

# THE SLATON SLATONITE

VOLUME 6

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1917.

NUMBER 33

## Rain Fall at Slaton Tuesday Night Was Total of 1.25 Inches

Rain to the amount of .25 of an inch fell at Slaton Tuesday evening at six o'clock and during the hours of the night an inch of water fell. This rain put a good spring season in the ground and the farmers are busy this week breaking sod on new land. The dry spell had been a long one but there was considerable moisture in the ground and the grass was growing right along. With the rain Tuesday night the spring starts very favorably. It is a few days later than last year. In 1916 1.25 inches of rain fell on March 31st and 1.675 inches on April 14th. Again on April 26th 2.675 inches fell.

The rain Tuesday was the first precipitation of sufficient quantity to be of any material benefit since October 15th when rain fell to the amount of 2.125 inches. The winter months very seldom bring any rain on the Plains.

The program at the High School Auditorium Sunday night by the Pomona College Glee Club drew an audience that taxed the capacity of the room to accommodate, and the entertainment was up to the full expectations of every one. The Glee Club consists of a chorus of twenty male voices, and they delighted the hearers with their stirring and classical music. The cartoonist, Eddy Orcutt, drew much applause with his character sketches. The program was varied with patriotic airs.

The W. O. W. camp of Slaton had a big time last Friday night. Several candidates were initiated and refreshments were served after the lodge work was over. A big crowd was out to enjoy the evening, several members coming from nearby towns.

They are coming to Slaton.

## Food Speculators and Dealers are Soon to be Regulated

Chicago, April 7.—The new commercial economy board of the United States government intends to compel the dealers in the necessities of life to trade fairly with the producer and the consumer.

Speculation in food and the standard commodities will not be permitted and the commission intends to instruct the business men how best and most economically to distribute their supplies. Price regulation as well as the conservation of necessities will be reduced to a scientific basis. The producer will be instructed in the most approved methods of management with a view to lessening the initial cost of raising or manufacturing supplies for consumption or other uses.

The details of these commercial innovations have all been worked out by Archibald W. Shaw, the chairman of the commission, and will be put in effect as soon as possible.

It was learned here today that Mr. Shaw contemplates perfecting the following program:

1. To find in detail what it costs to do business in the United States in all lines of trade.

2. When the facts of production are established including all details to set a fair price at which commodities may be sold.

3. To offer aid to all business firms to reduce their operating expenses.

4. To improve on the best methods in use among American business men.

Mr. Shaw recently made a tour of the warring countries in Europe and studied the problems confronting them in the handling of the food and other commodities problems.

Soldier boys returning to duty on the border have been in Slaton frequently this week and the khaki uniforms have become familiar in this city.

## Methodist Laymen Building Banquet Wednesday Night

The laymen of the Methodist Church held a banquet at the church Wednesday night, the guests of the Missionary Society, and the ladies prepared a most royal supper for the banquet. A large number of people were present and enjoyed the evening. J. W. Lyon, presiding elder, officiated as toastmaster, and responses were made by Mrs. S. S. Forrest, the Rev. T. C. Willett, L. P. Loomis, A. B. Robertson, M. B. Johnson and the Rev. J. W. Hunt.

Col. A. B. Robertson started a subscription list to build a new brick church building by subscribing the sum of \$1,250, and before he left the floor had a little over \$4,000 promised to the fund. Several voluntary subscriptions were offered yesterday morning before the lists were prepared for circulation, and it is anticipated by the building committee that the response from the public will be such that the sum of \$6,000 will soon be reached and the dirt breaking exercises for the new building will be held at an early date. The building will be finished modern thru-out, seated with modern pews and will have a basement for Sunday School classes and for the heating plant.

A number of Methodists attended the dirt breaking for the Methodist Church in Lubbock Tuesday afternoon, and they report that it was one of the biggest events ever held in Lubbock. A mammoth crowd lined the lot where the building will be erected, and a tractor pulled the plow that broke the ground, two men—the oldest member of the church and the newest member—holding the plow handles.

## Troop B Spends an Hour in Slaton

The special train containing Troop B of Amarillo came thru Slaton last Friday at two o'clock, and there was a large crowd of Slaton citizens at the depot to meet the boys and send their greetings along with them. The train consisted of six pullmans and three baggage cars and it remained in Slaton one hour. Arbie Joplin joined the Troop at this place.

The Rev. J. W. Hunt, president of Stamford College, preached at the Methodist Church of Slaton Sunday, Sunday night and Monday night in the interests of the college. Mr. Hunt is one of the strongest preachers in West Texas, and his sermons were both literary and spiritual feasts for the people of Slaton. His characterization of the old time cow camp fiddler in his sermon Sunday morning was a rare treat for all. It is a literary gem, sparkling in rhetoric, oratory and sentiment, and it touches every western man's heart in a manner that is rarely ever reached by public speakers. It is a treat of a lifetime to hear that story. Mr. Hunt was a newspaperman at Lubbock before he entered the ministerial work.

The election held Saturday for school trustees brought out a good vote and there were seven candidates on the ticket. Of those elected T. J. Abel led with the highest vote, C. C. Hoffman and R. J. Murray following respectively. The others on the ticket were Mike Hanley, M. F. Klattenhoff, R. L. Smith and J. W. Henry. The race was close all the way, the successful ones winning by just a few votes.

## School Auditorium Should Be Equipped for Public Concerts

The Slatonite would like to suggest again to our school board that the public would appreciate to the highest extent the improvement of the school building by equipping its hallways, both upper and lower stories, and the auditorium with proper lights for entertainments. The auditorium belongs to the public and the public cannot use it without adequate lights. Geo. Marriott, manager of the Reading Room, has taken the Santa Fe entertainments to the auditorium for the benefit primarily of the Santa Fe folks and the entertainment companies, and has permitted the attendance of the public after the Santa Fe folks are taken care of. But we are of the private opinion that he will discontinue this for the reason that the accommodations that he has a right to expect are not given him. These entertainments are of a class that it is impossible to get in Slaton in any other way than thru the Santa Fe lyceum course, and they are of inestimable benefit to this city, but if Mr. Marriott has to borrow lights and carry them to the auditorium and then return them to the owners the next day and clean up the room for the entertainments we just imagine that he will lose some of his public spirited generosity.

## Food Crops Deficient

Word comes out of Rome from David Lubin, American representative to the International Institute of Agriculture, urging the imperative necessity of a mobilization of American agricultural resources. He says in part:

"There exists a deficit in the supply of wheat, corn, oats, rye, and barley, estimated at a total of 130,000,000 bushels less than the normal requirements for the countries open for trade. The situation is worse than expected last October."

At a recent conference of Texas bankers and representatives of the Federal and State departments of agriculture, facts were brought out which show that food supplies were never so short and the demand so great. This conference recommends that bankers, business men, and citizens generally make a most determined effort to encourage increased production of standard food and feed crops in 1917.

The grain crops south of the equator are short 33 per cent. The winter grains north of the equator show damage by unfavorable weather conditions. Statistics may not be interesting, nor are they illuminating to the average mind. Statistics account for the \$2.00 wheat and \$15.00 hogs. And prices will go higher.

Two million men will in a short time be removed from productive industry and become exclusive consumers as soldiers and makers of war supplies. This will increase the already strong demand for food and will send prices soaring still further upwards.

Northwest Texas is admirably adapted for food and feed crops and meat animals and will benefit by this unusual demand for its standard products. Northwest Texas has the further advantage of increasing the cultivated area and thereby increasing production.—A. M. Hove.

H. D. Talley has just finished taking the census of the school children of the Slaton Independent School District, and he reports having enumerated 506 children of school age.

## HART SCHAFFNER & MARX and

# A L C O "Clothes for Men"

These two lines represent the best in Men's Tailorings, and with the wide range of patterns which we have in stock you will be sure to be pleased with your spring Suit if it comes from here. May we show you?

## Men's Oxfords

We are just in receipt of a large shipment of Men's Oxfords \$4.00 to \$9.00

See our Suit and Oxford Window This Week

## ROBERTSON'S

100 Both Phones 100

HERE and SOUTHLAND

## On the First of Next Month Pay All Your Bills with Checks



Pay all your bills with checks on The First State Bank and note with how much higher respect you are regarded. Besides you will have something left and won't feel like letting your balance get too small. That means you will cut down your spending and increase your saving.

## THE FIRST STATE BANK of Slaton

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

Lamesa adopted the commission form of government Tuesday last week, the vote being 117 in favor of the move and 45 against it. J. R. Lowrie was elected mayor and J. L. Coffee and E. R. Bainbridge city commissioners.

J. K. Wester was elected mayor of Lubbock at the election Tuesday last week. Rawleigh Martin and E. C. Priest were elected aldermen and C. L. Fry was elected marshal over C. A. Holcomb. Three hundred fifty votes were polled.

Joe Nail of the Slide community was in Slaton Tuesday visiting Sam Hoffman, an old Montague County neighbor. Mr. Nail states that the Slide community is developing rapidly and that a post office will soon be opened at that place. They have a good school at Slide and have an M. E. Church organization and a splendid attendance at their Sunday School. Bro. J. P. Calloway is their pastor and Mr. Nail is superintendent of the Sunday School.

Specialty on spring sport coats at Mrs. Graves.

## The Close of Each Banking Day Marks a New Period in Growth of the SLATON STATE BANK.

The Growth is the result of service that meets every demand of a progressive bank that adheres to sound banking principles and serves our customers in a spirit of cheerfulness; and by these means we have won a place in the hearts of our customers.

Why not let us number you among our family of customers? To Loan Money—to Help You Make Money—that is our business. Call and see us.

## THE SLATON STATE BANK

A GUARANTY FUND BANK

J. C. PAUL, President  
A. L. ROBERTSON, Vice Pres.

J. H. PAUL, Cashier  
J. G. WADSWORTH, Asst Cash

## No Car is Better Than Its Equipment and Extras Carried With It



It is easy to replace and repair a tire if you carry a kit of our auto tools and supplies with you, and so it is with hundreds of other little features about your car. That little extra equipment in the tool box will enable you to fix your car and go on in home. See us for extras and if your car needs a mechanic we will put it in first class condition.

## LEE GREEN & SON

The Slaton Garage Phone No. 73

## Gardening Tools

Spades, hoes, rakes, shovels garden hose

Everything for preparing, planting and tending the garden

Let us supply your needs

FORREST HARDWARE

### Another Successful Slaton Dairyman is W. P. Florence

Another successful dairyman farmer of Slaton is W. P. Florence, whose farm just south of this city he has named the Rose Hill Dairy, Truck and Fruit Farm, and a few figures in connection with his dairying doubtless will be interesting.

Mr. Florence started his farm when Slaton came on the map as a town, and he has built it into quite a valuable property and a desirable home place. He has raised a splendid orchard and numerous berry patches which are now bearing nicely.

He began to sell milk and milk products in September, 1914, when he had nine cows, and his income from them amounted to \$125 per month. Now his herd has increased to twenty seven cows, and the gross milk sales for March, 1917, amounted to \$375. Mr. Florence figured that his monthly expense in caring for his dairy amounts to \$215 per month, divided as follows: Labor \$130 and feed, pasture and repairs \$85. This leaves a net income from the dairy on the Rose Hill Farm of \$160 per month.

The average income from the farm and truck patches on this farm other than the dairy income and above consumption amounts to \$40 per month, which with the \$160 from the dairy totals \$200 per month. Of this \$200 Mr. Florence places \$50 for improvements and increase of livestock, and the balance goes to keep a family of eight. He has sixty-five acres of land and rents fifty acres. Besides this he has a quarter of a section of grass land leased. His crop last year consisted mostly of feed which he

placed in the silo for his dairy stock. In addition he had feed enough to pay his rent and leave him \$100 in cash. He raised ten acres of cotton which netted him \$200 after he paid the rent, and he sold also last year about \$200 worth of truck and vegetables.

The peach crop on the Rose Hill farm was killed by the frost after the trees had bloomed this spring, but the plum trees hold a good crop at this time. The berries and grapes are always a sure crop. Mr. Florence has a large reservoir for storing irrigation water, and he is preparing to finish the well he dug four years ago and get it ready for use this summer. He has never yet used the reservoir because he has not been able heretofore to finish his well. He will use it to irrigate the orchard and the garden.

Thursday night of last week was Yeomen night for Slaton, and there was a class adoption of fifty two at the session of the Slaton lodge. W. R. Shirley, general director of the Yeomen order, of Des Moines, Iowa, and W. R. Somerville of Fort Worth, field marshal for Texas, were present and gave their assistance toward making the night a big one for the Slaton Yeomen. It is estimated that there were one hundred twenty five of the Brotherhood at the meeting. At the close of a most enjoyable evening Mr. Shirley presented to C. W. Olive, Yeomen Deputy, a gold watch in token of the splendid work he has been doing in writing policies. The gift was a complete surprise to Mr. Olive. He has been unusually successful in the work.

**BLACKSMITHING**—I have a blacksmith shop at my farm just west of the Santa Fe wells and can do your work. Call and see me.—J. G. Maybin.

### Missionary Society

A very interesting business meeting was held at the Methodist church Monday, April 2d. Reports were all in full. The treasurer reported all dues paid and report sent to conference treasurer. Our society pledged \$500 on the new church and ways of raising the money were discussed, and it was decided to use the the calendar plan, and the Trip Around the World on May 30th.

Meeting closed with sentence prayers, to meet in a bible study at the church April 9th. The following questions will be given, with Mrs. Forrest as leader.

Thru whom hath God spoken in these latter days?

What is the scepter of Christ's kingdom?

Who hath tasted death for every man?

Why could not Israel enter into the Canaan of God's rest?

To whom is rest promised?

What is sharper than a two edged sword?

After whose order is the priesthood of Christ?

Has the Aaronic priesthood been abolished?

What is necessary for the remission of sins?

Where is Christ's seat?

What is faith?

What must the Christian lay aside?

Where have we no continuing city?

Who was set at liberty?

What must we not forget to do?

How must our conversation be?

Who said, "I will never leave thee?"

### Earthquake Felt at Panhandle

The Panhandle Herald reports that an earthquake shock was felt in that vicinity on Wednesday of last week, the quake being of such volume as caused the plastering on some buildings to crack, and in one instance, to fall to the floor. Every building in the town felt the shock. Says the Herald: "The sound was that of something heavy striking the building and causing it to shake from foundation to top. 'People standing along the cement sidewalks felt the shock and noticed a wave and quiver in the walk. The shock was felt for some distance around Panhandle, Mrs. Sid Williams phoning in from the Dickson ranch, fifteen miles north, that dishes in her home were made to rattle; and others from the country phoned in the same news.'"

### Singers and Song Lovers

All are invited to meet next Sunday at the Baptist church at 3:30 p. m. to organize a singing class in Slaton for the purpose of improving our gospel singing and to realize the benefits and social pleasures of united singing.

Lessons will be led by different leaders and organists. Addresses made on the science and art of music, the importance of singing in education, religion, society, etc., and the importance of this organization.

W. P. Florence, for committee.

H. H. Robinson returned home Wednesday from a motor trip to Brownwood with his wife to see Mrs. Robinson's mother, Mrs. Lucy Terrell, who is sick and not expected to live. She is 87 years of age, and Mrs. Robinson remained at her bedside. Mr. Robinson reports a splendid trip, and aside from getting into bad sand a time or two, made good time.

Troop B at Amarillo had been home only a few days when they got orders to assemble again and hold themselves in readiness to go to the front on a moment's notice. Arbie Joplin of Slaton is a member of Troop B. The troop was ordered Wednesday to go to Fort Sam Houston at once by special train.



## Vanities of the Season

The Latest in Fads and Fancies and some very inexpensive things in Dress Accessories are to be found in the plentiful assortment in our Notion Department

Don't miss seeing this Nice Line the next time you are in

*The Grand Leader*

M. OLIM PROP. EVERYTHING THAT MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD WEARS IS MADE TO WEAR.

Slaton Store No. 1

Post Store No. 2

## Presto LIGHT STATION

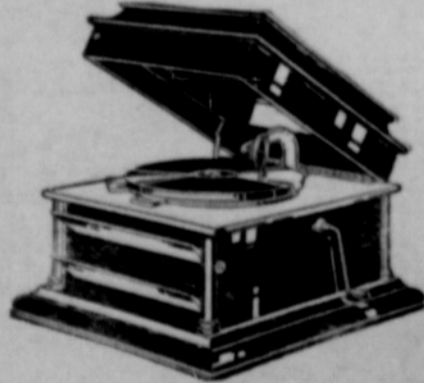


We have secured the Presto Station and can supply you with Presto Lights without delay. We are headquarters for Supplies, Accessories and Service.

## Slaton Garage

PHONE No. 73

Lee Green and Son. A. K. Green, Manager



Columbia Grafonolas and Records at

*Howerton's*  
FURNITURE-HARDWARE-UNDERTAKING

Prices \$15, \$25, \$35 and \$50

### Pomona Glee Club Sunday Night, Apr. 8

The Pomona College Glee Club of Claremont, California, will give an entertainment at the Slaton High School Auditorium on Sunday evening, April 8th, for the Santa Fe employees and their families, under the auspices of the Reading Room Course.

This club consists of twenty-three young men and their program will be an unusually attractive one. The doors to the auditorium will open at 7.15 p. m. to railroad men and their families only. After 7.45 the general public will be admitted. It is the intention that the entertainment shall start at 8.15 promptly. Remember these regulations that until 7.45 no persons except railroad families will be admitted. After 7.45 the general public will be given permission to take the unoccupied seats.

### Accidental Killing at Lakeview

One of the saddest occurrences ever happening in Hall county, was the accidental killing of Mrs. Glenn Burson by her husband, on Saturday morning, March 24, at their home some five miles northwest of Lakeview.

Glenn and a young man, Grady Evans, were sitting in a room examining a Savage automatic pistol. He had removed the magazine and was attempting to extract the shell in the barrel when the extractor spring slipped from his fingers and fired the shell. Mrs. Burson was near by and was in the act of hanging up her house cap. The bullet entered her right side below the seventh rib and ranged up, penetrating the body and came out at her left shoulder. She wheeled and grabbed Glenn around the neck exclaiming, "Oh, Glenn!" And with those words she passed out of this life.—Lakeview Promoter.

### PEOPLE READ ADVERTISEMENTS

You are doing it now



ON THE SAFE SIDE the man is who has his insurance policy ready to realize on when his home or property has been laid waste and in ruins. No one knows what importance that little document is to them till misfortune overtakes him, and he knows that it is the insurance company that suffers the loss.

J. H. BREWER AGENCY

## I WILL PAY CASH

For anything that you have for sale in the way of second hand furniture, stoves, wagons, hacks, harness, junk, hides and furs.

Highest Prices Paid for Poultry and Eggs

Call and see me. On Northeast Corner of Square.

Slaton T. W. COVINGTON

## LISTEN :

Choose for your friends those who stimulate you, who arouse your ambition, who stir you up with a desire to do something and be somebody in the world.

BUILD YOU A HOME

Slaton Lumber Company

**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.

**Indian Maid, Full Moon and Full Men**

We got up yesterday in time to see the new moon last night. It lay flat upon its back, and if the story told us by an Indian heiress in Oklahoma several years ago is true—and we have no reason to doubt it—that moon is so full of water that it is going to "slop over" right soon, and then West Texas will get such a wetting as she deserves and will appreciate. If it doesn't rain don't blame us, but the Indian girl, whose name and address we have forgotten.—San Angelo Standard.

Another d—n fool. Or else that Indian girl has, or had, a great influence over the San Angelo man to make him believe any such "tut." If it doesn't rain in a very few days that moon will have reached the "full" stage and may be like the steady drinker—never throws up, but holds it in his system.—Lakeview Promoter.

Well, it rained when the moon full and the Indian maid still reigns. Question, however, is just how Dickson, editor of the Promoter, knows so much about the temperament of the steady drinker and his ability to supercharge his system with alcohol without becoming seasick.

**Biblical Baseball Statistics**

The editor of the Ochiltree News has made novices of all the country newspaper men who considered themselves authority on the national sport. He says:

"Baseball may not be of ancient origin, nevertheless Luke's gospel makes this inquiry: 'Where are the nine?' and Deuteronomy emphasizes matters with this injunction: 'Search you out a place to pitch.'"

Wasn't it David who put Goliath out at first with two balls and a strike? And Jonathan shot three strikes over the stone Ezel, and Umpire Saul banished David from the grounds? For further biblical authority call on Homer Steen of the Floydada Hesperian.

The Slatonite has been exceptionally busy this week handling a large amount of commercial printing and this work has made us hustle to put out the Slatonite. We turned out a large order of high class book work in the form of descriptive illustrated advertising literature for H. T. McGee, general sales agent for the Spearman lands in the Blythe vicinity, and the work stands as a splendid representative of the ability of the Slatonite to handle work of that kind.

John D. Rockefeller is a pauper compared to the enormous riches of the deposed czar of Russia. His annual income was over \$50,000,000 per year, and he owned about seventy per cent of the land area of Russia, or ten per cent of the whole world. His private wealth was over \$2,000,000,000. Entirely too much property for one man to control, and it was time that the kingdom took over the lands of the crown and sold them to the people.

The bone dry law that was passed by the legislature prohibiting the taking of liquor into dry counties was impaired by some engrossing clerk before it reached the printer's hands, and now it is declared unconstitutional. The wish of the people was frustrated by the carelessness of a clerk. Another way to sidetrack legislation.

Chas. Acker sold his business lot on the west side last week for \$1,950. He purchased the lot about three months ago from Doctor Treadway for \$1,500.—Brownfield Herald.

**Pipe Dreaming and Apologizing**

If the Slatonite will point out one line in the Times since the present owner has had charge wherein the South Plains or any other part of the Plains has been spoken of adversely then the Times will most humbly apologize. The Slatonite publisher must have been pipe dreaming.—Abilene Times.

All right, let's see about this pipe dreaming and—apologizing.

In an issue of the Times about four months ago appeared an article of considerable length entitled, "Northwest Texas Lands," and it was an adverse opinion strictly with no favorable advantages mentioned. There was no comment nor explanation by the editor of the Times, and so the article stood in all its brazen unsightliness as his sentiments. We wondered at the time why the Times editor should print such unfair reports about the Plains, and we will now reprint from the article and await the apologies:

"The land on the Plains, like all other counties, has its serious drawbacks. There is the dreaded blue weed. Nothing will grow where it grows. Some of the land agents will tell you that it is winter alfalfa and is harmless. The next drawback is the loco weed. It grows in great profusion and is the first thing that comes up in the spring. It will kill horses unless they are fed grain. The next serious drawback to the country is the lakes. They will average one to every section and some of them cover as much as two hundred acres of land. They cannot be depended upon for water, nor for grass. If a section of land has a large lake it materially damages the value of the land. There is much disputation over land lines and corners. It has never been surveyed only on paper. The farmers and ranchmen fell on a plan to get these matters settled ten years ago by the legislature, but a lawyer went to Austin and busted up the plan. The lawyers don't want these disputes settled for it is by these that they get their fees."

As to the various features so adversely and fully set forth in the article—they are too unreasonable and so far from the truth that they deserve no refutation, and we anticipate that when they are thus brought out into the open the Times man will disavow them.

Critics may say that we pipe dream sometimes, but this was one time at least that we didn't.

A new paper on the Slatonite exchange table is the Silverton Star which has just been purchased by R. W. Jones. Mr. Jones recently sold the Ochiltree News and moved to Silverton, and we are pleased to welcome him to the South Plains. He will make a good paper of the Star.

**O Six Ranch Ships**

S. I. Johnson shipped six hundred three and four year old steers from the O Six Ranch this week to Kansas for Ferguson Brothers. The steers were sold last fall for spring delivery. Mr. Ferguson says that the grass in southern Kansas is very short on account of dry weather. He has three hundred more steers to get from the O Six Ranch this month.

**Notice**

Those who desire to apply for farm loans under the Federal Land Bank write Box 505, Slaton, giving name and address and amount desired at 5 per cent. You do not have to own land to make application for a loan.

D. Toutscherer of North Dakota was in Slaton the first of the week on business in connection with his real estate holdings east of this city. He had come down to place his land on the market but after noting the generally prosperous conditions here and the prospects for the 1917 crop he took his land off the market and stated that he probably would move to this vicinity himself in the fall.

**LOCAL AND PERSONAL**

Latest and best in dry goods at Mrs. Graves.

L. Lumsden is preparing to ship a thousand steers from his ranch at Wilson.

Call for what you want in gloves, hosiery and overalls at Mrs. Graves.

We will be pleased to fill your lumber bill. Come and talk it over.—Panhandle Lumber Co.

Mrs. Fred Ryan returned to Slaton the first of the week from a visit to relatives at Cleburne.

Atty. R. A. Baldwin was in Abilene the first of the week on legal business before the courts there.

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

Coal is now \$1.00 per ton cheaper. Lay in a supply at once that will carry you into the summer.—Panhandle Lumber Company.

CALL ON ME and arrange for your spring sewing. I do DRESS MAKING of all classes.—Pearl Wood at Joe Montgomery's in East Slaton.

We extended you credit while you needed coal. We will appreciate your prompt payment of your coal bills.—Panhandle Lumber Company.

Mrs. Allen, mother of Mrs. L. P. Imboden, died at the Imboden home in Slaton Wednesday evening. She had been seriously ill for some time.

BLACKSMITHING—I have a blacksmith shop at my farm just west of the Santa Fe wells and can do your work. Call and see me.—J. G. Maybin.

BIG SALE ON HATS. One-fourth reduction Friday and Saturday, April 13th and 14th.—Mrs. M. F. Davis, now located where the racket store was.

Hugh Wallin was in town last week. He stated that he and his wife had decided to locate in New Mexico, where he will establish a goat ranch.—Matador News.

The Slatonite expected a complete report of the part taken in the annual contest of the Inter-scholastic League by the Slaton schools but we failed to find anyone in the school who will report these items for the Slatonite. We would like to devote a column each week to the schools if we could only find someone to write news items. We don't want essays; we want news. Zona Bean won at Lubbock in the girls senior declamation contest and Willie Klattenhoff won in the boys senior declamation.

**Notice to Owners of Dogs**

The tax on dogs must be paid at once. All dogs on which the tax has not been paid will be destroyed.

J. C. Levy, Marshal.

**Notice to Property Owners**

Please come in and render your taxes at once. After April 20th property will go on the unrendered list. H. D. Talley, County Assessor.

**Important Notice**

To Our Customers and Friends: Beginning April 15th and continuing thru the summer months our coal business will be operated on a strictly cash basis. Have the cash ready when the coal is delivered. It is too much trouble for us to carry on our books the numerous small coal items during the summer.

Yours truly,  
Panhandle Lumber Co.  
(Houston Yard)

**ORIGINAL TOWNSITE AGENTS**

Any Lot in Townsite on Liberal Terms. R. J. MURRAY & COMPANY, Townsite Agents

**KAZAN**

By James Oliver Curwood

Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. walling of the storm it seemed to him that for a moment he had heard the voice of Gray Wolf.

Then the cabin door closed behind him. Back in a shadowy corner of the cabin he lay, while the man prepared something over a hot stove for Joan. It was a long time before Joan rose from the cot on which the man had placed her. After that Kazan heard her sobbing; and then the man made her eat, and for a time they talked. Then the stranger hung up a big blanket in front of the bunk, and sat down close to the stove. Quietly Kazan slipped along the wall, and crept under the bunk. For a long time he could hear the sobbing breath of the girl. Then all was still.

The next morning he slipped out through the door when the man opened it, and sped swiftly into the forest. Half a mile away he found the trail of Gray Wolf, and called to her. From the frozen river came her reply, and he went to her.

Vainly Gray Wolf tried to lure him back into their old haunts—away from the cabin and the scent of man. Late that morning the man harnessed his dogs, and from the fringe of the forest Kazan saw him tuck Joan and the baby among the furs on the sledge, as old Pierre had done. All that day he followed in the trail of the team, with Gray Wolf slinking behind him. They traveled until dark; and then, under the stars and the moon that had followed the storm, the man still urged on his team. It was deep in the night when they came to another cabin, and the man beat upon the door. A light, the opening of the door, the joyous welcome of a man's voice, Joan's sobbing cry—Kazan heard these from the shadows in which he was hidden, and then slipped back to Gray Wolf.

(CONTINUED TO NEXT ISSUE)

Slaton grows every day.

**B. F. GREGORY**  
DENTIST  
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# KAZAN

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Kazan, the wild sledge dog, one-quarter wolf and three-quarter husky, distrustful of all men because of their brutal treatment of him, learns to love his master's wife when she is kind to him in new and strange surroundings.

CHAPTER II—He shows snarling enmity to McCready, who is to accompany Thorpe and his wife to the Red River camp.

CHAPTER III—Kazan knows that McCready is a murderer. McCready stealthily caresses Isobel's hair and Kazan attacks him. Thorpe whips Kazan. McCready tries to murder Thorpe and attacks Isobel. Kazan kills him and then, fearing the club in punishment, runs away into the forest.

CHAPTER IV—Torn between love of his mistress, the fear of his master's club and the desire of the wolf nature in him, he at length sends forth the wolf cry.

CHAPTER V—Kazan runs with the wolves, fights their leader, becomes master of the pack, and mates with Gray Wolf.

For a long time after they made camp Pierre Radisson sat beside the fire. Tonight he did not smoke. He stared straight into the flames. When at last he rose to go into the tent with the girl and the baby, he bent over Kazan and examined his hurt.

"You've got to work in the traces tomorrow, boy," he said. "We must make the river by tomorrow night. If we don't—"

He did not finish. He was choosing back one of those tearing coughs when the tent-flap dropped behind him. Kazan lay stiff and alert, his eyes filled with a strange anxiety. He did not like to see Radisson enter the tent, for stronger than ever there hung that oppressive mystery in the air about him, and it seemed to be a part of Pierre.

Three times that night he heard faithful Gray Wolf calling for him deep in the forest, and each time he answered her. Toward dawn she came in close to camp. Once he caught the scent of her when she circled around in the wind, and he tugged and whined at the end of his chain, hoping that she would come in and lie down at his side. But no sooner had Radisson moved in the tent than Gray Wolf was gone. The man's face was thinner, and his eyes were redder this morning. His cough was not so loud or so rending. It was like a wheeze, as if something had given way inside, and before the girl came out he clutched his hands often to his throat. Joan's face whitened when she saw him. Anxiety gave way to fear in her eyes. Pierre Radisson laughed when she swung her arms about him, and coughed to prove that what he said was true. "You see the cough is not so bad, my Joan," he said. "It is breaking up. You cannot have forgotten, ma cherie? It always leaves one red-eyed and weak."

It was a cold, bleak, dark day that followed, and through it Kazan and the man tugged at the fore of the sledge, with Joan following in the trail behind. Kazan's wound no longer hurt him. He pulled steadily with all his splendid strength, and the man never lashed him once, but patted him with his mittened hand on head and back. The day grew steadily darker, and in the tops of the trees there was the low moaning of a storm.

Darkness and the coming of the storm did not drive Pierre Radisson into camp. "We must reach the river," he said to himself over and over again. "We must reach the river—we must reach the river—"

It had begun to storm when Pierre stopped to build a fire at noon. The snow fell straight down in a white deluge so thick that it hid the tree trunks fifty yards away. Pierre laughed when Joan shivered and snuggled close up to him with the baby in her arms. He waited only an hour, and then fastened Kazan in the traces again, and buckled the straps once more about his own waist. In the silent gloom that was almost night Pierre carried his compass in his hand, and at last, late in the afternoon, they came to a break in the timber line, and ahead of them lay a plain, across which Radisson pointed an exultant hand.

"There's the river, Joan," he said, his voice faint and husky. "We can camp here now and wait for the storm to pass."

Under a thick clump of spruce he put up the tent, and then began gathering firewood. Joan helped him. As soon as they had boiled coffee and eaten a supper of meat and toasted biscuits, Joan went into the tent and dropped exhausted on her thick bed of balsam boughs, wrapping herself and the baby up close in the skins and blankets. Tonight she had no word for Kazan. And Pierre was glad that she was too tired to sit beside the fire and talk. And yet—

Kazan's alert eyes saw Pierre start suddenly. He rose from his seat on the sledge and went to the tent. He drew back the flap and thrust in his head and shoulders.

"Asleep, Joan?" he asked.

"Almost, father. Won't you please come—soon?"

"After I smoke," he said. "Are you

comfortable?"

"Yes, I'm so tired—and sleepy—"

Pierre laughed softly. In the darkness he was gripping at his throat. "We're almost home, Joan. That is our river out there—the Little Beaver. If I should run away and leave you tonight you could follow it right to our cabin. It's only forty miles. Do you hear?"

"Yes—I know—"

"Forty miles—straight down the river. You couldn't lose yourself, Joan. Only you'd have to be careful of air-holes in the ice."

"Won't you come to bed, father? You're tired—and almost sick."

"Yes—after I smoke," he repeated. "Joan, will you keep reminding me tomorrow of the air-holes? I might forget. You can always tell them, for the snow and the crust over them are whiter than on the rest of the ice, and like a sponge. Will you remember—the air-holes—"

"Yes—s—"

Pierre dropped the tent-flap and returned to the fire. He staggered as he walked.

"Good night, boy," he said. "Guess I'd better go in with the kids. Two days more—forty miles—two days—"

Kazan watched him as he entered the tent. He laid his weight against the end of his chain until the collar shut off his wind. His legs and back twitched. In that tent where Radisson had gone were Joan and the baby. He knew that Pierre would not hurt them, but he knew, also, that with Pierre Radisson something terrible and impending was hovering very near to them. He wanted the man outside—by the fire—where he could lie still, and watch him.

In the tent there was silence. Nearer to him than before came Gray Wolf's cry. Each night she was calling earlier, and coming closer to the camp. He wanted her very near to him tonight, but he did not even whine in response. He dared not break that strange silence in the tent. He lay still for a long time, tired and lame from the day's journey, but sleepless. The fire burned lower; the wind in the tree tops died away; and the thick, gray clouds rolled like a massive curtain from under the skies. The stars began to glow white and metallic, and from far in the north came faintly a crisp, moaning sound, like steel sleigh runners running over frosty snow—the mysterious monotone of the northern lights. After that it grew steadily and swiftly colder.

Tonight Gray Wolf did not compass herself by the direction of the wind. She followed like a sneaking shadow over the trail Pierre Radisson had made, and when Kazan heard her again, long after midnight, he lay with his head erect, and his body rigid, save for a curious twitching of his muscles. There was a new note in Gray Wolf's voice, a wailing note in which there was more than the mate-call. It was The Message. And at the sound of it Kazan rose from out of his silence and his fear, and with his head turned straight up to the sky he howled as the wild dogs of the North howl before the tepees of masters who are newly dead.

Pierre Radisson was dead.

CHAPTER IX.

Out of the Blizzard.

It was dawn when the baby snuggled close to Joan's warm breast and awakened her with its cry of hunger. She opened her eyes, brushed back the thick hair from her face, and could see where the shadowy form of her father was lying at the other side of the tent. He was very quiet, and she was pleased that he was still sleeping. She knew that the day before he had been very near to exhaustion, and so for half an hour longer she lay quiet, cooing softly to the baby Joan. Then she arose cautiously, tucked the baby in the warm blankets and furs, put on her heavier garments, and went outside.

By this time it was broad day, and she breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that the storm had passed. It was bitterly cold. It seemed to her that she had never known it to be so cold in all her life. The fire was completely out. Kazan was huddled in a round ball, his nose tucked under his body. He raised his head, shivering, as Joan came out. With her heavily moccasined foot Joan scattered the ashes and charred sticks where the fire had been. There was not a spark left. In returning to the tent she stopped for a moment beside Kazan, and patted his shaggy head.

"Poor Wolf!" she said. "I wish I had given you one of the bearskins!"

She threw back the tent-flap and entered. For the first time she saw her father's face in the light—and outside, Kazan heard the terrible moaning cry that broke from her lips. No one could have looked at Pierre Radisson's face once—and not have understood.

After that one agonizing cry Joan flung herself upon her father's breast, sobbing so softly that even Kazan's sharp ears heard so sound. She remained there in her grief until every

vital energy of womankind and motherhood in her girlish body was roused to action by the wailing cry of baby Joan. Then she sprang to her feet and ran out through the tent opening. Kazan tugged at the end of his chain to meet her, but she saw nothing of him now. The terror of the wilderness is greater than that of death, and in an instant it had fallen upon Joan. It was not because of fear for herself. It was the baby. The wailing cries from the tent pierced her like knife-thrusts.

And then, all at once, there came to her what old Pierre had said the night before—his words about the river, the air-holes, the home forty miles away. "You couldn't lose yourself, Joan," he had guessed what might happen.

She bundled the baby deep in the furs and returned to the fire bed. Her one thought now was that they must have fire. She made a little pile of birch bark, covered it with half-burned bits of wood, and went into the tent for the matches. Pierre Radisson carried them in a waterproof box in a pocket of his bearskin coat. She sobbed as she knelt beside him again, and obtained the box. As the fire flared up she added other bits of wood, and then some of the larger pieces that Pierre had dragged into camp. The fire gave her courage. Forty miles—and the river led to their home! She must make that, with the baby and Wolf. For the first time she turned to him, and spoke his name as she put her hand on his head. After that she gave him a chunk of meat which she thawed out over the fire, and melted snow for tea. She was not hungry, but she recalled how her father had made her eat four or five times a day, so she forced herself to make a breakfast of a biscuit, a shred of meat and as much hot tea as she could drink.

The terrible hour she dreaded followed that. She wrapped blankets closely about her father's body, and tied them with babiche cord. After that she piled all the furs and blankets that remained on the sledge close to the fire, and snuggled baby Joan deep down in them. Pulling down the tent was a task. The ropes were stiff and frozen, and when she had finished one of her hands was bleeding. She piled the tent on the sledge, and then, half covering her face, turned and looked back.

Pierre Radisson lay on his balsam bed, with nothing over him now but the gray sky and the spruce-tops. Kazan stood stiff-legged and sniffed the air. His spine bristled when Joan went back slowly and knelt beside the blanket-wrapped object. When she returned to him her face was white and tense, and now there was a strange and terrible look in her eyes as she stared out across the barren. She put him in the traces, and fastened about her slender waist the strap that Pierre had used. Thus they struck out for the river, floundering knee-deep in the freshly fallen and drifted snow. Halfway Joan stumbled in a drift and fell, her loose hair flying in a shimmering veil over the snow. With a mighty pull Kazan was at her side, and his cold muzzle touched her face as she drew herself to her feet. For a moment Joan took his shaggy head between her two hands.

"Wolf!" she moaned. "Oh, Wolf!"

She went on, her breath coming pantingly now, even from her brief exertion. The snow was not so deep on the ice of the river. But a wind was rising. It came from the north and east, straight in her face, and Joan bowed her head as she pulled with Kazan. Half a mile down the river she stopped, and no longer could she repress the hopelessness that rose to her lips in a sobbing, choking cry. Forty miles! She clutched her hands

at her breast, and stood breathing like one who had been beaten, her back to the wind. The baby was quiet. Joan went back and peered down under the furs, and what she saw there spurred her on again almost fiercely. Twice she stumbled to her knees in the drifts during the next quarter of a mile.

After that there was a stretch of wind-swept ice, and Kazan pulled the sledge alone. Joan walked at his side. There was a pain in her chest. A thousand needles seemed pricking her face, and suddenly she remembered the thermometer. She exposed it for a time on the top of the tent. When she looked at it a few minutes later it was 30 degrees below zero. Forty miles! And her father had told her that she could make it—and could not lose herself! But she did not know that even her father would have been afraid to face the north that day, with the temperature at 30 below, and a moaning wind

bringing the first warning of a blizzard.

The timber was far behind her now. Ahead there was nothing but the pitiless barren, and the timber beyond that was hidden by the gray gloom of the day. If there had been trees, Joan's heart would not have choked so with terror. But there was nothing—nothing but that gray, ghostly gloom, with the rim of the sky touching the earth a mile away.

The snow grew heavy under her feet again. Always she was watching for those treacherous, frost-coated traps in the ice her father had spoken of. But she found now that all the ice and snow looked alike to her, and that there was a growing pain back of her eyes. It was the intense cold.

The river widened into a small lake, and here the wind struck her in the face with such force that her weight was taken from the strap, and Kazan dragged the sledge alone. A few inches of snow impeded her as much as a foot had done before. Little by little she dropped back. Kazan forced to her side, every ounce of his magnificent strength in the traces. By the time they were on the river channel again Joan was at the back of the sledge, following in the trail made by Kazan. She was powerless to help him. She felt more and more the leaden weight of her legs. There was but one hope—and that was the forest. If they did not reach it soon, within half an hour, she would be able to go no farther. Over and over again she moaned a prayer for her baby as she struggled on. She fell in the snow-drifts. Kazan and the sledge became only a dark blotch to her. And then, all at once, she saw that they were leaving her. They were not more than twenty feet ahead of her—but the blotch seemed to be a vast distance away. Every bit of life and strength in her body was now bent upon reaching the sledge—and baby Joan.

It seemed an interminable time before she gained. With the sledge only six feet ahead of her, she struggled for what seemed to her to be an hour before she could reach out and touch it. With a moan she flung herself forward, and fell upon it. She no longer heard the wailing of the storm. She no longer felt discomfort. With her face in the furs under which baby Joan was buried, there came to her with swiftness and joy a vision of warmth and home. And then the vision faded away, and was followed by deep night.

Kazan stopped in the trail. He came back then and sat down upon his haunches beside her, waiting for her to move and speak. But she was very still. He thrust his nose into her loose hair. A whine rose in his throat, and suddenly he raised his head and sniffed in the face of the wind. Something came to him with that wind. He

muzzled Joan again, but she did not stir. Then he went forward, and stood in his traces, ready for the pull, and looked back at her. Still she did not move or speak, and Kazan's whine gave place to a sharp, excited bark. The strange thing in the wind came to him stronger for a moment. He began to pull. The sledge runners had frozen to the snow, and it took every ounce of his strength to free them. Twice during the next five minutes he stopped and snuffed the air. The third time that he halted, in a drift of snow, he returned to Joan's side again, and whined to awaken her. Then he tugged again at the end of his traces, and foot by foot he dragged the sledge through the drift. Beyond the drift there was a stretch of clear ice, and here Kazan rested. During a lull in the wind the scent came to him stronger than before.

At the end of the clear ice was a narrow break in the shore, where a creek ran into the main stream. If Joan had been conscious she would have urged him straight ahead. But Kazan turned into the break, and for ten minutes he struggled through the snow without a rest, whining more and more frequently, until at last the whine broke into a joyous bark. Ahead of him, close to the creek, was a small cabin. Smoke was rising out of the chimney. It was the scent of smoke that had come to him in the wind. A hard, level slope reached to the cabin door, and with the last strength that was in him, Kazan dragged his burden up that. Then he settled himself back beside Joan, lifted his shaggy head to the dark sky and howled.

A moment later the door opened. A man came out. Kazan's reddened, snow-shot eyes followed him watchfully as he ran to the sledge. He heard his startled exclamation as he bent over Joan. In another lull of the wind there came from out of the mass of furs on the sledge the wailing, half-smothered voice of baby Joan.

A deep sigh of relief heaved up from Kazan's chest. He was exhausted. His strength was gone. His feet were torn and bleeding. But the voice of baby Joan filled him with a strange happiness, and he lay down in his traces, while the man carried Joan and the baby into the life and warmth of the cabin.

A few minutes later the man reappeared. He was not old, like Pierre Radisson. He came close to Kazan, and looked down at him.

"My God," he said. "And you did that—alone!"

He bent down fearlessly, unfastened him from the traces, and led him toward the cabin door. Kazan hesitated but once—almost on the threshold. He turned his head, swift and alert. From out of the moaning and

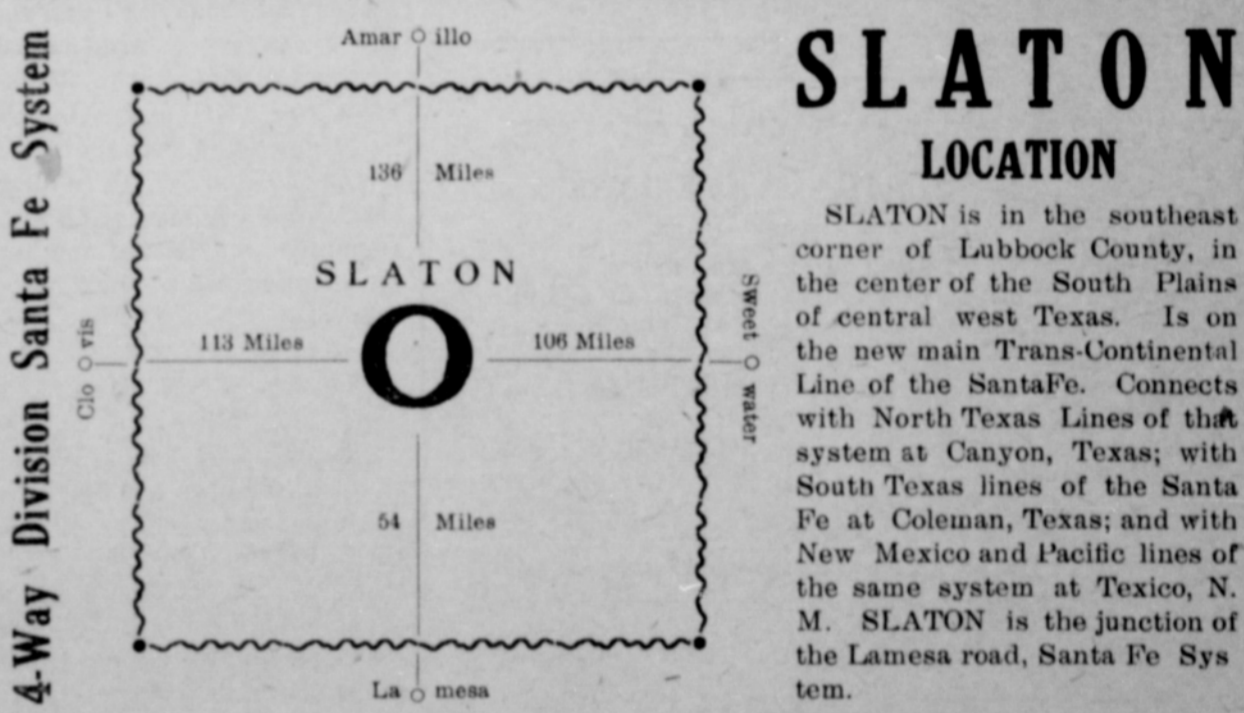
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