

THE SLATON SLATONITE

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Number 37.

NON-RESIDENT OWNERS FOR BOND ISSUE

The proposed bond issue to be voted on next week is receiving much attention from non-resident property owners as well as home folks. The non-resident property owners will pay the larger portion of the slight increase in taxes necessary to float the bonds, and it will be interesting to know what they think about the proposition.

Judge W. A. Havener of Clovis, N. M., is one of the heaviest property owners in Slaton, and he is pushing the bond issue. He says:

"I own \$10,000 worth of real estate in Slaton on which I pay taxes and I am strictly in favor of water works bonds, altho it will cost me in taxes much more than many others. I now own two brick buildings in Slaton, and am figuring on building three good close in residences, but I will not invest another dollar in buildings in Slaton until the town has secured a water works system for fire protection. I see a very brilliant future for Slaton and am indeed glad to see the town building now. I hope your citizens will hold up this spirit of enterprise and show their good faith by voting the bonds."

The Slatonite received a letter Wednesday morning from a non-resident property owner in central Texas that covers the situation so nicely that we take pleasure in re-printing it. The letter explains itself as follows:

Whitesboro, Texas, May 17.
Editor Slaton Slatonite:

As a non-resident but an owner of a small piece of property in your city, I desire to voice my sentiments regarding the bond issue for the construction of a system of water works. I have for some time been contemplating some improvements on my holdings, but have hesitated to do so on account of the danger from fire and the corresponding small amount of insurance we can get for fire protection.

Vote the bonds, build good as far as the money will go, then later vote more bonds for extension work. That is what this city did several years ago, and now we have a system reaching every part of Whitesboro.

TO SUCCEED YOU MUST MAKE A START.

Respectfully yours,
(Dr.) J. W. Carey.

T. M. Harris has let the contract for a new five-room house, which will be erected at once.

DO YOU WANT STANDARD MERCHANDISE?

We handle only the best to be found anywhere. Our prices are right when you figure the cost of quality merchandise. Our guarantee stands behind everything we sell.

Come and see us when in need of anything in the Dry Goods line. You will find the most popular Shades and Creations at our store.

A complete line of everything.



QUALITY FIRST THEN PRICE

The ponds that were stocked with black bass a year ago now have some mighty good fish in them. The fish in the Santa Fe lake at Buenas are said to be big fellows, but the water is so clear that the nimrods have lots of trouble hooking any fish. This lake was made by the Santa Fe to furnish economical water at the Buenas switch. A concrete dam was built across an arroyo that contained some good springs and now the body of water is about 100 feet wide, 300 feet long, and 15 feet deep, making a perfect water supply for the railroad. There were no fish in the pond at first, but it became literally alive with water dogs, some of which grew to an enormous size, resembling a gila monster. Then fish were put in the pond, and they feasted on the water dogs until the entire tribe was extinguished.

The Santa Fe road bed between Slaton and Post is now in first class shape, better than it was even before the rains started this spring, and the bed has been ditched so that it will not be the same way again.

STILL WORKING TO RAISE SUBMARINE F4

Mrs. Adaline Covington, mother of Walter F. Covington, who was a sailor in the Submarine F4 when it sunk in Honolulu harbor on March 25, 1915, has received the following letter from Rear Admiral C. B. T. Moore of the U. S. Navy:

Naval Station, Pearl Harbor Hawaii, April 18, 1915.
Dear Mrs. Covington:

Please allow me to express, in so far as I can, my sincere sympathy with you in your bereavement. I am not a mere outsider in grief caused by an accident of the sea, since the loss in such case means a loss of our own. We suffer with you in this time of terrible sorrow. We are doing our utmost to recover the F4 with the bodies of her victims and are hoping for success, though we have a difficult task. I trust, dear madam, that you may be dealt with mercifully in this sorrow by Him to whom we all look in times of distress.

I am sincerely yours,
C. B. T. MOORE,
Rear Admiral U. S. Navy.

Special Train for Game

Special Train to Post City Sunday to attend baseball game between Slaton Monograms and Post City Postex team.

Train leaves Slaton at 2.15 o'clock p. m. and returns at 7 p. m. Excursion rates. Everybody invited. Committee.

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

It is estimated that there have been shipped to Slaton this spring and put on Slaton farms over 100 head of milch cows, and practically all of them were Jerseys. This is a good indication of the development this country is undergoing. There is as great difference between the conditions and environments of the days of range cattle and the era of dairy cattle as there is between the build of a long horn steer and that of a Jersey cow. Mr. A. M. Hove, publicity agent for the Santa Fe, stated to the Slatonite editor while in Slaton one day last week, that the thing that impressed him most on that trip was the large number of cream cans he saw at the railroad depots. The shipping of cream denotes prosperity and development, and he was glad to see the cream industry growing so rapidly.

The Tahoka High School team played baseball in Slaton Wednesday afternoon. The Slaton High School team beat them by a score of 12 to 2. Wade Robertson pitched for the home team.

ESSIE COLEMAN GETS GOLD WATCH PRIZE

The count in the piano-contest at Howerton's store last week gave Miss Essie Coleman, daughter of C. A. Coleman, the monthly prize of a gold watch and also the weekly award of silverware for having the most special service checks and being the highest one in the contest who has not yet received a watch, the prize awarded each month. A contestant can receive the monthly prize only once during the contest.

At the last count the standing of the contestants was as follows:

- First place, Ruth Smith.
- Second, Tessie Grantham.
- Third, Essie Coleman.
- Fourth, Marie Anderson.
- Fifth, Bertha Proctor.
- Sixth, Auzie Lee Brazell.
- Seventh, May Stewart.
- Eighth, Mable Robertson.
- Ninth, Dorthy Dudley.
- Tenth, Edna Knighton.
- Eleventh, Anna Ward.

The contest is very close, and no contestant has any decided advantage. Every time that a contestant brings in a large number of votes this changes the standing all the way around. First one is ahead and then another. They are pretty well bunched, and the contest promises to remain undecided until the last day.

It would be a great accommodation to the business men if the management of the baseball games would start play promptly at the time advertised. Much as they might enjoy seeing a game, business men cannot take a half day off to attend it, and they cannot tell when the game starts without being there and waiting it out. Starting the games on schedule will increase the patronage.

Sentence was passed on Frank Haggart in court at Amarillo last Thursday, in accordance with the verdict rendered by the jury at his recent trial. The verdict was 99 years in the penitentiary. He has taken an appeal to the higher courts, and will remain in the jail at Amarillo pending action on the appeal.

"Shorty," the former Slaton mechanic who stole a Ford in Lubbock and skipped to New Mexico a few weeks ago with a pal, received a penitentiary sentence of two and one-half years last week. Stealieg a Ford seems to be a serious proposition in New Mexico.

We Have in Stock Now a Nice Line of the Famous "Old Hickory" Buggies Both in Top Buggies and in Traps

This Buggy is a Guaranteed Vehicle and the Price Will Attract You

A. L. BRANNON
HARDWARE

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

Follow the Crowds to the Grand Leader

Our store was crowded all day Trades Day, and we made lots of new customers. The sales that day broke the record for this city. The kind of merchandise the Grand Leader sells and the prices we make are winners with all the people of this vicinity.

Don't forget that these special prices remain until the lines are sold out. We name a price and then maintain that price. You don't have to go anywhere else to a special sale because the prices we make are always special.

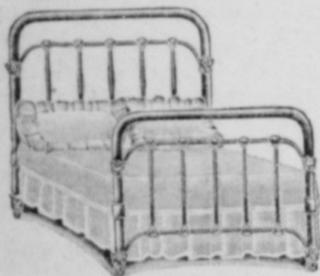
<p>Ladies Coat Suits \$20 and \$35 coat suits of silk poplins, voiles, etc., made in the latest designs from the best fabrics. Our Special Sale Price... \$11.98</p> <p>One-Piece Dresses Ladies One Piece Dresses for the summer—a big line and dresses that will be shown in the jig department stores in the cities a month from now. \$35 to \$15 values; sale prices, \$12.48, \$8.45 and \$6.98</p> <p>Ladies Skirts \$10 and \$12 Ladies Skirts which we are selling at, each... \$6.98</p> <p>Middie Blouses A nice line of Ladies Middie Blouses which we are selling for only, each... 48c</p> <p>Children's Dresses 10 dozen children's dresses, values from 75c to \$1.25. We are selling them for, each only 29c</p>	<p>Muslin Underwear Just received a big line of ladies muslin underwear. Ladies gowns valued at \$2.50, \$2.00, and \$1.50 we sell at the special prices of \$1.48 and 98c</p> <p>Ladies Waists Ladies Waists, \$1.00 and \$1.50 values, go at our special sale price of... 68c</p> <p>Ladies Petticoats Large line of ladies petticoats in beautiful sateen and crepe. \$1.25 and \$1.75 values for 68c</p> <p>Princess Slips \$1.25 to \$1.50 Princess Slips we are selling at the special price of... 89c</p> <p>Everything in Ladies Ready to Wear which we are now showing is made from silk, poplins, pussy willow, beautiful voiles, and other popular fabrics that will be shown this summer.</p>	<p>Ladies Handkerchiefs 25 dozen ladies handkerchiefs for sale at the bargain price of, each... 1c</p> <p>Gingham Aprons 25 dozen Ladies Gingham Aprons that retail for 50c anywhere. We are selling them for only... 15c As you know, it takes 5 yards of gingham to make an apron.</p> <p>Corset Covers 15 dozen Ladies Corset Covers of 75c and \$1.00 value we are selling for only... 29c</p> <p>Suits; Palm Beaches We have a beautiful line of Men's Suits in the popular colors and a big line of nice Palm Beach Suits.</p> <p>Panama Hats Men's \$5.00 and \$6.00 Panama Hats we are selling at... \$3.48</p>
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OUR NEW LINE OF ATTRACTIVE NECKWEAR HAS MADE A HIT!

THE GRAND LEADER

Leader in Best Merchandise and Lowest Prices. M. Olim, Proprietor. North Side Square, Slaton, Texas

This Handsome Vernis Martin Bed



ONLY \$6.50
cash price

Heavy and Massive, two-inch posts, oxidized finish; a real beauty. You can't beat the price at any mail order house. In fact we sell cheaper all the time; all we ask is a chance to quote our prices on any furniture you may need. We save you money.

HOWERTON

THE DAIRY COW.

W. T. Dudgeon owns and operates a diversified dairy farm 8 miles north of Amarillo. The main crops that he raises are: oats, kafir, maize, feterita, cowpeas and sudan grass. On the farm are: a house, barn, milk-room, 120 ton silo, etc. He has about 25 cows in all, pure bred Jerseys, short horns, and grades but he is gradually changing to pure bred Jerseys.

He has a Babcock tester, and keeps an accurate account with each cow, and when she does not show a profit, turns her to the butcher. He charges each cow with \$6 per year for pasture and \$24 per year for labor, and his best cow last year returned him a profit of \$95.56 and his poorest one \$19.70, with an average of \$47.58 per cow.

This was not accomplished by hap hazard, happy go lucky methods, but the cows were carefully housed and scientifically fed for results.—Stratford Star.

A few cents will pay for a Slatonite classified ad.

G. D. Wiley of Forrestburg, Texas, is visiting his sister, Mrs. T. A. Worley, in Slaton.

The Slaton Schools close next week with a series of entertainments. The first entertainment is given Saturday night this week by the primary room. It will be a fairy play entitled, "A Dream of Fairyland."

A short time ago Sheriff Flynn received information to keep on the lookout for two fugitives from Arizona, Wallis Large and wife, and our sheriff has succeeded in apprehending the persons wanted. They are now in jail awaiting the arrival of the Arizona sheriff to escort them back home. The charge against them is grand larceny. Sheriff Flynn is on the job and the criminal who really wants to hide out had better keep away from Lubbock territory.—Avalanche.

Don't fail to see the new photographer when in town. He will be here only a short time. All work guaranteed.

Fred Higbee has taken his old position in the Slaton post office, which let Miss Berry out, and now he will be seen at the money order window.

Mrs. A. G. Cox and daughter, Elizabeth, of Plainview, is visiting Mrs. A. E. Whitehead in Slaton this week. Mr. Cox, who was formerly with the Slaton Grain and Coal Company, is now in business at Plainview. Mesdames Cox and Whitehead will visit in Lubbock the last of the week.

Resolutions of Condolence.

To the Officers and Members of Slaton Lodge No. 861, I. O. O. F.:
Whereas, In the workings of a Divine Providence our beloved brother, Irb W. Hudgens, was called from this life on April 18, 1915, and

Whereas, Slaton Lodge No. 861 has lost in the death of Brother Hudgens a loyal and esteemed member, the community a good citizen, and the wife a loving and devoted husband; therefore

Be It Resolved, That we extend to Mrs. Hudgens our sincere sympathy, and assure her that her loss is in a very true sense our own; That we commend her to the Comforter who doeth all things well.

Be It Further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Lodge, that a copy be delivered to Mrs. Hudgens, and a copy be furnished the Slaton Slatonite for publication.

Fraternally submitted,
R. A. Baldwin,
L. P. Loomis,
R. H. Tudor,
Committee.
Slaton, Texas, April 27, 1915.

When you want table supplies your central thought should be

The Central Grocery

We can furnish the table and we keep abreast of the markets in buying the best for our customers. Try the Central Grocery guaranteed service.

J. M. SIMMONS, MANAGER

As Spring Advances,
So Do Our Styles

FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

Impressive styles, fashioned from fabrics which reflect the art of master weavers and workmanship.

GENUINE PALM BEACH SUITS

Everybody is talking Palm Beach for this season. Get in One.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS

CHRIS HARWELL

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

We Will Make Right That Which is Not Right

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. Jim Hollman hunts with bloodhounds the man who shot Purvy. The bloodhounds lose the trail at Spicer South's door. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. While sketching with Lescott on the mountain, Tamarack discovers Samson to a jeering crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy. At Wile McCager's dance 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.

CHAPTER IX.

Christmas came to Misery wrapped in a drab mantle of desolation. At the cabin of the Widow Miller Sally was sitting alone before the logs. She laid down the slate and spelling book, over which her forehead had been strenuously puckered, and gazed somewhat mournfully into the blaze. Sally had a secret. It was a secret which she based on a faint hope.

The cramped and distorted chirography on the slate was discouraging. It was all proving very hard work. The girl gazed for a time at something she saw in the embers, and then a faint smile came to her lips. By next Christmas she would surprise Samson with a letter. It should be well written, and every "haint" should be an "isn't."

The normal human mind is a reservoir which fills at a rate of speed regulated by the number and caliber of its feed pipes. Samson's mind had long been almost empty, and now from so many sources the waters of new things were rushing in upon it that under their pressure it must fill fast, or give away.

He was saved from hopeless complications of thought by a sanity which was willing to assimilate without too much effort to analyze. The boy from Misery was presently less bizarre to the eye than many of the unkempt bohemians he met in the life of the studios, men who quarreled garrulously over the end and aim of Art, which they spelled with a capital A—and, for the most part, knew nothing of. He retained, except within a small circle of intimates, a silence that passed for taciturnity, and a solemnity of visage that was often construed into surliness.

He still wore his hair long, and, though his conversation gradually sloughed off much of its idiom and vulgarity, enough of the mountaineer stood out to lend to his personality a savor of the crudely picturesque.

Meanwhile he drew and read and studied and walked, and every day's advancement was a forced march. Lescott, tremendously interested in his experiment, began to fear that the boy's too great somberness of disposition would defeat the very earnestness from which it sprang. So one morning the landscape-maker called on a friend whom he rightly believed to be the wisest man, and the greatest humorist in New York.

"I want your help," said Lescott. "I want you to meet a friend of mine and take him under your wing in a fashion. He needs you."

The stout man's face clouded. A few years ago he had been peddling his manuscripts with the heart-sickness of unsuccessful middle age. Today men coupled his name with those of Kipling and De Maupassant. One of his antipathies was meeting people who sought to lionize him. Lescott read the expression, and, before his host had time to object, swept into his recital.

At the end he summarized: "The artist is much like the setter pup. If it's in him, it's as instinctive as a dog's nose. But to become efficient he must go a-field with a steady veteran of his own breed."

"I know!" The great man, who was also the simple man, smiled reminiscently. "They tried to teach me to herd sheep when my nose was itching for bird country. Bring on your man; I want to know him."

Samson was told nothing of the benevolent conspiracy, but one evening shortly later he found himself sitting at a cafe table with his sponsor and a stout man, almost as silent as himself. The stout man responded with something like churlish taciturnity

to the half-dozen men and women who came over with flatteries. But later, when the trio was left alone, his face brightened, and he turned to the boy from Misery.

"Does Billy Conrad still keep store at Stagbone?"

Samson started and his gaze fell in amazement. At the mention of the name he saw a cross-roads store with rough mules hitched to fence railings. It was a picture of home, and here was a man who had been there! With glowing eyes the boy dropped unconsciously back into the vernacular of the hills.

"Hev yo been thar, stranger?" The writer nodded, and sipped his whisky.

"Not for some years, though," he confessed, as he drifted into reminiscence, which to Samson was like water to a parched throat.

When they left the cafe the boy felt as though he were taking leave of an old and tried friend. By homely methods, this unerring diagnostician of the human soul had been reading him, liking him, and making him feel a heart-warming sympathy.

It was not until much later that Samson realized how these two really great men had adopted him as their "little brother" that he might have their shoulder-touch to march by. And it was without his realization, too, that they laid upon him the imprint of their own characters and philosophy.

"I have come, not to quarrel with you, but to try to dissuade you." The Hon. Mr. Wickliffe bit savagely at his cigar and gave a despairing spread to his well-manicured hands. "You stand in danger of becoming the most cordially hated man in New York—hated by the most powerful combinations in New York."

Wilfred Horton leaned back in a swivel chair and put his feet up on his desk. For a while he seemed interested in his own silk socks.

"It's very kind of you to warn me," he said, quietly.

The Hon. Mr. Wickliffe rose in exasperation and paced the floor. The smoke from his black cigar went before him in vicious puffs. Finally he stopped and leaned glaring on the table.

"Your family has always been conservative. When you succeeded to the fortune you showed no symptoms of this mania. In God's name, what has changed you?"

"I hope I have grown up," explained the young man, with an unruffled smile. "One can't wear swaddling clothes forever, you know."

The attorney for an instant softened his manner as he looked into the straight-gazing, unafraid eyes of his client.

"I've known you from your babyhood. I advised your father before you were born. You have, by the chance of birth, come into the control of great wealth. The world of finance is of delicate balance. Squabbles in certain directorates may throw the Street into panic. Suddenly you emerge from decent quiet and run amuck in the china shop, bellowing and tossing your horns. You make war on those whose interests are your own. You seem bent on hari-kari. You have toys enough to amuse. Why couldn't you stay put?"

"They weren't the right things. They were, as you say, toys." The smile faded and Horton's chin set itself for a moment as he added:

"If you don't think I'm going to stay put—watch me."

"Why do you have to make war—to be chronically insurgent?"

"Because"—the young man, who had waked up, spoke slowly—"I am reading a certain writing on the wall. The time is not far off when, unless we regulate a number of matters from within we shall be regulated from without."

"Take for instance this newspaper war you've inaugurated on the police," grumbled the corporation lawyer. "It's less dangerous to the public than these financial crusades, but decidedly more so for yourself. You are regarded as a dangerous agitator, a marplot! I tell you, Wilfred, aside from all other considerations the thing is perilous to yourself. You are riding for a fall. These men whom you are whipping out of public life will turn on you."

"So I hear. Here's a letter I got this morning—unsigned. That is, I thought it was here. Well, no matter. It warns me that I have less than three months to live unless I call off my dogs."

It is said that the new convert is ever the most extreme fanatic. Wilfred Horton had promised to put on his working clothes, and he had done it with reckless disregard for consequences. At first, he was simply obeying Adrienne's orders; but soon he found himself playing the game for the game's sake. Political overlords, assailed as unfaithful servants, showed their teeth. From some hidden, but unfailing, source terribly sure and direct evidence of guilt was being gathered. For Wilfred Horton, who was demanding a day of reckoning and spending great sums of money to get it, there was a prospect of things doing.

Adrienne Lescott was in Europe. Soon she would return and Horton meant to show that he had not buried his talent.

For eight months Samson's life had run in the steady ascent of gradual climbing, but in the four months from the first of August to the first of December, the pace of his existence suddenly quickened. He left off drawing from plaster casts and went into a life class.

In this period Samson had his first acquaintanceship with women, except those he had known from childhood—and his first acquaintance with the men who were not of his own art world.

Tony Collasso was an Italian illustrator who lodged and painted in studio-apartments in Washington Square, South. His companions were various, numbering among them a group of those pygmy celebrities of whom one has never heard until by chance he meets them, and of whom their intimates speak as of immortals.

To Collasso's studio Samson was called one night by telephone. He had sometimes gone there before to sit for an hour, chiefly as a listener, while the man from Sorrento bewailed fate with his coterie, and denounced all forms of government over insipid Chianti.

But tonight he entered the door to find himself in the midst of a gay and boisterous party. The room was already thickly fogged with smoke, and a dozen men and women, singing snatches of current airs, were interesting themselves over a chafing dish. The crowd was typical. A few very minor writers and artists, a model or two, and several women who had thinking parts in current Broadway productions.

At eleven o'clock the guests of honor arrived in a taxicab. They were Mr. William Farbish and Miss Winifred Starr. Having come, as they explained, direct from the theater where Miss Starr danced in the first row, they were in evening dress. Samson mentally acknowledged, though with instinctive disfavor for the pair, that both were, in a way, handsome. Collasso drew him aside to whisper importantly:

"Make yourself agreeable to Farbish. He is received in the most exclusive society, and is a connoisseur of art. If he takes a fancy to you, he will put you up at the best clubs. I think I shall sell him a landscape."

The girl was talking rapidly and loudly. She had at once taken the center of the room, and her laughter rang in free and egotistical peals above the other voices.

"Come, said the host, 'I shall present you.'"

The boy shook hands, gazing with his usual directness into the show-girl's large and deeply-penciled eyes. Farbish, standing at one side with his hands in his pockets, looked on with an air of slightly bored detachment.

His dress, his mannerisms, his bearing, were all those of the man who has overstudied his part. They were too perfect, too obviously rehearsed through years of social climbing, but that was a defect Samson was not yet prepared to recognize.

Someone had naively complimented Miss Starr on the leopard-skin cloak she had just thrown from her shapely shoulders, and she turned promptly and vivaciously to the flatterer.

"It is nice, isn't it?" she prattled. "It may look a little up-stage for a girl who hasn't got a line to read into the piece, but these days one must get the spot-light, or be a dead one. It reminds me of a little run-in I had with Graddy—he's our stage-director, you know." She paused, awaiting the invitation to proceed, and, having received it, went gayly forward. "I was ten minutes late, one day, for rehearsal, and Graddy came up with that sarcastic manner of his, and said: 'Miss Starr, I don't doubt you are a perfectly nice girl, and all that, but it rather gets my goat to figure out how, on a salary of fifteen dollars a week, you come to rehearsals in a million dollars' worth of clothes, riding in a limousine—and ten minutes late!'" She broke off with the eager little expression of awaiting applause, and, having been satisfied, she added: "I was afraid that wasn't going to get a laugh, after all."

She glanced inquiringly at Samson, who had not smiled, and who stood looking puzzled.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. South, from down South," she challenged.

"I guess I'm sort of like Mr. Graddy," said the boy, slowly. "I was just wondering how you do it."

He spoke with perfect seriousness, and, after a moment, the girl broke into prolonged peal of laughter.

"Oh, you are delicious!" she exclaimed. "If I could do the ingenuity like that, believe me, I'd make some hit." She came over, and, laying a hand on each of the boy's shoulders, kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"That's for a droll boy!" she said. "That's the best line I've heard pulled lately."

Farbish was smiling in quiet amusement. He tapped the mountaineer on the shoulder.

"I've heard George Lescott speak of you," he said, genially. "I've rather a fancy for being among the discoverers of men of talent. We must see more of each other."

Samson left the party early, and with a sense of disgust.

Several days later, Samson was alone in Lescott's studio. It was nearing twilight, and he had laid aside a volume of De Maupassant, whose simple power had beguiled him. The door opened, and he saw the figure of a woman on the threshold. The boy rose somewhat shyly from his seat, and stood looking at her. She was as richly dressed as Miss Starr had been, but there was the same difference as between the colors of the sunset sky and the exaggerated daubs of Collasso's landscape. She stood at the door a moment, and then came forward with her hand outstretched.

"This is Mr. South, isn't it?" she asked, with a frank friendliness in her voice.

"Yes, ma'am, that's my name." "I'm Adrienne Lescott," said the girl. "I thought I'd find my brother here. I stopped by to drive him up-town."

Samson had hesitatingly taken the gloved hand, and its grasp was firm and strong despite its ridiculous smallness.

"I reckon he'll be back presently." The boy was in doubt as to the proper procedure. This was Lescott's studio, and he was not certain whether or not it lay in his province to invite Lescott's sister to take possession of it. Possibly, he ought to withdraw. "Is ideas of social usages were very vague."

"Then, I think I'll wait," announced the girl. She threw off her fur coat, and took a seat before the open grate. The chair was large, and swallowed her up.

Samson wanted to look at her, and was afraid that this would be impolite. He realized that he had seen no real ladies, except on the street, and now he had the opportunity.

"I'm glad of this chance to meet you, Mr. South," said the girl with a smile that found its way to the boy's heart. After all, there was sincerity in "foreign" women. "George talks of you so much that I feel as if I'd known you all the while. Don't you think I might claim friendship with George's friends?"

Samson had no answer. He wished to say something equally cordial, but the old instinct against effusiveness tied his tongue.

"I owe right smart to George Lescott," he told her, gravely.

"That's not answering my question," she laughed. "Do you consent to being friends with me?"

"Miss—" began the boy. Then, realizing that in New York this form of address is hardly complete, he hastened to add: "Miss Lescott, I've been here over nine months now, and I'm just beginning to realize what a rube I am. I haven't no—" Again, he broke off, and laughed at himself. "I mean, I haven't any idea of proper manners, and so I'm, as we would say down home, 'plumb skeered' of ladies."

As he accused himself, Samson was looking at her with unblinking directness; and she met his glance with eyes that twinkled.

"Mr. South," she said, "I know all about manners, and you know all about a hundred real things that I want to know. Suppose we begin teaching each other?"

Samson's face lighted with the revolutionizing effect that a smile can bring only to features customarily solemn.

"Miss Lescott," he said, "let's call that a trade—but you're gettin' all the worst of it. To start with, you might give me a lesson right now in how a feller ought to act, when he's talkin' to a lady—how I ought to act with you!"

Her laugh made the situation as easy as an old shoe.

Ten minutes later, Lescott entered. "Well," he said, with a smile, "shall I introduce you people, or have you already done it for yourselves?"

"Oh," Adrienne assured him, "Mr. South and I are old friends." As she left the room, she turned and added: "The second lesson had better be at my house. If I telephone you some day when we can have the school-room to ourselves, will you come up?"

Samson grinned and forgot to be bashful as he replied:

"I'll come a-kitin'!"

CHAPTER X.

Early that year, the touch of autumn came to the air. Often, returning at sundown from the afternoon life class, Samson felt the lure of its melancholy sweetness, and paused on one of the Washington Square benches, with many vague things stirring in his mind. He felt with a stronger throb the surety of young, but quickening, abilities within himself. Partly, it was the charm of Indian summer, partly a sense of growing with the days, but, also, though he had not as yet realized that, it was the new friendship into which Adrienne had admitted him, and the new experience of frank camaraderie with a woman not as a member of an inferior sex, but as an equal companion of brain and soul. He had seen her often, and usually alone, be-

cause he shunned meetings with strangers. Until his education had advanced further, he wished to avoid social embarrassments. He knew that she liked him, and realized that it was because he was a new and virile type, and for that reason a diversion—a sort of human novelty. She liked him, too, because it was rare for a man to offer her friendship without making love, and she was certain he would not make love. He liked her for the same reasons that every one else did—because she was herself. Of late, too, he had met a number of men at Lescott's club. He was modestly surprised to find that, though his attitude on these occasions was always that of one sitting in the background, the men seemed to like him, and, when they said, "See you again," at parting, it was with the convincing manner of real friendliness.

One wonderful afternoon in October, when the distances were mist-hung, and the skies very clear, Samson sat across the table from Adrienne Lescott at a road house on the Sound. The sun had set through great cloud battalions massed against the west, and the horizon was fading into darkness through a haze like ash of roses. She had picked him up on the Avenue, and taken him into her car for a short spin, but the afternoon had beguiled them, luring them on a little farther, and still a little farther. When they were a score of miles from Man-



"I Was Thinking of My People."

hattan, the car had suddenly broken down. It would, the chauffeur told them, be the matter of an hour to effect repairs, so the girl, explaining to the boy that this event gave the affair the aspect of adventure, turned and led the way, on foot, to the nearest road house.

"We will telephone that we shall be late, and then have dinner," she laughed. "And for me to have dinner with you alone, unchaperoned at a country inn, is by New York standards delightfully unconventional. It borders on wickedness." Then, since their attitude toward each other was so friendly and innocent, they both laughed. They had dined under the trees of an old manor house, built a century ago, and now converted into an inn, and they had enjoyed themselves because it seemed to them pleasingly paradoxical that they should find in a place seemingly so shabby-genteel a cuisine and service of such excellence. Neither of them had ever been there before, and neither of them knew that the reputation of this establishment was in its own way wide—and unsavory.

The repairs did not go as smoothly as the chauffeur had expected, and, when he had finished, he was hungry. So, eleven o'clock found them still chatting at their table on the lighted lawn. After awhile, they fell silent, and Adrienne noticed that her companion's face had become deeply, almost painfully set, and that his gaze was tensely focused on herself.

"What is it, Mr. South?" she demanded.

The young man began to speak, in a steady, self-accusing voice.

"I was sitting here, looking at you," he said, bluntly. "I was thinking how fine you are in every way; how there is as much difference in the texture of men and women as there is in the texture of clothes. From that automobile cap you wear to your slippers and stockings, you are clad in silk. From your brain to the tone of your voice, you are woven of human silk. I've learned lately that silk isn't weak, but strong. They make the best balloons of it." He paused and laughed, but his face again became sober. "I was thinking, too, of your mother. She must be sixty, but she's a young woman. Her face is smooth and uncrinkled, and her heart is still in bloom. At the same age, George won't be much older than he is now."

The compliment was so obviously not intended as compliment at all that the girl flushed with pleasure.

"Then," went on Samson, his face slowly drawing with pain. "I was thinking of my own people. My mother was about forty when she died. She was an old woman. My father was forty-three. He was an old man. I was thinking how they withered under their drudgery—and of the monstrous injustice of it all."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**ONE CENT LETTER POSTAGE
BEING AGITATED**

One cent postage rate on letters is again being brought into prominence and many high officials declare that it is sure to come in the near future. All classes of business would be greatly benefited by its adoption, and estimated statistics show there would be such an increased demand for stamps that the apparent loss of revenue would be more than made up.

It is an impossibility to place an estimated value on health, it being a most priceless possession—but, perhaps you have been careless or negligent and have allowed weakness to develop until you are now in a badly run down condition, with poor appetite, impaired digestion and constipated bowels.

In order to get back to health and strength you must first help Nature restore the Stomach, Liver and Bowels to a normal condition. This suggests the friendly aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. You will find it an excellent tonic, appetizer and strength maker and well worthy of your confidence.

It is an absolutely pure medicine, adapted to all ordinary family ailments, and your health will be greatly improved by giving it a fair trial at once. Be sure you get the genuine Hostetter's Stomach Bitters with our Private Stamp over the neck of Bottle.

SHOULD BE GOOD FOR WEEK

Under the Circumstances, Maid Might Be Relied On to Stay That Long.

"Are you thinking of getting married?"
"No."
"Have you a grandmother who is in poor health and needs you?"
"No."
"Or a married sister that wants you to take care of her children?"
"No, I—"
"Are your parents wealthy, so that you don't have to work?"
"Indeed not."
"Are you likely to be offered a position in the chorus and decide to go on the stage?"
"Nothing like that."
"Is there any possibility that you will be offered a position in a downtown store?"
"I think not."
"Then I shall be glad to have you come to work for me as maid. You ought to stay the week out at least."
—Detroit Free Press.

Daughter's View.
The minister was dining with the Fullers, and he was denouncing the new styles in dancing. Turning to the daughter of the house, he asked sternly:
"Do you yourself, Miss Fuller, think the girls who dance these dances are right?"
"They must be," was the answer, "because I notice the girls who don't dance them are always left."
—Ladies' Home Journal.

Their Relation.
"The abbreviations of two of the states of the Union ought to be very close to each other in popular association."
"What two are they?"
"Ill. and M. D."

Reason Enough.
"Why is Higbee so sore on the liquor traffic all of a sudden?"
"He ran over a broken bee: bottle last Sunday and punctured two tires."

**After Winter's
Wear and Tear**

one requires a food in Springtime that builds up both brain and body.

Grape-Nuts
FOOD

made of wheat and malted barley—supplies in splendid balance, the elements necessary for upbuilding and keeping in repair the brain, nerve and muscle tissue.

Grape-Nuts has a rich nut-like flavour—always fresh, crisp, sweet and ready to eat direct from package.

Thousands have found Grape-Nuts a wonderful invigorator of both brain and body.

"There's a Reason"
Sold by Grocers everywhere.

NEW SHADE OF BLUE

POPULAR SPRING COLOR IS REMARKABLY PRETTY.

Probably Seen at its Best in the Taffetas—Illustration Shows One of the Most Effective of the Recent Gowns.

The newest and smartest shade of blue is designated "bleu soldat" or soldier blue, and really is remarkably pleasing. It rather borders on a violet tone, but is not so dark and probably resembles the blue of gentians as nearly as any other known shade.

This is a modish spring color and is particularly good in taffetas, of which the illustrated dress is fashioned.

It will be necessary to have a white China silk waist lining, sleeveless, of course, and just serving as a foundation to which the skirt and little shirred neck yoke may be attached. The shirred yoke is merely added



above the round décolletage of the lining and shows inside the wide V of over-blosure.

The top of the skirt is evenly gathered all round, and an added section above is shirred and corded in three or four more rows. The lower part of the skirt is trimmed with two bands of self material, the first a trifle narrower than the second, and both slightly frilled under a finishing cord. The lower edge of these bands is cut in little square tabs to correspond with the lower edge of the blouse.

In front the short unconfined edge of the blouse runs up at the center. The sides and back are held in a little, about four inches above the waist under a cording. The long sleeves show three encircling bands of self material all slashed to form square tabs.

Over either hip and below the center of the V neck a bit of dull silver embroidery is introduced, taking the form of long, narrow points that are extremely attractive as a trimming.

ALL HAVE MILITARY EFFECT

Cut and Trimming of New Blouses Are Alike in This Respect in the Season's Styles.

The military effect of trigness and trimness is carried out not only on the cut of the new blouses, but also in their trimmings. Edges are bound with narrow braid, buttons are used in close ranks and bows and all sorts of silk loops and ornaments simulate military frogs. A stunning blouse of coffee-colored golden-rod satin—the supple, soft satin so liked for blouse wear—has a buttoned-up collar in choker style and link cuffs fastened with white pearl buttons. Four "frogs" of white silk cord, with loops caught over immense ball buttons covered with the coffee satin, appear to fasten the blouse fronts, but underneath are hidden snap fasteners, a safer and saner closing than the widely separated frogs. A blouse of dutch blue georgette crepe is trimmed with black edge binding braid and small eagle brass buttons in true military style.

One of the most striking new imported blouses, fresh from Paris, is a charming model of sheerest white voile, embroidered with big yellow-centered daisies, and a smart black tie. Pintucking and hemstitching and small motifs of hand embroidery add their quota of prettiness to the new spring blouses, which are so soft in material and so delectable in color.

NEW IDEA IN DECORATION

People Have Learned the Value of Black and White as Means of Securing Color Effect.

Black and white have taken the world of interior decorations by storm. And the combination isn't only a fad; it promises to last, now that we have discovered how much character to articles and rooms can be given by this color effect. Even the bedroom has not been spared—or it has been honored, whichever way you look at it—with the attention of black and white, and we find black rugs on white floors, and white beds and furniture and woodwork, and sometimes black curtains, and now there have been introduced the most charming lingerie sets for the bed, dressing-table, dresser and chiffonier, the set sometimes including from one to half a dozen boudoir pillows. That part of the lingerie used for the bed includes a spread, bolster slip and pillows or shams. If a bolster roll is used, then only the bolster throw is needed, doing away with the necessity of the bolster slips and shams.

The black-and-white lingerie bedroom set may be embroidered in any design that you would use for the all-white embroidery set. The material used is rather heavy white linen. The design is worked in black mercerized cotton. It must be very carefully worked on the wrong side, few, if any, connecting threads being used when passing from one design to another.

If you do not wish to use black curtains at the window, lawn curtains with black figures are good substitutes. If shades are used with the curtains, they should be either all black or white. A black-and-white carpet may be used instead of all white or all black. Black carpet with white rugs, or vice versa, is also effective. The boudoir pillows should be of white embroidered in black. They should not, however, be placed over black pillows, as in the case of pink or blue pillows. White pillows must be used for the purpose or the pillow slips will look soiled. A black-and-white room would prove pleasing to a man.

BLACK STOCK IS BECOMING

Properly Arranged, It Should Give Just the Right Touch to the Tailored Costume.

For a tailored waist there is nothing quite so trig as a black satin stock, high in proportions and livened by a white frill of some soft sticking out under the chin. A decidedly good-looking one of this order is made in this way: Buy half a yard of heavy black satin or grosgrain ribbon. Make this the exact size of the neck, boning it so that it will not sag loosely about the throat. The ribbon should be very wide so that it can be laid over in flat plaits around the throat. These are tacked down in place. Do not fasten in the center back, but on one side, where a row of tiny white, flat pearl buttons is placed. These run up and down; a similar row being placed at the side opposite. The row of buttons should come directly under each ear.

Now comes the piece de resistance of the entire stock. These are square tabs of white faille which unfold, petal-like, beneath the chin. One square comes directly under the chin, one on either side of the face, another directly behind each ear and a last one in the back of the collar. These square pieces are wired to stand out like a Pierrot ruff and are a very chic and pretty finish to the somber stock.

LATEST THING IN FOOTWEAR

Military Boots Similar to Those Worn by Russian Cossacks Are a New York Fad.

Military boots, made to imitate the boots worn by Russian Cossacks, are now being introduced in New York city, says an exchange, and furnish the latest surprise in feminine footwear.



These Boots Are Made of Suede to Match the Costume, With Vamps, Heels and Trimmings of Patent Leather.

wear. These boots are made of suede, with vamps, heels, and trimmings of patent leather, and are to be worn with a tailored suit of a military type. They come in all colors to match the costume, but are invariably trimmed in patent leather.

**Sick
Women
Attention**

Is it possible there is a woman in this country who continues to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, which proves beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other one medicine in the world?

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine for women—and every year we publish many new testimonials, all genuine and true. Here are three never before published:

From Mrs. S. T. Richmond, Providence, R. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"For the benefit of women who suffer as I have done I wish to state what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I did some heavy lifting and the doctor said it caused a displacement. I have always been weak and I overworked after my baby was born and inflammation set in, then nervous prostration, from which I did not recover until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The Compound is my best friend and when I hear of a woman with troubles like mine I try to induce her to take your medicine."—Mrs. S. T. RICHMOND, 84 Progress Avenue, Providence, R.I.

From Mrs. Maria Irwin, Peru, N.Y.

PERU, N.Y.—"Before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was very irregular and had much pain. I had lost three children, and felt worn out all the time. This splendid medicine helped me as nothing else had done, and I am thankful every day that I took it."—Mrs. MARIA IRWIN, R.F.D. 1, Peru, N.Y.

From Mrs. Jane D. Duncan, W. Quincy, Mass.

SOUTH QUINCY, MASS.—"The doctor said that I had organic trouble and he doctored me for a long time and I did not get any relief. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and I tried it and found relief before I had finished the first bottle. I continued taking it all through middle life and am now a strong, healthy woman and earn my own living."—Mrs. JANE D. DUNCAN, Forest Avenue, West Quincy, Mass.

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



One Sense Not Under Control.

She was a bride of less than a year, but she had her troubles and naturally made a confidante of her mother. "My dear child," said the mother, "if you would have neither eyes nor ears when your husband comes home from the club you might be happier."

"Perhaps so," answered the young wife with an air of weariness; "but what am I to do with my nose?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

Immediate Suggestion.

"Talk is cheap."
"Why, have you had your telephone taken out?"

Our idea of an unhappy woman is a proud person with a last year's model automobile.

Might Get Green Cheese.

Wife—John, this magazine says that matter weighing one pound on the moon's surface if transformed to earth would weigh six pounds.
Hub—Can't you manage to buy our groceries up there?

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE for the TROOPS
Over 100,000 packages of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front because it rests the feet, gives instant relief to corns and bunions, hot, swollen aching, tender feet, and makes walking easy. Sold everywhere. Try it TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Adv.

Some women boast of the many proposals they had by way of apologizing for what they took.

Love may be blind. But jealousy goes around with a 50-inch telescope.

**Standing Rock
Indian Reservation
Open to Settlement in May**

**An Opportunity to Get a Home in
NORTH DAKOTA**

Part of this land will be open to free homestead entry and the remainder will be sold at a very low price. The reservation is located in North and South Dakota and settlers should

FILE AT BISMARCK
On Main Transcontinental Line of
Northern Pacific Ry.

For the land located in North Dakota. This is the capital of the state and from this point settlers stopping en route to or from the North Pacific Coast, may make a side trip to Cannon Ball or Selen, located on the border of the reservation and inspect the land.

Send at once for free copy of Standing Rock Indian Reservation and North Dakota booklet, and any other information desired relative to this Big Land Opening.

L. J. BRICKER, Gen'l Imm. Agent
St. Paul, Minn.

L. J. BRICKER, General Immigration Agent
141 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
I am interested in the opening of the Standing Rock Indian Reservation and would like to receive information, rates and booklets.



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. Jim Hollman hunts with bloodhounds the man who shot Purvy. The bloodhounds lose the trail at Spicer South's door. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. While sketching with Lescott on the mountain, Tamarack discovers Samson to a jeering crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy. At Wile McCager's dance 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. Adrienne Lescott persuades Wilfred Horton, her dilettante lover, to do a man's work in the world.

CHAPTER IX.

Christmas came to Misery wrapped in a drab mantle of desolation. At the cabin of the Widow Miller Sally was sitting alone before the logs. She laid down the slate and spelling book, over which her forehead had been strenuously puckered, and gazed somewhat mournfully into the blaze. Sally had a secret. It was a secret which she based on a faint hope.

The cramped and distorted chirography on the slate was discouraging. It was all proving very hard work. The girl gazed for a time at something she saw in the embers, and then a faint smile came to her lips. By next Christmas she would surprise Samson with a letter. It should be well written, and every "hain't" should be an "isn't."

The normal human mind is a reservoir which fills at a rate of speed regulated by the number and caliber of its feed pipes. Samson's mind had long been almost empty, and now from so many sources the waters of new things were rushing in upon it that under their pressure it must fill fast, or give away.

He was saved from hopeless complications of thought by a sanity which was willing to assimilate without too much effort to analyze. The boy from Misery was presently less bizarre to the eye than many of the unkempt bohemians he met in the life of the studios, men who quarreled garrulously over the end and aim of Art, which they spelled with a capital A—and, for the most part, knew nothing of. He retained, except within a small circle of intimates, a silence that passed for taciturnity, and a solemnity of visage that was often construed into surly egotism.

He still wore his hair long, and, though his conversation gradually sloughed off much of its idiom and vulgarity, enough of the mountaineer stood out to lend to his personality a savor of the crudely picturesque.

Meanwhile he drew and read and studied and walked, and every day's advancement was a forced march. Lescott, tremendously interested in his experiment, began to fear that the boy's too great somberness of disposition would defeat the very earnestness from which it sprang. So one morning the landscape-maker called on a friend whom he rightly believed to be the wisest man, and the greatest humorist in New York.

"I want your help," said Lescott. "I want you to meet a friend of mine and take him under your wing in a fashion. He needs you."

The stout man's face clouded. A few years ago he had been peddling his manuscripts with the heart-sickness of unsuccessful middle age. Today men coupled his name with those of Kipling and De Maupassant. One of his antipathies was meeting people who sought to lionize him. Lescott read the expression, and, before his host had time to object, swept into his recital.

At the end he summarized: "The artist is much like the setter pup. If it's in him, it's as instinctive as a dog's nose. But to become efficient he must go a-field with a steady veteran of his own breed."

"I know!" The great man, who was also the simple man, smiled reminiscently. "They tried to teach me to herd sheep when my nose was itching for bird country. Bring on your man; I want to know him."

Samson was told nothing of the benevolent conspiracy, but one evening shortly later he found himself sitting at a cafe table with his sponsor and a stout man, almost as silent as himself. The stout man responded with something like churlish taciturnity

to the half-dozen men and women who came over with flatteries. But later, when the trio was left alone, his face brightened, and he turned to the boy from Misery.

"Does Billy Conrad still keep store at Stagbone?"

Samson started and his gaze fell in amazement. At the mention of the name he saw a cross-roads store with rough mules hitched to fence railings. It was a picture of home, and here was a man who had been there! With glowing eyes the boy dropped unconsciously back into the vernacular of the hills.

"Hev ya been thar, stranger?" The writer nodded, and sipped his whisky.

"Not for some years, though," he confessed, as he drifted into reminiscence, which to Samson was like water to a parched throat.

When they left the cafe the boy felt as though he were taking leave of an old and tried friend. By homely methods, this unerring diagnostician of the human soul had been reading him, liking him, and making him feel a heart-warming sympathy.

It was not until much later that Samson realized how these two really great men had adopted him as their "little brother" that he might have their shoulder-touch to march by. And it was without his realization, too, that they laid upon him the imprint of their own characters and philosophy.

"I have come, not to quarrel with you, but to try to dissuade you." The Hon. Mr. Wickliffe bit savagely at his cigar and gave a despairing spread to his well-manicured hands. "You stand in danger of becoming the most cordially hated man in New York—hated by the most powerful combinations in New York."

Wilfred Horton leaned back in a swivel chair and put his feet up on his desk. For a while he seemed interested in his own silk socks.

"It's very kind of you to warn me," he said, quietly.

The Hon. Mr. Wickliffe rose in exasperation and paced the floor. The smoke from his black cigar went before him in vicious puffs. Finally he stopped and leaned glaring on the table.

"Your family has always been conservative. When you succeeded to the fortune you showed no symptoms of this mania. In God's name, what has changed you?"

"I hope I have grown up," explained the young man, with an unruffled smile. "One can't wear swaddling clothes forever, you know."

The attorney for an instant softened his manner as he looked into the straight-gazing, unafraid eyes of his client.

"I've known you from your babyhood. I advised your father before you were born. You have, by the chance of birth, come into the control of great wealth. The world of finance is of delicate balance. Squabbles in certain directorates may throw the Street into panic. Suddenly you emerge from decent quiet and run amuck in the china shop, bellowing and tossing your horns. You make war on those whose interests are your own. You seem bent on harikari. You have toys enough to amuse. Why couldn't you stay put?"

"They weren't the right things. They were, as you say, toys." The smile faded and Horton's chin set itself for a moment as he added:

"If you don't think I'm going to stay put—watch me."

"Why do you have to make war—to be chronically insurgent?"

"Because"—the young man, who had waked up, spoke slowly—"I am reading a certain writing on the wall. The time is not far off when, unless we regulate a number of matters from within we shall be regulated from without."

"Take for instance this newspaper war you've inaugurated on the police," grumbled the corporation lawyer. "It's less dangerous to the public than these financial crusades, but decidedly more so for yourself. You are regarded as a dangerous agitator, a marplot! I tell you, Wilfred, aside from all other considerations the thing is perilous to yourself. You are riding for a fall. These men whom you are whipping out of public life will turn on you."

"So I hear. Here's a letter I got this morning—unsigned. That is, I thought it was here. Well, no matter. It warns me that I have less than three months to live unless I call off my dogs."

It is said that the new convert is ever the most extreme fanatic. Wilfred Horton had promised to put on his working clothes, and he had done it with reckless disregard for consequences. At first, he was simply obeying Adrienne's orders; but soon he found himself playing the game for the game's sake. Political overlords, assailed as unfaithful servants, showed their teeth. From some hidden, but unfailing, source terribly sure and direct evidence of guilt was being gathered. For Wilfred Horton, who was demanding a day of reckoning and spending great sums of money to get it, there was a prospect of things doing.

Adrienne Lescott was in Europe. Soon she would return and Horton meant to show that he had not buried his talent.

For eight months Samson's life had run in the steady ascent of gradual climbing, but in the four months from the first of August to the first of December, the pace of his existence suddenly quickened. He left off drawing from plaster casts and went into a life class.

In this period Samson had his first acquaintanceship with women, except those he had known from childhood—and his first acquaintance with the men who were not of his own art world.

Tony Collasso was an Italian illustrator who 'dged and painted in studio-apartments in Washington Square, South. His companions were various, numbering among them a group of those pygmy celebrities of whom one has never heard until by chance he meets them, and of whom their intimates speak as of immortals.

To Collasso's studio Samson was called one night by telephone. He had sometimes gone there before to sit for an hour, chiefly as a listener, while the man from Sorrento bewailed fate with his coterie, and denounced all forms of government over insipid Chianti.

But tonight he entered the door to find himself in the midst of a gay and boisterous party. The room was already thickly fogged with smoke, and a dozen men and women, singing snatches of current airs, were interesting themselves over a chafing dish. The crowd was typical. A few very minor writers and artists, a model or two, and several women who had thinking parts in current Broadway productions.

At eleven o'clock the guests of honor arrived in a taxicab. They were Mr. William Farbish and Miss Winifred Starr. Having come, as they explained, direct from the theater where Miss Starr danced in the first row, they were in evening dress. Samson mentally acknowledged, though with instinctive disfavor for the pair, that both were, in a way, handsome. Collasso drew him aside to whisper importantly:

"Make yourself agreeable to Farbish. He is received in the most exclusive society, and is a connoisseur of art. If he takes a fancy to you, he will put you up at the best clubs. I think I shall sell him a landscape."

The girl was talking rapidly and loudly. She had at once taken the center of the room, and her laughter rang in free and egotistical peals above the other voices.

"Come, said the host, 'I shall present you.'"

The boy shook hands, gazing with his usual directness into the show-girl's large and deeply-penciled eyes. Farbish, standing at one side with his hands in his pockets, looked on with an air of slightly bored detachment.

His dress, his mannerisms, his bearing, were all those of the man who has overstudied his part. They were too perfect, too obviously rehearsed through years of social climbing, but that was a defect Samson was not yet prepared to recognize.

Someone had naively complimented Miss Starr on the leopard-skin cloak she had just thrown from her shapely shoulders, and she turned promptly and vivaciously to the flatterer.

"It is nice, isn't it?" she prattled. "It may look a little up-stage for a girl who hasn't got a line to read into the piece, but these days one must get the spot-light, or be a dead one. It reminds me of a little run-in I had with Graddy—he's our stage-director, you know." She paused, awaiting the invitation to proceed, and, having received it, went gayly forward. "I was ten minutes late, one day, for rehearsal, and Graddy came up with that sarcastic manner of his, and said: 'Miss Starr, I don't doubt you are a perfectly nice girl, and all that, but it rather gets my goat to figure out how, on a salary of fifteen dollars a week, you come to rehearsals in a million dollars' worth of clothes, riding in a limousine—and ten minutes late!'" She broke off with the eager little expression of awaiting applause, and, having been satisfied, she added: "I was afraid that wasn't going to get a laugh, after all."

She glanced inquiringly at Samson, who had not smiled, and who stood looking puzzled.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. South, from down South," she challenged.

"I guess I'm sort of like Mr. Graddy," said the boy, slowly. "I was just wondering how you do it." He spoke with perfect seriousness, and, after a moment, the girl broke into prolonged peal of laughter.

"Oh, you are delicious!" she exclaimed. "If I could do the ingenue like that, believe me, I'd make some hit." She came over, and, laying a hand on each of the boy's shoulders, kissed him lightly on the cheek. "That's for a droll boy!" she said. "That's the best line I've heard pulled lately."

Farbish was smiling in quiet amusement. He tapped the mountaineer on the shoulder.

"I've heard George Lescott speak of you," he said, genially. "I've rather a fancy for being among the discoverers of men of talent. We must see more of each other."

Samson left the party early, and with a sense of disgust.

Several days later, Samson was alone in Lescott's studio. It was nearing twilight, and he had laid aside a volume of De Maupassant, whose simple power had beguiled him. The door opened, and he saw the figure of a woman on the threshold. The boy rose somewhat shyly from his seat, and stood looking at her. She was as richly dressed as Miss Starr had been, but there was the same difference as between the colors of the sunset sky and the exaggerated daubs of Collasso's landscape. She stood at the door a moment, and then came forward with her hand outstretched.

"This is Mr. South, isn't it?" she asked, with a frank friendliness in her voice.

"Yes, ma'am, that's my name." "I'm Adrienne Lescott," said the girl. "I thought I'd find my brother here. I stopped by to drive him uptown."

Samson had hesitatingly taken the gloved hand, and its grasp was firm and strong despite its ridiculous smallness.

"I reckon he'll be back presently." The boy was in doubt as to the proper procedure. This was Lescott's studio, and he was not certain whether or not it lay in his province to invite Lescott's sister to take possession of it. Possibly, he ought to withdraw. His ideas of social usages were very vague.

"Then, I think I'll wait," announced the girl. She threw off her fur coat, and took a seat before the open grate. The chair was large, and swallowed her up.

Samson wanted to look at her, and was afraid that this would be impolite. He realized that he had seen no real ladies, except on the street, and now he had the opportunity.

"I'm glad of this chance to meet you, Mr. South," said the girl with a smile that found its way to the boy's heart. After all, there was sincerity in "foreign" women. "George talks of you so much that I feel as if I'd known you all the while. Don't you think I might claim friendship with George's friends?"

Samson had no answer. He wished to say something equally cordial, but the old instinct against effusiveness tied his tongue.

"I owe right smart to George Lescott," he told her, gravely.

"That's not answering my question," she laughed. "Do you consent to being friends with me?"

"Miss—" began the boy. Then, realizing that in New York this form of address is hardly complete, he hastened to add: "Miss Lescott, I've been here over nine months now, and I'm just beginning to realize what a rube I am. I haven't no—" Again, he broke off, and laughed at himself. "I mean, I haven't any idea of proper manners, and so I'm, as we would say down home, 'plumb skeered' of ladies."

As he accused himself, Samson was looking at her with unblinking directness; and she met his glance with eyes that twinkled.

"Mr. South," she said, "I know all about manners, and you know all about a hundred real things that I want to know. Suppose we begin teaching each other?"

Samson's face lighted with the revolutionizing effect that a smile can bring only to features customarily solemn.

"Miss Lescott," he said, "let's call that a trade—but you're gettin' all the worst of it. To start with, you might give me a lesson right now in how a feller ought to act, when he's talkin' to a lady—how I ought to act with you!"

Her laugh made the situation as easy as an old shoe.

Ten minutes later, Lescott entered. "Well," he said, with a smile, "shall I introduce you people, or have you already done it for yourselves?"

"Oh," Adrienne assured him, "Mr. South and I are old friends." As she left the room, she turned and added: "The second lesson had better be at my house. If I telephone you some day when we can have the school-room to ourselves, will you come up?"

Samson grinned and forgot to be bashful as he replied:

"I'll come a-kittin'!"

CHAPTER X.

Early that year, the touch of autumn came to the air. Often, returning at sundown from the afternoon life class, Samson felt the lure of its melancholy sweetness, and paused on one of the Washington Square benches, with many vague things stirring in his mind. He felt with a stronger throb the surety of young, but quickening, abilities within himself. Partly, it was the charm of Indian summer, partly a sense of growing with the days, but, also, though he had not as yet realized that, it was the new friendship into which Adrienne had admitted him, and the new experience of frank camaraderie with a woman not as a member of an inferior sex, but as an equal companion of brain and soul. He had seen her often, and usually alone, be-

cause he shunned meetings with strangers. Until his education had advanced further, he wished to avoid social embarrassments. He knew that she liked him, and realized that it was because he was a new and virile type, and for that reason a diversion—a sort of human novelty. She liked him, too, because it was rare for a man to offer her friendship without making love, and she was certain he would not make love. He liked her for the same reasons that every one else did—because she was herself. Of late, too, he had met a number of men at Lescott's club. He was modestly surprised to find that, though his attitude on these occasions was always that of one sitting in the background, the men seemed to like him, and, when they said, "See you again," at parting, it was with the convincing manner of real friendship.

One wonderful afternoon in October, when the distances were mist-hung, and the skies very clear, Samson sat across the table from Adrienne Lescott at a road house on the Sound. The sun had set through great cloud battalions massed against the west, and the horizon was fading into darkness through a haze like ash of roses. She had picked him up on the Avenue, and taken him into her car for a short spin, but the afternoon had beguiled them, luring them on a little farther, and still a little farther. When they were a score of miles from Man-



"I Was Thinking of My People."

hattan, the car had suddenly broken down. It would, the chauffeur told them, be the matter of an hour to effect repairs, so the girl, explaining to the boy that this event gave the affair the aspect of adventure, turned and led the way, on foot, to the nearest road house.

"We will telephone that we shall be late, and then have dinner," she laughed. "And for me to have dinner with you alone, unchaperoned at a country inn, is by New York standards delightfully unconventional. It borders on wickedness." Then, since their attitude toward each other was so friendly and innocent, they both laughed. They had dined under the trees of an old manor house, built a century ago, and now converted into an inn, and they had enjoyed themselves because it seemed to them pleasingly paradoxical that they should find in a place seemingly so shabby-genteel a cuisine and service of such excellence. Neither of them had ever been there before, and neither of them knew that the reputation of this establishment was in its own way wide—and unsavory.

The repairs did not go as smoothly as the chauffeur had expected, and, when he had finished, he was hungry. So, eleven o'clock found them still chatting at their table on the lighted lawn. After awhile, they fell silent, and Adrienne noticed that her companion's face had become deeply, almost painfully set, and that his gaze was tensely focused on herself.

"What is it, Mr. South?" she demanded.

The young man began to speak, in a steady, self-accusing voice.

"I was sitting here, looking at you," he said, bluntly. "I was thinking how fine you are in every way; how there is as much difference in the texture of men and women as there is in the texture of clothes. From that automobile cap you wear to your slippers and stockings, you are clad in silk. From your brain to the tone of your voice, you are woven of human silk. I've learned lately that silk isn't weak, but strong. They make the best balloons of it." He paused and laughed, but his face again became sober. "I was thinking, too, of your mother. She must be sixty, but she's a young woman. Her face is smooth and unwrinkled, and her heart is still in bloom. At the same age, George won't be much older than he is now."

The compliment was so obviously not intended as compliment at all that the girl flushed with pleasure.

"Then," went on Samson, his face slowly drawing with pain, "I was thinking of my own people. My mother was about forty when she died. She was an old woman. My father was forty-three. He was an old man. I was thinking how they withered under their drudgery—and of the monstrous injustice of it all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**ONE CENT LETTER POSTAGE
BEING AGITATED**

One cent postage rate on letters is again being brought into prominence and many high officials declare that it is sure to come in the near future. All classes of business would be greatly benefited by its adoption, and estimated statistics show there would be such an increased demand for stamps that the apparent loss of revenue would be more than made up.

It is an impossibility to place an estimated value on health, it being a most priceless possession—but, perhaps you have been careless or negligent and have allowed weakness to develop until you are now in a badly run-down condition, with poor appetite, impaired digestion and constipated bowels.

In order to get back to health and strength you must first help Nature restore the Stomach, Liver and Bowels to a normal condition. This suggests the friendly aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. You will find it an excellent tonic, appetizer and strength maker and well worthy of your confidence.

It is an absolutely pure medicine, adapted to all ordinary family ailments, and your health will be greatly improved by giving it a fair trial at once. Be sure you get the genuine Hostetter's Stomach Bitters with our Private Stamp over the neck of Bottle.

SHOULD BE GOOD FOR WEEK

Under the Circumstances, Maid Might Be Relied On to Stay That Long.

"Are you thinking of getting married?"

"No."

"Have you a grandmother who is in poor health and needs you?"

"No."

"Or a married sister that wants you to take care of her children?"

"No, I—"

"Are your parents wealthy, so that you don't have to work?"

"Indeed not."

"Are you likely to be offered a position in the chorus and decide to go on the stage?"

"Nothing like that."

"Is there any possibility that you will be offered a position in a downtown store?"

"I think not."

"Then I shall be glad to have you come to work for me as maid. You ought to stay the week out at least."

—Detroit Free Press.

Daughter's View.

The minister was dining with the Fullers, and he was denouncing the new styles in dancing. Turning to the daughter of the house, he asked sternly:

"Do you yourself, Miss Fuller, think the girls who dance these dances are right?"

"They must be," was the answer, "because I notice the girls who don't dance them are always left."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Their Relation.

"The abbreviations of two of the states of the Union ought to be very close to each other in popular association."

"What two are they?"

"Ill. and M. D."

Reason Enough.

"Why is Higbee so sore on the liquor traffic all of a sudden?"

"He ran over a broken beer bottle last Sunday and punctured two tires."

NEW SHADE OF BLUE

POPULAR SPRING COLOR IS REMARKABLY PRETTY.

Probably Seen at its Best in the Taffetas—Illustration Shows One of the Most Effective of the Recent Gowns.

The newest and smartest shade of blue is designated "bleu soldat" or soldier blue, and really is remarkably pleasing. It rather borders on a violet tone, but is not so dark and probably resembles the blue of gentians as nearly as any other known shade.

This is a modish spring color and is particularly good in taffetas, of which the illustrated dress is fashioned.

It will be necessary to have a white China silk waist lining, sleeveless, of course, and just serving as a foundation to which the skirt and little shirred neck yoke may be attached. The shirred yoke is merely added



above the round décolletage of the lining and shows inside the wide V of over-blowse.

The top of the skirt is evenly gathered all round, and an added section above is shirred and corded in three or four more rows. The lower part of the skirt is trimmed with two bands of self material, the first a trifle narrower than the second, and both slightly frilled under a finishing cord. The lower edge of these bands is cut in little square tabs to correspond with the lower edge of the blouse.

In front the short unconfined edge of the blouse runs up at the center. The sides and back are held in a little, about four inches above the waist under a cording. The long sleeves show three encircling bands of self material all slashed to form square tabs.

Over either hip and below the center of the V neck a bit of dull silver embroidery is introduced, taking the form of long, narrow points that are extremely attractive as a trimming.

ALL HAVE MILITARY EFFECT

Cut and Trimming of New Blouses Are Alike in This Respect in the Season's Styles.

The military effect of trigness and trimness is carried out not only on the cut of the new blouses, but also in their trimmings. Edges are bound with narrow braid, buttons are used in close ranks and bows and all sorts of silk loops and ornaments simulate military frogs. A stunning blouse of coffee-colored golden-rod satin—the supple, soft satin so liked for blouse wear—has a buttoned-up collar in choker style and link cuffs fastened with white pearl buttons. Four "frogs" of white silk cord, with loops caught over immense ball buttons covered with the coffee satin, appear to fasten the blouse fronts, but underneath are hidden snap fasteners, a safer and saner closing than the widely separated frogs. A blouse of dutch blue georgette crepe is trimmed with black edge binding braid and small eagle brass buttons in true military style.

One of the most striking new imported blouses, fresh from Paris, is a charming model of sheerest white voile, embroidered with big yellow-centered daisies, and a smart black tie. Pintucking and hemstitching and small motifs of hand embroidery add their quota of prettiness to the new spring blouses, which are so soft in material and so delectable in color.

NEW IDEA IN DECORATION

People Have Learned the Value of Black and White as Means of Securing Color Effect.

Black and white have taken the world of interior decorations by storm. And the combination isn't only a fad; it promises to last, now that we have discovered how much character to articles and rooms can be given by this color effect. Even the bedroom has not been spared—or it has been honored, whichever way you look at it—with the attention of black and white, and we find black rugs on white floors, and white beds and furniture and woodwork, and sometimes black curtains, and now there have been introduced the most charming lingerie sets for the bed, dressing-table, dresser and chiffonier, the set sometimes including from one to half a dozen boudoir pillows. That part of the lingerie used for the bed includes a spread, bolster slip and pillows or shams. If a bolster roll is used, then only the bolster throw is needed, doing away with the necessity of the bolster slips and shams.

The black-and-white lingerie bedroom set may be embroidered in any design that you would use for the all-white embroidery set. The material used is rather heavy white linen. The design is worked in black mercerized cotton. It must be very carefully worked on the wrong side, few, if any, connecting threads being used when passing from one design to another.

If you do not wish to use black curtains at the window, lawn curtains with black figures are good substitutes. If shades are used with the curtains, they should be either all black or white. A black-and-white carpet may be used instead of all white or all black. Black carpet with white rugs, or vice versa, is also effective. The boudoir pillows should be of white embroidered in black. They should not, however, be placed over black pillows, as in the case of pink or blue pillows. White pillows must be used for the purpose or the pillow slips will look soiled. A black-and-white room would prove pleasing to a man.

BLACK STOCK IS BECOMING

Properly Arranged, It Should Give Just the Right Touch to the Tailored Costume.

For a tailored waist there is nothing quite so trig as a black satin stock, high in proportions and livened by a white frill of some sort sticking out under the chin. A decidedly good-looking one of this order is made in this way: Buy half a yard of heavy black satin or grosgrain ribbon. Make this the exact size of the neck, boning it so that it will not sag loosely about the throat. The ribbon should be very wide so that it can be laid over in flat plaits around the throat. These are tacked down in place. Do not fasten in the center back, but on one side, where a row of tiny white, flat pearl buttons is placed. These run up and down; a similar row being placed at the side opposite. The row of buttons should come directly under each ear.

Now comes the piece de resistance of the entire stock. These are square tabs of white faille which unfold, petal-like, beneath the chin. One square comes directly under the chin, one on either side of the face, another directly behind each ear and a last one in the back of the collar. These square pieces are wired to stand out like a Perrot ruff and are a very chic and pretty finish to the somber stock.

LATEST THING IN FOOTWEAR

Military Boots Similar to Those Worn by Russian Cossacks Are a New York Fad.

Military boots, made to imitate the boots worn by Russian Cossacks, are now being introduced in New York city, says an exchange, and furnish the latest surprise in feminine foot-



These Boots Are Made of Suede to Match the Costume, With Vamps, Heels and Trimmings of Patent Leather.

wear. These boots are made of suede, with vamps, heels, and trimmings of patent leather, and are to be worn with a tailored suit of a military type. They come in all colors to match the costume, but are invariably trimmed in patent leather.

Sick Women Attention

Is it possible there is a woman in this country who continues to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, which proves beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other one medicine in the world?

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine for women—and every year we publish many new testimonials, all genuine and true. Here are three never before published:

From Mrs. S. T. Richmond, Providence, R. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"For the benefit of women who suffer as I have done I wish to state what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I did some heavy lifting and the doctor said it caused a displacement. I have always been weak and I overworked after my baby was born and inflammation set in, then nervous prostration, from which I did not recover until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The Compound is my best friend and when I hear of a woman with troubles like mine I try to induce her to take your medicine."—Mrs. S. T. RICHMOND, 84 Progress Avenue, Providence, R.I.

From Mrs. Maria Irwin, Peru, N.Y.

PERU, N.Y.—"Before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was very irregular and had much pain. I had lost three children, and felt worn out all the time. This splendid medicine helped me as nothing else had done, and I am thankful every day that I took it."—Mrs. MARIA IRWIN, R.F.D. 1, Peru, N.Y.

From Mrs. Jane D. Duncan, W. Quincy, Mass.

SOUTH QUINCY, MASS.—"The doctor said that I had organic trouble and he doctored me for a long time and I did not get any relief. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and I tried it and found relief before I had finished the first bottle. I continued taking it all through middle life and am now a strong, healthy woman and earn my own living."—Mrs. JANE D. DUNCAN, Forest Avenue, West Quincy, Mass.

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



One Sense Not Under Control.

She was a bride of less than a year, but she had her troubles and naturally made a confidante of her mother.

"My dear child," said the mother, "if you would have neither eyes nor ears when your husband comes home from the club you might be happier."

"Perhaps so," answered the young wife with an air of weariness; "but what am I to do with my nose?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

Might Get Green Cheese.

Wife—John, this magazine says that matter weighing one pound on the moon's surface if transferred to earth would weigh six pounds.

Hub—Can't you manage to buy our groceries up there?

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE for the TROOPS Over 100,000 packages of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, are being used by the German and Allied troops at the Front because it rests the feet, gives instant relief to Corns and Bunions, hot, swollen, aching, tender feet, and makes walking easy. Sold everywhere, 25c. Try It TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Adv.

Immediate Suggestion.

"Talk is cheap."

"Why, have you had your telephone taken out?"

Our idea of an unhappy woman is a proud person with a last year's model automobile.

Some women boast of the many proposals they had by way of apologizing for what they took.

Love may be blind. But jealousy goes around with a 50-inch telescope.

After Winter's Wear and Tear

one requires a food in Springtime that builds up both brain and body.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

made of wheat and malted barley—supplies in splendid balance, the elements necessary for upbuilding and keeping in repair the brain, nerve and muscle tissue.

Grape-Nuts has a rich nut-like flavour—always fresh, crisp, sweet and ready to eat direct from package.

Thousands have found Grape-Nuts a wonderful invigorator of both brain and body.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

Standing Rock Indian Reservation

Open to Settlement in May

An Opportunity to Get a Home in **NORTH DAKOTA**

Part of this land will be open to free homestead entry and the remainder will be sold at a very low price. The reservation is located in North and South Dakota and settlers should

FILE AT BISMARCK

On Main Transcontinental Line of **Northern Pacific Ry.**

For the land located in North Dakota. This is the capital of the state and from this point settlers stopping en route to or from the North Pacific Coast, may make a side trip to Cannon Ball or Selen, located on the border of the reservation and inspect the land.

Send at once for free copy of *Standing Rock Indian Reservation and North Dakota booklet*, and any other information desired relative to this Big Land Opening.

L. J. BRICKER, Gen'l Imm. Agent
St. Paul, Minn.

L. J. BRICKER, General Immigration Agent
443 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

I am interested in the opening of the Standing Rock Indian Reservation and would like to receive information, rates and booklets.

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.

Vote for Slaton by sticking in a vote for the bond issue. If you are a believer in Slaton show your faith in the city by a vote for building a better city.

Men with money will hesitate to come to a town and invest in buildings and large stocks of goods without fire protection. We need outside capital in Slaton.

Of the thousands of towns over the United States which have installed water works systems we have yet to hear of one which was not benefitted by the action.

Any report that the president of Mexico has been assassinated is blue penciled as a fake as quick as it reaches this office. The hombres down there have been fighting for several years trying to designate a permanent president, and it requires more than an associated press report now to establish his identity.

When some fellow says he is against the bond issue on account of taxes ask him to get a pencil and figure out how much it will cost him. Twenty-five cents levy on the \$100.00 taxable valuation will meet the bond issue, and at the rate of assessment made will mean that a four room residence property assessed at \$400.00 will pay just \$1.00 a year more in taxes. And then ask what a reasonable increase in the value of the property will amount to with water works improvements to the town.

The whole nation takes a peculiar interest in watching to see whether Leo Frank will be hung in Georgia, in compliance with the death sentence passed on him last week. He has exhausted all recourse to the courts and nothing but executive clemency can save him. This case is a great puzzle to the public. All newspaper reports of the case prove him beyond a question of doubt innocent of the crime charged to him, and yet there must be something behind the case that never gets into the papers. He was convicted solely on the testimony of an illiterate, disreputable negro who is an ex-convict. And this in Georgia!

Opie Reid's "Waters of Caney Fork" had nothing on the Slaton country, as is evidenced by the way our old citizens are returning to this city. One quaff of the waters of Caney Fork would, according to Opie Reid, inoculate the imbibor with a love for that locality that would go with him to the ends of the earth, eventually bringing him back to that favored nook of nature's beautiful handiwork. So it is with the Slaton country. Those who have lived here long enough to be inoculated with the spirit of our joyous climate and enjoy the harvest of our prosperous lands will never be satisfied to live elsewhere, and when their spirit of wanderings is satisfied will return to the Slaton South Plains and enjoy the blessings of our truly nature favored land.

Remember to get that copy in the first of the week. Anything that comes in later than Tuesday is pretty likely to be left out.

"There is such a thing as being so right that force is not necessary to convince."—President Wilson. Sometimes a good thrashing is the best thing that can happen to a bully, tho, the same as to a miscreant boy.

The editor of the Slatonite acknowledges with pleasure and much appreciation an appointment from Governor Ferguson constituting us a delegate from the State of Texas to the International Press Congress which meets in San Francisco in July.

It looks mighty good to see water mains being laid in different sections of the city. This is an important adjunct to the Queen City.—Ochiltree Eagle-Investigator.

And this in a town forty miles from a railroad. Could Slaton, which is not only a railroad town but a very important division on the great Santa Fe, afford to take second place to such an enterprise as this by voting down the bond issue for water works. Certainly not.

The editor of the Clarendon News has discovered a way to beat this self-defense plea that is clearing so many murderers these days. Warren is going to have the hip pocket removed from his trousers, so that any possible assassin will not be able to make the plea that he reached for a gun. He says: "The only evidence needed to clear a murderer these days is to prove that the deceased wore a hip pocket on his trousers, and the murderer, not being able to see into said pocket, considered that his life was in danger."

A statement made in the daily papers one day last week about the merchant ships that England is losing puts an entirely different aspect to the situation from what we always conclude when hearing about a ship being torpedoed. When the blockade was declared against Germany, all the German ships on the waters were taken charge of and towed into English ports. The number of these ships run into hundreds and perhaps a thousand or more. So that for every English merchant ship that is sunk there are dozens of German vessels already riding at anchor in English ports.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

The University of Missouri faculty has adopted for use in official bulletins and correspondence two of the recommendations of the simplified spelling board.

The first of these requires the use of the shorter and simpler form wherever two spellings are authorized by the dictionaries.

For example, the faculty will write "honor" and not "honour," "caliber," "subpena," "glycerin," "coquet," "fulness," "fantasy," "accurst" and not "accursed." Two hundred and forty-two words are affected.

The other rule adopts "program," "catalog," "decalog," "prolog," "demagog," "pedagog," "tho," "altho," "thoro," "thorofare," "thru," "thruout."

The adoption of the rules was primarily to give uniformity of spelling in the official university publications. Students will be asked to use the simplified forms.—Kansas City Star.

Seeks to Prevent Removal of Man Killed by a Train in Texas.

Dallas, Tex.—J. C. McCoy was run over and killed by a train on the Santa Fe railroad four miles north of the city. A small black shepherd dog stood over the body and refused to let the crew of the passenger train touch it.

A brakeman with a pair of heavy gloves to protect his hands seized the dog and tied it with a rope in the baggage car.

The body was then put into the car and taken to Garland, where the dog gnawed the rope in two, and leaping out of the car door took its place beside the body on the truck. Before the undertaker could handle the body he was obliged to secure the dog.

MANY BRIDES AWAIT MATES

Seventy Japanese Women Arrive in Frisco to Meet Husbands They Never Saw.

San Francisco.—Seventy picture brides from Japan arrived here today on the liner Shinyo Maru to meet husbands they have never seen. Fifty more arrived within the week on other steamships.

Until the husbands claim them, the brides are being housed on Angel island, the United States detention station.

In the eyes of the Japanese law, and so for the purposes of the immigration officers, the brides have been married. They come tagged and numbered, are correctly dealt out to the right husbands, and then usually are taken in hand by the Japanese association.

Special Train to Move Rancher.

Mayfield, Cal.—It required almost an entire special train to move the family and belongings of Manuel Nunes from Mayfield to Dixon, Cal. Besides a passenger car for his wife and 17 children, there were ten carloads of cattle and two of personal property.

"How Can I Live Without You?"

TELEPHONE and Find Out.



The Western Telephone Company

The Richey

Lumber Yard

To Figure Your Bill for Less

SLATON PLANING MILL

R. H. TUDOR, Proprietor

Contracting and Building

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

North Side of the Square

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

4-Way Division Santa Fe System



SLATON LOCATION

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

Advantages and Improvements

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

BUSINESS SECTION AND RESIDENCES BUILT

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

SURROUNDED BY A FINE, PRODUCTIVE LAND

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

P. and N. T. Railway Company, Owners

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

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

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

Correspondent Tells of Thrilling Adventure Gotham Man Had in France.

Chicago.—Herbert Corey, writing to the Daily News from London, tells the following remarkable story: Harry Martin saw him first in the streets of Amiens. He says he couldn't be mistaken.

"You know me," said Martin. "I haven't got enough French to get through to 'poissons' on any table d'hote bill. I spend more time in France looking for some one who can talk the language than I do in looking at cathedrals."

Because of the war all the regular waiters have left the Hotel du Rhin. The regular waiters talk English. Martin saw a young man who didn't look precisely like a Frenchman. So he hailed him.

"He talked U. S.," said Martin. "Regular New York. He told me that for four years he waited on table in the old Martin place, at Twenty-sixth street. Knew a lot of the people I know—by sight. Said he used to be Diamond Jim Brady's special waiter. I don't know. It's only what he told me."

So the ex-waiter at Martin's interpreted for the young New York man, who in times of peace does a nice business in French perfumes and mustache stiffeners. Martin says that if he had had good sense he would have quit France when the trouble first started. But he had always had a hankering for adventure that could not be satisfied in the perfume trade. So he began prospecting along the line of hostilities, hoping to see some real fighting.

"This ex-waiter gave me a lot of good dope," said Martin. "He and I kicked around together for a day or two. He said he was a Frenchman. I don't know. It's only what he told

me."

Ex-Waiter Fails to Appear.

One day the ex-waiter did not appear. The next day Martin moved on. For three weeks he managed to get along, seeing a good many things. His papers were of the best quality. They had been secured for him by friends in the perfume line in Paris.

"Then I was picked up by the French hussars," said Martin. "I didn't mind. I had been arrested so often that I felt sort of peevish if I wasn't pinched occasionally. The Frenchmen always turned me loose. They're a good sort."

Martin was taken into the best room of a little cottage near Amiens. Just outside was an orchard. The scent of the fruit rotting on the ground filled the air. A sentry in brilliant red pants stood at the door of the cottage filling the immature mind of the young son of the cottage with marvelous tales of war. Martin will never forget the round eyes of the youth as he gazed on the red-panted hero. The perfume salesman was turned over to a young lieutenant, who spoke good English.

"You'll have to wait until the colonel talks with you," said the lieutenant. "But do not fear. I will make it all right."

Martin didn't fear. He didn't know that there was any reason for fear. There he was—Martin, a salesman of irreproachable antecedents—and he had been arrested so often that he regarded arrest as a part of the day's routine. He sat down and watched with interest what was going on.

French Officers Are Busy.

"Maybe there were a dozen French officers there," said he, "all smoking cigarettes and talking. I never did hear so much talk. They all talked at once. But it looked as though they were getting things done, at that. Soldiers would come in and report to the colonel and talk to all the other officers. And all the other officers would talk to them. By and by they got their orders and went out. I don't know anything about soldiering, but I could see that that little old cottage was being run right."

Martin had cigars. So he and the lieutenant sat in a corner and smoked them. The lieutenant said he wasn't anxious to bring Martin to the attention of the colonel until the cigars were gone. No one paid any attention to them. There was no suggestion of anything serious in the air. The officers joked and laughed together.

"All at once this ex-waiter from Martin's came in," said Martin. "A soldier had him by each elbow. He saluted the colonel. He had never told me that he had been a soldier."

Martin planned to hail him when he got the chance. But an instinct of caution restrained him. Evidently this ex-waiter was "in bad." The officers were regarding him silently. By and by they began to talk again. First the soldiers who held the ex-waiter told a story and passed a packet of papers over to the colonel.

Colonel Asks Questions.

"The colonel asked him some questions," said Martin, "and then other officers talked to him. They all seemed friendly enough. No one made any fuss. He answered some questions and some he didn't. By and by he asked for a cigarette and the lieutenant who had me handed him one. They bowed and smiled to each other."

The other officers talked to each other. Evidently they were not talking about the ex-waiter. The colonel sat pulling at his thumb-size goatee. Martin's lieutenant took another of Martin's cigars and complimented him on them. The ex-waiter looked around the room for the first time. Martin caught his eye and grinned. The ex-waiter looked him in the eye and turned away.

"Well," said Martin to himself, "that's a dickens of a note."

The colonel took another cigarette from his dwindling case. The officers sat with their elbows on their knees and looked silently at the ex-waiter. The colonel said something. The two soldiers saluted and turned on their heels. The ex-waiter whipped his hand stiffly to his forehead, stood at attention, and turned on his heel. The officers relaxed somewhat and again began talking. As the ex-waiter went out he smiled in Martin's direction—not to him—a queer, wistful sort of smile.

"It sort of got me going for a minute," said Martin.

Through the open doors of the cottage they heard the staccato commands of a drill sergeant. A squad shuffled quickly by. They heard the clicking of gunlocks. Martin turned to his lieutenant:

"Listen," said the lieutenant, holding up one hand.

The colonel and the other officers were sitting quietly, in attitudes of attention. There was the report of musketry. The sound of talk within the room rose again. The colonel began to paw over his innumerable reports. The lieutenant spoke to him, and came back to Martin with the word that he must leave the country

at once. The lieutenant said it was dangerous for him. The peasants might not understand him. Martin said he would.

"But, say," said he to his friend the lieutenant, "what was this shooting just now?"

"Did you not comprehend?" asked the lieutenant. "It was a spy."

CAT BATTLES WITH TURTLE

Philadelphia Man Awakened by the Noise of Fierce Fight in Rear of Home.

Philadelphia.—When B. F. Magnin of Ninth street and Ridge avenue, Darby, went to investigate a noise in the rear of his home, which awakened him early in the morning, he found the family cat battling a two-pound snapping turtle. The cat, unable to understand his opponent's tactics, was furiously scratching the latter's hard shell back.

The snapper made prodigious efforts to seize the cat's flesh with his beak, but was unsuccessful. Magnin separated the two, and captured the snapper, who will next be seen in the form of snapper soup.

HEIR TO BELGIAN THRONE



A hitherto unpublished photograph of Prince Leopold, the youthful heir to the throne of Belgium. Leopold, with his brother and sister, is living with relatives in England.

Italy Buys 20,000 Horses.

Junction City, Kan.—Twenty thousand horses for use in the Italian army have been purchased in the United States in the last three months, according to Gordon Hollis, a stockman of Denver, here, buying animals. Hollis said he recently delivered 5,000 horses to agents of the Italian government in the East.

PLAN MONUMENT TO A CAT

People of Welsh City Would Honor A French Tabby Which Saved Life.

Newport, Wales.—A subscription is circulated here to erect on the grounds of the town's feudal castle a monument to the French cat which saved the life of Lieutenant Lloyd of the Grenadier guards.

The cat did nothing purposely heroic; but by curling around the neck of the officer during the three days he lay wounded and unattended near the French frontier, the cat acted as a fur boa and saved him from death by cold.

Lieutenant Lloyd is heir to Sir Martese Lloyd, the chief commoner of Wales, and the last of the Norman lords of the marshes. His residence is Newport castle, where it is proposed to build the cat's memorial.

Whipped Husband Wants Divorce.

Pittsburgh.—As a result of a thrashing administered when she is alleged to have found him staying at a New York hotel with a dashing widow, John J. Marnaux, a wealthy business man of Pittsburgh, has brought suit against Julia V. Marnaux for a divorce on the grounds of cruel and barbarous treatment. According to the wife she traced her husband to New York and, lying in wait for him, attacked him with a whip.

Bridal Cake of Ostrich Eggs.

Bloomington, Ia.—Miss Olivia P. Teacott is believed to be the only bride in America who had her wedding cake made entirely of ostrich eggs. She was wedded to Fredrick Blencowe at her home here, and employees of the African Ostrich Farm and Feather company furnished the eggs and hired a baker to make the unusual wedding confection.

General von Rohne Writes of 42-Centimeter Howitzer.

Remarkable Weapon Is Big Surprise of the War—Deadly Effects of Krupp Firm's Latest Creation Described.

Washington.—In the Field Artillery Journal, published by the officers of the field artillery arm of the United States army, appears under the caption "Concerning the Fall of the Belgian Forts," the first authentic reference to the great German 42-centimeter guns, which, as the Field Artillery Journal points out, constitute the "great ordnance surprise of the present war."

The article is of unusual interest to ordnance officers and experts throughout the world because of the high standing of its author, who is Lieutenant General von Rohne, for years admittedly one of Germany's greatest ordnance authorities.

"During the Franco-Prussian war 1870-71," General von Rohne says, "the German foot artillery was in action against 16 French forts. Among these were only three which, according to the standards of that time, could be designated as modern forts. These were Metz, which held out ten weeks; Paris offering resistance for four months and surrendering through starving out, and Belfort, which with stood for three months and fell only after a regular siege. All other forts even Strassburg, were not up to date; they lacked the protective outer belt of fortresses, so that the main attack could immediately be directed against the city walls. Nevertheless, Strassburg fell only seven weeks after the first appearance of the German troops.

"How entirely different is the aspect furnished by the assault upon the Belgian forts! On the sixth day after the beginning of the mobilization the German flag was unfurled over five of the Liege forts and a few days later the entire fortified town was in possession of our troops. Namur fell as quickly, if not more so, although the enemy had the opportunity of improving the protection of this fortress over that of Liege.

"Both these fortresses were constructed by the foremost strategical architect of the world, General Brialmont, upon entirely modern principles, and surrounded by a belt of forts which almost precluded a shelling of the city unless the forts were taken first. All of the forts were protected by armor and equipped with modern heavy guns, in spite of which they succumbed after such a short period of shelling that even the artillerymen, who are generally believed to overestimate the efficiency of their guns, were completely astonished.

"From the experience of recent wars, particularly the siege of Port Arthur, the principle was evolved that a modern fortress could be taken only by infantry assault, approaching under cover and having its way cleared by artillery.

"Before Liege a different method was employed for the first time. Instead of using a large number of small projectiles, one very powerful projectile was thrown into the fort, which produced such an immense effect that one hit was sufficient to destroy all the guns of the fort at once, and thus break down its resistance. This is clearly shown by the published photographs of the fort turned into a pile of wreckage. The close fight during the last half century between guns and armor has been decided, probably conclusively, by the recent results in favor of the gun.

"This is not the proper time to furnish further details; suffice it to say that this result is due to the 42-centimeter mortar whose bore is twice as large as that of the largest caliber gun of the land artillery. This step is most interesting and shows great courage. In the line of naval artillery the Krupp firm first constructed 24-centimeter guns, then 28, 30.5, 35.36, 38.1, and finally 40.46 centimeter guns, that is six different groups, and has not even reached the 42-centimeter caliber. The gifted engineers of the Krupp works, who worked out the plans of the world wonder and then actually constructed it, are entitled to the thanks of the fatherland.

"Without these guns, streams of blood would have had to flow—as in the case of Port Arthur—before the doors of the two forts would have been opened. What valuable time—the most essential thing in such an energetically conducted war—has been saved and how many other fortresses will have to surrender after the first greeting from this giant gun!"

Evansville, Ind.—Holding jealousy is proof of love, Judge Logsdon refused a new trial in the divorce case of Andrew B. Sullivan, a prominent Sunday school worker, against his girl wife, Thelma. The husband was denied a divorce.

Sullivan alleged that his wife was insanely jealous of him and insulted all her friends because she feared he paid too much attention to them.

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.

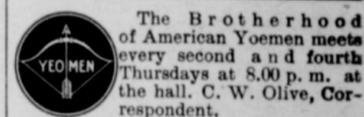
Slaton Camp No. 2871 W. O. W. meets 1st and 3rd Friday nights in the month at the MacRea Hall. W. E. Olive, C. C. B. C. Morgan, Clerk.

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 Yeomen 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 at 4.35 a. m.
No. 922 (south bound) from California arrives in Slaton at 12.10 p. m. Departs for central Texas and Galveston at 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.

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

J. G. WADSWORTH
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INSURANCE and RENTALS
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Office at FIRST STATE BANK
Slaton -:- Texas

S. C. Marrs
Contractor and Builder
Slaton . . Texas

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
Agents 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.

Hudgens and Foster
Tailors to Men Who Care
Agents for World Standard Clothes
Slaton, Texas

CAPT. PAUL P. MURRAY WRITES

Clifton, Arizona,
May 17, 1915.

My Dear Editor:

No matter what I am doing or what I may be reading I drop everything else until I peruse the Slatonite so that I can see what home folks are doing in the place I call home on this old earth of ours. I mean home folks right there in Slaton, Lubbock County, Texas, the garden spot of the Lone Star.

I have several thousand dollars invested in Slaton soil, and I am a progressive. I am willing to do my part, and if there are any there who are against any improvement move an account of the little extra expense it will be to them, I will pay it for them the first year equal to the amount of taxes I have to pay for myself.

Slaton has played in the backyard and alley long enough; she is big enough now to take her part with the rest of the Southwestern cities. You will never get new capital and new business blood of the right sort to come to Slaton to enter business and help to build Slaton until you get water works for fire protection. You have the best foundation right there in Slaton that there is in the Southwest to build a city if the people will do their part.

I am going to start for Slaton before the summer is over. With very best wishes to all and for the success of the bond issue, I am, sincerely yours,
Capt. Paul P. Murray.

Briggs Robertson and party left Thursday last week on a fishing trip to the Concho near San Angelo, going in the Reo and taking the little Buick along to carry the camp equipment. A. H. Woodard went to Sweetwater Sunday to join the party for a week.

J. W. Richey returned last Friday from San Augustine, Texas. He states that the fire which destroyed the house on his home farm was a complete loss, as not even the clothing nor bed clothes were saved. He expects to have his family at home home in their Slaton home in a short time.

M. A. Pember reports splendid progress with his gasoline plowing outfit, and will get in a good acreage of sod crops. He learned that the tractor will work better and much more economically on oil than on gasoline, and will not heat up as much. He runs the plows and the packer with the tractor and uses teams for the planter.

We will call for and deliver your clothes. Cleaning, pressing and alterations. Ladies work given special attention.—S. D. Glascock, Tailor, at DeLong's shop.

Fred Higbee is the proud possessor of a new silver cornet which he will use in band work. The instrument is one of the best of its kind and cost \$90.00.

For the first six good looking young ladies to come to the studio I will make your picture free.—Williams the Photographer, Slaton Texas.

C. L. Conway has been having considerable work done on his residence, adding to it and making practically a new house of it. They are coming to Slaton.

LIGHTNING HITS SILVER RIB

Artificial Bone Causes Brakeman to Be Struck by Bolt During a Storm.

Altoona, Pa.—A silver plate taking the place of several ribs in the body of Charles Feathers, a Pennsylvania brakeman, attracted a bolt of lightning in a fierce storm here.

Feathers' throat is completely paralyzed and his jaws are firmly locked, although he is perfectly conscious and suffers no pain.

The trainman was standing on his porch and near him was his son. The bolt struck between the two, but the boy was uninjured, while Feathers was knocked down. The bolt loosened the silver plate in Feathers' side. The physicians believe he will recover.

BLINDNESS CURED BY BUMP

Blow on Head Enables Bostonian to See After 18 Years of Darkness.

Boston.—After being blind for 18 years Frank H. Haynes, sixty-two years old, of Hyde Park, has regained his sight.

Mr. Haynes said: "Yesterday morning on arising I struck my head against the bedpost and I seemed fazed for a few minutes. I went into the bathroom and thought I saw a shadow. That was about ten minutes after I had struck my head. I raised my hand and thought I could see it. Then I saw my reflection in a mirror and that my hair was gray. It was black the last time I saw it."

Rainfall Record at Slaton

January, 2 days.....	.44
February, 3 days.....	2.51
March, 6 days.....	2.38
April, 11 days.....	10.04
May 1st.....	.47
May 5th.....	.85
May 9th.....	.70
For the year 1915 to date.....	17.39
For year 1913.....	33.00
For year 1914.....	40.75

R. B. HUTCHINSON
DENTIST
Citizens National Bank Building
Lubbock, Texas

BANK STATEMENT.

Official statement of the financial condition of the FIRST STATE BANK at Slaton, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 1st day of May, 1915, published in the Slatonite, a newspaper printed and published at Slaton, State of Texas, on the 14th day of May, 1915.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral.....	\$32,886.31
Loans, real estate.....	3,340.00
Overdrafts.....	94.32
Real Estate (banking house).....	3,600.00
Collection Account.....	260.00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1,400.00
Due from Approved Reserve Agts., net \$28,538.00.....	28,538.00
Cash Items.....	731.84
Currency.....	3,538.00
Specie.....	506.75
Interest in Depositors Guarantee Fund.....	530.49
Other Resources as follows:	
Assessment for Guarantee Fund.....	69.60
Total.....	\$75,495.31
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in.....	\$15,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	700.00
Undivided profits, net.....	2,290.96
Individual Deposits, subject to check.....	54,613.51
Time Certificates of Deposit.....	2,500.00
Cashier's Checks.....	390.84
Total.....	\$75,495.31

State of Texas,
County of Lubbock.
We, J. S. Edwards, as president, and J. G. Wadsworth, Asst. cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.
J. S. EDWARDS, President.
J. G. WADSWORTH, A. Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of May, A. D. 1915.
(SEAL) L. P. LOOMIS, J. P.
and Ex-Officio Notary Public
Lubbock County, Texas.

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

CLASSIFIED COLUMN

SPANISH PEANUTS for sale.—W. P. Florence.

LOST.—Watch charm with I. O. O. F. emblem. Finder please return to G. L. Sledge.

LOST.—Pair gold-rim glasses in black case. Will reward finder for return of glasses to D. O'Connell.

NOTICE.—All those owing accounts to Olive & Proctor please call at once and settle. This is important.

LOST.—A \$10 bill and a \$5.00 bill on the streets of Slaton Tuesday. Finder please return to me at Cap's Hotel and receive reward.—Mrs. J. F. George.

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.

Notice of Election.

On this the 22 day of April, A. D. 1915, came on to be considered a petition in writing signed by J. G. Wadsworth and R. L. Blanton and others, asking that an election, as hereinafter ordered, be ordered by the Town Council of the Town of Slaton, Texas, for the purpose hereinafter set forth:

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the Town Council that said petition is signed by more than twenty property taxpaying voters, residents of said town of Slaton, and that the election petitioned for should be ordered:

It is, therefore, ordered by the Town Council of the Town of Slaton, Lubbock County, Texas, that an election be held at the Talley-Whitehead Building on the Northwest corner of the Public Square in said town of Slaton, on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1915, to determine whether the bonds of the said Town of Slaton shall be issued to the amount of Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000.00) payable forty years from their date, redeemable at any time after 30 years from their date, and bearing interest at the rate of five percentum per annum, payable annually, for the purpose of erecting, constructing and establishing a waterworks system for the business section of said Town of Slaton and for so much of the residence portion of said town as may be possible with the amount of such bonds; and whether there shall be annually levied, assessed and collected on all the taxable property in said town for the current year and annually thereafter while said bonds, or any of them are outstanding, a tax sufficient to pay the current interest on said bonds and provide a sinking fund sufficient to pay the principal at maturity.

J. C. Stewart is hereby appointed manager at said election, and he shall select two judges and two clerks to assist him in holding it, and said election shall be held as nearly as possible in conformity with the general election laws of the State.

No person shall vote at said election unless he be a qualified voter under the Constitution and laws of this State and a property tax payer in said Town of Slaton.

All voters desiring to support the proposition to issue bonds shall have written or printed upon their ballots the words, "For the issuance of bonds and the tax" and those opposed shall have printed upon their ballots the words, "Against the issuance of bonds and the tax."

Public notice of said election shall be given by publishing this notice in a newspaper published in said town of Slaton for four successive weeks prior to said election and in addition thereto by posting copies of this order in three public places in said town for at least three weeks prior to said election.

Done this 22nd day of April, A. D. 1915.
ATTEST:
R. J. MURRAY,
Mayor of the Town of Slaton, Texas
C. C. HOFFMAN,
(SEAL) Town Secretary.

Job Printing

We are here to serve you with anything in the line of printed stationery for your business and personal use. □ □ □ □

Letter Heads Bill Heads
Envelopes Cards
Wedding Invitations
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Of All Kinds

The best quality of work at prices that are RIGHT

DO IT NOW Subscribe for THIS PAPER

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Physician and Surgeon
Office at Red Cross Pharmacy
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Office Phone 3

J. D. Haney
Slaton, Texas
Contractor and Builder
Estimates Furnished Promptly
Let Me Figure Your Job.

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

Let Us Improve Your Looks
West Side Barber Shop
J. S. BAGBY, Proprietor
Hot or Cold Baths in Connection
Barbering of the Class That Makes a Patron a Steady Customer

Slaton Livery Barn
G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor
Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations.
We have for sale at all times—
**Hay, Grain and Feed, Chicken Feed
Ground Oyster Shells, etc.**

Attention! Car Owners!
Complete Line of Tires, Tubes, and Supplies in Stock
All Sizes in Tubes and Casings. Gasoline and Oils
Have Reliable, Expert Mechanic in Repair Department.
Guaranteed Work. Good Service.
Slaton Auto Supply Co.
Briggs Robertson, Manager

L I S T E N !
The world is too much given to looking backward. It is well to remember and to profit by experience, but it is better to look forward to the future than backward to the mistakes of the past.
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 beevess. 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

Write R. J. Murray & Company

Slaton, Texas, About Agricultural Lands and City Property

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Read the ads. in this paper.

New goods of the latest styles constantly arriving at Mrs. Graves.

You will find new deals in the classified column every week. Keep the habit of watching it.

Mrs. I. W. Hudgens and Joe Kimbrough are waiting on the trade at Robertson's. Messrs. Robertson and Woodard are away on their annual fishing trip to the Concho.

G. L. Sledge went to Post City Monday and brought his wife home from the sanitarium Tuesday morning. Mrs. Sledge has about recovered from her illness, and will soon be strong again.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Barber of near Lubbock were calling on Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Loomis, old Kansas friends, Sunday afternoon. Mr. Barber purchased land six miles south of Lubbock last winter for ranching purposes, and stocked the place with high grade Herefords. He and Mrs. Barber moved to the ranch this spring, bought a Ford, and, having heard that there were old friends in the same county, went on a scouting trip to find them. The visit was a pleasant surprise.

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

Mrs. R. R. Geer and children left Slaton Saturday for St. Joe, Mo., for an extended visit with Mrs. Geer's parents.

The Slaton High School boys went to Tahoka Saturday for a baseball game, but forgot how to play and got cleaned up so completely that the score has not been reported.

Jim Foster has purchased an interest in John Hudgens' tailor shop. The shop has also started a laundry basket to send to Bob Ames' kwitcheerkikkin electric laundry at Amarillo.

Dr. L. Wall has purchased lots from C. C. Hoffman and let the contract for a residence. He has rented the office rooms in the Talley-Whitehead brick and sent for his furniture.

J. S. Lanham has purchased the house which J. D. Haney has been building for himself, and will move into it just as soon as it is completed. This is a six-room house, and will be quite a nice residence when finished. H. D. Talley made the deal. Mr. Haney will build another house for himself.

Every customer pleased with the up-to-date bargains in Millinery at Mrs. Graves.

C. C. Hoffman sold his Ford roadster Monday and purchased the Ford touring car which P. E. Jordan drove over from Portales, N. M.

50 POUNDS Kentucky Home-spun Tobacco, cream of the crop, old, ripe and fragrant. Slowly and carefully cured. Sold in the hand, Smoking or chewing. 25c a pound.—G. H. Branham, Slaton.

S. C. Mars and E. P. Nix did some good work on the road west from town last week, making the grades higher in some of the low places. The worst places were the fills by the Catholic Church and the one between the Kitten farms. Messrs. Nix and Mars will also put in considerable work on the Fiddler Robertson road across the canyon.

The Monograms went to Clovis Saturday morning for two games with the team of that village. They won the first game by a score of 4 to 3, Petty pitching, and lost the second game by a score of 8 to 2, Burris pitching. Burris pitched a good game, getting 14 strikeouts, but the support was ragged. The Monograms won a game at Crosbyton last week by a score of 8 to 5.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Jordan of Portales, N. M., were in Slaton the first of the week visiting old friends, coming over in a Ford. Mr. Jordan was formerly cashier of the First State Bank of Slaton and is now cashier of the First National Bank of Portales. He is also part owner in the Ford agency in that city. Mr. Jordan reports conditions generally prosperous in the Portales Valley, and that he and Mrs. Jordan are well pleased with their new home and their investments there. He expressed much pleasure at the improvement and building activity that Slaton is experiencing, and at the growth this town has made in the last few months.

COME, TELL US YOUR NEEDS

The management of this bank has endeavored to preserve a progressive policy, to be liberal in its treatment and adhere to the legitimate line of banking in supplying the constant needs of its customers, and we hope and expect to continue. Come, tell us your needs.

First State Bank

of Slaton



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

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 eased 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

Staple and Fancy Groceries and Fresh Vegetables in Season

We want to supply your needs in the grocery line and we keep at your disposal a complete stock of popular, standard brands. Our first thought is to make satisfied customers.

Give us your orders.

Slaton Sanitary Grocery

W. E. SMART, Proprietor

BENEFIT TO THE SMALL LOT OWNER

Clovis, N. M., May 18th.

Mr. Editor Slatonite:

As a property owner of Slaton I want a word on the water works bond issue. I sincerely believe that every voter should vote FOR the issue of the bonds. The proposition really is, Are we going to make a town of Slaton or not. You cannot build a town without water works. For my part, I believe that a good town can be built at Slaton and will be built, provided the citizens will do their part.

The true feature for the consideration of every voter is, Will the benefit derived exceed the cost, and if so how much? In my honest judgment the benefits derived will exceed the cost many fold to every class of property owners. There are two kinds of benefits derived, direct and indirect. The shrewd financier avails himself of the indirect benefit derived from any act. In the issue of these bonds I can see a great benefit indirect to the small property owner and the vacant lot holder. Water works enhances the value of all property and renders it more saleable. The history of all towns proves that capital is always reluctant to invest in young towns until reasonable fire protection is afforded for improvements.

As I see it the small property owner is really more to be benefited than the large property owner for while he owns less in

dollars perhaps those few dollars are of more consequence to him and he is more often in need of them, than the big investment of the wealthier man. The man with only a thousand dollars needs it to use while the man with a hundred thousand can let ten thousand lay idle.

The rich man can better afford to have money tied up in a dead town than the poor man can.

I believe in personal economy, but there are certain things that every person must have, such as food and raiment. He is not a true economist who stints himself on food. I believe in public economy, but there are certain things every town must have. One of these is water for fire protection. Water works are absolutely essential to the life, growth, health, and prosperity of a town.

Yours truly,
W. A. Havener.

One of the Fords carrying the Tahoka baseball crowd home Wednesday night turned over and injured the entire crowd in it. There were no serious consequences but several received severe injuries. Arbie Joplin took the bunch on home. A front wheel on the car smashed while it was speeding.

The play, "A Dream of Fairyland," given at the Auditorium by the primary department of the schools Saturday night was attended by a large crowd and enjoyed very much. The pupils deserve much credit for the entertainment.

Mrs. J. E. Mann of Amarillo is spending the week in Slaton with Mrs. Louis Smith.

Slaton has been lucky about fires, but luck is mighty poor fire protection.

SYSTEM IN THE HOME

EXCELLENT IDEA MUST NOT BE CARRIED TO EXCESS.

Careful Preparation of Menu is Desirable, But Like All Good Things There is a Possibility of Its Being Overdone.

Carefully planning and writing out menus at least three meals in advance, and marketing for the same, is absolutely essential in housekeeping efficiency if a woman expects to keep her youth, beauty, good health and sunny disposition.

I am told by some that women do not like the word "System." Neither do I when it is so ironclad that, if my husband asked me to take a little spin with him after luncheon so we could both get a little fresh air, I would have to stay home and follow out my "Regularly Planned System!" The butter, cream, bread, etc., could quickly be taken care of and the dishes to be washed certainly would not run away (we often wish they would) and would be done with greater ease for the change and fresh air which we have enjoyed. Yes, I thoroughly believe in a system, and so does any well-organized business organization; but let it be a flexible one when in the hands of the women who think.

No wonder women wear out! They either carry the house around on their two shoulders from morning till night or they forget it entirely. There is a happy, helpful medium. Let us take a pad and pencil and go to the refrigerator after breakfast and make a note of just what food is there in "left-overs." Then decide where these may be used in any one of the next three meals; maybe the outside stalks of celery are there which will make a fine cream of celery soup for luncheon or dinner. Now plan and write out on a card (which is kept in your card index back of menus) each of these menus, and on another slip write the necessary grocery order; at the same time see if any of the staples, such as sugar, tea or coffee, rice, etc., must be replenished, and write these down also. If you know exactly what is wanted once or twice, or even three times a week, this order can be telephoned; at other times it is necessary to go to market to compare foods and prices, know values and become skillful in marketing. Besides, it is a great advantage to have personal acquaintance with the "butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker."

Now, with this done, prepare all these meals as far in advance as possible, such as meats, desserts, etc., so that your work can be all pigeon-holed, as it were. Very little time then is needed in preparation of any one of those three meals at the last moment. —Alice Critchell Kirk, in the Philadelphia Ledger.

To Use Cheap Cuts of Beefsteak.

Cut into pieces small enough to serve, roll in egg, cracker crumbs. Have good dripping or butter in frying pan and when smoking hot put in the pieces of steak, and sear well on both sides. As fast as ready put into the steamer, then add the gravy and a little hot water if needed. Let steam about three hours, then add one can peas. As soon as they are hot it is ready to serve. This will be found to be as tender as chicken.

Fruit Cocktails.

Peel and cut one orange and one grapefruit into small pieces, removing all seeds and white bits of skin, add two sliced bananas, a tablespoonful of chopped or grated pineapple, sweeten, to taste, and mix with the juice from a can of pineapple. Stand in a very cold place, or put in the ice cream freezer and partially freeze, serve in small glasses and ornament with marsh-mallows and cherries. Reserve the remaining pineapple for a luncheon dish.

Curried Rice.

Boil two cupfuls of rice in salted water till tender, then blanch and set in the oven to dry a few moments. Meantime make a sauce as follows: Fry two sliced onions in a tablespoonful of butter till a light brown. Add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a tablespoonful of curry powder, salt to taste and the liquid from a small can of tomatoes. Grease a baking dish, put the rice in it, pour over the sauce and bake for 20 minutes. Excellent warmed over for luncheon, as well as when freshly made.

Potatoes a la Lyonnaise.

Cut cold boiled potatoes into tiny dice of uniform size. Put two great spoonfuls of butter into the frying pan and fry two sliced onions in this for three minutes. With a skimmer remove the onions and turn the potatoes into the hissing butter. Toss and turn with a fork, that the dice may not become brown. When hot, add a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley and cook a minute longer. Remove the potatoes from the pan with a perforated spoon, that the fat may drip from them. Serve very hot.

"LIFE, LIBERTY AND PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

Western Canada Farmer Writes as to Conditions.

A. G. Hansen is a farmer living near Clavet, Sask., and as an old resident of Minnesota, takes strong exception to some of the articles appearing in American papers disparaging the true conditions in Western Canada. The "Cottonwood Current" of Cottonwood, Minn., an important weekly paper in the southwestern part of the state, recently published a letter from Mr. Hansen, which is interesting reading. In his letter Mr. Hansen makes a splendid case for Western Canada against those who seek to deter farmers in the States from settling in Canada. He says:

"The district in which we live is a fair comparison to any other district in the country, made up mostly of settlers from the States. The majority here consists of Americans from Minnesota, Iowa and the Dakotas, with a few Canadians and an odd Englishman. We have been here eleven years, ever since this part of the country was settled, and the majority have done well. If they have not, it is certainly not the fault of the country.

"There has not been a crop failure in this district since settled. This year was the poorest, caused by lack of rain, although a fair estimate of wheat is about twelve bushels per acre, average, and oats about ten. Some farmers got as much as twenty-five bushels of wheat per acre, and we all got good prices.

"The laws of Canada are nearly the same as those of Minnesota, and we enjoy the same privileges.

"So far as the European war is concerned, we suffer to a certain extent as all the world does. Canada is giving a helping hand to her Mother Country, and we American-Canadians firmly believe it is Canada's duty to do so. I have not heard one American-Canadian who has expressed a different opinion. Canada is not compelled to send her soldiers. The service rendered is all voluntary service.

"The accusation that old settlers are considered undesirable citizens and are forced out of business, even in danger of being 'mobbed at their own fireside,' is all false, a mere fabrication in the mind of badly informed correspondents. There are a few who have been discovered carrying letters, others papers and plans to prove them spies, and whose object is to conspire against the government. These have justly been arrested. Such a class of people cannot be considered good citizens, whether living in Canada or in the United States.

"Some people are failures wherever they are, and as an excuse for failure in their country it may seem easy to put the blame on the Canadian people and the Canadian government. Fact is, thousands of people from the United States are emigrating to Canada at the present time, which shows they are not afraid of the Canadian government.

"The government is giving away, free of charge, provision through the winter to farmers in certain districts affected by the drought, and is also sending seed grain to those in need of help. This is very different from driving settlers away from their own homes.

"I have always observed that the people who love their Mother Country most are those who make the best citizens of their adopted country. The glorious 'Stars and Stripes' will always stand for what is good and noble to us, though we live in a neighbor country where we also enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." —Advertisement.

Guaranteed.

"Why do they always color the circus lemonade?"
"To show that it is in the pink of condition, of course."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting—just eye comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Different Fads.

"I'm an eclectic on hypnotic occultism."
"I ain't. I'm a teetotaler."

Wash day is smile day if you use Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore the best made. Adv.

Charge any man with being a prominent citizen and he will break down and confess.

The youth who is unwilling to toe the mark usually remains at the foot.

W. L. DOUGLAS

MEN'S \$2.50 \$3 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 \$5 \$5.50 SHOES
WOMEN'S \$2.00 \$2.50 \$3.00 \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES
BOYS' \$1.75 \$2 \$2.50 \$3.00 MISSES' \$2.00 & \$2.50

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

W. L. Douglas shoes are made of the best domestic and imported leathers, on the latest models, carefully constructed by the most expert last and pattern makers in this country. No other make of equal price, can compete with W. L. Douglas shoes for style, workmanship and quality. As comfortable, easy walking shoes they are unsurpassed.

The \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes will give as good service as other makes costing \$4.00 to \$5.00. The \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$5.50 shoes compare favorably with other makes costing \$6.00 to \$8.00. There are many men and women wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. Consult them and they will tell you that W. L. Douglas shoes cannot be excelled for value.

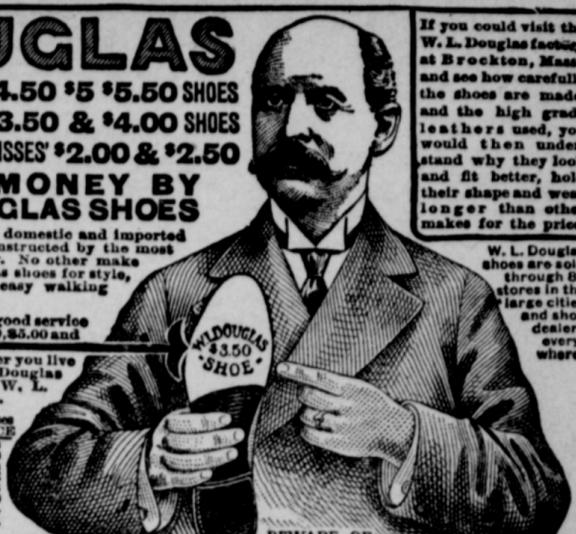
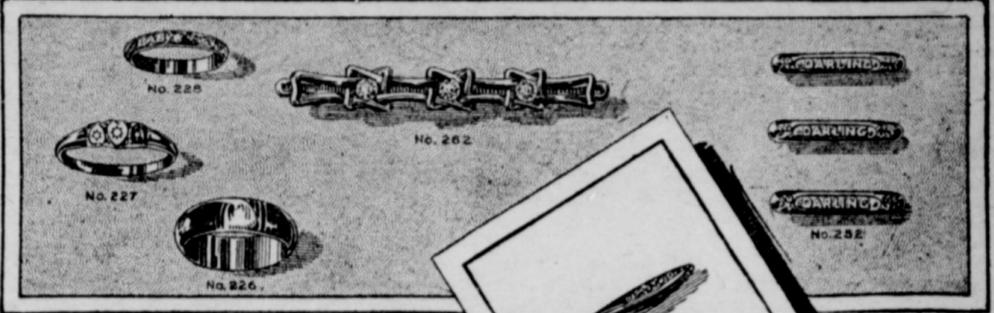
Wherever you live, buy W. L. Douglas shoes. Beware of substitutes.

CAUTION! When buying W. L. Douglas shoes, look for his NAME AND PRICE stamped on the bottom. Shoes thus stamped are always worth the price paid for them. For 28 years W. L. Douglas has guaranteed their value and protected the wearer against high prices for inferior shoes by having his NAME AND PRICE stamped on the bottom before they leave the factory. Do not be persuaded to take some other make claimed to be just as good. You are paying your money and are entitled to the best. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail.

W. L. Douglas, 210 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

If you could visit the W. L. Douglas factory at Brockton, Mass., and see how carefully the shoes are made, and the high grade leathers used, you would then understand why they look and fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes for the price.

W. L. Douglas shoes are sold through 60 stores in the large cities and shoe dealers everywhere.

Two beautiful Collar Pins for you

With a signature from a one-pound package of Arbuckles' Ariosa or Arbuckles' Ground Coffee and eight cents in stamps. Special introductory offer, ending May 15, 1915.

Cut out the Coupon now and mail it today

Collar pins will be worn more than ever this season. Fashionable high collars have made them absolutely necessary. These pins have absolutely solid rolled gold tops and will last for years. If they do not give excellent wear, we guarantee to exchange them without question.

Arbuckles' Coffee is sold than any other packaged coffee, and why its sale is continually increasing.

Get a package today, and earn these two beautiful collar pins for yourself or some one else. Cut out the coupon now; buy one pound of Arbuckles' Ariosa (whole bean) or Arbuckles' Ground Coffee; cut the signature from the package, and mail it with the coupon, and 8 cents in stamps now. This offer positively ends May 15, 1915.

This special offer is made to get you to buy your first pound of Arbuckles' Coffee now. When you use this first pound you will know why more Ar-

Other wonderful presents you can get with your first package:

- Wedding Ring, No. 226—Mail coupon, with 9 Arbuckle signatures and 2-cent stamp. This solid gold filled ring is for men and women. Good weight, wears well. Give size.
- Baby Ring, No. 228—Mail coupon, with 7 Arbuckle signatures and 2-cent stamp. Solid gold-shell ring for ladies or misses. Give size.
- Three Baby Pins, No. 252—Send coupon, with 8 Arbuckle signatures and 2-cent stamp. Solid rolled gold plate tops. Word "Darling" on each pin.
- Bar Pin, No. 262—Send coupon, with 10 Arbuckle signatures and 2-cent stamp. Three large, beautiful imitation diamonds set in three-knot design. Length, 2 3/4 inches.
- Heart Ring, No. 227—Mail coupon, with 12 Arbuckle signatures and 2-cent stamp.

COUPON

(This coupon is good for the collar pins shown above with one Arbuckle signature and 8 cents in stamps; or for any of the other presents shown, with the proper number of signatures and stamps.) This offer does not hold good after May 15, 1915. Only one coupon accepted from any one person or family.

ARBUCKLE BROS.,
71 21 Water St., New York

With this coupon, I enclose.....
signatures from Arbuckles' Coffee, and
.....two-cent stamps for which
please send me:

State here article desired.....
.....
If ring, give size wanted.....
Name.....
No. and Street.....
or R.D.....
City.....
State.....



Lightening the Load.
O'Brien—Kape alive, Pat. We're rescuin' ye.
Voice from the Debris—Is Big Delaney up there wid ye?
O'Brien—Shure he is.
Voice—Ask him to plaze step off the roofins. I've enough on top av me widout him.—Boston Transcript.

The Language.
"I have it in for Smith."
"I heard you were out with him."—Baltimore American.

Membership in the Don't Worry club is confined exclusively to men and it is very small.

Cure Worse Than Disease.
Chinn (with newspaper)—Here's a new cure that's being tried for nervous prostration. The patient isn't allowed to talk for weeks.
Mrs. Chinn—Huh! I'd just as soon die from prostration as from exasperation.

If it is something you do not understand and cannot grasp the probabilities are that it is art.

Anyway, when a woman argues she can always convince herself.

You can't acquire a sense of humor; it's a gift.

Official Denial
No War Tax on Homestead Land in Canada
The report that a war tax is to be placed on Homestead lands in Western Canada having been given considerable circulation in the United States, this is to advise all emigrants that no such tax has been placed, nor is there any intention to place a war tax of any nature on such lands. (Signed) W. D. Scott, Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, March 15th, 1915.

DEFIANCE STARCH
is constantly growing in favor because it does not stick to the iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purpose it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska
W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 17-1915.

Death Lurks in A Weak Heart

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

CALOMEL SICKENS! IT SALIVATES! DON'T STAY BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Don't Lose a Day's Work!

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quicksilver and it salivates; calomel injures your liver.

If you are bilious, feel lazy, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches or stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone instead of using sickening, salivating calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working. You'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone

Things He Hasn't Done.

I may come home for my 168 hours' leave, and the very thought of civilized life again amuses me. There are so many "necessary" things I have not done for a long time. I fervently hope there will be no sheets on my bed and the bath-water won't be hot. It would take a very low temperature to burn me now. I think I shall live away in some little corner where I cannot see any khaki.

I haven't been up a flight of stairs, seen a carpet or armchair, or tasted fresh fish for three months. I haven't looked in a "real" shop, or seen a smart woman, or heard music, or walked in anything harder than mud for three months.

I haven't tasted fresh water or even "fizz" since I have been away. I haven't seen any evening paper, I haven't drunk out of a china cup, I haven't eaten off a china plate. But the experience I have been through has been worth the sacrifice of all these things, and I wouldn't sell a moment of it.—From a British Officer to His Family.

An Advantage.

Parks—So you are getting your new suit from Snipps. He isn't much of a tailor.

Poorpeigh—I know he isn't much of a fitter, but he's so nearsighted he can't recognize a man ten feet away.

An old-fashioned man is one who wears arctic overshoes.

Stop That Backache!

There's nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. You are lame when you awake. Pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to rest and next day it's the same old story. Pain in the back is nature's warning of kidney ills. Neglect may pave the way to dropsy, gravel, or other serious kidney sickness. Don't delay—begin using Doan's Kidney Pills—the remedy that has been curing backache and kidney trouble for over fifty years.

An Oklahoma Case

Mrs. C. Ford, 425 Cherry W. Choctaw Ave., Oklahoma City, Okla., says: "Kidney trouble clung to me for years, bringing pains in my back and sides. I could hardly stoop and I had awful rheumatic twinges in my limbs. Doan's Kidney Pills strengthened and regulated my kidneys and rid me of every sign of kidney complaint."

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

BLACK LEG
LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blacking Pills. Lard-based, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other vacuums fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkg., Blacking Pills \$1.00 50-dose pkg., Blacking Pills \$5.00 Use any injector, but Cutter's best. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 25 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Insist on Cutter's. If unavailable, order direct, The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

DAISY FLY KILLER
placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Noat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, on a spiral tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or send address paid for \$2.00.
HAROLD SOMERS, 180 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CLIP HORSES NOW
They will feel better, work better and are less liable to colds. Increase their value by clipping now. Get a Stewart Clipping Machine from your hardware and harness dealer today. Price \$7.50 for the World's best clipping machine. Clips horses, colts and cows equally well. Absolutely guaranteed, or please or money refunded. Don't delay—Do it now.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO.
Wells and Ohio Sts. Chicago, Ill.

CARBON PAPER
BEST GRADE \$2.50 BOX
Typewriter ribbon free with each order.
COLUMBIA CARBON & RIBBON CO., Oklahoma City

Send for valuable descriptive Booklet Free, and attractive prices on matured, inspected, guar. seed. C. Wiley, Lubbock, Tex.

MAKE PASTURES A FEATURE

Variety of Grasses Should Be Selected to Conform to Soil Conditions—Use a Little Thought.

We often hear people say that they believe dairying might do pretty well in certain neighborhoods if they only had pastures. The idea these people intend to convey is generally that all the land is cropped and that there is no low land too wet or high land too rough to crop. In other words, these good people do not know what a pasture is. They have misinterpreted the Lord's intentions when he made land too boggy or too hilly for cultivation.

An ideal pasture should contain a number of grasses and clovers so that in its turn some one of those grasses or clovers is coming to its best each week during the pasture season, writes Ben R. Eldridge in Utah Farmer. The variety of grasses planted in a pasture should also be selected so that if there is a variety of soils or of soil conditions in the pasture there will be some variety of grass especially adapted to each variety or condition of the soil.

Some grasses, for instance, provide excellent feed in the spring. They lie dormant in the warmer weather of summer and make another very excellent growth in the fall, and these grasses are excellent in their way, but should be planted with other varieties that are drought resistant and grow fairly well during midsummer.

Some grasses do well on well-drained soil; others require low land, where the soil is continually damp and where the surface water is at a shallow depth below the ground level. Laying off permanent pastures the ground should be built up; that is, well fertilized, laid off if it is to be irrigated so that the greatest amount of good can be gained when water is applied.

Then, if a proper variety of grasses is selected, a sod can be produced that will stand a wonderful amount of tramping and for many years furnish feed for several animals to the acre during four to five months of the year. That is what a pasture really is. Our swamp lands and our rocky hillsides are misnamed, when we call them "pastures."

I don't think it's much to the credit of some of us who call places pastures that have been used for forty years and never known the planting of a single seed from the hand of the owner. We can have most excellent pastures if we only use a little thought and make them.

A few acres of good, well-made pasture will furnish more and better feeding than can be gathered from a quarter section of much of the ground that we dignify in its unbroken state by the name of "pasture." There are many places where there is a fair natural sod, but is very seldom those places cannot be immensely improved by re-enforcing the native grasses by a few reasonable seedings of domestic grasses.

Why leave these things all to the Lord? He has done a great deal for us. Let us do our share and make some pastures.

Moisture for Hatching.

The amount of moisture required in the hatching of eggs in our low altitudes is so little that a saucer containing water and a sponge set in the saucer to absorb the water and make the air humid is all that is necessary. If the incubator is set in a cellar good hatches, in fact the best, are often made without any more moisture given than the air of a cellar. Even a basement room will often supply enough.

To Get Best Results.

Soil, a mixture of earth, water and air. Too much of either is bad and too little means an entire or partial crop failure. Like any other compound, it must be mixed properly to secure the best results. Deep tillage to conserve the moisture and frequent cultivations to stop evaporation and introduce the air together with proper fertilizing, will get the results.

Farmers Who Prosper.

The men who have stuck to hogs and sheep, improving their breeds and method of feeding and marketing, have come into great prosperity. The quitters in bad times have been the only losers.

Separate Brood Sows.

The brood sows should never be fed with the herd as they are apt to get too fat. When with pig they are likely to be injured by the other pigs kicking and bunting them about.

Home-Made Feeds Economical.

Home-made feeds are more economical than commercial feeds. It very seldom pays to buy large quantities of expensive feeds for hogs that are being fitted for the market.

Dirty House Expensive.

The man who neglects to keep his henhouse clean has to act as undertaker for some of his fowls every once in a while.

The principal thing in regard to making poultry pay is care in feeding.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in same stable, no matter how "exposed," kept from having the disease, by using SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give one of the lozenges, or in feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for mares in foal. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 dozen of druggists and harness dealers, or sent express paid by manufacturers. List shows how to poliothe throats. Our free Booklet gives every thing. Local agents wanted. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—twelve years.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Coshon, Ind., U. S. A.

Vaudeville Bill.
"See here," said the manager of the vaudeville house. "This is a bad bill you gave me yesterday for a seat."
"I guess we're about even then," declared the culprit unabashed. "You gave me a bad bill in exchange."

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mr. F. C. Case of Welcome Lake, Pa., writes: "I suffered with Backache and Kidney Trouble. My head ached, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I felt heavy and sleepy after meals, was always nervous and tired, had a bitter taste in my mouth, was dizzy, had floating specks before my eyes, was always thirsty, had a dragging sensation across my loins, difficulty in collecting my thoughts and was troubled with shortness of breath. Dodds Kidney Pills have cured me of these complaints. You are at liberty to publish this letter for the benefit of any sufferer who doubts the merit of Dodds Kidney Pills."

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodds Dyspepsia Tablets for Indigestion have been proved. 50c. per box.—Adv.

Luck and Sense.
"Do you think a man ought ever to trust to luck?"
"Sometimes," replied Senator Sorghum. "I know people whose judgment is so bad that the less they try to use it, the better off they are."

TOUCHES OF ECZEMA

At Once Relieved by Cuticura Quits Easily. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better than these fragrant super-creamy emollients for all troubles affecting the skin, scalp, hair and hands. They mean a clear skin, clean scalp, good hair and soft, white hands. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Accomplished Juvenile.
Woman—Does that parrot swear?
Dealer—Very prettily, mum, for so young a bird.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Red Cross Ball Blue, made in America, therefore the best, delights the housewife. All good grocers. Adv.

An inch of performance is worth a hundred yards of promise.

A well-rounded man usually knows how to keep square with the world.

Curious Organization.
"Father," said the small boy, "do you belong to the Ananias club?"
"Nobody belongs to an Ananias club, my son. Everyone has one of his own, which he conducts with trouble and often with expense, for the sake of nominating candidates."

Force of Habit.
Bookkeeper—Hired a new stenographer, I see.
Manager—Yes; the other one would persist in adding postscripts to my letters.

Our idea of a martyr is a man who poses as a good example in a small town.

Mother Knows What To Use
To Give Quick Relief

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chillsains, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries. Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 OR WRITE G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature
Brentwood

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Keeps the scalp cool and moist. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.