

THE SLATON SLATONITE

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The Way a President of the United States is Elected

Governor Ferguson, Secretary of State McKay, and Attorney General Looney compose the state canvassing board which met in Austin Monday, Nov. 20, to canvass the votes cast in the general election. Votes cast for governor and lieutenant governor, however, are canvassed by the legislature.

Democratic presidential electors will meet in Austin the second Monday in January, at which time a messenger will be selected to carry to Washington the twenty Texas votes in the electoral college. It is expected that there will be a number of applicants for the position of messenger, which usually is a newspaper man. While on this mission a messenger receives the same pay as a member of congress and also 20 cents mileage to and from Washington. Electors while in session in Austin receive the same mileage and per diem as members of the legislature.

Only a very small per cent of the people know how a president of the United States is elected, and the following information may prove interesting.

The constitution provides that each state shall appoint or elect under the direction of the legislature a number of electors equal to the number of representatives and senators in congress, and no elector shall hold any other office. No state ever appoints the electors. All elect.

After the election the returns of each precinct in a state shall be sent to the county clerk within two days. The county clerk must transmit the returns to the governor within eight days. The governor then notifies the electors of their election, and the

electors meet at the state capitol on the second Monday in January and vote by ballot for president and for vice president, one of which officers at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same state as the electors voting for them.

The electors must make three lists of the results of their votes, together with the names of the electors.

One list is handed to a messenger, specially appointed for the purpose, to be delivered to the president of the senate in person at Washington.

One list is forwarded by post office to the president of the senate. The third list is deposited with the judge of the district court in the district in which the electors assemble. This last is a precaution taken against the other two lists miscarrying. In the event the other two lists do not get to Washington a special messenger is sent from that place to get the package left with the district judge.

Congress shall meet in joint session on the second Wednesday in February to receive and count the votes. Four tellers record the vote as each state is called in alphabetical order, and the president of the senate, who presides over the joint session, announces the result of the recording of the votes, stating that "Mr. John Doe appears to have been elected president of the United States."

This completes the election of a president, and the same manner elects the vice president.

A son was born to the Rev. and Mrs. A. E. Arnfield of Lamesa on Nov. 13th, says the Lamesa News, and adds that a number of friends presented Bro. Arnfield with a nice tailor made suit. A. E. must have felt like that was his lucky week.

Proposes to Market Machine for Threshing Cotton from Stalk

And now comes a man who has invented a machine for threshing cotton the same as wheat and other grains are threshed, and he proposes to do away with cotton picking. A demonstration of the machine was given at Wichita Falls Thursday last week. The cotton stalk is cut about two weeks before it is threshed and is allowed to thoroughly dry so that all bolls may completely ripen. The stalks are then fed into the machine, which separates and cleans the cotton, which comes out on one side, while the broken stalks are thrown from the end of the machine. The capacity of the machine is in excess of ten bales per day, and requires the services of but one man to handle it.

It is said by J. A. Kemp, who is interested financially in the machine, that it will revolutionize the cotton picking industry of the South and will enable the children to go to school and the women of the farm to remain indoors instead of having the entire family in the cotton patch, as has been the custom for many years in the land of cotton.

It is planned to organize an extensive company in Wichita Falls and manufacture this machine. It can be sold at a very moderate price and one machine will thresh all the cotton in the neighborhood.

Rev. Jos. P. Calloway Brings Bride With Him to Wilson Work

The Rev. Jos. P. Calloway and his wife spent the day Thursday last week visiting at the home of H. D. Talley in Slaton. Mr. Calloway and Miss Stella Ballard were married in Big Spring on Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 2 o'clock, and they will soon be at home in Wilson where Mr. Calloway will have charge of the Wilson circuit of the Methodist Church for the coming year. This marriage was a great surprise to the many friends of the bridegroom in Slaton, and all take great pleasure in extending congratulations and best wishes.

Election Makes Arizona "Bone Dry"

Phoenix, Arizona, Nov. 20.—Thousands of citizens of Arizona received a terrific jolt when they learned that the new "bone dry" prohibition amendment, which bars the importation of liquor for personal use becomes effective as soon as the result of the election has been officially announced by the proclamation of the governor. The original prohibition amendment, which was adopted in 1914, did not become effective until the first of the following year, and saloonkeepers and brewers had almost two whole months in which to get rid of their stocks.

It was naturally assumed when the recent amendment prohibiting the shipment of liquor into the state for personal use was submitted to the people that it would not go into effect until January 1, but there is no such provision in the new amendment. It becomes effective as soon as the governor's proclamation is issued, which may be before Thanksgiving.

When it became known that the new amendment barring "personal use" liquor from the state might take effect within the next few weeks there was a rush to telegraph offices, and thousands of messages have been filed ordering shipments of liquor for personal use before

the bars are put up. By the terms of the new amendment, however, persons who have liquor in their possession after the new bone dry amendment goes into effect are liable to arrest under that provision of the law which forbids having liquor in one's possession. Consequently all liquor shipped into the state for personal use must not only arrive in Arizona but be consumed before the proclamation of the governor is issued.

Official advice to all the county attorneys of the state, calling to their attention the fact that the new amendment becomes effective as soon as the governor's proclamation is issued has been sent out by Attorney General Wiley E. Jones, who has announced it as his purpose to enforce the amendment to the strict letter of the law as soon as it become effective.

Former Depot Building Being Converted Into Several Offices

The old depot offices have been torn up during the past few days and new partitions and fixtures are being installed. The old offices will be finished in modern style and will be very attractive. Offices are being prepared for the roadmasters, Cal Doherty and John Boxford; for the trainmaster H. A. Tate; for the Western Union Telegraph operators, whose instruments will be moved up from the old office down the track; for the train dispatchers, and for Agent W. H. Smith.

The new ticket office and the waiting rooms are some of the best equip on the Santa Fe line and will afford every convenience and comfort for the traveling public. The rooms on the second floor will be equip with modern appliances and furniture for the general offices. The stairway in itself is a feature that many do not realize its value. It is constructed entirely without a nail nor a screw, the steps being mortised and held together and to the side frames with glue.

The permanence of this new station and office building can be understood by the fact that the casings around the window frames are of the best grade of cypress. Bird's eye maple was used for flooring. A miniature track has been built out of the civil engineer's offices over the roof of the north section of the building for the sole purpose of holding the frames for developing blue prints. The plates are put on a little push car and run out on the track on the roof to develop in the sun.

These are only a few items mentioned to show the completeness and expensive construction of the new station and office building.

Roscoe Wilson of Lubbock, attorney for the Santa Fe railroad, was here this week to enter condemnation proceedings against six parties who refuse to sign deed to right-of-way. Citations against three non-residents will start in the Herald next week. Roscoe said he thought construction would start as soon as the Terry County Commissioners passed on the proceedings.—Brownfield Herald.

By a vote of 164 in favor of the improvement and 30 against it, Plainview voted Saturday to pave the principal business streets.

Mrs. Geo. Marriott went to Topeka, Kans., Saturday to receive medical attention from the Santa Fe specialists.

THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE STANDARD IS EVER maintained in our stock. Slightly higher in price now, because quality has not been slighted to conform to present abnormal manufacturing conditions.

WE RECEIVED THIS WEEK A SHIPMENT OF

Ladies 2-Tone Boots \$6.50 to \$8

Ladies Silk and Wool Dresses

Men's Mackinaws \$4 to \$12

Men's Sheep-Lined Coats \$10 to \$12.50

Staple Stetson Hats

And numerous other articles shown in our store windows this week



SLATON and SOUTHLAND. BOTH PHONES 100

Slaton Hunter Bags Mallard Duck Which Carried Leg-Band

Dr. G. H. Branham can give all the hunters on the South Plains all the odds they want and then he will come home with the largest bag of ducks. The doctor knows all about a duck from the bill to the gizzard, and all about their habits and propensities, and he can shoot them right along while the fellow at his side is not getting a bird. Not only that but he can tell you how to cook the duck in the most appetizing way. Dr. Branham went out hunting Thursday last week and got a bag of ducks, the limit the law allows, of the big fine mallard variety, and when he got to town found that he had a duck with a legband on it, such as the U. S. Department of Agriculture sent out notice for the hunters to watch for. The ducks around Salt Lake, Utah, were being destroyed by an epidemic that had attacked them, and government officials treated the ducks and placed legbands on them. Hunters all over the United States were requested to send the legbands to the Bureau of Biological Survey at Washington with a statement as to where the duck was killed and as to its condition.

This duck with a legband was a big, healthy one and Dr. Branham has sent the band and the information to the authorities.



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Every building on the farm or modernized and brought up to date at small cost by Cornell-Wood-Board, the farm house.

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For Walls, Ceilings and Nails direct to the studs, over old walls and stays the manently; cost of application is reasonable compared with materials; takes paint or kalsol perfectly.

It is specially adapted for barns, milk houses, hen houses, basements and porch ceilings.

GUARANTEE
Cornell-Wood-Board is guaranteed not to warp, buckle, chip, crack or fall.

Low Cost—Satisfaction Guaranteed
(Packed in box board cases)

Manufactured by the Cornell Wood Products Co. (C. O. Frisbie, President), Chicago and sold by the dealers listed here. Ask for free plates.

A. C. Houston Lumber Company
Slaton, Texas

JANITOR WANTED
Methodist Church. Apply to Dr. S. H. Adams.

Specials in Rug

WHILE THEY LAST we will sell 36 x 72 Matting Rug at 50c. These bargains are moving fast. Select for your home today.

We have over 35 Choice Patterns, Axministers, Brussels, Granates, etc., in size from 9 x 12 at \$5.00 and Let us show you.

FORREST HARDWARE AND FURNITURE
Slaton, Texas

The Slaton State Bank

(Successor to The Paul Bank) Capital Stock \$25,000.00

We are in a position to render a service you will appreciate; standing ready at all times to care for your needs; it matters not how small nor large your account may be, we guarantee to handle it satisfactorily.

Our own customers know the nature and quality of the service rendered by this Bank and we believe that we could number many more customers on the same satisfactory basis, and would be glad to have you call.

A GUARANTY FUND BANK

J. C. PAUL, President J. H. PAUL, Cashier
A. L. ROBERTSON, Vice Pres. J. G. WADSWORTH, Asst Cash

Read the Third Episode of "The Grip of Evil" in this Slatonite and then see the story filmed at the

Movie Theater Next Tuesday Night

This absorbing story of the progress of labor and other human problems is one of the best before the public today. To see it is an opportunity.

Show starts at 7.30 p. m.

Universal Clothes

—the popular fashionable wear for men, give universal satisfaction. Come in and see our line of samples, the best display on the South Plains

Cleaning and Pressing

to your satisfaction is the kind of work you can expect at our shop.

YORK

The Tailor



SEMINOLE'S RAILROADS

The Slatonite recently gave publicity to an article from the Seminole Sentinel which pictured three railroads for Seminole, an inland town now about fifty miles from a railroad, and we stated that that picture was a good one but that it appeared just a little overdrawn. There was no criticism nor antagonism to Seminole intended; the possibilities pictured just didn't seem probable. We are sure that there is not a town on the South Plains which would in any way dislike for Seminole to secure railroads. Personally, we think that a city of 10,000 people where Seminole now is would be an invaluable asset to the Plains. Every town on the South Plains is an asset, and the larger the town the bigger the asset. Development and people is all that this grand Plains commonwealth needs to make it a power in the state. So the more and the larger the towns the better.

But it seems that most West Texas towns build for the future solely on railroad possibilities, and for an inland town to secure three trunk line railroads all at once is going some. We hope that Seminole gets them all, but we repeat that it doesn't seem probable. However, the Sentinel supports its contention in such a nice and convincing way that we will have to acknowledge the reasoning. The paper says:

"The Slatonite thinks we are only 'dreaming' about the railroads we mentioned last week as lying within the possibility of coming to Seminole. Well, we want to know if it is not a fact that nearly all great enterprises have existed originally as only a dream. We were just reading about the dream of Jules Verne, when he wrote his 'Twenty Thousand Miles Under the Sea,' and that the wildest flights of his imagination were tame compared with what has been accomplished by just one of the submarines of today; namely, the Deutschland. Then if such a mighty event as that can be, and has been accomplished, would or should it be incredible to dream, or even to believe, that such a small thing, however big and great it would be for us, for Seminole to get the three afore mentioned roads, although the whole scheme originated in a dream? But we have read in the history of Fort Worth that when that town had not a foot of railroad that the editor there began to boost the town, the people, the country for railroads, and today mighty is Fort Worth in the way of railroads. Was it just a dream that inspired the editor in the beginning? Maybe so, but look at the result. Well, Brother Loomis gives us his wishes that our 'dream' as he is pleased to call it, will be fulfilled, so the good begins to come in as soon as the subject is mentioned, and enough well wishers will accomplish the object. Thanks, Brother Loomis, come again."

Announcement

To the People of Slaton:
The El Paso Morning Times carries full Associated Press news service, complete, accurate and late. Furthermore, it has splendid local news service covering every part of West Texas, and eastern New Mexico, besides excellent news budgets of miscellaneous matters that render its columns of special interest. Its sporting and automobile sections and its market reports are complete. The magazine and family sections are replete with matter to interest the wife and children. Its comic sections and the Mutt and Jeff and Polly and Her Pals cartoons are full of life.
Buy a copy and read it. G. H. Witt, local agent, will be glad to take your subscription or sell it to you daily.

To My Clients Patrons and Friends:

I take this means of thanking each and all of you for your patronage, friendship and words of commendation extended to me in the past.

I have sold my Law Library to Judge M. Fulton, who has succeeded me as a partner to Percy Spencer, and any favors extended to them will be appreciated by me.

I am devoting my entire time to the Abstract Business and Title Work and have in my office a complete Abstract of all records that in any way affect the Title to real estate in Lubbock, Hockley and Cochran Counties.

I have been engaged in the Abstract and Law Business in Lubbock County since 1902 and have established an Abstract Plant unsurpassed by any in Texas. During this time, twelve different persons have been doing abstract work here but are now gone, and the person with an abstract made by them is without any recourse in the event of errors or unpaid taxes, while I am still in the business (now exclusively) and every piece of property I have is a guarantee to the person holding an abstract made by me, since I conduct my business over my individual signature.

My experience in the practice of law has equipped and qualified me to make an abstract that will satisfy the most critical examiner.

Let me make your Abstract NOW and in case of clerical errors or defective title, I will devote my time and efforts and give you the benefit of my legal experience in making your title perfect, so as to protect your home and avoid delays in the event of a sale.

I solicit your Abstract and Title Work and guarantee satisfaction and fair treatment.

W. D. Benson, Abstracter

Lubbock, Texas

The other day we saw a young girl, seventeen or eighteen perhaps, listening quietly and attentively while her father told a story she had heard often. One sees so much inattention and smirking depreciation of father's or mother's hobbies that it was a pleasant thing. We credit that little lady with far more than mere good training—with the right kind of heart. For truly good manners mean more than technique; they bespeak the true man and the true woman, too.—Exchange.

Young Heffron was overjoyed when Ruby Jackson promised to be his wife and presented himself before the rich old father to obtain his consent. "What do you want a wife for when you can scarcely support yourself?" queried the old gentleman crustily. "Why, sir, my daughter would starve!" "Well, sir," replied Heffron, with great dignity, "if you are the kind of man to let your daughter and her husband starve, I don't wish to enter the family."

Freak Lightning Strokes.

There is an instance on record of a couple of men who were traveling in the Vosges mountains. They rushed for trees to escape the pelting, driving rain. A stroke of lightning knocked them senseless, and it was thought on first examination that they were dead. The best attention and care were given them, and they survived, but on the back of each, extending to the thighs, was the imprint of leaves of a lime tree.

Slaton High School

The bad weather this week has caused quite a decrease in attendance at school.

The members of the Domestic Science Club are taking more and more interest in this work. Under the direction of Miss Helm they are learning to take the best of all the examples of convenience and sanitation that they read about or see.

The Literary Society is making good progress. It has had several splendid programs and there are going to be more. The Society meets every Friday morning at 10.30 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all who are interested in the school.

The High School basket ball boys made a trip to Lamesa Friday. The game was called at 4 o'clock. The line-up of the Slaton boys was Jim Baldwin and Otis Bassinger, forwards; Eugene Moore, center; Magnus Klattenhoff and Arbie Joplin, guards. The score stood Lamesa 17 and Slaton 13. Most of the points on both sides were made on fowls. Lamesa plays in Slaton Saturday, Nov. 18, at which time the Slaton boys expect to wipe out the defeat.

If you need a Stove, either Range or Heater, look over the Banner Buckeye line at A. L. Brannon's Hardware. The Buckeye is a guaranteed line and will meet every requirement.

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

The Western Telephone Company

the man a because he a hurry. No means of to Tinkham's in the morning. He di has on until hours late red necktie. He will and then suddenly he found the green

and Long Distance

Speedy and Sure

FIVE AM AND THE FIRE IS OUT

Wow! Cold as the Dickens!

Why do you put up with such a nuisance? You don't have to if you furnish your house with a

Cole's Original Hot Blast

build only one fire each. It is never out from fall



To avoid imitations look for Cole's on feed door.

Lowerton



only for the which is the

THE LONE STAR RANGER

This is a story about the Texas Plains People

By ZANE GREY

CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

Why? Then came realization. He was not a ranger now. He cared nothing for the state. He had no thought of ridding the community of a dangerous outlaw, of ridding the country of an obstacle to its progress and prosperity. He wanted to kill Poggin. It was a significant fact that he forgot the gun-thrasher, the gun-fighter, passionate and terrible. His father's mood, that dark and fierce strain, his mother's spirit, that strong and unquenchable spirit of the surviving pioneer—these had been in him; and the killings, one after another, the wild and haunted years, had made him, absolutely in spite of his will, the gunman. He realized it now, bitterly, hopelessly.

The thing he had intelligence enough to hate he had become. At last he shuddered under the driving, ruthless, inhuman blood-lust of the gunman. Actual pride of his record! Actual vanity in his speed with a gun! Actual jealousy of any rival! Duane could not believe it. But there he was, without a choice. What he had feared for years had become a monstrous reality. He stood stripped bare, his soul naked—the soul of Cain. And at the utter abasement of the soul he despised suddenly leaped and quivered with the thought of Ray Longstreth.

Then came agony. He loved the girl. He wanted her. All her sweetness, her fire, and pleading returned to him. That moment the door opened, and Longstreth entered. "Captain Nelly sent me to you," she said, softly. "But you shouldn't have come," replied Duane.

As he told me I would come whether I wished it or not—left me—all of us—stunned, time to thank you. Oh, I do love my soul. It was noble of father is overcome. He didn't so much. And he'll be true. Duane, I was told to hurry, and I'm selfishly using time. You were then—and leave me. You don't unnerve me now, when there's a game to finish. "I'm going to be desperate?" she whispered, coming close to him. "It can't be else."

His eyes were dark, strained, and he found they shed a light upon her he had never seen before. "I'm going to take some and she said, 'Let me persuade you to go. You said you cared for me.' Duane—don't you see, deep, sweet as an arrow and broke and I found a sudden shock of paralyzed confusion. She swept out her hands, under of her eyes dimmed of tears. "You can't care for me?" he roared. She met him, hands outstretched. "But I do—I do!"

Swift as light Duane caught her and held her to his breast. He stood holding her tight, with the feel of her warm, throbbing breast and the clasp of her arms and flesh and blood realities to fight a terrible fear. He felt her, and for the moment the might of it was stronger than all the demons that possessed him. And he held her, and he had been his soul, his length on earth, his hope of heaven, against his lips. The strife of doubt all passed. He found his sight again. And there rushed over him a tide of emotion utterly sweet and full, strong like an intoxicating wine, deep as his nature, something glorious and terrible as the blaze of the sun to one long in darkness. He had become an outcast; a wanderer, a gulf, a victim of circumstances; he had lost and suffered more than death in that loss; gone down the endless, bloody miller of men, a fugitive whose way and inevitably closed to the instinct to survive and repair; and now, with this cease company, his arms, her swelling breast "Naturally," in this moment almost of being such a man, he bent under the storm, Zapp came and joy possible only to endure so much. "But you care—a little?" he whispered, going a long way. "Audience," he said, looking deep into her eyes. "I know the two," he said, and his audience her arms slipped up and effect the of the actor's Zapp, supposing Duane—Duane—a mind the image of Poggin—Poggin had sent the cold sickness of fear to his marrow. There was a horrible thrill in his sudden remembrance that Poggin likewise had been taunted with fear of him. The dark tide overwhelmed Duane, and when he left the room he was fierce, implacable, steeled to any outcome, quick like a panther, somber as death, in the thrall of this strange passion.



"My God! You Can't Care for Me!"

There was no excitement in the street. He crossed to the bank corner.

A clock inside pointed the hour of two. He went through the door into the vestibule, looked around, passed up the steps into the bank. The clerks were at their desks, apparently busy. But they showed nervousness. The cashier paled at sight of Duane. There were men—the rangers—crouching down behind the low partition. All the windows had been removed from the iron grating before the desks. The safe was closed. There was no money in sight. A customer came in, spoke to the cashier, and was told to come to-morrow.

Duane returned to the door. He could see far down the street, out into the country. There he waited, and minutes were eternities. He saw no person near him; he heard no sound. He was insulated in his unnatural strain. At a few minutes before half past two a dark, compact body of horsemen appeared far down, turning into the road. They came at a sharp trot—a group that would have attracted attention anywhere at any time. They came a little faster as they entered town; then faster still; now they were four blocks away, now three, now two. Duane backed down the middle of the vestibule, up the steps, and halted in the center of the wide doorway.

There seemed to be a rustling in his ears through which pierced sharp, ringing clip-clop of iron hoofs. He could see only the corner of the street. But suddenly into that shot lank-limbed dusty bay horses. There was a clattering of nervous hoofs pulled to a halt.

Duane saw the tawny Poggin speak to his companions. He dismounted quickly. They followed suit. They had the manner of ranchers about to conduct some business. No guns showed. Poggin started leisurely for the bank door, quickening step a little. The others, close together, came behind him. Blossom Kane had a bag in his left hand. Jim Fletcher was left at the curb, and he had already gathered up the bridles.

Poggin entered the vestibule first, with Kane on one side, Boldt on the other, a little in the rear.

As he strode in he saw Duane. "Hell's Fire!" he cried. "Something inside Duane burst, piercing all of him with cold. Was it that fear?"

"Buck Duane!" echoed Kane. "One instant Poggin looked up and Duane looked down. Like a striking jaguar Poggin moved. Almost as quickly Duane threw his arm.

The guns boomed almost together. Duane felt a blow just before he pulled trigger. His thoughts came fast, like the strange dots before his eyes. His raising gun had loosened in his hand. Poggin had drawn quicker! A tearing agony encompassed his breast. He pulled—pulled—at random. Thunder of booming shots all about him! Red flashes, jets of smoke, shrill yells! He was sinking. The end; yes, the end! With fading sight he saw Kane go down, then Boldt. But supreme torture, bitterer than death, Poggin stood, man like a lion's, back to the wall, bloody-faced, grand, with his guns spouting red! All faded, darkened. The thunder died. Duane fell, seemed floating. There it drifted—Ray Longstreth's sweet face, white, with dark, tragic eyes, fading from his sight. . . . fading . . . fading . . .

CHAPTER XXVII.

Light shone before Duane's eyes—thick, strange light that came and went. For a long time dull booming sounds rushed by, filling all. It was a dream in which there was nothing; a drifting under a burden; darkness, light, sound, movement; and vague, obscure sense of time—time that was very long. There was fire—creeping, consuming fire. A dark cloud of flame enveloped him, roiled him away. He saw then, dimly, a room that was strange, strange people moving about over him, with faint voices, far away, things in a dream. He saw again, clearly, and consciousness returned, still unreal, still strange, full of these vague and far-away things. Then he was not dead. He lay stiff, like a stone, with a weight ponderous as a mountain upon him and all his bones and body racked in slow, dull, agonizing agony.

A woman's face hovered over him, white and tragic-eyed, like one of his old haunting phantoms, yet sweet and eloquent. Then a man's face bent over him, looked deep into his eyes, and seemed to whisper from a distance: "Duane—Duane! Ah, he knew me!"

After that there was another long interval of darkness. When the light came again, clearer this time, the same earnest-faced man bent over him. It was MacNelly. And with recognition the past flooded back.

Duane tried to speak. His lips were weak, and he could scarcely move them. "Poggin!" he whispered. His first real conscious thought was for Poggin. Ruling passion—eternal instinct! "Poggin is dead, Duane; shot to pieces," replied MacNelly, solemnly.

"What a fight he made! He killed two of my men, wounded others. God! he was a tiger. He used up three guns before we downed him."

"Who—got—away?" "Fletcher, the man with the horses. We downed all the others. Duane, the job's done—it's done! Why, man, you're—"

"What of—of—her." "Miss Longstreth has been almost constantly at your bedside. She helped the doctor. She watched your wounds. And, Duane, the other night, when you sank low—so low—I think it was her spirit that held you back. Oh, she's a wonderful girl. Duane, she never gave up, never lost her nerve for a moment. Well, we're going to take you home, and she'll go with us. Colonel Longstreth left for the hundredth time. 'Five in that last scrap! By gum! And you had six before?'"



She Was Leading an Old Lady.

Louisiana right after the fight. I advised it. There was great excitement. It was best for him to leave. "Have I—a chance—to recover?" "Chance? Why man," exclaimed the captain, "you'll get well! You'll pack a sight of lead all your life. But you can stand that. Duane, the whole Southwest knows your story. You need never again be ashamed of the name Buck Duane. The brand outlaw is washed out. Texas believes you've been a secret ranger all the time. You're a hero. And now think of home, your mother, of this noble girl—of your future."

The rangers took Duane home to Wellston. A railroad had been built since Duane had gone into exile. Wellston and grown. A noisy crowd surrounded the station, but it stilled as Duane was carried from the train.

A sea of faces pressed close. Some were faces he remembered—schoolmates, friends, old neighbors. There was an uplifting of many hands. Duane was being welcomed home to the town from which he had fled. A deadness within him broke. This welcome hurt him somehow, quickened him; and through his cold being, his weary mind, passed a change. His sight dimmed.

Then there was a white house, his old home. How strange, yet how real! His heart beat fast. Had so many, many years passed? Familiar yet strange it was, and all seemed magnified.

They carried him in, these ranger comrades, and laid him down, and lifted his head upon pillows. The house was still, though full of people. Duane's gaze sought the open door.

Someone entered—a tall girl in white, with dark wet eyes and a light upon her face. She was leading an old lady, gray-haired, austere-faced, somber and sad. His mother! She was feeble, but she walked erect. She was pale, shaking, yet maintained her dignity.

Then someone in white uttered a low cry and knelt by Duane's bed. His mother flung wide her arms with a strange gesture. "This man! They've not brought back my boy. This man's his father! Where is my son? My son—oh, my son!"

When Duane grew stronger it was a pleasure to lie by the west window and watch Uncle Jim whistle his stick and listen to his talk. The old man was broken now. He told many interesting things about people Duane had known—people who had grown up and married, failed, succeeded, gone away, and died. But it was hard to keep Uncle Jim off the subject of guns, outlaws, fights. He could not seem to divine how mention of these things hurt Duane. Uncle Jim was childish now, and he had a great pride in his nephew. He wanted to hear of all of Duane's exile. And if there was one thing more than another that pleased him it was to talk about the bullets which Duane carried in his body. "Five bullets, ain't it?" he asked,

for the hundredth time. "Five in that last scrap! By gum! And you had six before?"

"Yes, uncle," replied Duane. "Five and six. That makes eleven. By gum! A man's a man, to carry all that lead. But, Buck, you would carry more. There's that nigger Edwards, right here in Wellston. He's got a ton of bullets in him. Doesn't seem to mind them none. And there's Cole Miller. I've seen him. Been a bad man in his day. They say he packs twenty-three bullets. But he's bigger than you—got more flesh. . . . Funny, wasn't it Buck, about the doctor only being able to cut one bullet out of you—the one in your breastbone? It was a forty-one caliber, an unusual cartridge. I saw it, and I wanted it, but Miss Longstreth wouldn't part with it. Buck, there was a bullet left in one of Poggin's guns, and that bullet was the same kind as the one cut out of you. By gum! Boy, it'd have killed you if it'd stayed there."

"It would indeed, uncle," replied Duane, and the old, haunting, somber mood returned.

But Duane was not often at the mercy of childish old hero-worshipping Uncle Jim. Miss Longstreth was the only person who seemed to divine Duane's gloomy mood, and when she was with him she warded off all suggestion. One afternoon while she was there at the west window, a message came for him. They read it together. You have saved the ranger service to the Lone Star State. MacNelly.

Ray knelt beside him at the window, and he believed she meant to speak then of the thing they had shunned. Her face was still white, but sweeter now, warm with rich life beneath the marble; and her dark eyes were still intent, still haunted by shadows, but no longer tragic. "I'm glad for MacNelly's sake as well as the state's," said Duane. She made no reply to that and seemed to be thinking deeply. Duane shrank a little. "The pain—is it any worse today?" she asked, instantly. "No; it's the same. It will always be the same. I'm full of lead, you know. But I don't mind a little pain."

"Then—it's the old mood—the fear?" she whispered. "Tell me." "Yes. It haunts me. I'll be well soon—able to go out. Then that—that hell will come back!" "No, no!" she said with emotion. "Some drunken cowboy, some fool with a gun, will hunt me out in every town, wherever I go," he went on, miserably. "Buck Duane! To kill Buck Duane!"

"Hush! Don't speak so. Listen. You remember that day in Val Verde, when I came to you—pledged with you not to meet Poggin? Oh, that was a terrible hour for me. But it showed me the truth. I saw the struggle between your passion to kill and your love for me. I could have saved you then had I known what I know now. Now I understand that—that thing which haunts you. But you'll never have to kill another man, thank God!" Like a drowning man he would have grasped at straws, but he could not voice his passionate query. She put tender arms round his neck. "Because you'll have me with you always," she replied. "Because always I shall be between you and that—that terrible thing."

It seemed with the spoken thought absolute assurance of her power came to her. Duane realized instantly that he was in the arms of a stronger woman than she who had pleaded with him that fatal day. "We'll—we'll be married and leave Texas," she said, softly, with the red blood rising rich and dark in her cheeks. "Ray!" "Yes we will, though you're laggard in asking me, sir."

"But, dear—suppose," he replied, huskily, "suppose there might be—be children—a boy. A boy with his father's blood!"

"I pray God there will be. I do not fear what you fear. But even so—he'll be half my blood." Duane felt the stern rise and break in him. And his terror was that of joy quelling fear. The shining glory of love in this woman's eyes made him weak as a child. How could she love him—how could she so bravely face a future with him? Yet she held him in her arms, twining her hands round his neck, and pressing close to him. Her faith and love and beauty—these she meant to throw between him and all that terrible past. They were her power, and she meant to use them all. He dared not think of accepting her sacrifice.

"But Ray—you dear, noble girl—I'm poor. I have nothing. And I'm a cripple."

"Oh, you'll be well some day," she replied. "And listen. I have money. My mother left me well off. All she had was her father's—Do you understand? We'll take Uncle Jim and your mother. We'll go to Louisiana—to my old home. It's far from here. There's a plantation to work. There are horses and cattle—a great cypress forest to cut. Oh, you'll have much to do. You'll forget there. You'll learn to love my home. It's a beautiful old place. There are groves where the gray moss blows all day and the nightingales sing all night." "My darling!" cried Duane, brokenly. "No, no, no!" Yet he knew in his heart that he was yielding to her, that he could not resist her a moment longer. What was this madness of love? "We'll be happy," she whispered. "Oh, I know. Come!—come!—come!" Her eyes were closing, heavy-lidded, and she lifted sweet, tremulous, waiting lips. With bursting heart Duane bent to them. Then he held her, close pressed to him, while with dim eyes he looked out over the line of low hills in the west, down where the sun was setting gold and red, down over the Neeces and the wild brakes of the Rio Grande which he was never to see again. It was in this solemn and exalted moment that Duane accepted happiness and faced new life, trusting this brave and tender woman to be stronger than the dark and fateful passion that had shadowed his past. It would come back—that wind of flame, that madness to forget, that driving, relentless instinct for blood. It would come back with those pale, drifting, haunting faces and the accusing fading eyes, but all his life, always between them and him, rendering them powerless, would be the faith and love and beauty of this noble woman. (THE END.)

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KAKAPO TAKEN IN SNARES

Simple Trick That Is Resorted To by New Zealanders to Trap These Wary Birds.

The New Zealand kakapo, or large parrot, with all its credit for brains, allows itself to be caught in a very simple manner. In the dusk of the early dawn the Maori, carrying tame kakapos tied to long sticks, sets off to hunt. These are the call birds used to attract by their screams the large flocks of kakapos flying overhead. While one Maori tethers the call birds by the leg and sets them screaming to the full extent of their rusty lungs, another cuts as many perches as there are men in the hunting party from the neighboring bush. By means of flax bands these are lashed firmly to different parts of a little hut or whare (in which the hunters secrete themselves), so as to act as perches for the unsuspecting birds. Each perch is so fixed that it can be drawn down into the whare through the roof. On the perches are placed running nooses of flax, and when all is prepared each Maori sits quietly within the whare with his flax cord in his hand ready to pull at the right moment. The call birds are then disturbed by means of a long stick, and presently a large flock of parrots, hearing their cries, wheel down and settle with a great chattering in the adjacent trees. One by one they fly and settle on the perches of the whare to hold converse with the call birds, and when every perch is occupied a Maori gives the signal and the nooses are pulled. The hubbub of screaming and scolding as each perch with its captured parrot is drawn down into the whare can be best imagined. It is only equalled by the frantic excitement of the Maoris as they grasp the birds by the neck and throw them aside dead.

Shall the Court Rule on Religion?

The woolly-headed Uncle Rasmus was accused of disturbing the peace. Officer Mort Rudolph explained it as follows: "Your honor, this man was running up and down the Mill River road, waving his arms and yelling at the top of his voice, and otherwise raising the mischief, at half past one in the morning. The people of that district complained, and they had a perfect right to."

The judge frowned at Rasmus, who didn't seem to be particularly worried. "What do you mean by such unbecoming conduct?" his honor demanded. "Religion, judge," was the response. "Religion! Are you a Holy Roller, or something like that? I have religion, Rasmus, but I don't get up at midnight and tell everybody about it." "Dat's des' de difrence, judge. I ain't ashamed ob mine."—Case and Comment.

Out of It.

"Deed to, sah, I can't jine no army." "But your country needs you, Rasmus." "Can't help dat. It's onpossible." "Why impossible, Rasmus?" "Well, you see, my ol' woman has been ovah to de police cot an' put me unner bonds to keep de peace. No, sah, I can't do no fighting, nohow."—Boston Transcript.

A Barbarian.

"Of course, you mustn't miss that celebrated violinist," said Mrs. Cumrox. "I suppose not," replied her husband. "as long as you and the girls say he has such a reputation. But I wish that instead of listening to his kind of music I could see him in the moving pictures."

CLASSIFIED LOCALS

FOR RENT.—Four room house furnished.—C. S. Sipe at Hower ton's store.

FOR SALE.—Lot and small house, close in. Apply to Zuma Jenkins, City.

FOR SALE.—Several sows and pigs and shoats. Also one fine Jersey cow.—Chas. (or Mrs. Chas.) Acker.

GRUBS FOR SALE.—\$3.00 per load or \$5.00 per load cut into stove wood. Delivered.—B. F. Gerdis.

GOOD GENTLE work horse for sale, also good Spaulding buggy and harness. Very reasonable price.—G. L. Sledge.

FOR SALE.—A scholarship in the Tyler Commercial College. We can save you money on a business course.—Slatonite office.

LOST.—A blue serge coat with name "J. Hollinder" in inside pocket. Lost on road west of Slaton. Finder please leave at Slatonite office.

Slaton grows every day.

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL

A girl was born to Amelio Morales and wife last Friday.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Shelby Tuesday.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Griffith last Saturday.

J. S. Lanham paid twenty and one-half cents for cotton Monday. This is the highest price paid in Slaton up to this date.

Briggs Robertson is visiting Eastern markets this week to buy merchandise for the Robert son Dry Goods Company.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lattimer of Nashville, Tenn., arrived in Slaton Tuesday for an extended visit with their daughter, Mrs. J. S. Lanham.

The Lamesa high school basketball team came to Slaton for a game Saturday and beat the boys at this place in an interesting contest.

Hurdle Smith, who formerly lived here with his parents, has been working a few nights as second trick relief operator, Mr. Strauch having resigned.—Panhandle Herald.

J. W. Patterson of Plainview was in Slaton Monday on his way to Waco to attend the Baptist convention. Mr. Patterson recently sold his twenty one acre block in Slaton and then purchased some Slaton farm land.

J. D. Gragard of St. Louis is at A. E. Howerton's furniture store this week giving a demonstration of the Majestic malleable iron ranges. Hot biscuits and coffee are served to visitors. The Majestic is a stove that has few equals and no superiors.

The ladies of the Baptist Church will hold their annual Bazaar at the old Simmons Grocery building on the North Side of the Square Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1st and 2nd. This will be an excellent opportunity to buy your small Christmas gifts at a moderate price.

Ad day is Tuesday.

M. Olim went to Chicago Monday to purchase merchandise for the Grand Leader stores.

Mrs. J. P. REYNOLDS Music Class at residence opposite school house. Two lessons weekly. Tuition \$4 per month.

TIME to lay in a good supply of coal for the winter. We have the coal that gives best satisfaction.—A. C. Houston Lumber Company.

Henry Hillen of Cuero, Texas, purchased two hundred acres of land southwest of Slaton last week. Mr. Hillen is an old friend of Henry Dreyer.

J. C. Stewart returned home Friday from Dallas where he had been called the first of the week by the severe illness of a sister-in-law. His sister-in-law passed the crisis of her illness and was on the way to recovery when he returned home.

Conductor Jas. Vaughn and wife left Slaton this week on an extended vacation trip, which they say is a delayed honeymoon. They were married three years ago and this is their first opportunity to make the trip. They will visit relatives in Missouri and in Kentucky, and will then go to Havana, Cuba, before returning home.

M. H. Fleming of Cisco, Texas, arrived in Slaton Tuesday morning to arrange for putting improvements on his farm just south of Slaton. Mr. Fleming was accompanied by R. T. Porter and his son, C. R. Porter, neighbors and contractors of Cisco, who will do the improvement work. Mr. Porter owns four houses in Slaton, and he is considering the building of several more as soon as his work on the Fleming place is finished.

The hunting season is attracting many parties, and last Saturday a gala crowd of five went out from Slaton in an Overland car in quest of big game. In the car were the Misses Aliene Henry, Bessie Henry and Pearl Dunscomb and Messrs. Uncle Henry McGee and old Brigham Saddler. Five miles from town the car stopped and the engine refused to further revolute. The jolly party, now gloomy, came back a weary five miles to the metropolis afoot. The thrilling incident of the hunt was when Uncle Henry shot a rabbit. Miss Bessie volunteered to carry the game home, but the task soon became very wearisome and she decided to drag the rabbit from the end of a ramrod. When another rabbit was seen it looked as big as a coyote and the huntress Aliene shouted: "There it goes! Someone shoot it!" She laid down her rifle and started in pursuit of the game. Miss Pearl could think of nothing to say in the excitement but "calf rope," and we lost many valuable minutes explaining that it wasn't a calf but was a rabbit. It was a memorable hunting trip. —Reported.

B. Y. P. U. Program

Subject, "Home Missions at work."

Scripture, Acts 8:14 25.

Leader, Mrs. Lanham.

Home Missions, its fields of operation as regards geographical bounds. Bro. Whitely.

Poem, "Christ's Way." Mrs. Rhyne.

Its field of operation as regards the character of its work. Miss Barbara Maybin.

The ultimate things which Home Missions are designedly striving to. Mr. Florence.

"Just As I Am Without One Plea."

TWO GROCERY ITEMS of Special Merit:

CHOICE STOCK. We keep at all times a choice selection of fresh groceries in the lines popular with the busy housewives. **SERVICE.** We endeavor to give you service that makes phone ordering a pleasure. Telephone us your wishes. Phone No. 19.

Slaton Sanitary Grocery

W. E. SMART, Proprietor

Mrs. C. E. Minor of Wellington, Kansas, is visiting her son, Percy Minor, and his wife in Slaton for a few days.

PLANNING to build? Call and ask for one of our big books of house plans. They will help you.—A. C. Houston Lumber Company.

The ladies of the Baptist Church have received a \$50 prize awarded them by the Holland's Magazine in the subscription contest, and take this means of thanking the people of Slaton who helped them to win this prize. The ladies naturally are delighted with their good fortune.

Quail Hunters Fined

The deputy game warden walked into the Slaton court Wednesday with some quail hunters, and when they got thru contributing to the game laws they had about all the shooting they want this winter.

Any violations of the game laws should be reported to the local officers and the offenders will be punished.

Quail hunters shooting birds out of season are tempting the courts to extract a considerable roll of mazuma out of their pockets, and one little trip may cost them enough to pay for a winter's supply of shells.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST CHURCH.

T. C. Willett, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday 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. 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.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. J. G. Maybin, Supt. Prayer meeting Wednesday nights. 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 4 p. m.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

The Church of Christ meets every Lord's Day at 2.30 o'clock for communion. Preaching every Fourth Lord's Day in each month at the Methodist Church at 3 o'clock p. m. by Elder Liff Sanders.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

At the McRea Hall. Sunday School at 10 . m.

In Our New Fire-Proof Building with Every Facility for Taking Care of Your Auto Wants

We will indeed be pleased to have you call at our new garage and tell us your auto wants. We have room for storing your car, washing and cleaning it, and making all necessary repairs, all in a fifty-foot front fireproof building. If you have an auto want we can supply you.

Slaton Garage

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320 Acres Well Improved at \$25 an Acre

100 acres in cultivation. \$2.75 bonus due state in 30 years at 3 per cent interest. \$1,500 cash, balance 8 years at 8 per cent. Close to good school. Can give possession at once.

H. D. TALLEY, Slaton, Texas

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North Side of the Square

SLATON SLATONITE

Slaton, Lubbock County, Texas

Issued Once a Week on Friday Morning
By L. P. LOOMIS
Owner, Editor, and Publisher

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, 1879.

The Republicans learned a dear lesson in this election. Heretofore, the electing of a Republican president had been mostly a matter of form, and the Elephant little appreciated the extent of the disaster administered by the Bull Moose four years ago. In this election Teddy came back but the Bull Moose had grown beyond his trainer and refused to stay on the range. The Republicans thought that they had salted the Bull Moose sufficient to make him come up to the trough and drink, so they went along in the campaign with out noticing the Progressives very much. As a result California and a few other Western states scratched the head of the ticket and the Democrats won. The Republicans will have to start now to building an entirely new organization, and it may take them years to do it unless the end of the European war brings a tremendous upheaval in business circles. In such an event the floating class of voters always places the blame of the administration, and they would throw their strength to the Republicans for a change.

The Slatonite is often requested to publish notices and programs for various societies and churches, and we gladly give the space to all worthy movements, even if every line of type that goes into the paper costs us some actual money to print and we do not receive one penny in return for the publicity service. But there is a way that the members of all such societies can return the favor, and that is to put in a good word for the paper occasionally. Whenever you find a friend that is not a subscriber urge that one to call and add another name to our list. The publishing of such notices is a favor that we gladly bestow and you can return the favor by giving the Slatonite a little boost once in a while when the opportunity offers. We need your cooperation.

A large number of motorists have experienced inconvenience and trouble driving their cars during the stormy weather on account of rain and frost gathering on the windshield and shutting off a view of the road. A simple remedy suggested by old motorists for this trouble is to wipe the windshield thoroly with a rag saturated with glycerine. This will keep moisture from collecting on the glass and you will leave a clear view of the road.

The Post City Post insists that its first version of the Slaton-Post basketball game is correct and produces an affidavit to prove it. Which is sufficient to close the episode. We only know the incident as it was told to us. If the Post thinks that it was justified in its report of the game we are satisfied. We thought that the Post was too caustic in its reference to a neighboring school.

The Germans are said to have discovered another plant as good as cotton for making clothes. The plant is the fuzzy "cattail" that grows in such profusion in marshy places. Typha is the botanical name for the plant and it is said that it can be raised for commercial purposes much more cheaply than cotton can be produced.

Rain fell at Slaton Tuesday to the amount of .25 of an inch. At Plainview six inches of snow fell.

Some Rattlers

Eight men went rattlesnake hunting down on Morgan Creek last Monday. They prospected but one den, and with a long hooked end wire tied to a stick, they caught 85 rattlers and one coachwhip. The rattlers ranged in size from little ones with only two rattles to old timers with a dozen of them. From this same locality, and possibly same den, Mr. O. O. Shurtliff, several years ago killed 13 rattlers, every one of which was 5 and 6 feet in length, with heads measuring four and a half inches across. Morgan Creek seems to be a favorite breeding place for the crotales horridus.—Colorado Record.

We would say that this is rattling good story, and coming so soon, as it did, after the election indicates that the Record's editor is at peace with the world. A phantasy like that could not come from a mind troubled over Woodrow's chances of re election. Why the coachwhip?

There are two public men who are always in for a swat from Bob Johnson of the Matador News whenever either one appears before the public. One is Billy Bryan and the other is Teddy Roosevelt. Bob handed Teddy a hot one last week in an item that ran something like this:

"For the first time in our life we are forced to agree with Teddy Roosevelt. When the early returns came in and it looked like Hughes was elected, Mr. Roosevelt gave out an interview, saying: 'The great mass of American people can be depended on to vote for good government.' And now Woodrow Wilson is re-elected. Long live the American people!"

And now along with a Democratic Senate and a Republican House just what is the wish of the people?

Soldiers of the Thirty-third Michigan infantry, stationed at El Paso, will now have some good apologies to make to their superior officers. A machine gun automobile in charge of the members of the company was left standing in front of a cafe at El Paso while the soldiers were taking refreshments, and some body climbed into the automobile and drove it off. The machine was three or four days later recovered. The automobile was the only one of its type in the army. It had a searchlight forward, one on top, and had two machine guns mounted to the rear. Those soldiers were evidently playing at their job of watching Mexico.

The Territory of Alaska also joined the prohibition states in the last election. But in California where the women voted the liquor forces carried the day. Here is another one for the dopesters to think about.

The population of the continental United States is now one hundred million two thousand, according to the estimate of the officials of the Treasury Department at Washington.

At the last meeting of the retiring board of county commissioners of this county it was voted to obtain a county farm demonstrator, the agent to be secured as soon as possible.

County Seat Items

From the Avalanche: There were 669 votes cast in the county in the general election. There were 270 for the amendment and 236 against it.

An industrial survey by the Lubbock Chamber of Commerce places the rural population of the county at 2,167, and the number of farm homes at 419.

The original bid on the construction of the court house was \$86,900.00. There has been paid on the building to date \$23,667.67, leaving a balance on hand at this time of \$63,233.

C. A. Jopin attended court here the first two days of the

week, returning home Tuesday, after turning the duties of the commissioner's office over to his successor, J. L. Benton.

J. B. Parrock and Miss Feefer Adamson were issued license to wed Tuesday and Rev. J. B. Cole, pastor of the Baptist Church, was called into the clerk's office, where the ceremony was performed in the presence of the office force and a number of the "happen-ins." After the groom very graciously thanked the "parson" for his services but keeping the change the happy couple departed.

The Rev. Dodson Will Deliver Series of Sermons at Methodist Church in Slaton Dec. 6-10

At least once in the history of a community the Methodist people should set forth the doctrine and polity of the Methodist Church. In our judgment, the people of this community should know what Methodism is, so we have secured the services of the Rev. B. W. Dodson of Stamford, Texas, to deliver a series of sermons in which he will tell the doctrine and polity of our Church. It is the desire of the Board of Stewards that every member of the Slaton Methodist Church will attend these sermons. The pulic is extended a cordial welcome to these services as they are for an educational purpose; the membership of the Church is to be instructed by the sermons.

Any person, whether a Methodist or not, will be at liberty to ask Mr. Dodson any question pertaining to the history, the doctrine or the polity of the Methodist Church, or of any Protestant Church or of any Biblical doctrine whatsoever, for he is a scholar in Bible history. Any question will be answered by him at the public meetings. Prepare your questions and hand them to either of us or to the pastor, signed or unsigned, and Bro. Dodson will answer them in their turn. He will be in Slaton from Dec. 6th to 10th inclusive. Subjects for the sermons will be announced next week.

Bro. Dodson is a cultured gentleman, a deep thinker, a pleasing and fluent speaker, who uses the best and purest language in the pulpit today, and he is a talented entertainer. His visit to Slaton will be a rare treat to all, regardless of church affiliations.

S. H. Adams,
Mrs. A. B. Robertson,
J. H. Brewer,
L. W. Smith,
J. P. Robertson,
L. P. Loomis,
Sam Gentry,
Board of Stewards.

Valuable Paintings Found.

The architect intrusted with the care of the Thomaskirche in Leipzig, famous for its Bach associations, has discovered among the church archives ten valuable portraits painted in oils on wooden panels, the oldest of which dates from the year 1554. They are thought to be the work of Nikolaus de Ferre, a Dutchman who settled in Leipzig and subsequently assumed the name of Poehre or Behre. The portraits of the first five superintendents of the Thomaskirche were painted by his son Johann.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

SANTA FE.	
California and Gulf Coast Trains.	
Limited, daily.	
No. 921 (west bound) from Galveston arrives in Slaton at	4.25 a. m.
Departs for all points west to California	4.35 a. m.
No. 922 (south bound) from California arrives in Slaton at	12.10 p. m.
Departs for central Texas and Galveston	12.35 p. m.
Slaton-Amarillo Trains, Eastern and Northern Points, daily.	
No. 908 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. 906 from Lamesa arrives in Slaton at	11.15 a. m.
No. 907 departs from Slaton for Lamesa at	2.00 p. m.

LODGES

I. O. O. F.
Slaton Lodge No. 861 I. O. O. F. meets every Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brothers cordially welcome. R. H. Tudor, N. G. L. P. Loomis, Secy.

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. A. E. Howerton, W. M.; J. W. Richey, Secy.

O. E. S.
Slaton Chapter No. 555 O. E. S. meets the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month, in the Masonic Hall. Mrs. Lula Butler, Worthy Matron; Mrs. Janet B. Lee, Secretary.

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 every other Thursday at 2.30 o'clock in the MacRea hall. Visitors cordially welcomed. Mrs. Pearl Conway, Guardian. Mrs. Nellie Wade, Clerk.

The Brotherhood of American Yeomen meets every second and fourth Fridays at 8.00 p. m., at the hall. J. C. Stewart, Correspondent.

S. H. ADAMS

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Office at Red Cross Pharmacy
Residence Phone #6
Office Phone 3

Dr. Luther Wall, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Office next to City Market
North Side Square, Slaton
Office Phone No. 21
Residence Phone No. 60

CONDENSED STATEMENT:

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 51,739.66	Capital Stock	\$ 25,000.00
Warrant Account	1,348.70	Surplus and Profits	2,422.48
Banking House, Fur., Fix.	5,000.00		
Int. in Guaranty Fund	883.38		
Bills of Exchange (Cotton)	4,107.36		
CASH in Vault and With Banks	150,325.71	DEPOSITS	185,982.33
Total	\$213,404.81	Total	\$213,404.81

The Above Statement is Correct.

J. S. EDWARDS, President
J. H. BREWER, Cashier

THE FIRST STATE BANK
SLATON, TEXAS

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AS MADE TO THE COMMISSIONER OF INSURANCE AND BANKING AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS NOVEMBER 17, 1916

On the Strength of Our Showing We Courteously Solicit Your Business



CARRYING INSURANCE on your home or property isn't an expensive burden. When you think of the great risk we take for such a small premium and what it will pay you in indemnity—if your property should burn—it is a mite. Be on the safe side and insure with

J. H. BREWER, Agent
Insurance and Bonding

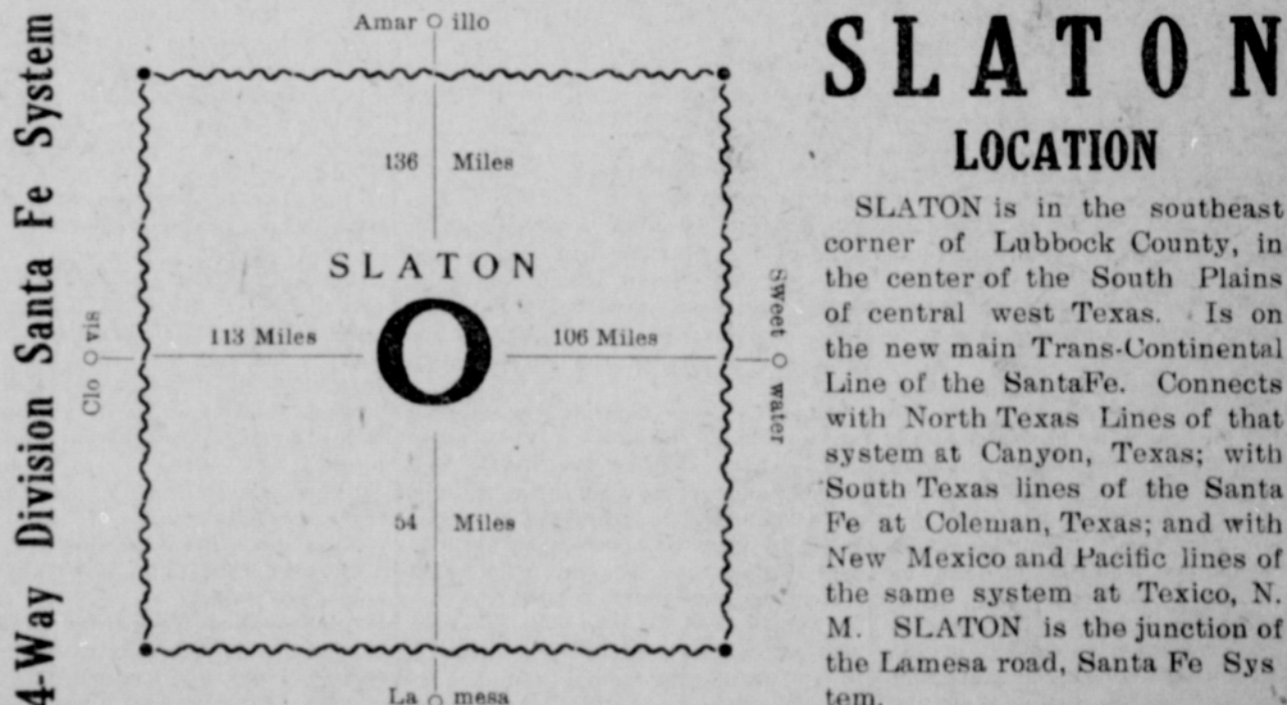
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ARE CONSTANT PATRONS



Beautiful Women are constant patrons of this drug store's Toilet Department as they always find here the best Toilet Articles, Creams, Perfumes, Toilet Waters, etc. If you have not tested this store's resources pay us a call today. If you have any prescription to be filled bring it here. Filling prescriptions is our specialty.

RED CROSS PHARMACY

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



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 30 business buildings of brick and reinforced concrete, with others to follow; 700 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
J. C. Stewart Local Townsite Agent, Slaton, Texas
....or.... **Harry T. McGee** Local Townsite Agent, Slaton

Motor cars fitted with X-ray apparatus are used extensively by the French Red Cross society.

Aduco Barbed Wire Liniment—leaves no scar. For cuts and sores on man or beast. Saves stock. Buy it, always good. At druggists.—Adv.

New York in May started 229 new buildings, valued at \$36,237,395.

Ask for and Get
SKINNER'S
THE HIGHEST QUALITY
SPAGHETTI
36 Page Recipe Book Free
SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A.
LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

Xmas Candle and Lamps



Candles for the lunch or dinner table, candles for the living room and candles for the dressing table are among the gifts that delight everybody. Among them are classed small electric lamps (often made to simulate the old-fashioned candle) which are used as a substitute for candles. Glass candlesticks prove easiest to keep clean and shining and are therefore the best choice for the dining room and the dressing room. Brass or gilded candlesticks, or those of mahogany, are liked for living rooms or the library.

It is the gay little shade that makes candlelight so fascinating. This year there are the usual silk shades in rose, or other colors, with gold lace and the tiniest silk flowers festooned on them, and shades of many other things. There are some wonderfully pretty shades made of paper and they include some novelties made of stiff paper as well as the popular and familiar crepe paper kinds.

A bedroom candle, all ready to cast its soft glow on the dressing table, is shown at the left of the picture. It is made of thin, white cardboard or even thinner paper, with strips of black pasted on it. A cluster of three small roses and fine foliage, made of colored sealing wax decorates the shade in two places. The candlestick is of glass and the shade holder slips over the top of the candle supporting a mica protector for the paper shade as well as the shade.

At the right a pretty little lamp is made for the same purpose as the candle. It is all of paper rope and wire. The stand and shade are white and both have small bluebirds of happiness (made of sealing wax) pictured in flight across them. An unwoven space is left in the shade for a blue satin ribbon, which is strung through it and tied in a bow. The lamp is fitted with a small electric bulb at the top.

Lamps made in the same way for the living room are of brown or green paper rope with any color in the ribbon, and decorations that may be flowers or birds or figures. A chain attached to the lamp turns the light on or off.

For His Dressing Table



No one ever heard of a Christmas when new pin-cushions did not arrive to replace old ones and to provide always-needed pins. Very elaborate and pretentious ones, of embroidered net and lace and all sorts of rich ribbons, are made to grace the dressing tables of the ladies, but here are two meant for men. They are selected from a number of small cushions made to hang or stand within easy reach near the mirror that reflects an almost pinless toilet. And they are mere pleasures in pin-cushions, which will be looked at if not used, and therefore their cleverness commends them.

At the left a soft heart—of pink satin—provides a resting place for a kewpie soldier boy. He has a gun in his hand and a cap on his head and is all dressed up with a belt about his waist. He is in sad case for a soldier—he can neither shoot nor run, for he is bound to the heart with bands of satin ribbon. But he looks happy and sheepish.

The pins are in hiding behind a shirring of narrow satin ribbon that encircles the heart. Short hangers, of ribbon, united at the top with a rosette, make it easy to find a place for this cushion.

At the right of the picture a pin-tree flourishes. It is made of a cork, painted green, on the end of a short meat skewer painted brown. The other end of the skewer rests in a little green bucket made of wood and filled with brown sealing wax. Black pins, with heads of many colors and white are stuck in the cork, providing the recipient with a variety of pins to choose from. The chances are that this little tree will lose few of its branches between this and next Christmas, if its owner can keep it away from the female of the species.

HEALTH HAD GOT RUN-DOWN

But Cardui Built Up Her Health And Strength So She Could Do Her Work.

Etowah, Tenn.—"About 5 years ago," writes Mrs. Lillie Carden, of this place, "I first took Cardui. Dr. — said I was suffering with ulceration . . . and . . . turned over to one side. I suffered great pain in lower abdomen and back. For 1 or 2 years the . . . had been irregular and came about every 2 weeks, and I suffered great pain. Would cramp so I couldn't get up and do my work. Sometimes the . . . would last 4 or 5 days and come too much, which seemed to cause me to suffer very much. I would be up and down in the bed for 4 or 5 days. When I'd take the Cardui through the period, the . . . would be less and not last so long—only something like 3 days, and the suffering would be entirely relieved.

My health had got run-down and the Cardui would build up my health and strength and keep me going and out of bed, so I could do my work. It hurt me to even sweep my floor when I began it, but got so I could do the most of my work, and I didn't suffer any more, had no more cramps."

Cardui, the woman's tonic, has proven its efficacy in the treatment of womanly troubles. Try it.—Adv.

A Complicated Reasoner.
"How are you going to vote this fall?"
"Goin' to vote the prohibition ticket," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop.
"But the other parties are strong 'or killing of the demon rum."
"That's jes' the point. The prohibition party is about the only party that sn't liable to get pulled enough to put our township on the dry list."

A NEGLECTED COLD.
is often followed by pneumonia. Before it is too late take Laxative Quinine Tablets. Gives prompt relief in cases of Coughs, Colds, La Grippe and Headache. Price 25c.—Adv.

He is richest that hath fewest wants.

CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK, UGH! IT'S MERCURY AND SALIVATES

Straighten Up! Don't Lose a Day's Work! Clean Your Sluggish Liver and Bowels With "Dodson's Liver Tone."

Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. Take a dose of the vile, dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work.

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

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful tonight and if it doesn't

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

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

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. 50c and \$1.00 at all Drug Stores.

Kept His Promise.
A weaver, who had evidently got tired of married life, was one day taking a walk with his wife. Suddenly he espied a dead dog lying in the middle of the road. When they came close to it he said to his wife:

"Nah, Mary, thee stand on that side and I'll stay on this."
Having taken up their respective positions, the husband said:
"Nah, lass, when I got wed to thee I promised th' parson nowt but death and I'll stay on this."
Then Mary fainted.

Always proud to show white clothes, Red Cross Ball Blue does make them white. All grocers. Adv.

Forty-nine factories in the United States make needles and pins, and all report an increase in business.

Card playing can't be very wicked, as not one heart in the deck is black.

William and Mary College.
At the far end of Duke of Gloucester street (Williamsburg, Va.) stands William and Mary college, the second oldest institution of learning in America, from which such able men have been graduated that it is hard to believe they were ever boys like those of today, going about the grounds with or without white flannel trousers (you understand me, of course). I viewed them respectfully. "Presidents?" I asked myself. If they had understood and returned, "No; good mechanics," it would have been quite as impressive an answer.—Louise Closser Hale in Harper's Magazine.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY
is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Croole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Luck may be a good servant, but as a master his pay days are uncertain.

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"
\$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 & \$5.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.

LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.



W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.

A Solemn Warning.
"Do you think our republic is in danger?"

"Certainly not," replied Senator Sorghum. "It is reasonably safe now. All I say is that I shudder to think of what may befall it if I should happen not to be re-elected."

SWAMP-ROOT STOPS SERIOUS BACKACHE

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, remember it is needless to suffer—go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases.

This prescription was used by Dr. Kilmer in his private practice and was so very effective that it has been placed on sale everywhere. Get a bottle, 50c and \$1.00, at your nearest druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

The Traditional Wager.
"I'm glad my wife is in politics," remarked Mr. Growcher.

"Why?"
"Maybe she will get rid of some of those freak hats she has been buying by paying them out in election bets."

Aduco Fly-Bane for Flies, Warbles, Mosquitoes, Gnats, Lice, Ticks and Vermin on Stock of all kinds. Increase the Milk—try it.—Adv.

Judge Steers of Brooklyn, N. Y., rules that a husband may legally spank a wife who refuses kisses.

After extensive experimenting an Englishman has perfected a steam-driven motorcycle.

STOP THAT HACKING COUGH. Mansfield (formerly Hungarian) Cough Balsam heals the inflamed and lacerated membranes and quiets the tickling nerves that lie underneath the infected portions. Invaluable for babies. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

New Brand.
Fresh—What brand is that cigar?
Soph—Brand new, child. Never been smoked before.

STOP THOSE SHARP SHOOTING PAINS "Femenina" is the wonder worker for all female disorders. Price \$1.00 and 50c. Adv.

Cause and Effect.
"I see shoes are going up."
"That's why the people are kicking."

Every woman's pride, beautiful, clean white clothes. Use Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

Why She Wanted It.
"Alky, I want you to buy me a book."
"I am glad you are becoming literary, my dear."

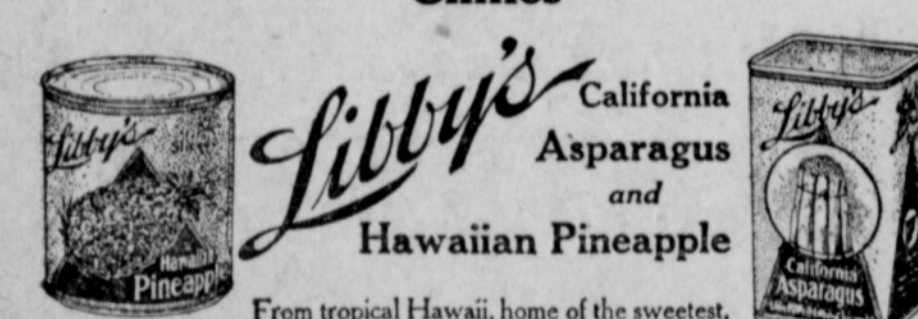
"Judge! This article says one way to acquire a good carriage is to practice balancing a book on your head."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A pear tree on the farm of J. S. Engle in Shoemakersville, Pa., 163 years old, is bearing fruit.

Table Dainties from Sunny Climes



From tropical Hawaii, home of the sweetest, most luscious pineapple, comes the one; and California, where the tenderest asparagus grows, supplies the other. The Libby care and cleanliness back of both is a warrant of a product that will please you.

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

When You Follow The Trail Go Equipped With WINCHESTER Guns and Ammunition Made for all kinds of shooting SOLD EVERYWHERE ASK FOR THE W BRAND

One mistake many women make in buying coffee

You know how hard it is to get a coffee which really satisfies you. You know how seldom you can find a coffee which has the same fine taste and strength every morning! It can be done. You can do it if, when you buy coffee, you are careful not to make the mistakes so many women make. Read the experiences below—you yourself have undoubtedly had one or both of them.

Beware of loose coffee
Are you buying coffee which you get loose, coffee which hasn't been protected by a sealed package?

Are you afraid that it isn't clear? Has it lost its aroma? Are you often disappointed in its strength?

It isn't the grocer's fault. With loose coffee he can't be sure that it is the same kind he got before. You always run the risk of getting different coffee every time you buy.

And even if the coffee itself were the same, it can't be kept "loose" without losing its strength and flavor.

In packages—protected!
You can do away with every one of these disappointments by ordering the coffee which over one million other families drink. Arbuckles' Coffee is such good coffee that way back in the sixties, when all other coffees on the market were loose and unprotected, Arbuckle Bros. protected theirs in sealed packages. This sealed package keeps the coffee's strength, and guards it from moisture and store odors. Most important of all, it makes it easy for you to be sure that you are getting the same good coffee every time you buy.

The second mistake women make

Old coffee with new names
Are you continually being offered the same old coffee under new names? Under all sorts of new blends?

Did you ever stop to think of the hundreds of coffees which come and go on the market? And that all of these have tried to turn women away from Arbuckles' Coffee?

Arbuckles' is the coffee which has gone right out, always under its own name, never disguised, and held its users simply on the wonderful value it gave. You know what good value a coffee must be to do this against the competition of all the other coffees in America!

Used in a million homes
Settle, for all time, your coffee problem, by giving your family the only coffee which over a million families have proved to have the real coffee taste they want.

When you get Arbuckles' Coffee you get an entirely different coffee. No other coffee goes through the same process—in no other coffee can you get the same good flavor. The result of the care Arbuckle Brothers take in selecting it, in roasting and in packaging it, gives you an entirely different coffee from any other on the market.

Order it from your grocer today. He has it, in either the Whole Bean or the new Ground. Try it. See why it is by far the most popular coffee in America. Arbuckle Brothers, 71-Ok 2 Water St., New York.



THE Significance of Good Digestion

Is strongly reflected in your general health and happiness.

For any digestive weakness, liver and bowel trouble or malaria, fever and ague

You should try

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

BLACK LEG LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED BY CUTTER'S BLACKLEG PILLS

Low-priced, health-sustaining, prepared by western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail.

Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkg., Blackleg Pills, \$1.00. 50-dose pkg., Blackleg Pills, \$4.00.

Cures Infection, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter's products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINATING AND SERUMING ONLY. INQUIRY ON CUTTER'S. If unsatisfactory, return direct.

The Cutter Laboratories, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

Electric railways of the United States represent a valuation of \$730,000,000.

BAD COMPLEXION MADE GOOD

When All Else Fails, by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

If you are troubled with pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness, itching and burning, which disfigure your complexion and skin, Cuticura Soap and Ointment will do much to help you. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

South Africa's diamond industry is to be revived.

DEATH LURKS IN A WEAK HEART, so on first symptoms use "Renovine" and be cured. Delay and pay the awful penalty. "Renovine" is the heart's remedy. Price \$1.00 and 50c.—Adv.

SARDINIA'S MANY SAINTS' DAY

Each Village Has Its Annual Festival When It Celebrates the Birthday of Its Patron.

Each "paese" or village of Sardinia has its annual festival to celebrate the birthday of its own particular saint or some other church feast. The most renowned of these is the "festa" of "Saint Eufisio," the national feast of the island. The ceremony is in the form of a procession from Cagliari, the chief city to Pula, a village nine miles away, with the return to Cagliari. The saint was an official in the army of Diocletian, and for his conversion to Christianity was beheaded at Pula.

At midday on May 1 the procession leaves and returns on the evening of May 4. It is composed of a cavalcade of horsemen, all in the costume of the ancient Sardinian militia, escorting the image of the saint, which is preceded by musicians playing the launeddas, an instrument made of three or four reeds of different lengths and resembling the pipe of ancient times.

No Light Matter. Both Germany and Russia are having serious difficulties in getting enough matches "to go around." Germany lacks the proper kind of wood, which formerly was imported from Russia. The czar's country, on the other hand, is in want of the necessary chemicals for match-making, which the Russians had to get from Germany.

When The Doctor Says "Quit"

—many tea or coffee drinkers find themselves in the grip of a "habit" and think they can't. But they can—easily—by changing to the delicious, pure food-drink,

POSTUM

This fine cereal beverage contains true nourishment, but no caffeine, as do tea and coffee.

Postum makes for comfort, health, and efficiency.

"There's a Reason"

CHOLLY'S BAD ERROR



Cholly was to spend Thanksgiving with the old folks, and thought it would be



Nice to take along a nice big turkey for them. But, by golly! Turkeys is expensive this season as



You probably know, if you have a family—so our hero thought of a bright idea: he would shoot a wild turk



And take it proudly to his pa and ma. Cholly didn't know beans



About birds. To make a short story long, Cholly should have hocked his overcoat and all of his



Jewelry and guns like a man and bought a turkey just like you did, gentle reader. Moral—Turkeys is high.



It's awful bliss To think of this— The day we all set down And eat, and eat, And eat, and eat That turkey good and brown! —Sunday Magazine of the Philadelphia Record.

CAUSES FOR THANKS

Season is a Time for All to Remember the Blessings of the Year.

WHAT does Thanksgiving mean to you? Does it mean only a day of special feasting? Does it bring to you only the pleasure of rich foods and elaborate meals? Or do you remember in the midst of feasting that it is a day for giving thanks? We should all take the time from this day, filled with pleasures, to look back over the past year and remember all the blessings for which we have to be thankful.

No matter how much sorrow and trouble may have to come to us in the past 12 months, there have been many blessings as well if we will stop to consider them. Perhaps at the time of trouble we were blinded to the blessings, but now, if we look back with clearer judgment, we can see that they were there all the time, sometimes blessings in disguise, but blessings none the less.

We can surely afford to spare from this whole day of pleasure a couple of hours for silent retrospection and appreciation. Let us each slip away from the crowd for just a small part of the day and give ourselves up to a mental review of the past year, with a special eye to the benefits we have received. It will come as a surprise to many to see how many the blessings have been and how comparatively few the misfortunes.

There is first of all, health. Those who have sound health never stop to be grateful for it, it seems so much a part of them. And yet were these healthy ones laid on a sick bed for months at a time they would soon realize how much of a blessing health really is. The chronic invalids in their beds and wheeled chairs appreciate to the full the blessings of good health. Let those of us, then, who are well and strong be thankful for our health.

Then there is love. Those of us who have the devoted love of a mother or father, of a sister or brother, of a child or a husband, will do well to send up an extra pean of thanksgiving for the blessing of this love. Only too often, the only ones who appreciate the full blessing of love are those who have lost all earthly ties.

If the family circle about the festive board is unbroken is not that a reason for full rejoicing? When so many fathers, husbands, brothers and sons are falling on every side in Europe's inhuman war we should give thanks with all our hearts that our own dear ones go unharmed.

So each of us will find, if we search our minds, that we have many blessings to be thankful for. It is only the hardened heart which feels no gratitude. And we should all fill our minds with love and appreciation on Thanksgiving day, of the great good we have received in the past and the hope to be more worthy of it in the future.

Proper Spirit of the Season. The proclamations of those who hold high station as the representatives of the people very properly speak the spirit the nation should manifest. The manifestation of that spirit is, however, not alone in feasting and the joyous acclaim of thousands on the field of sport. The consciousness of blessing and the returning of thanks therefor by every man according as he is blessed, no less than the voicing of a prayer that he be made ever more sensible of all his blessings, will make the day for all the holy day it should be. Gratitude for the guidance thus far; strength to meet the trials still to come.

A Thanksgiving. For days of health, for nights of quiet sleep; for seasons of bounty and of beauty, for all earth's contributions to our need through this past year: good Lord, we thank thee.—William Gannett.

For the Bedroom Desk

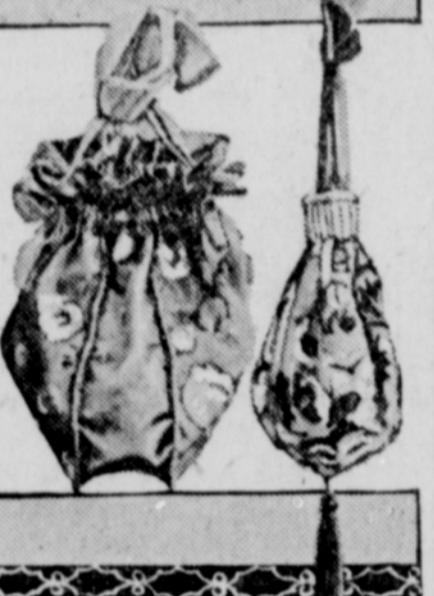


An attractive desk set, for either men or women, is made of heavy paper and cretonne.

The desk pad is made of an oblong of heavy colored paper. The pockets at the end are made of the same paper, with a covering of cretonne pasted over it. The cretonne turns over the edges and extends a quarter of an inch on the under side. At the ends of the long pocket it turns over the edge of the pad and is pasted down. Then the pad is glued to a heavy piece of cardboard of the same size.

A blotter is made of the heavy colored paper, covered with cretonne, and blotters are tied to this cover with narrow ribbon. A small round pen-wiper is made in the same way, with the cover tied to circular pieces of flannel by a small bow of ribbon.

Bags for Everything



There are bags for everything this Christmas, with vanity bags and opera bags and shopping bags made of the richest brocades and ribbons and metallic laces.

A party bag and a shopping bag are shown above, and the party bag is made of plain and figured ribbon set together with corded seams. This bag is lined with silk. It is gathered near the top on a narrow satin ribbon run in a casing formed by two rows of stitching in the bag. There are bows of the narrow ribbon at each side, and the bag is suspended by it.

A handsome shopping bag is made of heavy purple satin ribbon brocaded with purple velvet and silver flowers. It opens with a "gate" fastening at the top, in silver, and is suspended by narrow purple satin ribbon. A handsome silver tassel finishes it.

Sure to Please Grandma



What to give to grandma is the question that puzzles young heads at Christmas times.

Here is a little tea cozy which is sure of a welcome from grandma, and it is the simplest thing imaginable to make. Printed Japanese silk or silk-alene or cretonne will serve the purpose with equally good results, and it takes very little of any one of these materials, even for the largest size in teapots.

This cozy is made of four sections of figured silk sewed together to form the outside, and four similar sections of plain silk or other materials sewed together to form the lining. When the lining has been made, it is covered with a thick layer of cotton batting racked down to it in several places and the cover is slipped on over it. Then the raw edges of both materials are turned up and overcast together. A very full bow of many loops of bright satin ribbon is sewed to the top.

The gayest and brightest of colors make the tea cozy a cheerful part of drinking. It slips on over the pot and keeps the tea hot for a long time.



WRIGLEY'S

The Flavor Lasts!

Rosy cheeks, bright teeth, good appetites and digestions —yes, the reward for the regular use of Wrigley's is benefit as well as pleasure!

Sealed Tight—Kept Right

Write Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., Chicago, for free copy of the Wrigley Gum-ption Book.



"Chew it after every meal!"

One on His Reverence. A young factory hand and his girl went to get married. They got as far as the church, when he found out he had enough money to pay the wedding fee. The clergyman would not marry them, saying, "No money, no wedding."

So the girl asked would he wait till she went home for the money. The clergyman said "Yes." In a little while the girl returned with the money and the knot was duly tied.

The girl now said to the clergyman: "Can anyone oppose our union?" To which he replied: "Nobody, my daughter. Heaven bless you."

The girl said: "Then there's the pawn ticket for your hat and coat, which I took from the vestry and pawned!" Collapse of his reverence.

A GRATEFUL OLD LADY.

Mrs. A. G. Clemens, West Alexander, Pa., writes: I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, also Diamond Dinner Pills. Before using them I had suffered for a number of years with backache, also tender spots on spine, and had at times black floating specks before my eyes. I also had lumbago and heart trouble. Since using this medicine I have been relieved of my suffering. It is agreeable to me for you to publish this letter. I am glad to have an opportunity to say to all who are suffering as I have done that I obtained relief by using Dodd's Kidney Pills and Diamond Dinner Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills 50c per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for Indigestion have been proved. 50c per box.—Adv.

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