do not mention the number of home folks, so we must conclude that they were conspicuous by their absence. The afternoon session drew about 1000 people and the night session drew 1200. These figures include women. This, it will be remembered is in a city of over 100,000 people—a city of 20,000 voters.

The town of Texico, N. M., voted on the prohibition of saloons Tuesday last week. There were twenty-four votes in favor of retaining the saloons and two votes in favor of abolishing them. It is evident that the saloon men called the election for the purpose of making the town absolutely wet for four years, as the New Mexico law allows only one vote every four years. A town with only twenty-six qualified voters has no moral right to have saloons in it, and yet Texico has three or four retail saloons and two wholesale saloons. Still the owners and employees of those saloons constitute the largest part of the town. There are railroad trains running four ways from Texico every day, and those two brave souls can move out any time it suits them. It is said that there is not an empty residence house in the town of Farwell, Texas, which is just one-half mile from Texico, and is absolutely dry.

A bill was introduced in the senate several weeks ago by Bristow of Kansas to appropriate \$60,000,000 a year for ten years for the conservation of the flood waters of Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, New Mexico, and Western Oklahoma. Surveys show that a contour of the country will allow a canal from Billings, Montana, to the Gulf of Mexico. This would create a chain of large lakes which would have a large influence on the climate. Senator Bristow also offered a memorial from the Chamber of Commerce of Abilene asking that Texas be included. Morris Shepherd introduced a bill in the senate about thirty days ago asking for the appropriation of \$250,000 for investigation as to the possibilities of irrigation in the Lone Star State thru this reservoir and lake system. Two weeks ago Congressman Smith introduced a similar bill in the house.

According to J. D. Jackson of Alpine, President of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association, 1914 will be the best year in the history of the cattle industry of Texas.

No cattle, he claims, will be taken out of the state for grass this year; on the contrary, live stock will be brought in for feeding.

## JURY AWARDS DAMAGES TO BESSIE NIX

The damage suit of Bessie Nix vs. the Western Telephone Company in the district court at Lubbock last week resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff, the jury awarding Miss Nix damages to the amount of \$8,000.00.

Atty. R. A. Baldwin of Slaton handled the case for Miss Nix, and he is entitled to much credit from a professional standpoint for the able manner in which he conducted it. Associated with him on the case was Atty. W. F. Schenck of Lubbock.

Appearing for the defendant company were Attys. W. S. Bramlett of Dallas and W. H. Bledso of Lubbock.

H. T. McGee says that he made a deal with the colony of Nebraska and South Dakota farmers who had representatives here last January to look over the Scott-Robertson land, whereby they became possessors of about three sections of the land at Southland and will move to it next fall. There are twelve farmers in the colony and they will come here in November, after their 1914 crops in their northern homes are marketed, and improve each quarter section with buildings and fences and by putting the land under cultivation. This will add a dozen families to our trade territory, but more than that it means the opening of this ranch land to settlement and making the start that will help to put all the land under cultivation.

Mrs. Net. G. Rollins, corresponding secretary of the Women's Missionary Society, Northwest Texas Conference, Methodist Church, delivered a twenty minutes' address to the Slaton Missionary Society at the Santa Fe depot Monday while on her way home from the annual meeting held at Plainview last week. She spoke while the train stopped for dinner at the Harvey House. A number of Slaton ladies went to meet her and hear the address. Mrs. Rollins confined her remarks to a general discussion of the work being accomplished by the Missionary Society.

The First National Bank of Clovis, N. M., had the novelty of a run started on its cash Tuesday last week. The starting of the rumor is unaccounted for. The banks at Melrose, Portales, and Farwell poured in their cash to relieve the Clovis bank until the run "ran" itself out, which it did in a few hours. Then the people became ashamed of themselves and put their money back.

Clarendon will hold a big race meet in connection with a Fourth of July celebration this year. The race meet will be held July 1, 2, 3, and 4. One hundred harness horses and fifty running horses will be expected to participate in these races.

Chas. Wild returned from Austin Wednesday.

# TEA

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### HON. W. R. SMITH ADDRESSES VOTERS

Congressman W. R. Smith, candidate for re-election, spoke to the voters in the People's Theatre last Friday. His address was very short, occupying only about twenty minutes, and he made no effort towards delivering a political stump speech. He was introduced by Mayor R. J. Murray.

He reviewed in a general way his record in congress during the twelve years he has been a member of the house, and said that all his labors had been under a Republican organization until three years ago, and he would like to serve now under a Democratic administration. Those who were expecting him to pay his political respects to his opponent, Judge Thos. L. Blanton, were disappointed as Mr. Smith referred to him only in a general way, denouncing some of his platform efforts.

H. H. Robinson of Wichita Falls and Mrs. M. C. Trammell of Slaton were married in Sweetwater last Friday, and are now at home in Slaton. Mr. Robinson is well known here, having formerly lived at Amarillo and run on the Santa Fe as engineer.

It is estimated that the 1914 wheat crop of the Panhandle will reach the eight million bushels mark. The grain is in flourishing condition and the crop is practically made.

### FIRST INSTALLMENT APPEARS TODAY

Dane Coolidge took two Americans and placed them between the battle lines of the Mexican Federal and Revolutionary troops and in following their fortunes and that of the heroine, a beautiful senorita, he pictured the utter wantonness of both the contending forces. Because of its character *The Land of Broken Promises* is a story that will be read with interest by people who have never read serials before.

Mr. Coolidge is well qualified to write such a story. Born and educated in Massachusetts he has spent much of his life as a naturalist in the southwestern states and in Mexico. As both naturalist and author he has an international reputation. In the country of which he writes he has gathered specimens for the British museum, for the national museums of Italy and France and for that of the United States. His previous stories have been classed as masterpieces of their type of literature, and have had a world-wide sale. *The Land of Broken Promises* is conceded to be his best work.

The Texas Business Men's Association wants to furnish the Slatonite each week with an article on improved health conditions in Texas. We can give the charitably inclined gentlemen behind the articles a better bill of health than they can give us. The best health giving prescription written is a railroad ticket that calls for Slaton, Texas.

## COURT AFFIRMS CROSSETT SENTENCE

The case of Thad Crossett of Lamesa, sent to the penitentiary for thirty years for the killing of Warren Bullock near Lamesa on January 20th, has been affirmed on appeal by the court of criminal appeals at Austin. His trial was held at Lamesa in the March term of the district court.

### With the Fans.

The Lubbock baseball team came to Slaton last Friday and lost to the Monograms 9 to 5. The Lubbock boys felt pretty bad over getting in a losing game and pulled several plays that are not listed in Reach's, but the Slaton crowd jollied them along and kept them in as good a humor as they could.

Shaw pitched the game for Slaton and gave four hits, walked one, and struck out eight. Lubbock didn't earn a score. DeLong caught the game. Kuykendall was on second, Johnston, m; Minor, 3; Robertson, s; Eckert, 1; Luther, 1; and McDonald, r.

Baker pitching for Lubbock walked eight, struck out four, and gave six hits. Slaton earned nearly all their scores.

Umpires, Wheelock and Molineux.

The Lubbock boys felt so bad about the defeat that they called for a return game, and came down Monday. However, they sent to Amarillo and got a catcher, to Plainview and got a pitcher, to Canyon and got a second baseman, and to Hale Center and got a center fielder. About all there was to Lubbock on the ball team was the name. But the picked team of star amateur players won from Slaton 8 to 1.

The Slaton team was strong enough to beat the stars, but everybody had an off day, and the absence of the shortstop broke the lineup. Opposed to their bad playing the Lubbock team played almost errorless ball and played a strong aggressive game.

Eckert pitched seven innings for Slaton and pitched good ball in the face of bad support. Minor finished the game.

In the sixth inning Eckert retired the Lubbock team on four, pitched balls, and then Brashier retired the Slaton team on three pitched balls.

The Slaton Fans Do Their Best to Help the Boys to Victory.



## NEW WORK FOR AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

Farmers' Union Would Have Commissioner of Agriculture Organize Co-operative Association of Farmers.

A Practical Farmer Demanded to Head Agricultural Department—No Lawyers Wanted.

Fort Worth, Texas.—The Commissioner of Agriculture has greater opportunities for service than any other official in State government. In addition to the important duties which have already been assigned that department by the Legislature, it is generally conceded that the Legislature will devote itself almost exclusively to agricultural problems and the proposed system of new and untried laws must be adjusted to working conditions by the next Commissioner of Agriculture in co-operation with the farmers.

The next administration will be confronted with the enactment and application of agricultural legislation and the Commissioner of Agriculture must be a practical farmer. The law requires, and public necessity demands, that he be a man who has first-hand knowledge of farming conditions.

We Stand for Law Enforcement. We quote in part from the law

R. A. BALDWIN  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
Office West Side of Square  
Slaton, Texas

on this subject: "The Commissioner of Agriculture shall have a knowledge of agriculture, manufacturing and general industry; shall be an experienced and practical farmer, etc."

We are going to put up a "posted" sign on the Agricultural Department against lawyers. There is no more reason why a lawyer should run for Commissioner of Agriculture than why a farmer should be a candidate for Attorney General. We know of no lawyers who contemplate entering the race, but we want to notify them not to hunt on our preserves in this campaign. We stand for law enforcement and call on all good citizens to see that the constitution is upheld and that no lawyer is permitted in the Department of Agriculture.

The Farmers' Union takes science by the hand and welcomes progress. We have been the pioneers in the movement for improved cultural methods but increasing production is not sufficient. The farmers have many important problems that cannot be solved by free garden seed, skillfully written bulletins and eloquent lecturers. We will mention a few of them:

### Organization and Co-operation Needed.

The farmer has the best security on earth, yet he pays an average of from 10 to 30 per cent interest on his money, against four to eight per cent paid by other lines of industry on less stable securities. Is it education the farmer needs to reduce his rate of interest? We think not. He might raise the largest pumpkin; the biggest bushel of corn and enough vegetables per acre to fill a silo, but his rate of interest would remain the same.

The farm laborer works an average of 12 hours per day the year round at 11 cents per hour and boards himself. The brick mason in Texas receives 87 cents per hour, the highest of any State in the Union, and farm labor ranks thirty-fifth. The laborers in all other trades work approximately an average of 9 hours for 25 cents per hour. Is it education the farm

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laborers need to bring their earning power up to that of their city cousins? We think not. He might read farm bulletins every night until the chickens crowed for day and he would not increase his wages one penny.

The average farm yields a net

income on the investment of 4 per cent and the average business 10 to 30 per cent. Will any one contend that this difference is due to ignorance on the part of the farmer? We think not. He might listen to agricultural lectures until he became gorged with knowledge and he would have no more to say in fixing the price of his products than he has today.

The world is one great corporation of which the farmers are the largest shareholders, but when we call at the counter of industry for our dividends we are handed a package of education and the other fellow gets the gold. We are glad to get the suggestions, printed and otherwise, but we want in on the dividends and a voice in fixing the price of our products.

### The Remedy.

We must further improve our cultural methods and move forward more rapidly in all branches of practical science of production, but the remedy for the present difficulties must come through organization and co-operation, and it is this new field of activities that the agricultural department must enter. Legislative permission to form rural credit associations; to build warehouses; to form co-operative cotton gin companies, to organize market asso-

ciations, etc., is necessary, but it is not sufficient. To get the full benefit of these laws the farmers must be encouraged and directed in the organization of the respective associations needed in his community and this work properly belongs to the Department of Agriculture. It is as important a function of government to demonstrate the advantages of organization for the transaction of the business of farming as to demonstrate the advantages of cultural methods, and far more profitable. The formation of co-operative associations that will introduce economies in farm operations, reduce rates of interest, and afford facilities for the more profitable marketing of the crops, are what the Texas farmer needs today and needs badly.

The farmer has so often become the victim of designing promoters who operate under the guise of agricultural philanthropists that he very properly hesitates to enter into any voluntary organization that binds him financially. We have a very recent instance in which the farmers of this State were fleeced out of a few hundred thousand dollars by promoters, which illustrates the willingness of the farmers to cooperate in an effort to better their condition and demonstrates the disadvantage of no authoritative plan of action. He is entitled to the sanction of State and the endorsement of its authorized representative to co-operative contracts, in which his property and that of his neighbors are involved, and his faith in government will encourage him to enter into these new forms of business transactions when its seal of approval is placed upon them.

The appropriation should be made with a view to extending the work into rural credits and marketing, which is the most needed and most neglected factor in agriculture at this time. The farmers pay more into and get less out of government than any other class of citizens and have less to do with its management.

The next Commissioner of Agriculture should not only be a capable producer but a successful organizer as well. He should be a man who understands the business side of farming and of proven ability in co-operative work, and one who enjoys an extensive acquaintance and possesses the confidence of the farmers of Texas.

W. D. Lewis, President.  
Peter Radford, Ex-President.  
Texas Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union.



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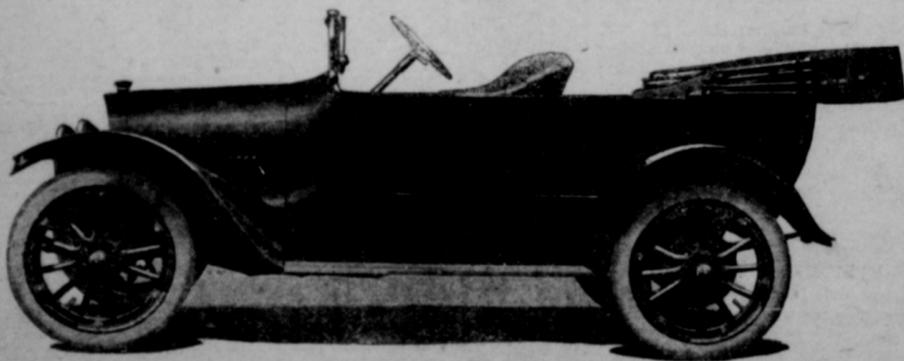


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## The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE  
Author of "The Fighting Fool," "Hidden Waters," "The Texican," Etc.

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey.)

A story of border Mexico, vivid, intense, such as has never before been written, is this one of American adventures into the land of manana. Texan, mining engineer, Spanish senor and senorita, peon, Indian, crowd its chapters with clear-cut word pictures of business, adventure and love, against a somber background of wretched armies marching and counter-marching across a land racked by revolution and without a savior.

### CHAPTER I.

The slow-rolling winter's sun rose coldly, far to the south, riding up from behind the saw-toothed Sierras of Mexico to throw a silvery halo on Gadsden, the border city. A hundred miles of desert lay in its path—a waste of broken ridges, dry arroyos, and sandy plains—and then suddenly, as if by magic, the city rose gleaming in the sun.

It was a big city, for the West, and swarming with traffic and men. Its broad main street, lined with brick buildings and throbbing with automobiles, ran from the railroad straight to the south until, at a line, it stopped short and was lost in the desert.

That line which marked the sudden end of growth and progress was the border of the United States; the desert was Mexico. And the difference was not in the land, but in the government. As the morning air grew warm and the hoar frost dripped down from the roofs the idlers of the town crept forth, leaving chill lodgings and stale saloons for the street corners and the sun.

Against the dead wall of a big store the Mexicans gathered in shivering groups, their blankets wrapped around their necks and their brown ankles bare to the wind. On another corner a bunch of cowboys stood clannishly aloof, eying the passing crowd for others of their kind.

In this dun stream which flowed under the morning sun there were mining men, with high-laced boots and bulging pockets; graybeards, with the gossip of the town in their cheeks; hoboos, still wearing their eastern caps and still rustling for a quarter to eat on; somber-eyed refugees and soldiers of fortune from Mexico—but idlers all, and each seeking his class and kind.

If any women passed that way they walked fast, looking neither to the right nor to the left; for they, too, being so few, missed their class and kind.

Gadsden had become a city of men, huge-limbed and powerful and with a queuing look in their eyes; a city of adventurers gathered from the ends of the world. A common calamity had driven them from their mines and ranches and glutted the town with men, for the war was on in Mexico and from the farthestmost corners of Sonora they still came, hot from some new scene of murder and pillage, to add to the general discontent.

As the day wore on the crowd on the bank corner, where the refugees made their stand, changed its complexion, grew big, and stretched far up the street. Men stood in shifting groups, talking, arguing, gazing moodily at those who passed.

Here were hawk-eyed Texas cattlemen, thinking of their scattered herds at Mababi or El Tigre; mining men, with idle prospects and deserted mines as far south as the Rio Yaqui; millmen, ranchers and men of trades; all driven in from below the line and all chafing at the leash. While a hundred petty chiefs stood out against Madero and lived by ransom and loot, they must cool their heels in Gadsden and wait for the end to come.

Into this seething mass of the dispossessed, many of whom had lost a fortune by the war, there came two more, with their faces still drawn and red from hard riding through the cold. They stepped forth from the marble entrance of the big hotel and swung off down the street to see the town.

They walked slowly, gazing into the strange faces in the vague hope of finding some friend; and Gadsden, not to be outdone, looked them over curiously and wondered whence they had come.

The bunch of cowboys, still loitering on the corner, glanced scornfully at the smaller man, who sported a pair of puttees—and then at the big man's feet. Finding them encased in prospector's shoes they stared dumbly at his wind-burned face and muttered among themselves.

He was tall, and broad across the shoulders, with far-seeing blue eyes and a mop of light hair; and he walked on his toes, stiff-legged, swaying from his hips like a man on horseback. The rumble of comment rose up again as he racked past and then a cowboy voice observed:

"I'll bet ye he's a cow-punch!"

The big man looked back at them mockingly out of the corner of his eye and went on without a word.

It is the boast of cowboys that they can tell another puncher at a glance, but they are not alone in this—there are other crafts that leave their mark and other men as shrewd. A group of mining men took one look at the smaller man, noting the candle-grease on his corduroys and the intelligence in his eyes; and to them the big man was no more than a laborer—or a shift-boss at most—and the little man was one of their kind. Every line of his mobile face spoke of intellect and decision, and as they walked it was he who did the talking while the big man only nodded and smiled.

They took a turn or two up the street, now drifting into some clamorous saloon, now standing at gaze on the sidewalk; and as the drinks began to work, the little man became more and more animated, the big man more and more amiable in his assent and silence.

Then they passed the crowd of refugees they stopped and listened, commenting on the various opinions by an exchange of knowing smiles. An old prospector, white-haired and tanned to a tropic brown, finally turned upon a presumptuous optimist and the little man nodded approvingly as he heard him express his views.

"You can say what you please," the prospector ended, "but I'm going to keep out of that country. I've known them Mexicans for thirty years now and I'm telling you they're getting treacherous. It don't do no good to have your gun with you—they'll shoot you from behind a rock—and if they can't get you that way, they'll knife you in your sleep."

"I've noticed a big change in them palsanos since this war come on. Before Madero made his break they used to be scared of Americans—thought if they killed one of us the rest would cross the border and eat 'em up. What few times they did tackle a white man he generally give a good account of himself, too, and I've traveled them trails for years without hardly knowing what it was to be afraid of anybody; but I tell you it's entirely different over there now."

"Sure! That's right!" spoke up the little man, with spirit. "You're talking more sense than any man on the street. I guess I ought to know—I've been down there and through it all—and it's got so now that you can't trust any of 'em. My pardner and I came clear from the Sierra Madres, riding nights, and we come pretty near knowing—hey, Bud?"

"That's right," observed Bud, the big man, with a reminiscent grin. "I begin to think them fellers would get us, for a while!"

"Mining men?" inquired the old prospector politely.

"Working on a lease," said the little man briefly. "Owner got scared out and let us in on shares. But no more for muh—this will hold me for quite a while, I can tell you!"

"Here, too," agreed the big man, turning to go. "Arizona is good enough for me—come on, Phil!"

"Where to?" The little man drew back half resentfully, and then he changed his mind. "All right," he said, falling into step, "a gin fizz for mine!"

"Not on an empty stomach," admonished his pardner; "you might get lit up and tell somebody all you know. How about something to eat?"

"Good! But where 're you going?"

The big man was leading off down a side street, and once more they came to a halt.

"Jim's place—it's a lunch-counter," he explained laconically. "The hotel's all right, and maybe that was a breakfast we got, but I get hungry waiting that way. Gimme a lunch-counter, where I can wrop my legs around a stool and watch the cook turn 'em over. Come on—I been there before."

An expression of pitying tolerance came over the little man's face as he listened to this rhapsody on the quick lunch, but he drew away reluctantly.

"Aw, come on, Bud," he pleaded. "Have a little class! What's the use of winning a stake if you've got to eat at a dog-joint? And besides—say, that was a peach of a girl that waited on us this morning! Did you notice her hair? She was a pippin!"

The big man wagged his hand resignedly and started on his way.

"All right, pardner," he observed; "if that's the deal she's probably looking for you. I'll meet you in the room."

"Aw, come on!" urged the other, but his heart was not in it, and he turned gaily away up the main street.

Left to himself, the big man went on to his lunch-counter, where he ordered oysters, "A dozen in the milk." Then he ordered a beefsteak, to make up for several he had missed, and asked the cook to fry it rare. He was just negotiating for a can of pears that had caught his eye when an old man came in and took the stool beside him, picking up the menu with trembling hand.

"Give me a cup of coffee," he said to the waiter, "and"—he gazed at the bill of fare carefully—"and a roast-beef sandwich. No, just the coffee!" he corrected, and at that Bud gave him a look. He was a small man, shabbily dressed and with scraggy whiskers, and his nose was very red.

"Here," called Bud, coming to an instant conclusion, "give 'im his sandwich; I'll pay for it!"

"All right," answered the waiter, who was no other than Sunny Jim, the proprietor, and, whisking up a sandwich from the sideboard, he set it before the old man, who glanced at him in silence. For a fraction of a second he regarded the sandwich apathetically; then, with the aid of his coffee, he made away with it and slipped down off his stool.

"Say," observed the proprietor, as Bud was paying his bill, "do you know who that old-timer was?"

"What old-timer?" inquired Bud, who had forgotten his brusque benefaction.

"Why, that old feller that you treated to the sandwich."

"Oh—him! Some old drunk around town?" hazarded Bud.

"Well, he's that, too," conceded Sunny Jim, with a smile. "But lemme tell you, pardner, if you had half the rocks that old boy's got you wouldn't need to punch any more cows. That's Henry Kruger, the man that just sold the Cross-Cut mine for fifty thousand cash, and he's got more besides."

"Huh!" grunted Bud, "he sure don't look it! Say, why didn't you put me wise? Now I've got to hunt him up and apologize."

"Oh, that's all right," assured the proprietor; "he won't take any offense. That's just like old Henry—he's kinder queer that way."

"Well, I'll go and see him, anyway," said Bud. "He might think I was butting in."

And then, going about his duty with philosophical calm, he ambled off, stiff-legged, down the street.

### CHAPTER II.

It was not difficult to find Henry Kruger in Gadsden. The barkeepers, those efficient purveyors of information and drinks, knew him as they knew their thumbs, and a casual round of the saloons soon located him in the back room of the Waldorf.

"Say," began Bud, walking bluffly up to him, "the proprietor of that restaurant back there tells me I made a mistake when I insisted on paying for your meal. I jest wanted to let you know—"

"Oh, that's all right, young man," returned Old Henry, looking up with a humorous smile; "we all of us make our mistakes. I knowed you didn't mean no offense and so I never took none. Fact is, I liked you all the better for it. This country is getting settled up with a class of people that never give a nickel to nobody. You paid for that meal like it was nothing, and never so much as looked at me. Sit down, sit down—I want to talk to you!"

They sat down by the stove and fell into a friendly conversation in which nothing more was said of the late inadvertence, but when Bud rose to go the old man beckoned him back.

"Hold on," he protested; "don't go off mad. I want to have a talk with you on business. You seem to be a pretty good young fellow—maybe we can make some dicker. What are you looking for in these parts?"

"Well," responded Bud, "some kind of a leasing proposition, I reckon. Me and my pardner jest come in from Mexico, over near the Chihuahua line, and we don't hardly know what we do want yet."

"Yes, I've noticed that pardner of yours," remarked Henry Kruger dryly. "He's a great talker. I was listening to you boys out on the street there, having nothing else to do much, and being kinder on the lookout for a man, anyway, and it struck me I liked your line of talk best."

"You're easy satisfied, then," observed Bud, with a grin. "I never said a word hardly."

"That's it," returned Kruger significantly; "this job I've got calls for a man like that."

"Well, Phil's all right," spoke up Bud, with sudden warmth. "We been pardners for two years now and he never give nothing away yet! He talks, but he don't forget himself. And the way he can palaver them Mexicans is a wonder."

"Very likely, very likely," agreed Kruger, and then he sat a while in silence.

"We got a few thousand dollars with us, too," volunteered Bud at last. "I'm a good worker, if that's what you want—and Phil, he's a mining engineer."

"Um-m," grunted Kruger, tugging at his beard, but he did not come out with his proposal.

"I tell you," he said at last. "I'm not doing much talking about this proposition of mine. It's a big thing, and somebody might beat me to it. You know what I am, I guess. I've pulled off some of the biggest deals in this country for a poor man, and I don't make many mistakes—not about mineral, anyway. And when I tell you that this is rich—you're talking with a man that knows."

He fixed his shrewd, blue eyes on the young man's open countenance and waited for him to speak.

"That's right," he continued, as Bud finally nodded non-committally; "she's sure rich. I've had an eye on this proposition for years—just waiting for the right time to come. And now it's come! All I need is the man. It ain't a dangerous undertaking—leastwise I don't think it is—but I got to have somebody I can trust. I'm willing to pay you good wages, or I'll let you in on the deal—but you'll have to go down into Mexico."

"Nothin' doing!" responded Bud with instant decision. "If it's in Arizona I'll talk to you, but no more Mexico for me. I've got something pretty good down there myself, as far as that goes."

"What's the matter?" inquired Kruger, set back by the abrupt refusal; "scared?"

"Yes, I'm scared," admitted Bud, and he challenged the old man with his eyes.

"Must have had a little trouble, then?"

"Well, you might call it that," agreed Bud. "We been on the dodge for a month. A bunch of revoltosos tried to get our treasure, and when we skipped out on 'em they tried to get us."

"Well," continued Kruger, "this proposition of mine is different. You was over in the Sierra Madres, where the natives are bad. These Sonora Mexicans ain't like them Chihuahua fellers—they're Americanized. I'll tell you, if it wasn't that the people would know me I'd go down after this mine myself. The country's perfectly quiet. There's lots of Americans down there yet, and they don't even know there is a revolution. It ain't far from the railroad, you see, and that makes a lot of difference."

He lowered his voice to a confidential whisper as he revealed the approximate locality of his bonanza, but Bud remained unimpressed.

"Yes," he said, "we was near a railroad—the Northwestern—and seemed like them red-faggers did nothing else but burn bridges and ditch supply trains. When they finally whipped 'em off the whole bunch took to the hills. That's where we got it again."

"Well," argued Kruger, "this railroad of ours is all right, and they run a train over it every day. The concentrator at Fortuna—he lowered his voice again—"hasn't been shut down a day, and you'll be within fifteen miles of that town. No," he whispered; "I could get a hundred Americans to go in on this tomorrow, as far's the revolution's concerned. It ain't dangerous, but I want somebody I can trust."

"Nope," pronounced Bud, rising ponderously to his feet; "if it was this side the line I'd stay with you till the hair slipped, on anything, but—"

"Well, let's talk it over again some time," urged Kruger, following him along out. "It ain't often I get took with a young feller the way I was with you, and I believe we can make it yet. Where are you staying in town?"

"Up at the Cochise," said Bud. "Come on with me—I told my pardner I'd meet him there."

They turned up the broad main street and passed in through the polished stone portals of the Cochise, a hotel so spacious in its interior and so richly appointed in its furnishings that a New Yorker, waking up there, might easily imagine himself on Fifth avenue.

It was hardly a place to be looked for in the West, and as Bud led the way across the echoing lobby to a pair of stuffed chairs he had a vague feeling of being in church. Stained-glass windows above the winding stairways let in a soft light, and on the towering pillars of marble were emblazoned prickly-pears as an emblem of the West. From the darkened balconies above, half-seen women looked down curiously as they entered, and in the broad lobby below were gathered the prosperous citizens of the land.

There were cattlemen, still wearing their boots and overalls, the better to attend to their shipping; mining men, just as they had come from the hills; and others more elegantly dressed—but they all had a nod for Henry Kruger. He was a man of mark, as Bud could see in a minute; but if he had other business with those who hailed him he let it pass and took out a rank briker pipe, which he puffed while Bud smoked a cigarette.

They were sitting together in a friendly silence when Phil came out of the dining room, but as he drew near

the old man nodded to Bud and went over to speak to the clerk.

"Who was that old-timer you were talking to?" inquired Phil, as he sank down in the vacant chair. "Looks like the-morning-after with him, don't it?"

"Um," grunted Bud; "reckon it is Name's Kruger."

"What—the mining man?"

"That's right."

"Well," exclaimed Phil, "what in the world was he talking to you about?"

"Oh, some kind of a mining deal," grumbled Bud. "Wanted me to go down into Mexico!"

"What'd you tell him?" challenged the little man, sitting up suddenly in his chair. "Say, that old boy's got rocks!"

"He can keep 'em for all of me," observed Bud comfortably. "You know what I think about Mexico."

"Sure; but what was his proposition? What did he want you to do?"

"Search me! He was mighty mysterious about it. Said he wanted a man he could trust."

"Well, holy Moses, Bud!" cried Phil, "wake up! Didn't you get his proposition?"

"No, he wasn't talking about it. Said it was a good thing and he'd pay me well, or let me in on the deal; but when he hollered Mexico I quit. I've got a plenty."

"Yes, but—" the little man choked and could say no more. "Well, you're one jim dandy business man, Bud Hooker!" he burst out at last. "You'd let—"

"Well, what's the matter?" demanded Hooker defiantly. "Do you want to go back into Mexico? Nor me, neither! What you kicking about?"

"You might have led him on and got the scheme, anyway. Maybe there's a million in it. Come on, let's go over and talk to him. I'd take a chance, if it was good enough."

"Aw, don't be a fool, Phil," urged the cowboy plaintively. "We've got no call to hear his scheme unless we want to go in on it. Leave him alone and he'll do something for us on this side. Oh, crpes, what's the matter with you?"

He heaved himself reluctantly up out of his chair and moved over to where Kruger was sitting.

"Mr. Kruger," he said, as the old man turned to meet him, "I'll make you acquainted with Mr. De Lancey, my pardner. My name's Hooker."

"Glad to know you, Hooker," responded Kruger, shaking him by the hand. "How'do, Mr. De Lancey."

He gave Phil a rather crusty nod as he spoke, but De Lancey was dragging up another chair and failed to notice.

"Mr. Hooker was telling me about some proposition you had, to go down into Mexico," he began, drawing up closer while the old man watched him from under his eyebrows. "That's one tough country to do business in right now, but at the same time—"

"The country's perfectly quiet," put in Kruger—"perfectly quiet."

"Well, maybe so," qualified De Lancey; "but when it comes to getting in supplies—"

"Not a bit of trouble in the world," said the old man crabbedly. "Not a bit."

"Well," came back De Lancey, "what's the matter, then? What is the proposition, anyway?"

Henry Kruger blinked and eyed him intently.

"I've stated the proposition to Hooker," he said, "and he refused it. That's enough, ain't it?"

De Lancey laughed and turned away. "Well, yes, I guess it is." Then, in passing, he said to Bud: "Go ahead and talk to him."

He walked away, lighting a cigarette and smiling good-naturedly, and the old-timer turned to Bud.

"That's a smart man you've got for a pardner," he remarked. "A smart man. You want to look out," he added, "or he'll get away with you."

"Nope," said Bud. "You don't know him like I do. He's straight as a die."

"A man can be straight and still get away with you," observed the veteran shrewdly. "Yes, indeed." He paused to let this bit of wisdom sink in, and then he spoke again.

"You'd better quit—while you're lucky," he suggested. "You quit and come with me," he urged, "and if we strike it I'll make you a rich man. I don't need your pardner on this deal. I need just one man that can keep his head shut. Listen now; I'll tell you what it is."

"I know where there's a lost mine down in Mexico. If I'd tell you the name you'd know it in a minute, and it's free gold, too. Now there's a fellow that had that land located for ten years, but he couldn't find the lead D'ye see? And when this second revolution came on he let it go—he neglected to pay his mining taxes and let it go back to the government. And now all I want is a quiet man to slip in and denounce that land and open up the lead. Here, look at this!"

He went down into his pocket and brought out a buckskin sack, from which he handed over a piece of well-worn quartz.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A dentist in Longton advertises: "Them old, broken and decayed teeth are a ruination to your health."

# Co-Operative Farm Products Marketing

How It Is Done in Europe and May Be Done in America to the Profit of Both Farmer and Consumer

By MATTHEW S. DUDGEON.

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## A CO-OPERATIVE BACON FACTORY

Frederickssund, Denmark.—We take off our hats to the Danish packing house and its product. Here a most efficient packing house takes a high grade pig and manufactures him into the best bacon on earth. If Armour or Cudahy or Morris were here he would be compelled to join us in our salutation of the packing houses of Denmark. Here is the last word as to efficient scientific treatment of the dead porker.

But in Denmark they demand something more than scientific treatment in the packing house. The Danish theory is that to produce good bacon you must go back into the history of the pig. They want to know of what breed he was, that he was raised in a sanitary pen, on pure, wholesome food, that he was between five and seven months old, and weighed from 150 to 200 pounds when butchered. He may not be a scrub, picked up by the buyers and rushed into the yards to be killed and cured, as may be the case in America. The Danish pig is an efficient scientific agency for transforming pure milk and grain and root crops and fodder into fine pig meat. And so when the best packing house methods deal with the best pig the result is sure to be the best bacon. And the farmers after they have raised the pig and cured the bacon in the bacon factory which they themselves own, insist that they get the profit from the sale. So these Danish farmers keep possession of the bacon until it is placed upon the counters of the retail dealers in England. In this way they get all the profits there are in the entire process.

### Organized Without Money.

This is the way in which it is done. The bacon factory here at Frederickssund is owned by 3,000 farmers. There are big farmers and little farmers among them. Some of them have only five acres, and others have hundreds of acres. Some contribute only one or two hogs per year, while others send theirs in by the hundred. Strange to say, while the factory now represents a very large investment and while the farmers who own it have in the aggregate great wealth, the plant was established without the direct investment of one dollar. There was no capital paid in and there were no bonds issued. A large number of farmers simply got together, organized, elected officers and directed that these officers should, in their behalf, borrow sufficient capital at the nearby bank to erect the plant and start the business. And the bank stood for it, well knowing that the unlimited liability of hundreds of farmers who were interested in the bacon factory was the best security in the world; well knowing also that under proper management a bacon factory was itself one of the most sound and profitable business ventures into which these same farmers could go. The loan was obtained with the understanding that repayment should be in annual installments running over ten years and that these payments should be made out of the net earnings of the concern. There is one annual meeting of the members each year, and although the financial interests which the different members have in the concern vary largely, it is one man one vote no matter who he may be, the owner of a small farm or of a large farm. The man who delivers one pig per year has the same voting power as he whose annual product amounts to 1,000 pigs. The annual meeting elects a board of 21 directors. These directors hold four meetings per year. The directors employ the superintendent and manager.

### High Grade Manager.

This concern is owned by 3,000 thrifty, close-fisted, money-making farmers, but they do not run this business on any narrow gauge plan. They know that incompetence does not pay. They want good results and so employ the best superintendent and manager that monetary considerations can secure. His name is Frederick L. Sleek. He is an educated, widely read, much traveled, scientifically trained business man, who understands farming and hog raising in all its details. He knows all about pigs from breeding to eating. He has studied every known process of transforming a live pig into the finest bacon. He knows all about the by-products, be they sausage or fertilizers made from the blood. He

understands the problems of transportation. He is familiar with the markets of the world and with the demands of each. Into his plant he has introduced all the latest efficiency devices. He is in the broadest sense, a competent, efficient, high priced manager.

Although for some twenty or thirty years co-operation has been in successful operation in Denmark, no co-operative society can count upon the absence of rivalry and competition from private dealers. Earlier in the game more than one co-operative society was sadly hindered in being outbid in its efforts to purchase the products of its members. It is hard indeed for the farmer to realize that he should accept \$10 per hundred for his pigs from a co-operative society while the outside dealer is offering him \$11 per hundred. The private dealers here played the game that they are playing in America. Whenever any co-operative concern started doing business the private dealer at once outbid it. Here as in America the farmers sometimes abandoned their co-operative society and sold to the highest bidder. Occasionally the co-operative concern was pushed to the wall and went out of business. Here as in America the private dealer immediately dropped his price and the farmer was where he was before getting whatever price the dealers agreed upon among themselves.

### No Selling to Rival Dealers.

It did not take the organizers of the co-operative movement long to realize that this could not go on. Consequently, when a new organization is started now the matter is fully explained to the prospective members. They are told that unless they expect to give unlimited loyalty to the concern, unless they are willing to agree to bring all of their output to the society even when the society is outbid by private dealers, there is no use in starting a society at all. It is fully explained to them that the high prices which may be offered can only be temporary and that the permanent welfare of the community demands that the co-operative concern be organized and be loyally supported. The matter thus fully before them the Danish farmers do not hesitate to enter into a contract to deliver all their product to the local co-operative society. The members of this bacon factory here are under absolute agreement to deliver pigs to no other dealer, although any member may of course use such hogs as he needs for his own use. Here is the contract:

"We, the undersigned hereby pledge ourselves to deliver to the co-operative bacon factory, which it is proposed to establish, all the pigs of weight between 150 and 200 pounds, which we may produce for sale. Such pigs will be delivered on conditions decided by the shareholders of the society, and that we shall receive such amount in payment of such delivered swine as may be realized for them by the factory less preliminary expenses incurred in the organization of the society and the annual installments on loan for building and plant payable during a period of about ten years, together with current working expenses."

### Sixty Thousand Pigs Per Year.

"We handle from sixty thousand to seventy thousand pigs each year," said the manager. "During parts of the year two thousand pigs per week will come in. These all are nearly of the same age and size, practically all being between twenty-four and twenty-eight weeks old and weighing from 180 to 200 pounds. They have been fed almost the same food and have been raised upon conditions that are absolutely uniform. Slight differences occur in the individuals, some being a little fatter than their mates, others differing in the quality of meat, although it would take an expert to detect these differences. Our annual turn over of bacon amounts to about a million and a half dollars. We send out some fresh pork. Our leading article is cured side bacon with ham and shoulder attached. We send out also lard, sausage, boneless ham and a number of by-products. You will note as you go through the factory that every product which we send out is marked with a government stamp with the number 39, which is the number of this factory.

### Utilizing All Except the Squeal.

"All the waste from the factory is

carefully cared for. We do not destroy a particle of material that comes in. Some one has said that the only thing we have not been able to make money out of is the squeal. For example, we manufacture bone meal for chicken feed. We turn the blood into a special quality of fertilizer, most of which is shipped to Germany and Holland and used largely upon their famous tulip beds. We burn nothing. Most of the offal goes back to the farms of this region as manures. There is no more profitable use for it. The very water with which we flush out our slaughter rooms is used as a fertilizer.

"Each Friday we send out quotations of prices which will prevail during the coming week. About one-half of our output, however, is sold in advance on standing orders from England. They direct us to send them so many hundred pounds at the ruling price. They understand, of course, that we will fix a fair market price upon what we send them. With these who want good bacon, however, it is not so much a question of price as a question of quality, and it is because of our quality that we have these standing orders."

### Fixing Prices.

"Each of the factories has a local price-fixing committee, consisting of the president of the local society, a well-known farmer who is not a director of the society, and the manager of the factory. The manager of course, produces the latest market reports, telegrams and all other information obtainable as to the results of previous shipments, the state of the market and its trend whether up or down. After providing for a small profit which goes to the sinking fund and allowing a quarter of a cent per pound for working expense the committee decides upon the prices which should be paid and which it will recommend to the general district committee.

"We are now paying a little over fifteen dollars per hundred weight. Other private dealers pay the same price, but with the private dealer the first return is all the farmer will ever get for his pigs. Each year we lay aside something for our reserve fund, and something to pay off what we borrowed at the bank. After we have done this we declare an annual dividend, which amounts to from \$1.25 to \$1.50 on each hog that has been delivered to us. You see also that at the end of the ten years' period each farmer has a share in our establishment here, which may be termed an additional price for his pigs.

### Standing Together.

"There are 43 co-operative bacon factories in Denmark. We have a central organization, which is rather a voluntary association for the mutual benefit of the various co-operative bacon factories. The office is in Copenhagen. Weekly reports come in from each factory giving the amount killed and sold, the expense of the business and the market returns received. The heads of the various factories meet from time to time to talk over the best business methods and possible improvements in our way of handling bacon. We give each other the benefit of our experience and think of every way possible to help each other. We do not feel that we are, in any antagonistic sense, rivals. We fully believe that every factory is helped by the success of the other factories. The success of each depends upon the fact that all of the factories are putting out a good product and are dealing in an honest business-like way with the foreign retailers who take our products. What hurts one of us hurts all of us. We are anxious, therefore, to help each other in every way, since in helping others we are helping ourselves.

"You will find that there is the same spirit among our members that there is between the heads of the factories. The members do not feel that they are competing with each other, but feel that they should help each other to increase the quality of the pork produced. You will find them a very friendly lot of people.

"Our agricultural schools and our government departments help us, particularly upon all scientific problems. They help us along the technical side of all our work. They make experiments and give advice and cooperate with us generally in a thousand ways."

Possibly the most striking thing about the factory is that a group of farmers should run a concern that rivals in efficiency and business methods the largest and best privately owned packing houses of the world. We expect farmers to farm well but we do not expect them to do business well. In America they take what is given them for the raw product and go no further. Here they go so far as to get all there is in it. The farmer who raises the pig holds it and keeps it as his property until it lands in the retail shops of England. All intervening processes are under his control and all intervening profits are his own. Denmark presents to the world the scientific farmer who is an efficient business man. Will the American farmer ever attain that position?

## METHODS OF TILLAGE

RESULTS GIVEN FROM NORTH OKLAHOMA AND KANSAS.

Superiority of Fall Plowed Land Proved Invariably by at Least One Bushel Increase Per Acre—Manuring is Also Good.

In considering the methods of tillage, only the results can be given, as time will not permit of any details. Data is rather hard to obtain and none could be secured bearing on corn, the great crop of Iowa. The results given are from North Dakota, Oklahoma and Kansas.

In experiments with fall vs. spring plowed land, the results invariably prove the superiority of the fall plowed land by at least one more bushel per acre.

The Campbell system, or the inter-tillage system was not found at all practical, for the crops were less and the expense high. On fall plowed land, the yield was 6½ bushels less and \$4.77 less profit. On spring plowed, it was even more marked, being 8½ bushels less, and \$5.77 less profit. By means of extra tillage on fall plowed and spring plowed land, we get the following: On fall plowed, four extra harrowings and one rolling gave 3.4 bushels more wheat than the ordinary treatment, and \$2.02 more profit. On spring plowed land, one sub-surface packing, one rolling and two harrowings, gave 2.5 more bushels than the ordinary treatment, and \$1.01 more profit. It pays to work the land. These results are from the North Dakota station. At Oklahoma similar results have been obtained, but they are here even more marked. Here early and late fall plowing entered more thoroughly into the test, and the early plowed land gave the better results, on account of the increased tillage holding more moisture, and killing weeds better. Land plowed in July at Oklahoma yielded 23.1 bushels per acre of wheat, while that of one of the adjoining fields plowed in September gave 16.8 bushels per acre. Manuring is also good, as manured plots at Oklahoma yielded 27.5 bushels per acre against 14.5 on unmanured land which had grown wheat continuously for seven years, and one plot manured and another not. Manured plot yielded 30.6 bushels per acre, unmanured 12 bushels per acre. At the North Dakota experiment station shallow plowing gave ½ bushel less per acre and 23 cents less profit on fall plowing, and one bushel less and 40 cents less profit on spring plowed. The sub-surface packer gave 24 cents more profit per acre on both fall and spring plowed land. Harrowing right after plowing gave 46 cents more profit per acre. Sub-solling gave a little better yield but it did not pay for the extra cost. Disk plowing gave the best results in a large series of experiments the first year, but later it dwindled away rapidly. Rolling with a smooth roller after sowing, gave 1.2 bushels more per acre and 58 cents more profit. Next year there was an increase of 7.5 per cent on fall plowed land and a decrease of 22 per cent on spring plowed land. This phenomenon is not explained. Wheat rolled and harrowed just after sowing, and then harrowed again as the wheat was coming up gave two bushels increase in yield and 72 cents in profit, on spring plowed land. In 1899 yield was increased 2.5 bushels by harrowing when the wheat was six inches high. It also took less water for this plot.

It was computed that one inch of rain would make two bushels of wheat under favorable conditions, so it is readily seen that the increased tillage is simply a saving of water.

### Alfalfa Hay.

Alfalfa hay produces more increase in weight on colts than prairie hay during the winter.

### Feed Sows Separately.

Feed the old and young sows separately as the old ones may hurt the younger ones and they will get more than they should. The mature sows are more desirable but it is always necessary to grow a few gilts to replace some of the older ones.

### Patient Shepherd Best.

If the shepherd at lambing time has not far more than the patience of Job, and kindness unbounded he had better quit the job. A rough, kicking, swearing man is as dangerous in a sheep fold as a coyote, and will often do more harm.

### Cause of Hoof Troubles.

If you can't get a competent blacksmith to shoe the horses, they are better off without any. The cause of most hoof troubles may be traced back to ill-fitted shoes.

### Income From Lambs.

Ten dollars a head is not an impossible income from lambs and wool from good ewes. Even as high a return as \$12 has been reported by sheep growers.

**Prominent Woman Physician.**  
Miss Louise Aldrich Blake, who has been appointed acting dean of London School of Medicine for Women, is one of the few woman doctors practicing in general surgery. She is surgeon to the New Hospital for Women in Euston road and to the Medical Mission hospital at Canning Town, and is a fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine.

## BLOTCHES COVERED LIMBS

19 Roach St., Atlanta, Ga.—"A few months ago I had some kind of skin eruption that spread until my limbs and feet were covered with blotches and watery blisters. It looked like eczema. When the trouble reached my neck and face I was almost driven frantic. It itched and stung so intensely that I could not sleep or wear any clothing on the affected parts. After two months I commenced to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after two days I noticed improvement and in six days the trouble left. My skin was fair and smooth again and the eruption never returned.

"My cousin was a sufferer from pimples, known as acne, on his face and seemed to grow worse all the time. I recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment to him and now his face is smooth for the first time in three years and he owes it all to Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Walter Battle, Oct. 7, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

### Cabbage as Real Estate.

Wonders never cease in American law. Here comes a judge in our own state, trying the case of a man who entered his neighbor's garden and pinched a head of cabbage. The judge decides that it was not larceny of personal property at all, and hence not a basis of criminal action; but the cabbage heads are real estate, and that the neighbor's remedy is to bring a civil action contesting title. We have eaten garden truck—spinach and lettuce for instance—which tasted like real estate. But we never knew before that to steal it was not theft. And after a cabbage head is eaten what good is the title? Now, if it had been a franchise or an election that was stolen, it would have been less surprising in the law to let the culprit go free; but who would ever have thought that the science of judicial hairsplitting would finally be successfully invoked to protest a plain, everyday cabbage thief?—Pittsburgh Press.

### Sounds Likely.

Teacher—Where is Chile?  
Bertie (venturing a guess)—I—I—I think it is in the Arctic circle.—Tit Bits.

### We Wish That Were Enough.

"What is the best thing anyone can get for his dinner?"  
"Hungry."—Indianapolis Star.

A man may be regular in his habits, even if they are bad.

### LIVING ADVERTISEMENT

Glow of Health Speaks for Postum.

It requires no scientific training to discover whether coffee disagrees or not.

Simply stop it for a time and use Postum in place of it, then note the beneficial effects. The truth will appear.

"Six years ago I was in a very bad condition," writes a Tenn. lady. "I suffered from indigestion, nervousness and insomnia.

"I was then an inveterate coffee drinker, but it was long before I could be persuaded that it was coffee that hurt me. Finally I decided to leave it off a few days and find out the truth.

"The first morning I left off coffee I had a raging headache, so I decided I must have something to take the place of coffee." (The headache was caused by the reaction of the coffee drug—caffeine.)

"Having heard of Postum through a friend who used it, I bought a package and tried it. I did not like it at first but after I learned how to make it right, according to directions on pkg., I would not change back to coffee for anything.

"When I began to use Postum I weighed only 117 lbs. Now I weigh 170 and as I have not taken any tonic in that time I can only attribute my present good health to the use of Postum in place of coffee.

"My husband says I am a living advertisement for Postum."

Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

## LOCAL GOSSIP

Such crop growin' weather. M. F. Hancock of Soash was in Slaton Friday.

Luther Nevils is driving a new Hupmobile which he purchased a few days ago.

Herschel Seay of Bells, Texas, was in Slaton the first of the week prospecting.

P. E. Jordan was in Clovis, N. M., the first of the week on a business trip.

The ten-year-old son of Fred Reissig broke his right forearm one day last week in jumping off a chicken coop. Both bones were broken near the wrist.

## Announcements

### POLITICAL.

The SLATONITE is authorized to announce to the voters that the following named candidates for office solicit your support and your vote at the Democratic Primaries held in July, 1914.

For District Attorney 72nd Judicial District:

R. A. SOWDER of Lubbock.  
G. E. LOCKHART of Tahoka.

For County and District Clerk of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

FRANK BOWLES of Lubbock.  
SAM T. DAVIS of Lubbock.

For County Treasurer of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

CHRIS HARWELL of Lubbock.  
MISS ADELIA WILKINSON of Lubbock.  
J. M. JOHNSON of Lubbock.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

W. H. FLYNN of Lubbock.  
Re-election.  
J. T. INMON of Lubbock.

For Tax Assessor of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

R. C. BURNS of Lubbock.  
S. C. SPIKES of Lubbock.

For County Judge of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

E. R. HAYNES of Lubbock.

For Representative 122 District:

H. B. MURRAY of Post City.

For County Commissioner Precinct No. 2, Lubbock County:

C. A. JOPLIN of Slaton.

## Wall Paper and Paint Brushes

For sale; prices very reasonable. Come and select your patterns from the stock.

**E. S. BROOKS**  
PAINTER AND PAPER HANGER

Have the man you buy your car from, compare it with the new Reo.

Dr. G. H. Branham is building two rooms to his home residence in west Slaton.

The weeds on the city square need attention. A mower should be put on the grass plots.

Miss Delia Wilkinson, candidate for county treasurer, was in Slaton Tuesday meeting the voters.

The revival meetings at the Baptist Church are continuing this week with much interest being manifested.

MONARCH PIANO, practically new, for sale at a very low price. Call and see piano at Trammell House.

H. A. McGee went to Arizona Tuesday where he will remain for some time on a position with a corps of surveyors.

Mrs. Louis W. Smith was in Clovis last week visiting her husband, who is firing on the Clovis Lubbock passenger run.

J. S. Edwards and family and Claud Miller and family went to Clovis, N. M., Monday morning on a business and pleasure trip.

R. H. Tudor has purchased a gin and will move it to Slaton and have it in operation in plenty of time to handle this year's cotton crop.

The South Plains Summer Normal at Tahoka opened last week with a large enrollment which it is thought will reach sixty this week.

Claud Miller and family of Oklahoma City were in Slaton last week visiting J. S. Edwards and incidentally looking over the plains. Mr. Miller is a dry goods merchant.

Mrs. J. D. Butler went to Sweetwater Monday to meet her father, Mr. Davis, of Cason, Texas, who accompanied her home Tuesday. Mr. Davis will make his home with Mr. and Mrs. Butler.

M. Bowden is the new night foreman at the Santa Fe round house, succeeding S. J. Wilkins. Mr. Bowden comes from the Amarillo shops and he will move his family to Slaton in a few days, having rented the Hampton residence. Mr. Wilkins has two or three positions open to him but has made no decision yet as to where he will go.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gamble arrived in Slaton Sunday on their return home from El Paso where they spent the winter. Mr. Gamble's father and family will follow them to Slaton a little later. Frank says that the weather is getting too warm in El Paso for people who are used to the plains summer weather, and that it is very pleasant to be back here. Guy Gamble is in the drug store business at Miami, Arizona.

J. S. EDWARDS, PRESIDENT  
O. L. SLATON, VICE PRESIDENT

P. E. JORDAN, CASHIER  
J. G. WADSWORTH, ASST. CASHIER

754

# FIRST STATE BANK OF SLATON

We are prepared to take care of Farmers for reasonable amounts on approved security.

Don't forget to cut the weeds before they take the place.

Norman Dunscomb left Sunday for the home of his parents at Campbell, Mo., after spending the winter with his aunts in Slaton.

Rural Routes are established by petition. The petition requires a certain number of resident signers who will be patrons on the route if established. Routes average twenty-five miles in length, and the petitioners must be secured in that distance. The petition is then forwarded to the post office department. If it appears favorable it is placed in the hands of an inspector who will go over the route to see the condition of the roads and make an estimate on the probable business. If he gives a favorable report on the route an examination is ordered (providing there are no qualified carriers waiting for a route) and a carrier selected. The route is then ordered open by the department. This is all the "modus operandi" attendant to the opening of a rural mail route. A congressman or senator has no connection with it at all, unless he wishes to use his influence in giving one particular route to a town when the location rightfully gives it to another office.

## NEW HOME SWEEPINGS

June 15, 1914.

Well, I said let's smile, and so we did. Well it's right anyhow and we are going to keep on because we can't quit, and live out here on the plains. Besides a long face and sad countenance is a worthless piece of property only fit to cause trouble. Yes, that good old Sunshine came, and old General Green is on the retreat. He is resisting stubbornly in some localities, but I am yet confident that he will be driven out of this country, and that this fall we will be doubly rewarded for every effort put forth. I feel just like we are going to harvest this fall the greatest crops ever known to the southern plains. We have a fine season in the ground, crops all planted and up with the exception of some cane.

Early corn and maize are just simply fine. Cotton is doing fine, the stand generally good, and cotton chopping the order of the day. Stock range good. Cattle slick and fat, couldn't ask for them to look better.

Preaching and Sunday School at New Home yesterday. The Rev. A. L. Estes preached. Also there will be preaching next Sunday, the third, by the Reverend Nicholson.

Health of community good, and all is quiet and peaceful.

I. PLUGGETT.

## 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

Col. L. A. H. Smith leaves today for Kansas City, and from there he will go to Pleasant Hill, Mo., where he will spend the summer on a farm with a son. The Colonel leaves a host of friends in Slaton who send their best wishes with him and will look for his return. If fish and game are plentiful in that section of Missouri he will set some new records while in the show me state.

Mrs. Franklin of Elmer, Okla., is visiting her son, G. L. Sledge, in Slaton.

## The Slaton Slatonite

L. P. Loomis, Editor and Manager

### SUBSCRIPTION, A YEAR \$1.00

Entered as second-class mail matter September 15, 1911, at the post office at Slaton, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

WANTED—To sell or exchange for town property, well improved one half section of best farming land with eighty acres in cultivation, on the main Lubbock-Tahoka road; five miles from Wilson and eight miles from Tahoka. For full particulars apply to V. R. Kershner, Lubbock, Texas. Phone 161.

## The Perfect Food Preserver!

### Herrick Dry Air Refrigerator

Odorless, Economical, None Other Like it or As Good!  
You Will Buy No Other After Looking at the Herrick.

## "Quick Meal" Oil Stoves

An Innovation in Oil Stoves  
A Summer Necessity

## FORREST HARDWARE

## Slaton Livery Barn

G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor

Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations.

We have for sale at all times—

Hay, Grain and Feed, Chicken Feed  
Ground Oyster Shells, etc.

AGENTS

## "Reo the Fifth." Detroit "32" Demonstrators on Floor

Auto Livery Service, Local and Long Distance.  
Lubricants, Accessories, Gasoline.

The new Lee Puncture Proof Pneumatic Tires. It will pay you to look at these.

We cater to local trips and will meet any train for you.

**Slaton Auto Supply Co. Phone 14**

## TWO BARGAINS for SALE or TRADE

I am offering for a few days a dandy tract containing SIX acres ready for cultivation, with good two room house, practically adjoining the town of Slaton on the west, easy distance of the school and business section. Price, \$500.00. Terms of \$50.00 cash or its equivalent. Balance to suit you.

Also a four room house and lot in the Original Town, east front, feed shed, coal shed and chicken house, Etc., very convenient for railroad employee. Price, \$450.00. Terms, \$25.00 cash, balance \$10.00 per month, might accept vacant lot as first payment.

If interested in a home, don't delay, see or address,

**C. C. HOFFMAN, CITY**

# A Comparison.

As Are a Man's Thoughts, So Are His Words. Following are excerpts from the speeches of the two candidates for governor, with campaign charges and answers. Read both and see how you like the expression and sentiment of each.

## MR. FERGUSON.

"Tom Ball will go down in history as the biggest political straddler that ever lived. His opening speech, like that novel garment the ladies wear, the 'Mother Hubbard,' covers everything but touches nothing.

"Tom Ball, the railroad lawyer and the no-ideaed candidate, has had his say.

"His sop to the anti-prohibitionists is an insult to their intelligence.

"I must acknowledge my gratitude to the Fort Worth convention for giving me such easy opposition in nominating a candidate who stands for nothing and is nothing, politically.

"Tom Ball, my friends, is either mentally unbalanced or he is that kind of political trickster that will stand for anything to get office.

"And yet this white ribbon reformer runs on the ticket of a convention-making national and state prohibition the paramount issue.

"Ah, my friends, the suckling calf knows its mammy.

"There is not a county seat in Texas but what has at least one lawyer that in every way excels him as a lawyer.

"It is absolutely thick-headed ignorance to say that the government could limit profits to be made in a land transaction.

"To you misinformed people who might vote for Ball.....if I am a socialist he is an anarchist.

"Now this is certainly going some.

"This whole forty acres and a mule land idea is so coarse it would not fool a free nigger.

"This big windy theory about government loaning money to buy homes will not do anybody any good.

"Now, Tom Ball says that the brewers will support me because I have promised to veto all liquor legislation. Yes, I promised every man in Texas, in an open platform, that we will stop this row in Texas and attend to business, and the people are going to elect me on this promise because it is the only way to stop this needless agitation by such agitators as Tom Ball, who does not care any more for prohibition than a hog does for a hip pocket.

"How distressing,' he says, 'it is to liquor people that I should belong to a club whose members play golf and which sells liquor, and neither play the game nor drink the liquor.'

"This club which Mr. Ball belongs to and the Houston club of which he is also a member, both dispense liquor at the regular saloon price, before and after the closing hours for saloons, and on Sundays too when your real good conscientious prohibition members are at church.

"Mr. Ball is therefore by his own public declaration interested in and a party to the profit on the sale of liquor. It probably had not occurred to some of you good prohibitionists that you were really running a high toned saloon man for governor.

"That great convention of high collars and Prince Alberts met in Fort Worth in pursuance of the political schemes of the four political Tom-cats, Tom Ball, Tom Love, Tom Jones, and Tom Campbell, and all the other political tomcats in Texas.

"You will recall that in 1911 when the prohibition campaign was on it was none other than Tom Ball who placed such editors as Johnson and Ousley in the category of those who were the bought-and-paid-for hirelings of the breweries."

## MR. BALL.

"The day I was endorsed by the great Fort Worth gathering, one of my opponents, Mr. Ferguson, publicly upon the train in the presence of men and women said he could prove by fifty or one hundred men in Houston that they had drunk liquor with me within the past two years. A Baptist minister challenged his statement and Mr. Ferguson replied that he could prove it and if he could not he would retire from the race and vote for Ball. I wrote the Baptist minister and a business man at Moody, and sent Mr. Ferguson a copy of my letter, that Mr. Ferguson had been imposed upon by some of the hirelings of the liquor interests in Houston; that the statement was not true, and I was sure Mr. Ferguson, who knew me, would take my word for it, although I would not hold him to his rash promise, but if he did not and they would come down and Ferguson could prove what he said, I would withdraw from the race.

"I am a member of the Houston club and the Houston Country club which have each a membership of some four or five hundred business and professional men in Houston, composed of pros and antis alike, and is not a stock company. The members pay annual dues of \$50, payable quarterly, and I never received one cent therefrom and no dividend of any kind has even been declared. I think every bank president in Houston is a member, the president and directors of the Chamber of Commerce are members, and editors of the leading newspapers are also members. The members may entertain guests who are not residents of the city, and the wives of members frequently take meals in the dining room, which will accommodate 200 people at a time. Drinks are served there just as they are at every good hotel in the city and are paid for by members ordering them. Some of the judges and the district attorney are members.

"No saloon-keeper has contributed a dollar to my campaign fund and I have no bar bill at the Rice or elsewhere, in any amount. I have not taken a drink of liquor of any kind for many years.

"If I considered myself alone, I would make no reply to charges of this character. I only do so in justice to my friends and supporters. I do not expect that slanders like this will cease to be repeated or that others will not be manufactured, but I do know that no man has ever been elected governor of Texas, and no man will be, by the use of methods of this character."

## DESTINY.

"As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods: They kill us for their sport."

BY FREDERICK MOXON.

Little fly (I ALMOST got you!), After all, why should I "swat" you?

Are you truly so pernicious, Is your nature half so vicious, As they tell us in the papers? ARE you cutting deadly capers? Must I strike with "Out, d— spot, you!"

Little fly, why should I swat you? Little fly, you dodging dot, you! Why are we advised to "swat" you?

If my twitching nose you tickle, Is Philosophy so fickle That I can't, in fashion Stoic, You endure with grin heroic? If the gods your sport allot you, Little fly, why should I swat you?

Little fly, tho' I should pot you (Or, in parlance proper, "swat" you),

End your gyratory antics, Stop your buzzing corybantics— So will some Olympian joker, Of my mortal span revoker, Do for me. If me, why NOT you? Little fly, I've GOT to swat you!

The largest electric power plant in the Southwest is in Texas.

Dallas, Texas, is the world's largest saddle manufacturing center.

E. J. Horney and G. Werne leave today for the north after spending several months with friends near Slaton.

## WRITE

**R. J. MURRAY & COMPANY**  
SLATON, TEXAS

For Information About the City of Slaton and the Surrounding Country

You should not be too hard on Ben F., (Smith, editor of the Lockney Beacon) Loomis; you should remember that this is likely the first opportunity Ben has ever had of participating in a campaign for anything higher than the office of constable, and may be excused if he is just a little off now; however, after he has returned from accompanying Ferguson up Salt River July 25th, he will be in his right mind again and will be a very likeable fellow. —Tahoka News.

## ONE ON FATHER.

Once upon a time Daughter found an old love letter that Father had written to Mother when they were courting. Daughter copied the letter, signed a man's name to it and mailed it to herself. Then she showed it to her Father and he nearly busted a lung denouncing the dog-wazzled, ding-busted, fat-headed idiot who would dare write such a mess of silly, sickly hog-wash to any girl.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## S. H. ADAMS

Physician and Surgeon  
Office at Red Cross Pharmacy  
Residence Phone 26  
Office Phone 3

## JNO. R. McGEE

ATTORNEY AT LAW  
LUBBOCK, TEXAS  
Practice in all State Courts

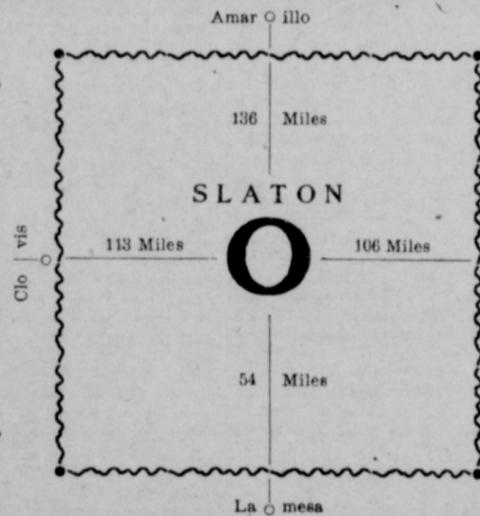
## J. G. WADSWORTH

Notary Public  
INSURANCE and RENTALS  
Fire, Tornado, Plate Glass, Automobile, Accident, Health and Burglary Insurance . . .

Office at FIRST STATE BANK  
Slaton -:- Texas

# 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 Kafir 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.

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 . . . . .

**P. & N. T. RAILWAY CO., Owners.**

SOUTH PLAINS LAND COMPANY, and HARRY T. McGEE,  
Local Townsite Agents, Slaton, Texas.

**ROAST PORK WITH STUFFING**

Too Substantial a Dish for Hot Weather, But There Still is Time to Enjoy It.

Before the weather gets too hot we may like to have one more good roast of fresh pork. A fresh shoulder or fresh ham will stuff to best advantage. Select one not too large, make a large incision just below the knuckle between the skin and the meat for the purpose of introducing the stuffing, which must later be secured by sewing up with small twine. Then with a sharp-pointed knife score the leg all over and in the following manner: With the left hand hold the pork firmly and with the knife score the skin across in parallel lines a quarter of an inch apart. Roast for about two hours and a half or three hours, according to size, and when done dish up with brown gravy and send to the table with apple sauce.

The stuffing for the pork may be thus prepared: Chop a dozen sage leaves and six large onions and boil these in water for three or four minutes and put on a sieve to drain; then put in a stewpan with pepper and salt and a little butter and let it simmer for twenty minutes, when it is ready to place in the leg of pork. While this onion stuffing is possibly more favored than a dressing in which cracker or bread is used, it seems better to have the bone entirely removed and thus give room for a good quantity of the real old-fashioned bread stuffing.

A loin of pork may be stuffed with the same preparation by making an incision in the upper part of the loin and after the stuffing is put in sewing up as you would the leg.

**HAVE REGULAR MENDING DAY**

By Employment of System, Drudgery of Necessary Repairing May Largely Be Done Away With.

"There is nothing in the world like system, and nowhere does one realize this more than in the matter of dress." Thus writes one woman, who thinks that the woman who puts off mending the tiny hole she might have attended to in ten minutes is laying up much trouble for herself when the little hole becomes undarnable. The rip under the arm in the blouse that hardly shows when it is put on extends alarmingly, and there is usually a day of reckoning for all put-off things of the same kind.

The remedy for this is a regular mending day or a mending evening, if a woman is engaged in business. Select the best day for this purpose and stick to it; you will be surprised to find that your clothing will not only look better but also last longer. As soon as a garment needs mending put it aside for the mending day that is coming.

**Filled Cookies.**

One and one-half cupfuls granulated sugar and one cupful lard, creamed together, two eggs, one cupful sweet milk, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted with two quarts of flour, pinch of salt.

Filling: One pound of English walnuts (chopped), one pound of raisins (cooked and thickened as for pies). Mix together.

Roll cookies very thin, place in pan, and in center of each put one tablespoonful of filling. Cover with another thin cookie and bake. The heat of the oven will seal them together.

**Nesselrode Pudding.**

One cupful whipped cream, one-half cupful pulverized sugar, one tablespoonful gelatin, one cupful chopped candied cherries, pineapple, and English walnuts. Dissolve the gelatin in one-third cupful hot water and mix all lightly together. Flavor with vanilla and pour into mold and stand on ice for several hours. Serve with whipped cream.

**Fricassee of Lamb With Gravy.**

Get lamb from the forequarter, cut in pieces for serving. Wipe meat, put in kettle, cover with boiling water and cook slowly until meat is tender. Remove from water, cool, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and saute in butter (here you need to use butter). Arrange on platter and pour around one and one-half cupfuls brown sauce made from liquor in which meat was cooked after removing all fat. It is better to cook meat day before serving, as then fat may be more easily removed.

**Shellback Macaroons.**

One pound of sugar, meats from one pound nuts, chopped fine, three tablespoonfuls flour, whites of six eggs. Beat whites, add sugar, and beat again; add flour, and then the nuts. Drop in small drops on buttered tin and bake in quick oven.

**To Clean White Paints.**

A good way to clean white paints without injuring them is to rub them over with a clean cloth that has been dipped into hot water and then into a saucer of bran.

**Are Your Kidneys Weak?**

You may have kidney trouble and not know it. The only signs may be occasional twinges in the small of the back, constant lameness, dizzy spells or some annoying irregularity of the kidney action.

But no sign of kidney trouble can be safely ignored. Kidney disease moves rapidly. It leads to dropsy, gravel, Bright's disease, rheumatism.

If you suspect that your kidneys are sluggish, use Doan's Kidney Pills, which have relieved thousands.

**An Oklahoma Case**

Mrs. J. E. Maddox, 511 Center St., Aida, Okla., says: "I had pains in my hips and limbs. Sometimes when walking, these sharp twinges came on and I had to grasp something to keep from falling. My kidneys were weak. Nothing helped me until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They entirely rid me of the ailments and the cure has lasted for over four years."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



**Why Suffer From Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism**

Hunt's Lightning Oil quickly relieves the pain. The Hurting and Aching stop almost instantly. A truly wonderful remedy for those who suffer. It is astonishing how the pain fades away the moment Hunt's Lightning Oil comes in contact with it. So many people are praising it, that you can no longer doubt. For Cuts, Burns, Bruises and Sprains it is simply fine. All dealers sell Hunt's Lightning Oil in 25 and 50 cent bottles or by mail from

**A. B. Richards Medicine Co.**  
Sherman, Texas

**UNABLE TO SEE THE JOKE**

Probably Druggist Was of the Same Opinion as His Small Colored Errand Boy.

A druggist, who had a little colored errand boy, fell into the habit of playing practical jokes on him. One day the druggist was mixing some combustible oils. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion, which hurled the chemist in one direction and the little darky in another, while the whole place burst forth into flames.

After a time a black figure emerged from under a counter, whimpering and rubbing a rapidly growing bump on his head. He limped over to where the druggist sat, half-dazed, with a deep cut across his forehead.

"You hadn't oughter play wid me dat-a-way, doctor," he said, reproachfully. "Dat shore ain't no way to play!"

**Is This Efficiency?**

Griggs—I have discovered the greatest scheme for keeping up to date at a minimum cost.

Griggs—How is it done?  
Griggs—Most of the publishers offer to send any book on their list on trial. I get 'em, sit up reading 'em, and return 'em within three days for the cost of the dern books.

Griggs—Ah, that accounts for it.  
Griggs—For what?  
Griggs—Well, I was wondering the other day what was the cause of your recent mental deterioration.—Life.

**New Modern Dancing**

The leading expert and instructor in New York City, writes: "Dear Sir:—I have used ALLEN'S FOOT-POWDER, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for the past ten years. It is a blessing to all who are compelled to be on their feet. I dance eight or ten hours daily, and find that ALLEN'S FOOT-POWDER keeps my feet cool, takes the friction from the shoe, prevents corns and sore, aching feet. I recommend it to all my pupils."  
(Signed) E. FLEURYER HALLAMORE, Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Annual Aviation Stunt.**

"Spring is in the air."  
"Hope it's equipped with a good stabilizer."—Boston Evening Transcript.

**Tough.**

"What did the jury do in that Welsh rarebit case?"  
"Disagreeed, I suppose."

When women fish for compliments they never boast of the big ones that get away.

**WESTERN CANADA'S PROSPECTS FOR 1914**

Excellent Spring for Work and Wheat Seeding About Finished.

The writer has just returned from an extensive trip through the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, in Western Canada. The crop conditions are the very best, and no one locality seems to have an advantage over another in this respect. The uniformity in growth is remarkable, and in all parts of the three provinces spring wheat at the time of writing, May 10th, is well above the ground from two to three inches. Considerable fall plowing was done last year, and this, with the summer fallow, is already seeded, so that practically wheat seeding is over by this date. Everywhere the farmers are busy and the whole country presents one great scene of activity—three-horse, four-horse and five-horse teams are busy preparing land for barley, oats and flax. On some of the larger farms batteries of steam and gasoline outfits are at work, but in a great many districts where these have been operated in the past they are being displaced by horses, owing no doubt partially to the difficulty of securing experienced men to operate them. Anyway, there is being put into agriculture in Western Canada, greater effort with more promise than for some years past. The soil is in the best possible condition; moisture has been sufficient, there have been no winds to dry out the soil, and if the farmers have had to lay up for a day or so now and again, it was merely that the ground might have the advantage of the rain and an occasional snow, which promise so much for the growing crop. With some warm weather the grain will come along in a manner that will equal the best years Western Canada has ever had.

It must not be thought from this that the farmers are full bent on securing a grain crop alone. In nearly every district there is more and more the indication and inclination to go into mixed farming. Herds of cattle now dot the plains that up to the present had been fully given up to grain growing, hogs and sheep are in evidence. New buildings are to be seen on a great many places, these being pig houses and cow stables, although protection of cattle is not generally required, excepting for calves and such cows as it may be necessary to house from time to time.

The growing of alfalfa and other fodder grasses is an industry that is being rapidly developed.

During this spring a splendid class of new settlers have gone in, many of them from the eastern states. These have seen what success the western and central states man has achieved in Western Canada, and are now going in in hundreds. The movement from Montana, Oregon and Washington to Canada continues without any abatement as to numbers and value of effects, while the central and eastern states are still sending an excellent class of farmers with means sufficient to begin farming on a scale that will pay from the start.

Those who contemplate visiting the Panama Exposition next year will find that one of the most interesting trips they can make will be via the Canadian West. There will be three lines of railway they can use—the Canadian Pacific, Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific, all of which will have through to coast lines completed. This will be given a view of prairie, woodland and mountain scenery unexcelled in America.—Advertisement.

**Best Way to Open Boils.**

It is exceedingly painful to touch a boil, even when it is large enough to open. A correspondent writes that the best way to do this is to paint a ring or collodion, which can be purchased in any drug store, around it, being careful not to put any directly over the boil. As the alcohol evaporates the collodion in drying will exert a gentle but firm pressure all around the boil, not only opening it, but forcing out its contents, which should be absorbed by a perfectly clean handkerchief or piece of sterilized cotton.

**Had 'Em All.**

"Will you direct me to your range department?" asked the lady in the big department store.  
"Certainly, madam," replied the polite floorwalker: "rifle, kitchen or mountain?"

The first bank in America was organized by Robert Morris, in Philadelphia in 1780.

**900 DROPS**

**CASTORIA**

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT  
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

**INFANTS & CHILDREN**

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC**

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITTMAN

Pumpkin Seed -  
Ala Senna -  
Rhubarb Juice -  
Sulphur -  
Peppermint -  
Sulphate Soda -  
Warm Tea -  
Cloves -  
Wintergreen Flavor

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP

Fac Simile Signature of  
*C. H. Fletcher*

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old  
**35 DROPS—35 CENTS**

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of  
*C. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

**CASTORIA**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**Sign of the Times.**

When a man like A. J. Drexel Biddle, of Philadelphia, society leader and millionaire, preaches in the city streets from a gospel wagon on the "Inasmuch Mission," and when we see other young millionaires in various parts of the country joining the Salvation army of uplift and human betterment, it is calculated to make the world think a bit—to make it stop, look, and listen. There is something which comes home to everybody in such a spectacle, and which is not to be dismissed as an emotional crusading outburst. In many ways the religious impulse of the age shares the democratic spirit that is dominant in political and economic spheres, and is coming out from high places into the highways and hedges in order to get face to face with the masses.

**A La France.**

Jones—Hello; here's another bloodless duel and they fought for over an hour.

Brown—With pistols or swords.  
Jones—Neither. They used safety razors.

**Contrary Times.**

"How did the funeral of your cousin go off, Bridget?"  
"Oh, ma'am, that wake was a drame!"

The total production of coal in China at present reaches almost 10,000,000 tons a year.

Don't be misled. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Makes beautiful white clothes. At all good grocers. Adv.

There are times when we must all choose between telling the truth and being popular.

Anybody can dye successfully with Putnam Fadeless Dyes. Adv.

The more a man worries the easier it is for him to lose out.

**400,000 Settlers a Year**

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman, says:

"The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position.

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessible a great number of homesteads in districts especially adapted to mixed farming and grain raising.

For illustrated literature and reduced railway rates, apply to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

**C. A. COOK**  
125 W. 9th Street  
Kansas City, Mo.  
Canadian Government Agent



**Make the Liver Do its Duty**

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

**SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature

*Brent Wood*  
W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 21-1914



**! PIMPLES BOILS CARBUNCLES !** **! ACHES CHILLS PAINS !**

Are "Danger Signals"—the human system's method of giving warning that the blood has become impoverished and circulation poor. In this condition the human body is almost powerless to resist the more serious illness. Don't delay. You need

**DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery**

It gets to work immediately at the seat of your trouble—the Stomach. It lends a helping hand. Helps to digest the food. Tones up the stomach. Soon brings back normal conditions. Food is properly assimilated and turned into rich, red blood. Every organ is strengthened and every tissue re-vitalized.

Made from roots taken from our great American forests. Try this remedy now. Sold by Medicine Dealers in liquid or tablet form—or send 50c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial box.

You can have the complete "Medical Adviser" of 1000 pages—cloth bound—free—by sending Dr. Pierce 31c for wrapping and mailing.

**Death Lurks In A Weak Heart**

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use **RENOVIN.** Made by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

## RATHER DEAD THAN ALIVE

Deplorable Condition of Lumpkin Lady Whose Troubles Multiplied Until Life Became Almost Unbearable

Lumpkin, Ga.—Mrs. G. W. Booth, of this place, says: "I suffered with dumb chills and fever and was very irregular. Was also nervous and weak, short of breath, couldn't do my housework without it being a burden, and then I began suffering untold misery in my left side and back. I got to where I would rather have been dead than alive.

I tried many remedies, but they failed to help me.

Finally, I purchased two bottles of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and began taking it according to directions. Cardui helped me right away. I believe it saved my life.

I cannot praise Cardui enough to my lady friends. It is certainly the medicine for suffering women and girls."

If you have any of the ailments so common to women, or if you feel the need of a good, strengthening tonic, we urge you to give Cardui a trial. It has helped thousands of women in its past 50 years of success, as is proven by the numerous enthusiastic letters of gratitude, similar to the above, which come to us every day.

Don't delay. This letter from Mrs. Booth should convince you that Cardui is worth a trial. Get a bottle from your druggist today. You'll never regret it.—Adv.

### Trial Order.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the steward, "but may I bring you some dinner, sir?"

"Oh, I guess so," replied the passenger wanly, as he gazed out across the bounding deep. "I guess you can bring me one on approval."

"Beg pardon, sir," repeated the steward, "did you say 'on approval,' sir?"

"Yes," groaned the passenger weakly. "You see, I may not want to keep it."

### Different.

"My boy is going to the front."  
"Brave boy! In Mexico?"  
"No; in a hotel."

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic. Adv.

The only two absolutely sure things in life are birth and death.

To Cool a Burn and Take the Fire Out

Be Prepared For Accidents



A Household Remedy

**HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh**

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chilblains, Lamé Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00

All Dealers G.C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

## 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. Flies, gnats, mosquitoes, houseflies, etc., all season. Made of metal, can't rust or warp; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or send express paid for \$1.00. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## TENTS, AWNINGS, CANVAS COVERS

OKLABOMA CITY TENT & AWNING CO. 314 WEST FIRST STREET

WRITE FOR DELIVERED PRICE

## Soda Fountain

Soda Fountain: We have made up ready for prompt shipment 6, 8, 10, 12 and 20 ft. front system, pump service outfits, new and slightly used, at a big saving in price on easy monthly payments. The Grosman Co., Inc., Dallas, Tex.

## TAFFETA FOR PARASOL

DECREE IS THAT SUNSHADE IS TO MATCH THE FROCK.

All Sorts of Designs Are Permissible on the Panels—Almost No Limit as to Amount of Money That May Be Spent.

For once the woman of fashion forgets about her complexion when she selects her summer sunshade. The prettiest of the new parasols are those made of taffeta to match the newest taffeta frocks. In most instances they are trimmed with embroidery, the simplest of stitches being used.

It is nothing unusual for the modern wardrobe to contain as many as a dozen different parasol designs. Chiffon and lace effects are used for very elaborate ones, but there is not a



Ecu Taffeta.

single frock with which a well-embroidered, cleverly made taffeta sunshade will not be appropriate.

The model shown here is in pale cream colored taffeta with a wreath and sprays of flowers embroidered in alternating panels. Tango ruffles may be added to the plain panels, if desired. These are made of chiffon, lace and tulle.

Fruit, vegetable and flower designs are highly favored as motifs for smart summer sunshades. A panel of wheat combined with cherries looks particularly well-done in linen for use with rub frocks.

Fortunes are spent on parasols alone this year. Not only are the most exquisite of scented woods used for handles, but they are frequently studded with real jewels and set in frames of solid silver and gold filigree.

Of course the woman who is quick and clever with her needle may reduce the cost of production by making her own sunshades. It is easy to get the panels already stamped, embroidered them, and then have them mounted at a local umbrella store or at the umbrella department of some of the large establishments.

### READY FOR HOT WEATHER

Suggestion for Dainty Costume of Crepe With Girdle and Suspenders of Ribbon.

A dainty summer frock of crepe is shown here with crepe ground and dainty bouquets of small flowers sprinkled over it. A girdle and suspenders of flesh-colored satin ribbon add another degree of daintiness to the frock.

Flesh-colored malle ruffles the sleeves and outlines the surplice blouse closing. The little apron-like tunic is finished with a graduated ruffle of the material. The underskirt is short and undraped. With this frock Milady Dainty dons a hat of white milan straw trimmed in black ribbon and pink crepe roses encircled by pearl beads.



### When Jacket Fronts Are Left Open.

When the fronts of the tailored street jackets are allowed to remain unfastened, the opening should be filled in with something a bit more conventional looking than whatever blouse is customarily worn with the tailored skirt. For this purpose there is nothing to equal the medic collar, extending into a waist-coast. It is made precisely as are the separate collar and vestee, save that it is cut in a single strip that is tacked about the inner edges of the neck and the fronts, and closed from the bust down with a row of fancy buttons. For earliest spring, directly after the furs are discarded, the collar-waistcoat is best in satin or velvet or brocade, but for later service it is best in embroidered chiffon, in pique or in the same sort of sheer white linen used for the popular Normandy collar.

## SHOES BABY CAN'T KICK OFF

Mother Tells How Home-Made Articles Solved Problem That Had Driven Her to Despair.

When my baby got to the crawling stage I used to find it very difficult to keep his little pink toes warm and covered. The young Turk poked them through woolen booties in no time and seemed to think that tiny kid shoes were only put on so that he might have the pleasure of kicking them off, says a contributor to the Philadelphia Inquirer.

At last, in despair, I turned shoemaker myself, and determined to make a comfy little pair of slippers that would stay on.

First I unearthed a pair of old elbow-length tan gloves of my own, and then proceeded to cut out a sole and upper from each arm with a pair of bought shoes as a pattern. At the same time I cut out a lining of a firm material to make my handiwork quite firm and neat. Then I stitched the kid and lining of the upper together on the wrong side and joined up the back of the heel, afterwards turning the whole thing right side out and stitching it all round.

The little bands I hemmed neatly by hand, and finished them off with a brown button and buttonhole. Then I stitched the sole—which I had already joined to its lining—to the upper, inside out, of course, and finally slip-stitched another lining to the sole to make it tidy.

In less than an hour my first attempt at shoemaking was finished, and baby had a comfy pair of slippers which fitted his little feet perfectly, and absolutely refused to be kicked off.

That was eight months ago, and baby still wears little brown shoes made in the same way. He also has some white ones for best occasions made from gloves, as well, and finished with tiny pompoms. They look very charming, and are much admired.

### POWDERED HAIR



The coiffure is dressed high and powdered. It is held in place with a band of pink velvet trimmed with a rose of beaded silk.

### Effective Frilling.

A touch of handwork upon net ruffling is distinctive. The objection to embroidering net is that the wrong side usually displays all rough defects, and stray threads may be seen through its sheerness on the right side. But with button-holing the wrong side may be made to look quite as neat as the right side. The net may be edged with button-holing of any color that is desired. Button-hole-edge it with silk or mercerized cotton.

### Curtain Fixtures.

The marked change in hanging curtains, whether of lace or chintz or other heavier stuffs, necessitates special fixtures, and the preference is for those that do not show at all. The best fixtures are slim, steel rods running at the ends to return, as architects say, the curtains to the wall. These rods are made with one bar for the lace curtain, a second for the draperies, and a third for the valance, if there is to be a valance.

### Smart Separate Coats.

The separate wrap is promised a pronounced vogue this season, and the range covers everything from the picturesque long circular cape to the smart little frilly coat that is found in all sorts of materials.

### Sponging Goods.

A good sponging liquid for cleaning and sponging woollens and for washing delicately colored fabrics: Soak grated potatoes in water, using two medium-sized potatoes to each quart of water.

### Using Up Mistakes.

A mother was showing her small daughter how to do something. Later the child made a mistake, but the mother advised her not to worry about it, but to remember never to make that same error again, and explained that if we profited by our mistakes they were useful after all.

"Oh, I know why," answered the little one. "Because if you keep on making and making mistakes by and by there won't be any more mistakes left."

If only true, how nice this would be!

### False Alarm.

Farmer's Wife—That yellow hen has cackled three times and hasn't laid an egg yet.

Farmer—Maybe she's entitled to a relay.

### Too Soon.

"Did Jack impress you much?"  
"No, it was the first time he had called."

### Tut Tut.

Traveler—I have seen Cairo.  
Merchant—And I have kerosene.— Birmingham Age-Herald.

## A Cheery Disposition

is something entirely foreign to the person with poor digestion, liver troubles or constipated bowels—but, there is no need to remain in such a condition, for

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

has been found very beneficial in helping sickly folks back to health and happiness. Get a bottle today.

# Sick Women Made Well

Reliable evidence is abundant that women are constantly being restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The many testimonial letters that we are continually publishing in the newspapers—hundreds of them—are all genuine, true and unsolicited expressions of heartfelt gratitude for the freedom from suffering that has come to these women solely through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Money could not buy nor any kind of influence obtain such recommendations; you may depend upon it that any testimonial we publish is honest and true—if you have any doubt of this write to the women whose true names and addresses are always given, and learn for yourself.

### Read this one from Mrs. Waters:

CAMDEN, N.J.—"I was sick for two years with nervous spells, and my kidneys were affected. I had a doctor all the time and used a galvanic battery, but nothing did me any good. I was not able to go to bed, but spent my time on a couch or in a sleeping-chair, and soon became almost a skeleton. Finally my doctor went away for his health, and my husband heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got me some. In two months I got relief and now I am like a new woman and am at my usual weight. I recommend your medicine to every one and so does my husband."—MRS. TILLIE WATERS, 1135 Knight St., Camden, N.J.

### And this one from Mrs. Haddock:

UTICA, OKLA.—"I was weak and nervous, not able to do my work and scarcely able to be on my feet. I had backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, trouble with my bowels, and inflammation. Since taking the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am better than I have been for twenty years. I think it is a wonderful medicine and I have recommended it to others."—MRS. MARY ANN HADDOCK, Utica, Oklahoma.

Now answer this question if you can. Why should a woman continue to suffer without first giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? You know that it has saved many others—why should it fail in your case?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



### Wouldn't Do.

"Why did you break your engagement to Cholly?"  
"He has one of these whiskbroom mustaches that kept brushing my complexion off."—Judge.

Makes the laundress happy—that's Red Cross Ball Blue. Makes beautiful, clear white clothes. All good grocers. Adv.

Cold treatment will generally kindle a flame of resentment.



READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

Pettit's Eye Salve RELIEVES SORE EYES

## Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

## The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic

Is Equally Valuable as a General Strengthening Tonic, Because It Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds Up the Whole System.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic, as the formula is printed on every label, showing that it contains the well-known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, General Debility and Loss of Appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. A True Tonic and Sure Appetizer. For grown people and children. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.