

THE SLATON SLATONITE

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: JUNE 18, 1915.

Number 41.

Looking to Extension of Telephone Lines from Slaton Exchange

Stanberry Alderman, auditor for the Western Telephone Company, and R. W. Garner, traffic chief, were in Slaton the first of the week from Big Springs looking over the Slaton property belonging to the company with a view to improving the service and extending the lines wherever it may seem consistent to do so. The gentlemen came to Slaton especially to look over the new country around Slaton that has been settled by farmers during the past few months and to establish several miles of rural lines to connect with the Slaton exchange wherever the new business secured will justify the investment. Mr. Alderman keeps a close watch on Slaton thru the Slatonite, and altho he has not said so we conclude that he is expecting to see quite a little city here some day in the not very distant future, and he intends the Western Telephone system to keep up with the growth of the town and the development of the farming land.

The establishing of rural telephone lines from the Slaton exchange is a great benefit to the town as well as the farmers, and we are pleased to note that the Western people are keeping in touch with this feature of the business at Slaton. When once a farmer has a telephone in his house he will not be without it. A call for a doctor is often worth more than the rent on a telephone for several years. A phone will often sell the stock on the farm or the crop at a price that will make the farmer a handsome profit.

Mr. Carwile and T. J. O'Donnell, who are promoting the Midland to the North railroad, were in Lamesa a few days ago, accompanied by several gentlemen from Midland. Just what proposition will be put up to Lamesa, if any, we do not know. There is no doubt about one thing: Midland wants the road.—Lamesa News.

A Mrs. Bledso, daughter of B. F. Fuller of near of near Wilson, committed suicide last Friday on the train near Coleman. She was on her way to visit her father, and went into the toilet on the train and shot herself thru the head.

The result of the election at Tahoka-Saturday was 68 for incorporation and 46 against. Thus has Tahoka taken a step that all progressive towns take, and stepped out of the country village class.

Three hundred forty head of two-year old heifers from the Clayton ranch were loaded out of Slaton last week. They were sold to Montana cattlemen, and shipped to that state.

A. E. Whitehead sold his car load of yearling steers last week to a Mr. Steel of Groom, Texas. The steers brought \$50.00 a head.

Keep Kool Klothes

We have just received a nice line of Men's Hot Weather Suits in the Genuine Panama Cloth. Most any color you like. Inexpensive and an Ideal Suit for hot weather. Come down and look them over.

QUALITY

THEN PRICE



THE BEST PLACE IN TOWN TO TRADE

Wednesday afternoon the sheriff's department of Lynn county arrested M. A. Worsham of Merkel, and a woman giving her name as Vena Munlern, originally of Alabama, but recently of West Texas on a charge of adultery. Worsham has a family.—Tahoka News.

Sheriff Redwine picked the couple up in Slaton. The woman was given a fine and ordered to depart. Worsham was taken back to Coleman for trial. The route of the couple was thru several counties, and if each county desires to prosecute Worsham he will have a good long job breaking rock at Huntsville. This is the second couple that has been run out of Slaton lately for this offence.

Sunday afternoon J. H. Teague Sr. made a complaint of having been robbed of about \$80.00, and two men, Messrs. Haney and Chandler, were placed under arrest and taken to Lubbock to the county jail. District attorney G. E. Lockhart of Tahoka went up there Monday to investigate the charges. Haney was found in his room at the Singleton hotel, and Chandler was arrested at Wilson. Chandler had on his person something over \$50.00 of money similar to that which Mr. Teague lost. Haney was released as having had no connection with the theft, and he returned to Slaton Tuesday. Both men came to Slaton this summer to work.

John Foster has resigned his job at the round house and has taken his brother, Jim's, interest in the Hudgens tailor shop. Jim is going to the harvest fields. Hudgens and Foster have their new "Kwitherkikkin" laundry wagon in service now.

Did Not Meet an Old Comrade Nor Friend Among Boys in Gray

Birmingham, Ala., June 8th. Friend Loomis:

You may be interested in knowing that I have enjoyed myself immensely at Richmond at the Confederate Re-Union. Although it rained all the time, and we could not see much, we were treated royally. The only place I had a chance to see was Petersburg, Va., and what I saw looked just the same to me as it did fifty years ago. We had with us the Governors of Virginia, Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Ohio, and Connecticut, and the parade on the last day was the largest and best we have ever had. There were nearly 200,000 on the streets. The Veterans numbered about 6,000.

If ever I was charmed in my life it was when I listened to 50 young ladies sing. The old boys cheered time and again, and the "Confederate Yell" was given as of yore. In the parade were the Virginia Military School Cadets, the Richmond Blues, and the Connecticut Light Guards of Hartford, Conn. They were all well drilled, and every man's foot hit the pavement at the same time. A special cheer was given the Connecticut company as they passed along the streets. The bands played and those beautiful girls waved their handkerchiefs and flags. All honor to Richmond!

On my trip I passed thru eight states. Crops were good and people seemed prosperous, but no where seemed as good to me as the South Plains, and I am

anxious to get back altho I do not know when that will be. I am on my way to visit relatives and friends at my old home at Selma, Ala. Have had a fine time, tho mingled with sadness, for not one of my old comrades nor friends did I see or hear of. Kindest regards to all.

L. A. H. Smith.

The Tamworth hog, which is being bred in several portions of the Texas Panhandle, is particularly a southern hog, being practically unknown in northern states. The Tamworth is the greatest bacon producer of the porcine family and in fact has been surnamed "The Bacon" hog. These hogs attain enormous size, from 600 to 800 pounds being ordinary weights, while Mr. G. L. Roberts of Amarillo tells of an 8 year old Missouri sow weighing twelve hundred pounds. The Tamworths are prolific breeders and good mothers. They are late fatteners, however, not developing good pork condition under two years of age.—Amarillo News.

Turning Range Land into Farms Will Support More Cattle

By A. M. Hove of the Publicity Department of the Santa Fe.

"This country is destined to become a greater producer of live stock," says Judge J. D. Hamlin of Farwell, Texas, representative of the Capitol Syndicate. "On grass we figure about fifty head of cattle to the section. Take a quarter of it to grow feed and a section will carry three times the number. Feed can be grown every year and saved in silos without much loss. Place a stock growing farmer on every section and it will build towns and create wealth.

"Here below us is a pasture of 80,000 acres well stocked with cattle with just one family at headquarters and a few men to look after the stock. Cut this pasture up into one hundred farms and you threble the number of cattle it will feed. The hundred families will milk cows, have hogs and chickens. There would be eggs and cream to sell for cash and pork enough to eat and some to sell. All this means more wealth. It takes people to create wealth."

Judge Hamlin talks advisedly. The Capitol Syndicate has just completed a careful investigation of conditions in eastern New Mexico and northwest Texas, before deciding on plans of colonizing their own lands. It was found that even farmers on a quarter section of land were making good with milch cows, hogs, chickens, and feed crops. The opportunity may be found all over this section for success by growing and feeding stock as a part of mixed farming.

O. M. Unger, M. D. Henderson and E. J. Grant were in Slaton Monday from Plainview looking after property interests here. These gentlemen own several lots on Texas Avenue and were here to see about putting in the sidewalks in compliance with the recent action of the city council. Mr. Unger was a pleasant caller at the Slatonite office. These gentlemen expressed themselves as being well pleased with the improvement work that is being done in Slaton, and of this move in connecting the business part of town with the depot with good permanent walks.

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

The Only Perfect Way to Preserve Food is With a Reliable

Refrigerator

A Summer Necessity

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

FORREST HARDWARE

100 Dozen Snow White Dishes

75c Article, exceptional values: we will sell them while they last at **60c**

These dishes are guaranteed not to craze.

Two good dishes given for every one that crazes

Special Service Checks given on these dishes

HOWERTON

DEFECT OF MODERN TIMES

Nations Mobilize for War, but Fail to See the Necessity for Same Thing in Peace.

Here, then, is the sorry contrast between mobilization for war and the lack of it in peace, writes Graham Taylor in the Survey. Under the urgency of war the nation instinctively feels that the strength of all is impaired by the weakness of any, that its whole resource is available to conserve every vital force, that as each individual and class is needed by all, so all that the nation has is available for each.

The difference between the two experiences lies in the presence or absence of a national consciousness and resourcefulness in meeting national emergencies. In peace we have not yet become conscious that unemployment is a national emergency, to be met only by the concern and resources of the whole nation. In America the emergency is still thoughtlessly and unjustly left to the individual, the family, the locality and the class suffering most from it, to grapple with. Even they delay so late to do so that they can have recourse only to charity, seldom to justice; only to relief, never to prevention; only to recovery from disastrous effects, not to dealing with causes of disaster.

REMOVING COLOR FROM OIL

Various Processes Through Which the Product of the Cottonseed Must Be Put.

Oil is squeezed from the cottonseed. This oil comes to the packeries in its crude or raw form. It is very dark—so dark that one cannot see through a glass pint bottle of it. This oil is placed in a large iron tank in which are placed a number of iron pipes. Through these steam is sent, which heats the oil to nearly a boiling stage. The oil is sent

whirling about the tank for a time and then the agitation is stopped and the steam shut off. Quickly a precipitation of all solids takes place and the pure oil remains at the top. This is drawn off and a process of deodorizing takes place through the agency of applied heat. This is done to remove all vegetable smell and is a further step in purification. If the product is intended for the olive oil trade it is dripped through fuller's earth. Each process removes color. After deodorization it becomes a light amber color. After the fuller's earth process it may be called a white oil with orange effect.

CANAL EVENTUALLY SALT.

Although the Chagres lake, formed by the damming of the Chagres river, is 85 feet above sea level and is supplied by fresh water from the Panama hills and the natural Miraflores lake is about sixty feet above the sea and supplied by fresh water streams, it is expected that in time the entire canal, with the water in the locks, will become salt. This will be due to hydraulic action. Even now the Miraflores lake has become brackish and the water there has become unfit for use in the water supply that was planned in connection with it. Little by little the salt water at the canal entrances is mixing with the fresh water of the canal, and this mixing of waters, though gradual, will be constant and persistent.

FICKLE SUMMER MAID



Howe—Man at the seashore discovered diamonds in the surf. Did you ever discover any jewels when you were there?

Wise—I thought I discovered a jewel last summer, but after she jilted me I came to the conclusion that she was only an imitation.

A FAIR AVERAGE.

"Does your wife believe all you tell her?"

"No; but we have an amicable working basis. She accepts about 60 per cent of it at par."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SEEING AMERICA THIRST.

"The distillery was burned to the ground."

"Didn't they save anything?"
"Yes; they snatched a few brands from the burning."—Philadelphia Enquirer.

OBJECT OF STUDY.

"What is that class of girls doing?"

"Studying fossils."
"Well, I used to object to being called one, but I guess I'll own up to it now."

AND GRIND ITS IVORIES.

"So Miss Banger played for you? She claims that she can make the piano speak."

"Well, I'll bet if it spoke it would say: 'Woman, you have played me false.'"

PROVIDENT DUFFER.

Patron—I want some fish balls.
Dealer—What for?
Patron—I'm going out golfing and I want them to drive at the water hazards.—Judge.

DISCOURAGING.

Nurse—The doctor told me to take your temperature.

Patient—All right. You can tell him it's all I've got he can take.

APPROPRIATE ACTION.

"John and his wife had a quarrel over her not wanting to mend his clothes."

"Oh, they patched that up."

THEIR KIND.

"There goes a man noted for his dark deeds."

"Is he a crook?"

"No; a coal heaver."

HER SPECIAL NEED.

"What is that seamstress fussing about the hotel so for?"

"She is trying to find a needle bath."

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

Everything Good to Eat

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

The Central Grocery

J. M. SIMMONS, MANAGER

Drs. Smith & Smith

Specialists in the Treatment of

Piles, Fissures, and All Rectal Diseases

No Cutting, Tying and Cauterizing

Treatment Safe and Sure

No Detention from Business or Pleasure

Will be in Slaton on Saturday of Each Week at Dr. S. H. Adam's Office

WHETHER AT WORK OR VACATION

Cool headed men value the comfort which results from wearing light weight clothes.

GENUINE PALM BEACH CLOTH

A Standardized fabric, is a light weight, fine quality, absolutely non-shrinkable and tailors into a perfect suit. A most attractive line of novelty ties, hats and shoes. Also all the leading staples always in stock.

Chris Harwell, Merchant Tailor Lubbock, Texas

We Will Make Right That Which is Not Right

Baseball

Slaton Diamond, Saturday, June 12th

At 3.30 p. m. Game Called Promptly on Time

Federals vs. Monograms

Benefit Game. Both teams present their strongest line-ups for the game and a splendid time is assured. Each team is out to win.

Admission: 25c to Everybody. Grandstand Free.

Mrs. Margaret B. Turner

Dressmaker

At the Chandler Residence on East Panhandle Ave.

Dr. Luther Wall

Physician and Surgeon

Regular Graduate University of Michigan. Surgery and medicine in all of its departments. Special attention to chronic conditions and diseases of woman and children.

Office in Talley Building Northwest Corner Square, Slaton

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Office at Red Cross Pharmacy

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SATURDAY

AT SE

SATURD

JUN

Watch for Full Par

TRADES DAY

SLATON

DAY

WEDNESDAY 26TH

Particulars Next Week

IN THE PASSES OF THE CARPATHIANS



The heavy snows in the Carpathians have made fighting there between the Russians and the Austrians one of the features of the great war. In places the soldiers have waded through snow thigh deep. The photograph shows an Austrian transport train going through one of the passes where wagons cannot be used.

WOOS OVER BORDER

Barbed Wire Hinders Course of True Love.

Dutch Suitor Parted by Frontier Fence From Sweetheart on Next Farm Has Lively Experience Getting Past Sentries.

By W. J. L. KIEHL.

(Correspondent of the Chicago News.)

The Hague.—The course of true love runs anything but smoothly on the Belgian-Dutch frontier, especially when the sweethearts reside on opposite sides of the barbed-wire fence.

Pete is a Netherlander, Mieke is a Belgian; his farm stands securely on Dutch soil, hers precariously in "Little Germany" (as the Germans call Belgium). At first the lovers had not noticed much of the war, which has left their district almost untouched; then a strong wire fence was put up and German detachments of cavalry continually patrolled the Belgian side, while sentries were placed at intervals with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets.

Now it was no longer possible to hold sweet converse at eventide after the farm work was done. All that remained was to walk, he on one side of the wire, she on the other, and cast loving glances at each other, for the Germans would allow no talk across the border.

At last the swain spoke of his sad plight to an acquaintance who for a consideration made it his business to conduct Belgian refugees into Holland. Would Louis (that was the acquaintance's name) take him across on Saturday night so that he could pass the whole Sunday with his Mieke? And Louis promised to do so on the very next Saturday, when he was due on the other side to meet fugitives at a certain prearranged place to take them safely into Holland.

That Saturday evening was damp and misty. "Just the right sort of weather for us," Louis enthusiastically put it, but his companion could not quite agree with him, as he waded through marshes to the dike beyond which stretched the wire fence. He was wearing his Sunday best and the weeping mud did not improve the appearance of his nether garments. But Louis assured him this marshy land was just the safest spot to get across.

As they approached the dike Louis cautioned Pete not to whisper or even breathe loudly. Cautiously they crawled up the dike, reached the top and raised their heads for a hasty glance around, but at once dropped

them again. For there—though luckily with his back toward them—stood a sentinel.

Down the dike slid the adventurers as noiselessly as they had come. Louis assured him that a few hundred yards farther along he knew of another safe place. This time they were more fortunate, and, like rabbits, they burrowed under and through the wire and stood on Belgian, or perhaps we should say German, ground.

"Now just a few hundred yards of marsh and then we get into a good hard road," Louis exclaimed, and they deemed their troubles over. Then they heard the tramp of feet along the good hard road and distinguished the form of a German patrol. The men came straight up to the gate that led into the marshy meadow where the frontier runners had hurriedly dropped to the earth. "They're only resting," said Louis.

And so it was. The Germans clambered on to the gate and sat there talking for about a quarter of an hour, that seemed like a century to the two cramped and bedraggled men.

Now, however, their troubles were over. They came out into the road and soon reached the small farm where Louis was to meet the refugees. Pete felt somewhat better after a hearty supper and dry clothes had been provided for him by the farmer's sympathetic wife and she had promised to clean his Sunday attire and have it ready for him to wear next morning.

Sunday dawned fine and sunny. Somewhat stiff from his unwonted exercise, the strenuous suitor proceeded to the farm where his Mieke lived. Mieke, her mother and Pete were eating the meal when suddenly they heard the thud of horses' hoofs and down the bend in the road they saw a patrol of uhlians heading straight for the house.

Mieke hastily pushed her gallant into the stable, then rushed back to remove the third plate and seat herself at the table as if nothing had happened. Pete hurriedly crept into a meal bin and drew down the lid. He must have been there for hours, when toward evening Mieke came into the stable.

"Where are you, Pete?" she whispered, and Pete crept out from his hiding place as white as a miller. Mieke stopped for a laugh, then told him to get away back into Holland as fast as possible, as the uhlians were not all asleep and this might be his only chance, for the whole patrol had been billeted on the farm and would be in and out at all hours.

So the sweethearts bade each other

a hasty farewell and Pete hastened to return by the same arduous way he had come. Now he is once more doing his love making through a barbed wire barrier.

WED ONLY FOR LOVE



Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve of Barnard college declares that there are fewer divorces among college women than among any other class, because the college graduate is apt to marry purely for love and not for an occupation or a home. Motherhood, she declares, is really a profession, and a good cook may be a better one for a knowledge of Greek. The greatest value of a college education for girls, says Dean Gildersleeve, lies in just this: that it gives them a better balance, a more rounded outlook and a truer appreciation of life's values. The picture is from a specially posed photograph of Dean Gildersleeve.

Ear Off, Stuck on Again.

Rice Lake, Wis.—Fred Wedeking, a young man of this place, slipped and fell on a bowling alley, striking the side of his head against the corner of an electric piano. A few seconds later someone noticed that one of his ears was gone. It was the first he had heard about it, but sure enough on making an examination he found he was minus an ear. The lost member was found lying on the floor. Doctor Johnson put it back in place and it is now growing on again.

swaw, on her death bed. Ploughs, scrapers, picks and shovels were used and scores of acres ploughed and dug up.

Ko-ko-dye-a-lash was told several days previously that she was dying, and she directed her son to a place where he found a can in which was \$1,100 in gold. This she buried recently, she said, but added that nineteen years ago she had buried another can of money.

R. F. Kirkpatrick, who farms her land, and his employees set to work in the locality she described, but could find nothing.

Missed Chewing Tobacco.

Oilton, Okla.—The fact that they took his chewing tobacco is made the main basis of Jack Mason's complaint to the county officers here in describing the men who held him up in the oil field, six miles south of Oilton. The men were not masked, but were strangers, and worked quickly. Mason did not have much to say about the \$7.50 they relieved him of, but asserted that good "chewing" is a luxury in the field.

"3 WOMAN LIARS TO 1 MAN"

In Divorce Suits, Declares Los Angeles Superior Judge in Arguing for New Law.

Sacramento, Cal.—"There is three times as much perjury by women in divorce suits as by men," declared Superior Judge Charles Munroe of Los Angeles in an argument for bills providing restrictions against fraud and collusion in divorce before the state senate judiciary committee recently. Judge Munroe said he had tried all the divorce cases in Los Angeles county for four years.

HUNT FOR BURIED TREASURE

Spot Obscurely Indicated by Squaw on Her Deathbed Fails to Yield Up Gold.

Pendleton, Ore.—Farmers and Indians on the Umatilla reservation spent a day in a hunt for buried treasure, the existence of which had been asserted by Ko-ko-dye-a-lash, an old

EPITAPH ON STEPPING STONE

Found on Under Side of Slab Just Turned Over for First Time in 50 Years.

Columbia, Conn.—Needing a flat stone for repairs that he was making, Edward Phillips pried up one which for over fifty years had been used as a stepping-stone near the farmhouse back door. To his surprise he saw on the reverse side, in fairly plain letters, the inscription:

In memory of Emily, daughter of Mr. Joseph and Mrs. Eunice Smith, who died April 15, 1814, aged six months and fifteen days.
Rest, thou, sweet slumberer, in the peace.
Full grave:
Short was thy life; forgotten soon shalt be.
Except the few who, drowned in sorrow's wave,
With painful pleasure still remember thee.

Nobody knows where the stone had been used or where it came from. Mr. Phillips' father bought the house over fifty years ago and the stone was at the back door then for a stepping stone. It is five feet long and nearly two feet wide.

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, 530 Mechanic Street, Camden, N.J.

From Hanover, Penn.

HANOVER, PA.—"I was a very weak woman and suffered from bearing down pains and backache. I had been married over four years and had no children. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound proved an excellent remedy for it made me a well woman. After taking a few bottles my pains disappeared, and we now have one of the finest boy babies you ever saw."—Mrs. C. A. RICKRODE, R.F.D., No. 5, Hanover, Pa.

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 answered, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



For PINK EYE

DISTEMPER CATARRHAL FEVER AND ALL NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES

Cures the sick and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for brood mares and all others. Best kidney remedy; 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or sent, express paid, by the manufacturers.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, GOSHEN, INDIANA

Some men would have no excuse for living if their wives didn't take in boarders.

Probably the most important woman's club is the rolling pin.

A loafer never allows himself to get out of practice.

Always sure to please, Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell it. Adv.

When a so-called vocalist murders a song the sound is not deadened.

Oklahoma Directory

OKLAHOMA TYPEWRITER SALES CO., INC. (The New Company.) 201-202 State Nat'l Bank Bldg. Highest grades; factory rebuilds; all makes office appliances; supplies, etc. Mechanical department complete. Address Field Department.

ADRUCO Standardized CRESYLENE COMP. LIVE STOCK DIP AND DISINFECTANT AT ALL DRUGGISTS

THRASHING ENGINE SUPPLIES

Boiler Tubes, Grate Bars, Belting, Lubricators, Injectors. We do all kinds of engine and boiler repair work, and can furnish you expert mechanics on a moment's notice.

Thirty Year's Experience H. S. SHERMAN MACHINE & IRON WORKS Lang Distance Phone W 7600, Oklahoma City, Okla.

FOOS RELIABLE ENGINES

If you realize the wisdom and economy of letting gasoline do your work, let our expert engineers figure out the right equipment for you. Foos engines are the BEST engines built—an ideal size and style for every purpose. Complete stocks of shafting, belting, centrifugal pumps, piping, etc., so equip you for irrigation, water and light systems, ensilage cutting and filling, feed mills, corn shellers, etc.

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Films Developed 10c a Roll

Any Size Film packs, any size, 10c; Prints up to and including 2x4; 3x5; 4x5; 5x7; 8x10; 10x12; 11x14; 16x20; 18x24; 22x36; 24x36; 30x40; 36x48; 42x54; 48x60; 54x72; 60x84; 72x96; 84x108; 96x120; 108x144; 120x168; 144x192; 168x224; 192x252; 224x294; 252x336; 294x392; 336x448; 392x516; 448x594; 516x684; 594x792; 684x912; 792x1044; 912x1216; 1044x1380; 1216x1584; 1380x1824; 1584x2096; 1824x2400; 2096x2760; 2400x3120; 2760x3600; 3120x4080; 3600x4704; 4080x5376; 4704x6144; 5376x7056; 6144x8064; 7056x9216; 8064x10608; 9216x12096; 10608x13824; 12096x15744; 13824x18048; 15744x20496; 18048x23328; 20496x26688; 23328x30240; 26688x34560; 30240x39168; 34560x44736; 39168x56736; 44736x58848; 56736x74880; 58848x77088; 74880x98304; 77088x101472; 98304x128640; 101472x132864; 128640x168960; 132864x174720; 168960x221760; 174720x228480; 221760x291840; 228480x298560; 291840x385920; 298560x392640; 385920x501120; 392640x511680; 501120x655680; 511680x666240; 655680x858240; 666240x868800; 858240x1116480; 868800x1127040; 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MULCH FOR POTATOES

Farmers Are Beginning to Realize Importance of Practice.

Where Abundant Yield of Large, Mealy Tubers is Desired, Some Other Means Than That of Nature Must Be Resorted To.

(By E. GITSKE.)

The farmers of the great West are beginning to realize the great importance of mulching potatoes. Years ago when the soil was new this manner of treatment was unnecessary because the soil was so rich in food elements that the potatoes took an early and rapid start and made such excellent growth that the vines shaded the ground, thus preserving the moisture in the soil.

It would have been queer indeed for these early farmers to mulch their potatoes under such conditions.

But now the fact must gradually dawn upon them that if they wish to keep up the abundant yield of large mealy potatoes they must resort to some other means than merely letting nature attend to the matter to get results.

Perhaps if we understand the present conditions of the soil it would help us to understand more clearly the necessity of mulching. The soil through continued cropping has become deficient in food elements and humus. Nearly every crop we raise is taken entirely from the field and no return is made in the form of manure, fertilizer or humus.

Under these conditions the potatoes make a slow growth and before the vines get the ground shaded the season is so far advanced that the hot winds and sun's heat have taken up most of the moisture of the soil, with the result that the crop is materially decreased.

One should choose such time for mulching when the first potatoes show above ground. If mulched before this time it has a tendency to make the plants soft and puny, but if left until the first potatoes appear above the ground the plants will be stronger and better able to push through the mulching.

A fairly light mulch is to be preferred to a heavy one, for two reasons. First, there will be less trash to be removed from the fields in the fall; and, second, a light mulch will allow the vines to become low set and therefore less liable to danger from drought.

A light mulching need not be removed from the field at all, but should remain there and thus add more humus to the soil.

The mulching should be about two or three inches deep when fairly well settled. Hay is to be preferred to straw for mulching, as the latter has a tendency to become hot during the day, while the former will keep cooler under the same conditions.

After the potatoes are mulched they should not be molested except to pull the weeds that might come through the mulching.

BEST RESULTS OF SPRAYING

Essential to Spray Thoroughly From Both Sides of Tree—Positively Not Against Wind.

To receive the most beneficial results from spraying and to save the mixture as much as possible it is essential to spray thoroughly from both sides of the trees and positively not against the wind, even though the wind may seem light. It is evident that if part of the foliage is not sprayed the unsprayed parts are as open to the attack of fungous spores and the stings of the curculio as though there had been no spray within a mile of the tree.

RYE IS DROUGHT RESISTANT

About the Only Crop Gophers Will Not Attack—Makes Good Grain for Feeding Purposes.

The question is often asked, what crop can be sown that the gophers will not eat? Gophers are very troublesome pests, especially on the dry farm. They eat ravenously almost every green thing that is planted. Rye has been found to be about the only gopher resistant crop. They do not seem to trouble it as they do the other grains. A number of farmers in the vicinity of the Wyoming experiment station have grown rye very successfully while their other crops were completely destroyed by gophers.

Rye is a good pasture or hay crop and also makes good grain for feeding purposes. It will also produce a crop of grain with as little moisture as any other plant. Its drought and gopher resistant qualities make it especially valuable to the dry farmer and should be more generally grown. On the experiment farm rye has also been a good crop under irrigation, either for hay or forage.

CALOMEL WHEN BILIOUS? NO! STOP! ACTS LIKE DYNAMITE ON LIVER

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Doesn't Make You Sick!

Stop using calomel! It makes you sick. Don't lose a day's work. If you feel lazy, sluggish, bilious or constipated, listen to me!

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a

spoonful and if it doesn't straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot sllivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.

Empty.

"I have a dreadful pain in my head."

"Why don't you have it filled?"

WOOL GROWING IN CANADA A SUCCESS

This By-Product of the Farm Will Make Many Western Canada Farmers Rich.

Alberta wool growers are looking for 25 cent wool this year. That is the assertion made by a prominent sheepman of the Grassy Lake district. "It is quite within the pale of possibility that we will receive that figure from our wool this summer," said he, "and I would not be surprised to see some get more than that."

"The war has caused a great demand to be made on the woolen mills, and they have got to have the raw material."

The present season has been most propitious for the growing of wool, and the growers expect to reap a big harvest of a splendid quality. The winter has been very even, and the sheep are doing well on the ranges.

No special breed of sheep is kept on Western Canada farms, and all seem to do well. The advice of those interested in the welfare of the farmers of Western Canada, advise all who can at all do so to enter upon the raising of sheep. They have proved most profitable to those who go into that industry on a scale commensurate with their means, and their farm area.

The climate is perfectly adapted to the raising of sheep, they are easily kept, and as pointed out, there is good money to be made out of them.—Advertisement.

If the world owes us a living, why not pull off our coats and proceed to collect it?

REAL SKIN COMFORT

Follows Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

By bathing and anointing these fragrant supercreamy emollients impart to tender, sensitive or irritated, itching skins a feeling of intense skin comfort difficult for one to realize who has never used them for like purposes. Cultivate an acquaintance with them.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

But it doesn't matter if a pretty girl isn't clever, for at least nine men out of ten will never know the difference.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Wm. A. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The contents of a bald man's head may be valuable, even though he hasn't a lock thereon.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Irritated Eye-lids. No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Some people tell the truth out of pure cussedness.



Their First Breakfast

"This is how I like it"

You can have your husband say this not only at your first breakfast together, but morning after morning.

If you should discover that every woman in your town used the same coffee you would never rest until you had tried it.

A great many more women than live in your town are using Arbuckles' Coffee. In millions of homes throughout the country, Arbuckles' is considered necessary to make breakfast complete. So rapidly has its sale increased, so popular has it become, that today more of it is sold than any other packaged coffee. Arbuckles' is pure coffee,—contains no chicory.

Get a package from your grocer today—either the whole bean or the ground. Notice the smiles of satisfaction at the breakfast table. Try it. Give your family the enjoyment of drinking the most popular coffee in America.

Make your coffee earn lovely gifts for you. Save the signatures on every Arbuckle wrapper. Get beautiful, useful gifts—articles you have always wanted. Arbuckles' premiums are almost as famous as Arbuckles' Coffee. In one year we gave away over a million of our premium alone! Send for our big Premium Catalog showing 150 of our most popular premiums. Write today to Arbuckle Brothers, 715 2 Water St., N. Y. This is the signature you save.



Quite Likely.

"Children have curious ambitions. My youngest boy says he's going to be a motorman when he grows up."

"He'll get over that. By the time he's old enough to go to work he won't want to do anything."

Millions of particular women now use and recommend Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

Happiness is merely the art of making what we get fit our desires.

BLACK LEG LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blacking Pills. Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other blackings fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose package, Blacking Pills \$1.00; 25-dose package, Blacking Pills 4.00. Use any injector, but Cutter's best. The superiority of Cutter's products is due to over 15 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Insist on Cutter's. If unavailable, order direct. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

DAISY FLY KILLER



Harold Somers, 100 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

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

Rheumatism Is Torture

Many pains that pass as rheumatism are due to the failure of the kidneys to drive off uric acid thoroughly. When you suffer aching, bad joints, backache, too, dizziness and urinary disturbances, get Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is recommended by over 150,000 people in many different lands. Doan's Kidney Pills help weak kidneys to drive out the uric acid which so often causes backache, rheumatism and lumbago.

An Oklahoma Case

J. D. Hunt, Atoka, Okla., says: "I was a physical wreck from kidney complaint. I suffered terribly from backache and cutting pains in my sides. The kidney secretions were profuse and I had to get up nights to pass them. On a doctor's advice I used Doan's Kidney Pills and five boxes completely cured me."



Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Posts, Wire, Rock Salt, and Sack Salt

We can supply you at the lowest prices

We Are in the Market for All Kinds of Grain

See us before you sell

Slaton Grain and Coal Company

The North Side Tailor Shop

Solicits Your

Cleaning, Pressing and Altering

All Work Guaranteed

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

Agent for Bob Ames' Electric Laundry

of Amarillo, the Best Cleansing and the most perfect sterilizing process used in laundry work.

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

John Foster

Tailor to Men Who Care

Agents for World Standard Clothes

Slaton, Texas

J. D. Haney

Slaton, Texas

Contractor and Builder

Estimates Furnished Promptly
Let Me Figure Your Job.



You May Talk to One Man

But an advertisement in this paper talks to the whole community.

Catch the Idea?

JUST BASEBALL

The baseball team from the railroad and commercial metropolis of eastern New Mexico, and very excellent division point of the Santa Fe, namely, the very chesty little city of Clovis, came to Slaton Sunday to cross bats with the Slaton Monograms, very promising aspirants for the championship of west Texas. The Monograms got a batting practice, and the Clovis boys got experience. The first game resulted in a score of 12 to 1 in favor of the Monograms, and the one run was unearned. A man on third came in on a passed ball by the Slaton catcher. The second game resulted in a score of 6 to 0. Towers was on the mound for Slaton in both games, and his work was especially good. He pitched just as good ball at the close of the last game as he did at the beginning of the first game. Ashley caught. Delong on first made some especially good plays. In fact the entire team put up a class of ball that wins nine out of every ten games. Pool Robertson held down second, Brashear short, Burris third, Diamond and Storey right field, Johnston middle, and Page left.

Bill Naylor, who pitched the first of the year for the Slaton Monograms, is now playing with the Bartlett team in the Middle Texas league. He is playing right field and pitching. In last Friday's game he pitched against Brenham, winning the game by a score of 3 to 0. He struck out six and allowed four hits.

The Slaton Monograms lost a game to Lorenzo Wednesday by a score of 7 to 4.

THE REAL THING



He—Is that your favorite sport?
She—No, indeed! My favorite "sport" won't be up from the city until Saturday night on the six o'clock train.

THE FASHION.

"My new waist is in a military design."
"I noticed it had a number of darts."

M. Olim reports a big business in the opening days of the Grand Leader's Big Money Raising Sale, and announces this week that he will continue the sale until over the next Saturday's Trades Day. The sales have been more than satisfactory, and he will leave as announced for the eastern markets at the close of the sale to buy a big line of fall goods for the Grand Leader. You will never have a better chance than this one to buy goods at so low a price, and the big bargains offered at this store are attracting hundreds of customers.

Here's to laughter, the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the leaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the head of the cup of pleasure; it dispels dejection, banishes blues and mangles melancholy; for it's the foe of woe, the depression, the enemy of grief; it is what kings envy peasants, plutocrats envy the poor, the guilty envy innocent; it's the sheene on the silver of smiles, the ripple on the water's delight, the glint on the gold of gladness; without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear and smiles would shrivel, for it's a glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth cry of mirth, the swan song of gladness.—Floating.

Bishop Brindle, the well-known English clergyman, sometimes tells this story against himself. Dining at Sir Evelyn Wood's he narrated the old story of the small boy who, going to a party, was instructed to refuse cake, as he had not been very well. "But suppose they ask me again, mummy?" he said. "Oh you must say, 'No, thank you.'" "And if they ask me again?" "Oh, they wouldn't be so rude as to do that. Now, it is time you were off." The small boy returned home in tears. Asked what had happened he replied: "Well mummy they asked me to have cake and I said, 'No thank you,' and they asked me again, and I said, 'No thank you'; and then they asked me again, and I said just like daddy says, 'Take the dam thing away—'"

At that moment a passing footman caught the bishop's last words, and with a start swooped down on his half-finished plate and bore it away.

COMES HIGH.

Lover (passionately)—Sir, I love the very ground your daughter walks on.

Father (grimly)—No doubt you do—it's worth \$200 a front foot.—Town Topics.

BENEFITS OF SAFETY WORK

When the Motives Are Purely Humanitarian the Best Results Have Been Attained.

In an article in Safety Engineering it is suggested by George A. Cowes, manager of the bureau of safety of the Utica Mutual Compensation corporation, that the fundamental motive in establishing safety work in an industrial plant should be humanitarianism. He writes:

"Manufacturing corporations in all parts of the United States have testified that efficient safety organizations, as conducted in their factories, have, on an average, reduced the number of accidents in their plants at least 50 per cent. In some plants accident records have been reduced as much as 65 per cent. The industrial accident board of Massachusetts has found that, through the organization of efficient safety committees the employees of Massachusetts may eventually save on each injury an average of \$40. Statistics show that such organizations have saved at least 50 per cent of the losses in wages sustained by employees on account of preventable accidents. Employers may expect, therefore, ultimately to save the entire cost of insurance on the preventable cases. At least 60 to 70 per cent of all accidents are preventable. No employer should, if he desires to make it a success, organize a safety committee solely for pecuniary gain. Humanitarianism should be the primary motive to inspire employers to perfect such an organization."

TESTING HIS WARES



Hodge—What does that man next door mean by yelling all the time?

Dodge—That's his business! he invents college yells and is getting ready for the coming football season.

BRITISH HUMOR.

The crew of the Harpalion, one of the British ships torpedoed off Beachy Head, arrived in London yesterday. Mr. S. Harper, the second officer, describing the experiences of the crew, said the ship was sailing down the Channel at the rate of about 11½ knots.

"We had just sat down to tea," said Mr. Harper, "at the engineer's table, and the chief engineer was saying grace. He had just uttered the words, 'For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful,' when there came an awful rash."—London Times News Item.

DAY RATES.

Teacher—What is nitrate of soda?
Phyllis—I don't know. The drug store near our house is only open in the daytime.—Youngstown Telegram.

AS DEFINED.

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what is a woman called who thinks twice before she speaks?

Paw—She is what they call a mute, son.

ONLY A FEW LEFT.

Hyatt—Does your wife keep many boarders now?

Dyett—No; the majority of them managed to escape last week.

A HOUSE PARTY.

Mrs. Church—Didn't you have a house party yesterday at your home?

Mrs. Gotham—Yes; the landlord called for his rent.

CLASSIFIED COLUMN

STRAYED—Red pig, weighed about 30 pounds.—Joe Smith.

LOST, in or in front of the Methodist Church, a gold breast-pin. Finder please return to Mrs. K. E. Campbell.

FOR SALE.—Pure seed of the Mebane cotton, the premier cotton of Texas. Storm proof plant, more lint, less seed. 75c per bushel.—G. L. Sledge.

BREEDERS ATTENTION.—Thorobred Jersey Bull, subject to registration, for service at T. A. Amos' barn in South Slaton. Terms: \$1.50 cash.

BREEDERS ATTENTION! I have a registered Poland China male for service at my livery barn in Slaton. Terms reasonable. G. L. SLEDGE.

SALE OR TRADE.—A 2-room house 14x28, 10 ft. walls. Cost \$245.00, will sell for \$100.00 cash, or will take a good milch cow as part payment.—T. M. Harris. See me or C. C. Hoffman.

SECTION OF LAND AT AUCTION SALE.—Choice wheat section in Ochiltree County will be sold at auction in Ochiltree at the court house Monday, June 28th. Terms: One-half cash, balance five years time. Five per cent discount for cash. Person buy land will have all expenses incurred in going to Ochiltree repaid to him. Abstract title furnished. Land clear of all incumbrance. For information address J. H. Silvey, Atlanta, Kansas.

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Regular Graduate University of Michigan. Surgery and medicine in all of its departments. Special attention to chronic conditions and diseases of woman and children.

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Slaton, Texas, About Agricultural Lands and City Property

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Henry Leininger was up from Justiceberg Wednesday meeting old friends.

"Still the Store Ahead." Quality First; That's Why.—Robertson's.

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

Miss Jesse Saye of Cooper, Texas, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McCullom, in Slaton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Whitehead went to Amarillo the first of the week to attend a meeting of the Grain Dealers Association.

L. C. Robertson writes from El Paso to send the Slatonite to him at Midland, Texas, so we suppose he is on his way back to the Plains.

Eliza, eleven months of age, daughter of Senor and Senora Trinidad Saenz, died in Slaton Monday and was buried in the Slaton cemetery Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. J. D. Butler is superintending the organization of a Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Slaton. All those interested will confer with Mrs. Butler.

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

Miss Susie Talley of Crowell, Texas, is visiting Miss Bertha Proctor in Slaton.

Mayor R. J. Murray went to Kansas City, Mo., Tuesday morning on a visit to home folks for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Denham of Seminole, Texas, are visiting in Slaton this week with the Adams families.

Thursday we received a large shipment of trunks in a wide range of styles and prices. Remember this when you buy.—Robertson's.

J. W. Patterson was down from Plainview last week to arrange for having improvements put on his South Slaton tract. E. P. Nix is putting a crop on the land.

Oscar Spears, editor of the Borden Citizen at Gall, Texas, made a fraternal call at the Slatonite office last Friday. He was on his way to Tahoka to visit friends for a few days.

J. S. Lanham bought two acres of land in west Slaton from H. D. Talley the first of the week and is building a six-room residence on it. The foundation for the residence was laid Monday.

CHURCHES

The Rev. Kirkpatrick of O'Donnell filled Bro. C. H. Ledger's appointment at the Methodist Church in Slaton Sunday. Bro. Ledger is conducting a revival meeting at O'Donnell for Bro. Kirkpatrick.

There will be preaching at the Christian Church (McRea Hall) in Slaton hereafter every second and fourth Sundays in the month at 11 a. m. and at 8 p. m. by the pastor, the Rev. J. F. Mathews. Bible school at 9.45 a. m. every Sunday.

Higher joys, higher purposes, and higher achievements. Come thou with us, and we will do thee good. There is room and a welcome for all.

J. F. Mathews, pastor.

B. Y. P. U. Program

The lesson theme, What do repentance and faith have to do with salvation?

Song.
Prayer, by President.

Song.
Lesson Introduction by the leader, Mrs. Ingle.

Song.
Prayer, Mrs. Ingle.

Scripture lesson, Heb. 11: 1-10, Mr. C. N. Tap.

Short talk on repentance necessary to salvation, W. P. Florence.

What repentance is, Mr. Stottlemire.

What repentance is not, J. H. Cheatham.

Scripture verses given by the following members standing together:

John, 3:16, Mr. Petty.

John, 3:18, Miss Lois Berry.

John, 3:36, Patria Ingle.

Acts, 16:30, 31, Miss Tula Berry.

Eph., 2:8, Miss Aura Adams.

The value of faith, Mrs. Hub-

ENTERING OUR FIFTH YEAR

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

To our old friends and customers we extend our thanks.

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

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

FIRST STATE BANK of Slaton

bard.

The relation of faith and repentance, Mr. Stottlemire.

Song.
Closing prayer.

Young People's Union

The Young People's Union of the Slaton Baptist Church will meet at the Movie Theater Sunday at 7.30 p. m. C. W. Olive President. The following program will be rendered:

Opening song, the entire congregation.

Prayer.

Scripture reading, Miss Mildred Silverthorn. 2 Timothy 4: 6-8.

Duet, Meeks Brothers.

Paul's love for Timothy and Titus, R. A. Baldwin.

Solo by Mrs. Briggs Robertson.

Paul's release from prison, Miss Vesta Farchon.

Paul's second imprisonment, Charlie Whalen.

Song.

Paul sustained by some but deserted by others, Miss Jessie Saye.

Instrumental duet, Meeks Brothers.

Paul wanted his bible, Miss Alma Meyers.

Jesus stands by Paul, Mrs. C. W. Olive.

Solo by Miss Gertrude Matthews of Lubbock.

Paul's estimate of his own life, Miss Lona Sowell.

Song by quartett.

Paul's death, Miss Willie Vermillion.

Paul's influence in the world to day, Catherine Phillips.

Closing songs and dismissal.

Henry Dreyer, one of the Slatonite's farmer friends near Wilson, called at this office Saturday to shove his subscription date up a year. Mr. Dreyer reports crops in the very best condition at his place, and that he is sure of a big crop with only just a few good showers of rain between now and harvest time. He has two hundred acres of crops.

Miss Bennie Levy of Oklahoma City visited her sister, Mrs. M. Olim, in Slaton the first of the week. Miss Levy is connected with the auditor's department of the Ford Motor Company with headquarters at Oklahoma City.

They are coming to Slaton.



T H I N K

Did you ever stop to think that the modern, first-class picture show is one of the GREATEST EDUCATIONAL AGENCIES of today?

It is more than ENTERTAINING and AMUSING; it is ENLIGHTENING and INSTRUCTIVE. It is changing the thought of Nations and gives us an insight into the lives and customs of other lands, impossible to secure in any way short of actual travel. It is engaging the very best Theatrical Talent and in a few years has become fundamentally as much a part of our society as the grocery store or the soda fountain.

Change of Program Every Night at the Slaton Movie Theater

If You Have a Printing Want

WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS

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

Show You

REAL ESTATE BULLETIN OF CITY BARGAINS

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

FOR SALE—Practically new five-room bungalow, has two closets, pantry, three porches; extra large corner lot, northeast front, excellent well of water. Easy distance from depot and business district. Price \$1,250.00. \$250.00 in cash or residence lots; balance \$25.00 per month.

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

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

C. C. HOFFMAN SLATON, TEXAS

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

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

Slaton Sanitary Grocery

W. E. SMART, Proprietor

SLATON SLATONITE

Slaton, Lubbock County, Texas

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

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

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

HE QUIT.

The resignation of Bryan as Secretary of State has created a nation-wide wave of speculation as to the motive behind his act. There was much sympathy extended him at first but since he has been systematically giving newspaper interviews to make himself solid with the public he has been losing that sympathy. And in his latest newspaper declaration he says that the note to Germany was changed after he resigned, intimating that he might have signed it as it was finally completed for cabling. He not only by that statement acknowledges that he was sorry for resigning and would like to take it back, but he displays a spirit of lese majesty to our President.

The best application we have heard yet is that Bryan just wasn't statesman enough, wasn't big enough man for the job; and in the crisis he failed. Like a hotheaded boy, he was too hasty in his action. When he accepted the appointment to this dignified position he assumed the responsibilities of the office, and placed himself under the President. But when the President needed him in a time when real statesmanship was required, he shrank from the obligation of his position; he quit. The cabinet was unanimous in its action with the exception of Bryan.

It looks to us like a play at politics in the hope to find an issue to succeed Wilson in the next campaign. Bryan has seen that Wilson has kept faith with the Democrats and that he will undoubtedly be nominated to succeed himself. Bryan is getting old, you know, and he won't have many more chances at the presidency. This is ascribing lower motives to the grand old man who has sobbed his way to the hearts of millions on the lecture platform, but his subsequent actions appear to us to justify the criticism.

The enormity of the crime committed at Texico one day last week in which an old, harmless man was knocked in the head and then his body burned to hide the dastardly work can be understood by those who are acquainted with the man. Lyon was a cook and worked in hotels and restaurants, and was always broke and begging money for a drink. He was a one-legged man, walking with aid of a stump. He was very quiet and never in trouble, and yet some black-hearted scoundrel killed him in a cowardly way. But we presume nothing more is to be expected when a man lives in a place which has a history like that which has been written at Texico for the last few months.

Wichita Falls again out-ranked Amarillo last week in the number of prisoners in the county jail there. Wichita Falls had 55 to Amarillo 20. Jailer E. E. Nolan said that twenty is heavy for the county jail. The usual number is about fifteen.—Daily Panhandle.

Amarillo is a dry town and Wichita Falls is a saloon town.

If we are not out of order, we would request the Clovis News to ask the home team what they think of the team work of the Slaton Monograms.

I do not believe a saloon is a good thing for any community to have, whether in the country or in the city; nor whether in the state or in the nation. If we undertake to advocate anything at all, it ought to be something to help elevate mankind and make his condition better. The best philosophy that I can find in life, a philosophy that you can live by and die by, is to advocate measures in the civic, in the moral and in the government relations to man that will help and benefit some one and not harm any other person. I can not think that the saloon has been helpful to the young of our country, neither has it to the older ones, and it looks now like we ought to have advanced sufficiently in better thought to have men big enough and noble enough to advocate in government that which helps their fellowmen build up, rather than put deadfalls along their way. This is the best doctrine on earth, and our people will come to see it that way some of these days.—Judge George W. Riddle of Dallas.

PRINTING OFFICE PIE.

H. F. Lockhart, writing in the Inland Printer, tells this sad, sad story of a printer's devil's experiences:

I pried a galley here the other day,
Before the bloomin' paper went to press;

I picked the measly thing up right away,
And put it back together just by guess.

The make-up man he chucked it in the form;
The thing went through. O' golly, what a storm!

"John Smith will sell at 20 Prospect street,

At the bride's home, on Wednesday at high noon,
An only daughter, beautiful and sweet—

With spotted feet, and coming two next June."
So help me, that's the way the darn thing read.

I saw it, and I nearly fell down dead.

That ain't the worst. The thing went on to say:

"Mike Dolan died last night at half past eight;
No fire insurance carried so they say;

Loss total, but the value was not great."

You'd ought to heard the widow tear and rave—
It makes me sick the way some skirts behave!

"A son was born to Dr. Richard Vose,

A glossy black, and weight a thousand flat;
His mother was by Danby, out of Rose—

With gloves to match, and wore a picture hat."
The foreman threw three fits and clawed the air;

For once he got so mad he couldn't swear.

"The Park House burned to ashes Tuesday night.

The cause, they say, was softening of the brain;
The noble firemen made a gallant fight

In satin duchess, made with fishtail train."

Ain't that the everlasting limit? Gee!

The way that whole darn bunch jumped onto me!

The boss, he had me on the carpet, too.

Gosh! He can dress a feller to the ground!
I sneaked out of his office feelin' mighty blue,

When all at once I heard a funny sound.

The boss was all alone—I'd give my hat

To know just what that guy was laughing at!

TOO WISE TO BITE.

Maud—Don't you think there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught?

Marie—I don't know. But they are smarter, anyway.—Boston Evening Transcript.

A PATRIOT.

"Do you think a man ought to lose his job for political reasons."

"Certainly. I'm waitin' for a post office right now."

HIS PREFERENCE.

Rankin (in art gallery)—Do you like still life?

Phyle—Not particularly; I'll take the movies for mine.—Youngstown Telegram.

THE REASON.

"Your friend has such a winning personality."

"Yes; that is the reason you don't want to play poker with him often."

LOPSIDED FLIGHT.

Aide (riding furiously up)—General, the enemy has captured our left wing. What shall we do?

General—Fly with the other.

A BIG GUN.

"He seems to be a big gun in this community."

"Yep. He's about the only 42-centimeter the town has."

NATURAL PERFORMANCE.

"That widower seems all broken down."

"Then why doesn't he get re-

The Richey Lumber Yard

To Figure Your Bill for Less

"Who's That Little Girl?"

TELEPHONE and Find Out.



The Western Telephone Company

SLATON PLANING MILL

R. H. TUDOR, Proprietor

Contracting and Building

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

North Side of the Square

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

4-Way Division Santa Fe System



SLATON LOCATION

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

Advantages and Improvements

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

BUSINESS SECTION AND RESIDENCES BUILT

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

SURROUNDED BY A FINE, PRODUCTIVE LAND

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

P. and N. T. Railway Company, Owners
THE COMPANY OFFERS for sale a limited number of business lots remaining at original low list prices and residence lots at exceedingly low prices. For further information address either
South Plains Land Co.or.... **Harry T. McGee**
Local Townsite Agent, Slaton, Texas Local Townsite Agent, Slaton

CHURCHES.

METHODIST CHURCH.

C. H. Ledger, Pastor.
 Preaching services every second and fourth Sundays in the month at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7:30 p. m.
 Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m. C. C. Hoffman, Superintendent. N. A. Terrell, Asst. Supt.
 Womans' Missionary Society meets every Monday at 3 p. m.
 Union Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock at the Methodist church. Everyone welcome.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

J. D. Lambkin, Pastor.
 Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. E. S. Brooks, Supt.
 Preaching services every first and third Sundays in the month at 11 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m.
 Ladies Aid Society meets every Monday at 3 p. m.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

At the McRea Hall.
 Sunday School at 10 a. m.
 Preaching services every fourth Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 8 p. m.
 J. F. Matthews, Pastor and Superintendent.

LODGES.

I. O. O. F.

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

WOODMEN.

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

WOODMEN CIRCLE.

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

A. F. AND A. M.

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



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

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.
 SANTA FE.

California and Gulf Coast Trains. Limited, daily.
 No. 921 (west bound) from Galveston arrives in Slaton at 4.25 a. m. Departs for all points west to California 4.35 a. m.
 No. 922 (south bound) from California arrives in Slaton at 12.10 p. m. Departs for central Texas and Galveston 12.35 p. m.
 Slaton-Amarillo Trains, Eastern and Northern Points, daily.
 No. 903 leaves Slaton for Amarillo at 6.40 a. m.
 No. 904 from Amarillo arrives in Slaton at 11.55 a. m.
 Slaton-Lamesa Local. Daily Except Sunday.
 No. 908 from Lamesa arrives in Slaton at 11.15 a. m.
 No. 907 departs from Slaton for Lamesa at 2.00 p. m.

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

S. C. Marrs

Contractor and Builder

Slaton . . Texas

SAVE VESSEL FROM SINKING

Sailors Have Two Methods of Stopping Leaks Caused by the Shells of the Enemy.

After the conflict Jack Tars have several methods of stopping the incoming water when a battleship has been hit below the water line. For instance, if a small hole has been made in the vessel's side, an apparatus like an umbrella is used. This is thrust through the hole, point first, and then drawn back so that it will open like an umbrella—leaving the canvas outside.

Of course the pressure of the water effectually forces the canvas against the ship's side, thus stopping the leak; but to make it more secure the handle of the umbrella, which is formed like a screw, is fastened by a nut inside.

In the case of a bigger leak—when the ship has been stove in below the water line—a large mat made of canvas and oakum is used. This has to be fixed into position by means of ropes. But the fixing is not a very easy matter, as one rope has to be got right under the keel, to the other side of the ship, in order to drag the mat down to the hole. Two or three other ropes are also required at different angles to guide the mat to its right position.

PICKLES AND GIN FOR BABY

Father Rebels at Diet and Successfully Asks Court for Custody of His Son.

Alleging that his wife, Mrs. Edith Fies, had fed her six-months-old son, Frank, pickles, and when told that pickles were not good for a baby, had replied that if the boy got cramps she would give him gin to drink, Joseph Fies, the child's father, asked Justice Nathan Bijur in the supreme court for the custody of the boy. The pickles and gin incidents were sworn to in an affidavit made by Mrs. Lottie Ullman and submitted by Fies.

Mr. Fies also told the court that last February, when the boy had chicken pox and had been ordered segregated by the board of health, he came home to find that the mother had put the child in bed with another child.

Fies contended that these incidents showed that the mother is not a proper guardian for her son, who is now three years old. Justice Bijur, after reading the affidavits, awarded the father the custody of the boy.—New York World.

HE KNEW MRS. MEEK.

Mrs. Gotham—I met Mr. Meek and his wife on the street today.

Mr. Gotham—Oh, did you? Meek is clever, isn't he?

"Clever? Why, he never opened his mouth!"

"That's why he's clever."

THE REASON WHY.

"Ow did yer git that black eye, Pat?"

"Oi slipped and fell on me back."

"But yer face ain't on yer back."

"No, nayther was Flannigan."

A CASE IN POINT.

"Do you believe in heredity?"

"I certainly do. Take those Wright brothers, aviators; their father was a sky pilot, wasn't he?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

PROVIDING.

"Do you believe in love in a cottage?"

"Oh, yes, if the cottage is a ten-thousand-dollar one in a fashionable suburb."

CORRECT COUNT.

"Why did the ladies of old give their suitors their gloves?"

"Because then they could tell what knights they had on hand."

AN OBJECTION.

"Don't cast that actor for the role of an old salt."

"Why not?"

"Because he is too fresh."

SHIP SAVED BY SEA SALAD

Olive Oil on Troubled Waters Mixed With Seaweed and Is Eaten by Fish, Say Sailors.

Came into New York as strange a story of a sea-made salad as ever drifted past quarantine to moorings. It was told by sailors aboard the Italian freighter Francesco Ciampa, out of Palermo February 20 with an assorted cargo of lemons, olives, oils, spaghetti, macaroni, vermicelli, ravioli and what not.

The stay of the Ciampa in the Mediterranean after leaving Palermo was a prolonged one, due to storms that buffeted the Italian and had her alternately wabbling over on beam ends or attempting to poise on her bowsprit's tip.

"Such a storm!" said the sailors' spokesman, Giuseppe Ferra, between mouthfuls of spaghetti. "Only by oil could we calm those seas that were wrecking us. Oil bags we put over were torn away and what could we use instead, now that all our oil was gone? There remained olive oil, precious to all of us, but over it went."

"The olive oil calmed the seas easily. But there was so much seaweed floating about that it mixed with the oil and behold! we were in the midst of a salad. Soon every fish for miles around was headed our way. They finally nibbled up all the salad and we were able to move again. The storm had ceased and we passed through Gibraltar and so to New York."

HAD HIS SHARE



Mrs. B—So you think you won't camp out during your vacation this summer?

Mr. A—No. We moved this spring, and I think I have had all the discomforts that I really need.

ANYTHING BUT THAT.

"Do you think that if I refuse him he will do something desperate?"

"Nope, he'll probably live to be glad of it."

"Then I shall marry him, the brute!"

NOT TO BE OUTSHONE.

"Ma, Belle says the repartee, at Mrs. Smartleigh's tea the other afternoon was simply delicious."

"Well, dearie, find out where she gets it and we'll order some of it for our next reception."

AFRAID TO RISK IT.

Miss Withers—Do you think you could come anywhere near guessing my age?

He—Not with any degree of safety.—Judge.

ALL IN THE GAME.

Jinks—Throwing out hints won't make a great pitcher of a man.

Jenks—No more than rapping out oaths will increase the batting average!—Judge.

THE PROPER KIND.

"I will give the boys' athletic club an aerobicic lunch today."

"What is that?"

"One consisting of turnovers."

OUGHT TO BE.

"Is that public man's family a cultivated one?"

"It ought to be from the way they've been raking it up."

THE JACKSON HOUSE

Rates: \$1.50. Special Rates by the Week or Month
 LUBBOCK, TEXAS. T. S. JACKSON, Proprietor

Auto Livery Service Anywhere

Calls Answered Promptly

Slaton Livery Barn

G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor

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

Drs. Smith & Smith

Specialists in the Treatment of

Piles, Fissures, and All Rectal Diseases

No Cutting, Tying and Cauterizing
 Treatment Safe and Sure
 No Detention from Business or Pleasure

Will be in Slaton on Saturday of Each Week at Dr. S. H. Adam's Office

L I S T E N !

Between ambition and idle longing for the unattainable there stretches a vast scope of human nature. Never confuse the two. An ambition for definite achievement, to the accomplishment of which you bring all your best power, is a splendid thing.

BUILD YOU A HOME.

Slaton Lumber Company
 LUMBER DEALERS

City Meat Market

Slaton, Texas

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

Hours When Shop Will Be Open on Sundays

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

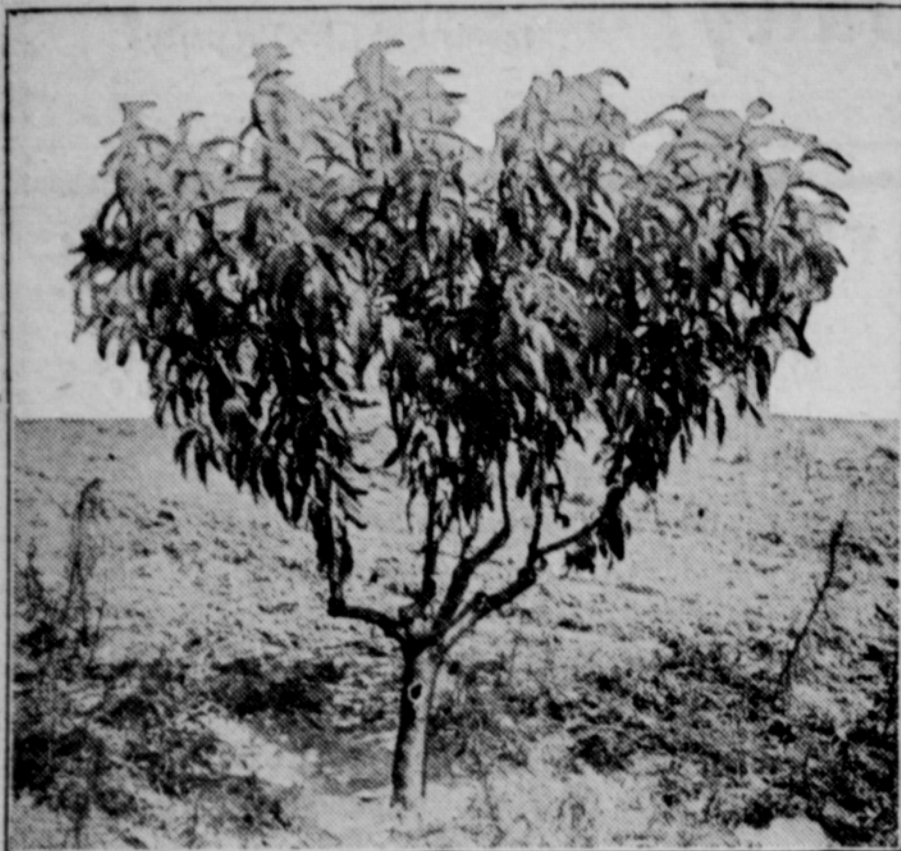
G. W. DUDLEY, Proprietor

LINCOLN CLIMATIC PAINT

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

RED CROSS PHARMACY Slaton

BUDDING AND GRAFTING OF PEACH TREES



A Three-Year-Old Triumph Peach Tree Top-Budded to Carman.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

For various reasons it is sometimes desirable to change the top of a peach tree from one variety to another. A grower may find after his orchard begins to bear that he has a larger number of trees of some variety than he wants; a block of trees may prove to be some other variety than the one ordered; or, for some other reason, a variety is not well adapted to the needs of the owner. In such cases he has recourse to top-working the tree either by budding or grafting to a desirable variety.

The ordinary method of shield budding is the one more commonly used for this purpose. If the tree to be top-worked is not more than two or three years old it is usually practicable to insert the buds directly into the main limbs well down toward the point where they leave the trunk. The illustration shows a Triumph peach tree that was budded to the Carman variety when it was three years old, after its crop of fruit had been removed. The points where the buds were inserted may be seen by reference to the figure.

If the tree to be top-budded has reached the age when the bark on the main limbs has become too thick and firm to be manipulated readily for budding, it is necessary to head it back somewhat, as when the top is to be replaced with new growth of the same variety, and then insert the buds on the new branches that develop after the tree has been deheaded. When this course is followed the buds should be inserted in the new growth as near the trunk as is practicable, in order to have as large a portion of the top as possible of the new variety. This is also desirable on account of the subsequent management of the tree.

Top-working is sometimes done by grafting instead of budding. The ordinary cleft graft is generally used in such cases. However, budding is to be preferred, especially as the wounds made in grafting do not heal readily in the case of the peach, though when properly done the union of stock and scion is generally strong enough to make a fairly serviceable tree. But troubles incident to the difficulties in the healing of the wounds are likely to occur.

The United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., will send interested fruit growers, free of charge, its Farmers' Bulletin (No. 632) on "Growing Peaches," which gives in detail much information on the pruning of trees, renewal of tops,

CELERY FOR USE IN WINTER

Cool Weather With Plenty of Moisture is Most Desirable—Rich Soil is of Much Importance.

(By ANNA GALIGHER.)

As a rule, late celery grows better than early because the weather usually begins to get cool by the time the plants have got a start and cool weather with plenty of moisture is what it takes to make good celery.

Rich soil is also an important factor, but most important of all is good plants. Unless strong, stalky, well rooted plants are used there will be little chance for a crop.

We usually put the late celery in as a second crop, where potatoes or some early vegetables have been grown. In the North late July or early August time for setting out the plants. In the South it should be done a month earlier.

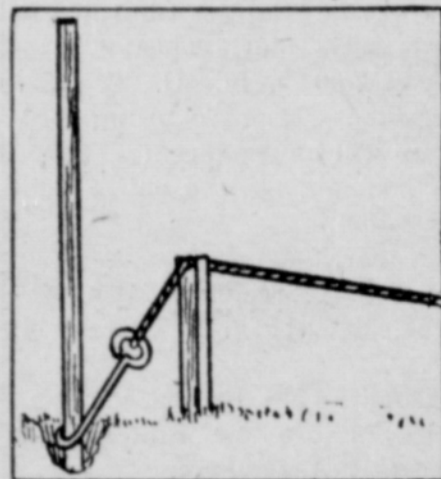
The ground is worked up deep and fine, then double rows are made six or eight feet apart to allow plenty of room for banking up

thinning, interplanted crops, and special practices of interest to orchardists and farmers.

LIFTING THE STUBBORN POST

Device Made by Using Strong Steel Hook, Attached to Chain as Shown in the Illustration.

A strong steel hook, such as is often used for lifting bales of hay, may be converted into a lifter for light posts by attaching to it a chain as shown in the illustration, says Southern Agriculturist. Dig around the post and



Handy Post Lifter.

drive the point of the hook into the bottom, drawing the chain over a plank set on edge, or a stout stick. This is a handy way to get a light post out of the ground when it is a little too stubborn to come out by simpler means.

NOTES OF THE HOG LOT.

It is a good plan to breed some sows for litters to come not later than September.

Let the young pigs learn to eat with their dams and as soon as possible put them all on pasture.

The cream separator has greatly reduced scours in pigs because the skim milk can always be fed while sweet.

Cut down the grain ration as soon as the hogs go on the pasture.

Spray the hog house as well as the poultry house.

Red clover in bloom is not good for hogs, but when young it makes a fine pasture.

Keep Milk Stable Clean. The milk stable must be clean and free from undesirable odors if the milk is to be kept in the best shape.

Each two rows are placed about ten inches apart and the plants are set about eight inches apart in the row.

Shade the plants for the first few days, if the sun is warm, but don't shut out the air, or the plants will die.

If the ground is not very rich, spread manure from the poultry house along the rows, a little distance from the plants, and pour water on the manure.

This keeps the ground moist and also furnishes nourishment for the plants.

After they have made some growth, begin to hoe up a little of the earth around the plants every few days. This makes them grow faster. But be careful not to pack it too close. Give the plants room to grow.

Hard Work Ahead. This year, more than at any other time, the acres of the United States must be taxed to their utmost because we have not only our own people to feed, but the people from across the water are going to look to this country largely for their support.

BEST TO COMPROMISE

DURATION OF FULL SKIRT STYLE IS UNCERTAIN.

Wisest Course Is to Have Them Made of Moderate Width With a Leaning Toward Fullness—Altering Last Year's Gowns.

In going over the season's wardrobe it is the best to stake one's chances on the wide skirt staying with us until July or August. There are dressmakers who are prophets, and who say that we shall probably wear the full skirt for two or three years at least. There are others who say it will be out of fashion by mid-summer. The only way to be even partly safe is to compromise on moderate width with a leaning toward fullness.

If your last summer skirts had long tunics, the remedy is easy. That truism has been repeated over and over again for two months. The added fact that the new skirts, both plaited and



Matching Parasol and Frock—Blue and White Striped Chiffon With Parasol to Match.

circular, have wide bands of a different fabric and sometimes of a different color at the hem, gives one even more hope for successful alteration.

Plaiting is in high demand and the knife-plaited tunic, therefore, which was considered as an unfashionable garment, can be made into a skirt by the addition of a deep band. It may be of satin if the skirt is of cloth, or cloth if the skirt is of silk. No one objects to these combinations nowadays.

Then there is the question of the long sleeve to be answered. Suppose the gowns of last year, also the coats, had three-quarter sleeves—what then? Fortunately, fashion has brought about the use of double sleeves. The upper part is opaque, the lower part transparent; therefore one can add chiffon or muslin, net or lace to a short sleeve and bring it down to the wrist. These lower sleeves are very often full as well as transparent, and they are finished at the wrist with a velvet bracelet and a narrow ruffle. All these details are good to remember when you are up against the task of altering sleeves.

There has come about an odd combination of fabrics in the last month which allows a plaited skirt to be attached to a straight, long-waisted, bell-shaped blouse of another fabric. This idea is very helpful to the woman who is altering clothes.

Take, for instance, a white serge at the back from wrist half way to elbow with blue and red silk cords through white embroidered eyelets, and there was a turnover collar of white embroidered linen.

As strong as the belt and normal waist line seemed to be among the majority of gowns, there is also a very fashionable frock that calls for a straight line from shoulder to hem. It is slim until it reaches the hips, where the side plaiting begins to spring out and give it a flare. These frocks have low hip pieces formed of embroidery or machine cording to break the long lines down the body. They are especially effective in white linen trimmed with pale yellow and in pongee and shantung.

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Strengthening Sock Heel.

Strengthening the heel is invaluable in knitting socks and stockings, especially in the socks knitted now for army use. The method recommended as being the best by many authorities is to knit in a thread of silk. This is durable, and not clumsy and liable to contract as is the double wool. Silk is softer than cotton, but a spool of black cotton, No. 20, unglazed, will answer the purpose.

DISGUISE THE POWDER PUFF

Quaint Designs That Make Ornaments of the Ever-Essential Toilet Article.

Here are two novel ways of disguising the ever-essential powder puff. The first can be made of ribbon about four inches wide and eight or nine inches long, the selvage edges folded and sewed together, except for about two inches at the center, making a strip of double silk nine inches long and two inches wide. Now gather each end up tightly and attach a silk tassel the same shade or contrasting with the color of the ribbon. Slip two ivory rings over the little bag, and you have an old-fashioned purse just like grandmother used for her pennies, but which you will use to hold in one end a powder puff, very diminutive, but quite adequate, and in the other end a mirror of the same dimensions. This little vanity bag can be carried out in the shades of the favorite evening gown, and makes a dainty and inconspicuous accessory for the carrying of the evening's ammunition. The second puff is for the dressing table, and is in the shape of a bisque ballerina, with voluminous maline skirts, who poises lightly atop of a glass powder jar. The puff is attached in some mysterious manner to the little bisque body, and the maline skirts act as a pretty ornament and a practical cover for the powder beneath. They can easily be renewed from time to time as they become soiled or mussed.

TUB FROCKS OF EVERY KIND

Charming Light Materials Are Offered for Afternoon Wear During the Warm Weather.

Very charming materials are shown for afternoon frocks for the warm days, in a great variety of weaves, colors and design. Pretty volles with white or putty colored backgrounds have large dots in a contrasting color. Another volle comes in the old-fashioned Dolly Varden patterns worn by our grandmothers when styles similar to our own were in vogue. The new tiled checks are seen in all colors, and are quite smart, as well as practical for tub frocks. White cotton eponage in fancy weaves is suitable for skirts or suits. Lovely fancy organdies and nets in all-over designs come in the darker shades. Heavy noncrushable linens in colors which make useful suits for a small boy or girl are inexpensive. A great variety of ramié linens may be had one yard wide. Sheer French crepes for blouses or frocks are embroidered in Dresden designs.

Attractive Japanese crepes in various light shades make pretty tub dresses, practical for the grown-ups as well as for the younger members of the family, as they are easily laundered. Another quality of crepe to be had in stripes and other designs is suitable for tailored skirts.

IN NATURE OF A REVIVAL



In the old "pellisse" style: A model in blue serge. Made like an old-fashioned "pellisse," this model is carried gown copied from a late Callot model in which the long, straight, girlish blouse was of white satin attached under a line of embroidered scallop below the waist to a knife-plaited skirt of thin, supple white serge. The long, white satin sleeves were laced out in blue serge, over a foundation of black corded silk, with a drapery of silk drawn round the hips. The upper part of the frock opens over folds of cream net, the collar being of black silk, while the embroidery appearing in the front is in silks, black bugles and silver thread. One of the new close-fitting black-velvet hats, edged with a tiny trimming of skunk, completes the costume.

DON'T VISIT THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITIONS Without a supply of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, or dissolved in the foot-bath. The Standard Remedy for the feet for 25 years. It gives instant relief to tired, aching feet, and prevents swollen, hot feet. One lady writes: "I enjoyed every minute of my stay at the Expositions, thanks to Allen's Foot-Ease in my shoes." Get it TODAY. Adv.

Riches have wings, generally to enable them fly in the wrong direction.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.—Adv.

Oh, liberty, what a lot of divorcees hide under thy cloak!

THE PROFESSOR'S STATEMENT.

Prof. Aug. F. W. Schmitz, Thomas, Okla., writes: "I was troubled with Backache for about twenty-five years. When told I had Bright's Disease in its last stages, I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. After using two boxes I was somewhat relieved and I stopped the treatment. In the spring of the next year I had another attack. I went for Dodd's Kidney Pills and they relieved me again. I used three boxes. That is now three years ago and my Backache has not returned in its severity, and by using another two boxes a little later on, the pain left altogether and I have had no trouble since. You may use my statement. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills when and wherever I can." Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.



Prof. Schmitz.

The "All-Mine" Trick. A wandering sleight-of-hand man was entertaining some loungers with an exhibition of tricks. After showing a goodly number of them he said: "But I have one good trick that I call the All-Mine trick." Of course they all wanted to see that, so he instructed a goodly number of them to give him a dollar, after having marked it and carefully noted the date. About a dozen of the bystanders did so, and he took them all, shook them up, then showed each man another dollar than the one he had marked, accompanying each coin with the question: "Is that yours?" Each man, of course, said "No," and he strolled away, saying: "Then they must all be mine."

Tit for Tat. "So you can't get your family connections to board with you for the summer? Why, aren't you on good terms with your relations?" "Oh, yes, but they're not on good relations with my terms."

So Paw Says. Little Lemuel—Paw, what's a pessimist? Paw—A pessimist, son, is a fish who thinks every worm has a hook in it.

The trouble with the man who knows it all is he knows a lot that is no earthly good.

INSOMNIA Leads to Madness, if Not Remedied. "Experiments satisfied me, some 5 years ago," writes a Topeka woman, "that coffee was the direct cause of the insomnia from which I suffered terribly, as well as extreme nervousness and acute dyspepsia."

"I had been a coffee drinker since childhood, and did not like to think that the beverage was doing me all this harm. But it was, and the time came when I had to face the fact, and protect myself. I therefore gave up coffee abruptly and absolutely, and adopted Postum for my hot drink at meals."

"I began to note improvement in my condition very soon after I took on Postum. The change proceeded gradually, but surely, and it was a matter of only a few weeks before I found myself entirely relieved—the nervousness passed away, my digestive apparatus was restored to normal efficiency, and I began to sleep restfully and peacefully."

"These happy conditions have continued during all of the 5 years, and I am safe in saying that I owe them entirely to Postum, for when I began to drink it I ceased to use medicines."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

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

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations
from Photographs of Scenes
in the Play

(Copyright, 1913, by W. J. Watt & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purvy of the Hollman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Hollman-South feud. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. Samson thrashes Tamarack Spicer and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy. Samson tells the South clan that he is going to leave the mountains. Lescott goes home to New York. Samson bids Spicer and Sally farewell and follows. In New York Samson studies art and learns much of city ways. Drennie Lescott persuades Wilfred Horton, her dilettante lover, to do a man's work in the world. Prompted by her love, Sally teaches herself to write. Horton throws himself into the business world and becomes well-to-do by predatory financiers and politicians. At a Bohemian resort Samson meets William Farbish, sporty social parasite, and Horton's enemy. Farbish conspires with others to make Horton jealous, and succeeds. Farbish brings Horton and Samson together at the Kenmore club's shooting lodge, and forces an open rupture, expecting Samson to kill Horton and so rid the political and financial thugs of the crusader. Samson exposes the plot and thrashes the conspirators. Samson is advised by his teachers to turn to portrait painting. Drennie commissions him to paint her portrait. Sally goes to school. Samson goes to Paris to study.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"No," she said, "we haven't done that, yet. I guess we won't. . . . I think he'd rather stay outside, Wilfred. If I was sure I loved him, and that he loved me, I'd feel like a cheat—there is the other girl to think of. . . . And, besides, I'm not sure what I want myself. . . . But I'm horribly afraid I'm going to end by losing you both."

Horton stood silent. It was tea time, and from below came the strains of the ship's orchestra. A few ulster-muffled passengers gloomily paced the deck.

"You won't lose us both, Drennie," he said, steadily. "You may lose your choice—but, if you find yourself able to fall back on substitutes, I'll be there, waiting."

For once he did not meet her scrutiny, or know of it. His own eyes were fixed on the slow swing of heavy, gray-green waters. He was smiling, but it is as a man smiles when he confronts despair and pretends that everything is quite all right. The girl looked at him with a choke in her throat.

"Wilfred," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "I'm not worth worrying over. Really, I'm not. If Samson South proposed to me today, I know that I should refuse him. I am not at all sure that I am the least little bit in love with him. Only, don't you see I can't be quite sure I'm not? It would be horrible if we all made a mistake. May I have till Christmas to make up my mind for all time? I'll tell you then, dear, if you care to wait."

CHAPTER XIII.

Tamarack Spicer sat on the top of a box car, swinging his legs over the side. He was clad in overalls, and in the pockets of his breeches reposed a bulging flask of red liquor, and an unbulging pay envelope. Tamarack had been "railroading" for several months this time. He had made a new record for sustained effort and industry, but now June was beckoning him to the mountains with vagabond yearnings for freedom and leisure. Many things had invited his soul. Almost four years had passed since Samson had left the mountains, and in four years a woman can change her mind. Sally might, when they met on the road, greet him once more as kinsman and agree to forget his faulty method of courtship. This time he would be more diplomatic. Yesterday he had gone to the boss and "called for his time." Today he was paid off, and a free lance.

As he reflected on these matters a fellow-trainman came along the top of the car and sat down at Tamarack's side. This brakeman had also been recruited from the mountains, though from another section—over toward the Virginia line.

"So yer quittin'?" observed the newcomer.

Spicer nodded.

"Goin' back thar on Misery?"

Again Tamarack answered with a jerk of his head.

"I've been layin' off ter tell ye some thin', Tam'rack."

"Cut her loose."

"I laid over in Hixon last week, an' some fellers that used ter know my

mother's folks took me down in the cellar of Hollman's store, an' give me some icker."

"What of hit?"

"They was talkin' 'bout you."

"What did they say?"

"I seen that they was enemies of yours, an' they wasn't in no good humor, so, when they axed me ef I knowed ye, I 'lowed I didn't know nothin' good about ye. I had ter juss ye out, or git in trouble myself."

Tamarack cursed the whole Hollman tribe, and his companion went on:

"Jim Asberry was thar. He 'lowed they'd found out that you'd done shot Purvy that time, an' he said"—the brakeman paused to add emphasis to his conclusion—"thet the next time ye come home, he 'lowed ter git ve plumb shore."

Tamarack scowled.

"Much obleeged," he replied.

At Hixon Tamarack Spicer strolled along the street toward the courthouse. He wished to be seen. So long as it was broad daylight and he displayed no hostility, he knew he was safe—and he had plans.

Standing before the Hollman store were Jim Asberry and several companions. They greeted Tamarack affably and he paused to talk.

"Ridin' over ter Misery?" inquired Asberry.

"'Lowed I mout as well."

"Mind ef I rides with ye es fur es Jesse's place?"

"Plumb glad ter have company," drawled Tamarack.

They chatted of many things, and traveled slowly, but, when they came to those narrows where they could not ride stirrup to stirrup each jockeyed for the rear position, and the man who found himself forced into the lead turned in his saddle and talked back over his shoulder, with wary, though seemingly careless, eyes. Each knew the other was bent on his murder.

At Purvy's gate Asberry waved farewell and turned in. Tamarack rode on, but shortly he hitched his horse in the concealment of a hollow, walled with huge rocks, and disappeared into the laurel.

He began climbing, in a crouched position, bringing each foot down noiselessly and pausing often to listen. Jim Asberry had not been outwardly armed when he left Spicer. But, soon, the brakeman's delicately attuned ears caught a sound that made him lie flat in the lee of a great log, where he was masked in clumps of flowering rhododendron. Presently Asberry passed him, also walking cautiously, but hurriedly, and cradling a Winchester rifle in the hollow of his arm. Then Tamarack knew that Asberry was taking this cut to head him off and waylay him in the gorge a mile away by road but a short distance only over the hill. Spicer held his heavy revolver cocked in his hand, but it was too near the Purvy house to risk a shot. He waited a moment, and then, rising, went on noiselessly with a snarling grin, stalking the man who was stalking him.

Asberry found a place at the foot of a huge pine where the undergrowth would cloak him. Twenty yards below ran the creek-bed road, returning from its long horseshoe deviation. When he had taken his position his faded butternut clothing matched the earth as inconspicuously as a quail matches dead leaves, and he settled himself to wait. Slowly and with infinite caution his intended victim stole down, guarding each step, until he was in short and certain range, but, instead of being at the front, he came from the back. He, also, lay flat on his stomach and raised the already cocked pistol. He steadied it in a two-handed grip against a tree trunk and trained it with deliberate care on a point to the left of the other man's spine just below the shoulder blades.

Then he pulled the trigger! He did not go down to inspect his work. It was not necessary. The instantaneous fashion with which the head of the ambuscader settled forward on its face told him all he wanted to know. He slipped back to his horse, mounted and rode fast to the house of Spicer South, demanding asylum.

The next day came word that if Tamarack Spicer would surrender and stand trial in a court dominated by the Hollmans the truce would continue. Otherwise the "war was on."

The Souths flung back this message: "Come and git him."

But Hollman and Purvy, hypocritically clamoring for the sanctity of the law, made no effort to come and "git him." They knew that Spicer South's house was now a fortress, prepared for siege. They knew that every trail thither was picketed. Also, they knew a better way. This time they had the color of the law on their side. The circuit judge, through the sheriff, asked for troops and troops came. Their tents dotted the river bank below the Hixon bridge. A detail under a white flag went out after Tamarack Spicer. The militia captain in command, who feared neither feudist nor death, was courteously received. He had brains, and he assured them that he acted under orders which could not be disobeyed. Unless they surrendered the prisoner, galling guns would follow. If necessary they would

be dragged behind ox teams. Many militiamen might be killed, but for each of them the state had another. If Spicer would surrender, the officer would guarantee him personal protection, and, if it seemed necessary, a change of venue would secure him trial in another circuit. For hours the clan deliberated. For the soldiers they felt no enmity. For the young captain they felt an instinctive liking. He was a man.

Old Spicer South, restored to an echo of his former robustness by the call of action, gave the clan's verdict.

"Hit hain't the co'te we're skeered of. Ef this boy goes ter town he won't never git into no co'te. He'll be murdered."

The officer held out his hand.

"As man to man," he said, "I pledge you my word that no one shall take him except by process of law. I'm not working for the Hollmans or the Purvys. I know their breed."

For a space old South looked into the soldier's eyes and the soldier looked back.

"I'll take yore handshake on thet bargain," said the mountaineer, gravely. "Tam'rack," he added, in a voice of finality, "ye've got ter go."

The officer had meant what he said. He marched his prisoner into Hixon at the center of a hollow square, with muskets at the ready. And yet, as the boy passed into the courthouse yard, with a soldier rubbing elbows on each side, a cleanly aimed shot sounded from somewhere. The smokeless powder told no tale, and with blue shirts and army hats circling him, Tamarack fell and died.

That afternoon one of Hollman's henchmen was found lying in the road with his lifeless face in the water of the creek. The next day, as old Spicer South stood at the door of his cabin, a rifle barked from the hillside, and he fell, shot through the left shoulder by a bullet intended for his heart. All this while the troops were helplessly camped at Hixon. They had power and inclination to go out and get men, but there was no man to get.

The Hollmans had used the soldiers as far as they wished; they had made them pull the chestnuts out of his fire and Tamarack Spicer out of his stronghold. They now refused to swear out additional warrants.

A detail had rushed into Hollman's store an instant after the shot which killed Tamarack was fired. Except for

Then a lean sorrel mare came jogging into view, switching her fly bitten tail, and on the mare's back, urging him with a long, leafy switch, sat a woman. Behind her sagged the two loaded ends of a corn sack. She was lithe and slim, and her violet eyes were profoundly serious, and her lips were as resolutely set as Joan of Arc's might have been, for Sally Miller had come only ostensibly to have her corn ground to meal. She had really come to speak for the absent chief, and she knew that she would be met with derision. The years had sobered the girl, but her beauty had increased, though it was now a chastened type, which gave her a strange and rather exalted refinement of expression.

Wile McCager came to the mill door as she rode up and lifted the sack from her horse.

"Howdy, Sally?" he greeted.

"Tol'able, thank ye," said Sally. "I'm goin' ter get off."

As she entered the great half-lighted room, where the mill stones creaked on their cumbersome shafts, the hum of discussion sank to silence. The girl nodded to the mountaineers gathered in conclave, then, turning to the miller, she announced:

"I'm going to send for Samson."

The statement was at first met with dead silence, then came a rumble of indignant dissent, but for that the girl was prepared, as she was prepared for the contemptuous laughter which followed.

"I reckon if Samson was here," she said, dryly, "you all wouldn't think it was quite so funny."

Old Caleb Wiley spat through his bristling beard, and his voice was a quavering rumble.

"What we wants is a man. We hain't got no use fer no traitors thet's too almighty damn busy doin' fancy work ter stand by their kith an' kin."

"That's a lie!" said the girl, scornfully. "There's just one man living that's smart enough to match Jesse Purvy—an' that one man is Samson. Samson's got the right to lead the Souths, and he's going to do it—ef he wants to."

"Sally," Wile McCager spoke, soothingly, "don't go gittin' mad. Caleb talks hasty. We knows ye used ter be Samson's gal, an' we hain't almighty hurt yore feelin's. But Samson's done left the mountings. I reckon ef he wanted ter come back, he'd a-come afore now. Let him stay whar he's at."

"Whar is he at?" demanded old Caleb Wiley, in a truculent voice.

"That's his business," Sally flashed back, "but I know. All I want to tell you is this. Don't you make a move till I have time to get word to him. I tell you, he's got to have his say."

"I reckon we hain't a-goin' ter wait," sneered Caleb, "fer a feller thet won't let hit be known whar he's a-sojournin' at. Ef ye air so shore of him, why won't ye tell us whar he is now?"

"That's my business, too," Sally's voice was resolute. "I've got a letter here—it'll take two days to get to Samson. It'll take him two or three days more to get here. You've got to wait a week."

"Sally," the temporary chieftain spoke still in a patient, humoring sort of voice, as to a tempestuous child, "thar hain't no place ter mail a letter nigher than Hixon. No South can't ride inter Hixon, an' ride out again. The mail carrier won't be down this way fer two days yit."

"I'm not askin' any South to ride into Hixon. I recollect another time when Samson was the only one that would do that," she answered, still scornfully. "I didn't come here to ask favors. I come to give orders—for him. A train leaves soon in the morning. My letter's goin' on that train."

"Who's goin' ter take hit ter town fer ye?"

"I'm goin' to take it for myself." Her reply was, given as a matter of course.

"That wouldn't hardly be safe, Sally," the miller demurred; "this hain't no time fer a gal ter be galavantin' around by herself in the night time. Hit's a-comin' up ter storm, an' ye've got thirty miles ter ride, an' thirty-five back ter yore house."

"I'm not scared," she replied. "I'm goin' an' I'm warnin' you now, if you do anything that Samson don't like, you'll have to answer to him, when he comes." She turned, walking very erect and dauntless to her sorrel mare, and disappeared at a gallop.

"I reckon," said Wile McCager, breaking silence at last, "hit don't make no great dif'rence. He won't hardly come, nohow." Then, he added: "But thet boy is smart."

Samson's return from Europe, after a year's study, was in the nature of a moderate triumph. With the art sponsorship of George Lescott and the social sponsorship of Adrienne, he found that orders for portraits, from those who could pay munificently, seemed to seek him. He was tasting the novelty of being lionized.

That summer Mrs. Lescott opened her house on Long Island early, and the life there was full of the sort of gaiety that comes to pleasant places when young men in flannels and girls in soft summery gowns and tanned

cheeks are playing wholesomely and singing tunefully and making love—not too seriously.

Samson, tremendously busy these days in a new studio of his own, had run over for a week. Horton was, of course, of the party, and George Lescott was doing the honors as host.

One evening Adrienne left the dancers for the pergola, where she took refuge under a mass of honeysuckle.

Samson South followed her. She saw him coming, and smiled. She was contrasting this Samson, loosely clad in flannels, with the Samson she had first seen rising awkwardly to greet her in the studio.

"You should have stayed inside and made yourself agreeable to the girls," Adrienne reproved him, as he came up. "What's the use of making a lion of you, if you won't roar for the visitors?"

"I've been roaring," laughed the man. "I've just been explaining to Miss Willoughby that we only eat the people we kill in Kentucky on certain days of solemn observance and sacrifice. I wanted to be agreeable to you, Drennie, for a while."

"Do you ever find yourself homesick, Samson, these days?"

The man answered with a short laugh. Then his words came softly, and not his own words, but those of one more eloquent:

"Who hath desired the sea? Her excellent loneliness rather Than the forecourts of kings, and her uttermost pits than the streets where men gather. . . . His sea that his being fulfills? So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen desire their hills."

"And yet," she said, and a trace of the argumentative stole into her voice, "you haven't gone back."

"No." There was a note of self-reproach in his voice. "But soon I shall go. At least, for a time. I've been thinking a great deal lately about 'my fluttered folk and wild.' I'm just beginning to understand my relation to them, and my duty."

"Your duty is no more to go back there and throw away your life," she found herself instantly contending, "than it is the duty of the young eagle, who has learned to fly, to go back to the nest where he was hatched."

"But, Drennie," he said, gently, "suppose the young eagle is the only one that knows how to fly—and suppose he could teach the others? Don't you see? I've only seen it myself for a little while."

"What is it that—that you see now?"

"I must go back, not to relapse, but to come to be a constructive force. I must carry some of the outside world to Misery. I must take to them, because I am one of them, gifts that they would reject from other hands."

From the house came the strains of an alluring waltz. For a little time they listened without speech, then the girl said very gravely:

"You won't—you won't still feel bound to kill your enemies, will you, Samson?"

The man's face hardened.

"I believe I'd rather not talk about that. I shall have to win back the confidence I have lost. I shall have to take a place at the head of my clan by proving myself a man—and a man by their own standards. It is only at their head that I can lead them. If the lives of a few assassins have to be forfeited I shan't hesitate at that. I shall stake my own against them fairly. The end is worth it."

The girl breathed deeply, then she heard Samson's voice again:

"Drennie, I want you to understand that if I succeed it is your success. You took me raw and unfashioned, and you have made me. There is no way of thanking you."

"There is a way," she contradicted. "You can thank me by feeling just that way about it."

"Then I do thank you."

The next afternoon Adrienne and Samson were sitting with a gayly chattering group at the side lines of the tennis courts.

"When you go back to the mountains, Samson," Wilfred was suggesting, "we might form a partnership. 'South, Horton & Co., Development of Coal and Timber.' There are millions in it."

"Five years ago I should have met you with a Winchester rifle," laughed the Kentuckian. "Now I shall not."

"I'll go with you, Horton, and make a sketch or two," volunteered George Lescott, who had just then arrived from town. "And, by the way, Samson, here's a letter that came for you just as I left the studio."

The mountaineer took the envelope with a Hixon postmark, and for an instant gazed at it with a puzzled expression. It was addressed in a feminine hand, which he did not recognize. It was careful, but perfect, writing, such as one sees in a school copybook. With an apology he tore the covering and read the letter. Adrienne, glancing at his face, saw it suddenly pale and grow as set and hard as marble.

Samson's eyes were dwelling with only partial comprehension on the script. This is what he read:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Tam'rack, Ye've Got to Go."