

# The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: SEPTEMBER 25, 1914.

Number 4.

## ENORMOUS GRAIN YIELD PER ACRE

W. R. Standefer left some sample heads of his Egyptian or California wheat crop at the Slatonite office Saturday, and gave us some interesting data on that crop. Standefer is a surveyor, and raises grain and feed only for his own livestock. He started to raising Egyptian wheat in 1904 when he planted only six acres. The crop was so very prolific and made such good feed that he has been raising it ever since. This year his crop is Egyptian wheat and feterita, and he gives his preference to them both on account of their yields and the excellent fodder of both. Egyptian wheat has a head about sixteen inches long, similar to large cane heads. The stalk is very small, and the grain is white and more like rice grains than anything else. The grain makes the finest grade of meal, and is splendid for batter cakes in cooking.

The stupendous yield of the crop is the remarkable thing about it. Mr. Standefer made a careful estimate of this year's crop, and finds that its yield is about 7½ tons of grain to the acre. He has never had a failure with the crop. Western countries have at different times planted more or less Egyptian wheat, but farmers as a whole have never accepted it as a crop. Mr. Standefer is a very ardent admirer of it.

Mr. Standefer is a farmer who believes in putting back into the soil something every year, and that the farmers instead of pasturing the stubble or stalks left in the field should plow them under and enrich the soil. And he is correct.

The Slaton country received a high compliment from two visitors from the north last week. The gentlemen were from the corn growing districts of Iowa and South Dakota, and know what corn is, for they raise it themselves. After looking at the Slaton Indian corn and the many other excellent crops they said unreservedly that they had never seen better crops any where than we have here. That is putting it pretty strong, but the gentlemen are good authority, and we like to have people of their standing pass judgment on our lands.

A. C. Benton shipped some of those splendid home grown tomatoes to his father at San Angelo Monday, and is making arrangements to ship a car of maize to a cousin in Red River County. Thus does the Slaton country help to keep up both the table and the stable of central Texas.

The afternoon passenger from Amarillo was late Wednesday on account of a railroad bridge burning out near Plainview.

A heavy rain fell last Friday afternoon, the total precipitation amounting to a little over an inch.

## YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT VALUE IS

Until you see the kind of suits we sell here at \$15, \$18, and \$20.

Every suit is specially made to your own measurement from fine quality all wool fabrics and tailored in the most skillful and thorough manner of the best houses



### As a Further Lesson

in clothes value see the surpassing quality of the fabrics we put into our suits selling at

\$25, \$30 and \$35

No finer suits could possibly be bought, no matter what you'd pay. Let us prove it.

## PROCTOR & OLIVE

Gents Furnishing Store : : Slaton, Texas

## WHEAT RAISING IN WESTERN TEXAS

Next to seeing the long string of freight wagons going to the railroad daily with wheat, is to note the immense business being done by the Queen City flour mill. From early morn until dark there is a steady swarm of teams and farmers to be seen at the mill unloading wheat and taking home the "staff of life." Six and 800 pound lots are ordinary sales, one customer taking home 1,000 pounds last Saturday. The mill is running from daylight until about 11 o'clock every night. This acquisition is a "soft-snap" for the people of this section and the public is taking full advantage of the opportunity afforded.—Ochiltree Eagle Investigator.

The item is about a northeastern Panhandle county which places its main dependence on a wheat crop, and which by the way has been raising wheat for years. This is a good thought for Slaton farmers. We have a heavier rainfall than that country and just as favorable a climate for wheat, so why shouldn't we raise some wheat as a diversifying crop. Wheat is a cash crop that puts money into a country, and where you find a good wheat country you find wealthy farmers. The Wortham farms raised 100 acres of wheat this year that made 30 bushels to the acre, and we have heard some of our farmers talking about planting a little wheat this fall.

Do you know that many stockmen in the Panhandle plant wheat for the sole purpose of using it as winter pasturage, and then in the spring if the crop is not favorable plow it up and plant it in something else? They do, and figure that the pasturage is profitable returns on the expense of planting; and then if they get a crop worth saving that is clear profit. Many planted last fall primarily for winter pasturage, and see what a tremendous crop they raised this year.

If those people can do that with their rainfall surely there is money here in wheat.

The Henderson boys loaded their threshing outfit on a Santa Fe flat car here last Friday and shipped to Lubbock county where they will be engaged threshing maize and feterita for the next two or three months. When asked by the Vidette if they expected to get enough work to pay for their move, the answer was, "For 40 miles square there is almost one solid body of maize, kaffir and feterita, and it's a much better grade than we have here."—Tuscola Vidette.

The Union Baseball team came to Slaton Saturday and beat the school boys very decisively in a ball game.

The literary did not meet last Friday night on account of the rain, but will meet at a later date.

Cotton is opening fast, and pickers are getting busy.

The Sudan threshing season has opened, and the yields are exceptionally heavy. One yield has been reported of 1300 pounds of seed to the acre.

### WAREHOUSE BILL NOW LAW

Austin, Tex., Sept. 24.—When Governor Colquitt signed the emergency warehouse bill, which provides for a system of state-owned cotton warehouses, he gave to Texas the distinction of being the first and only State in the Union to aid her farmers by legislative enactment during the present European crisis. The Legislature was called together in extraordinary session to consider this one measure and the bill was passed by both houses by more than the two thirds majority necessary in this State to enact an emergency law. The emergency bill became a law when signed by the Governor, but it will probably be substituted by a permanent statute when the Legislature meets in regular session next January.

As the harvesting progresses the crop yields are coming up to all expectations, and in many instances are heavier than estimated.

Cotton pickers wanted!

## LEFT ARM CUT OFF BY SWITCH ENGINE

While running his switch engine in the west part of the Santa Fe yards in Slaton Wednesday morning at 6 o'clock, Engineer Ben F. Carpenter met with an accident that resulted in the loss of his left arm. It seems that Mr. Carpenter detected a knock in the engine, and leaned from the cab to see if he could locate it. To brace himself he placed his foot on the step, or rather where the step was supposed to be, as it had lost off the engine. His foot failing to find a landing he was precipitated to the ground, and the moving engine ran over his left arm above the elbow. Dr. S. H. Adams, the company physician at this place, was called and he dressed Mr. Carpenter's arm, and advised that he be taken to the hospital at Post City for professional attention while the wound is healing.

A train was made up with A. P. Doddridge, conductor, and F. L. Hackley, engineer, and in a remarkably short time after the accident, Mr. Carpenter was in the hospital, and resting well. The reports on his condition are that it is the very best, and a rapid recovery is expected.

This news of the accident was a shock to Mr. Carpenter's many

friends, and he has their sympathy. He carried heavy insurance on his arms.

A. L. Ludden of Amarillo has succeeded Mr. Carpenter temporarily as switch engineer, until a successor is selected for the job.

### GALVESTON BUYING COTTON

Galveston, Sept. 24.—All South Texas farmers—tenant farmers preferably—who desire to sell a single bale of cotton at 10c a pound, middling basis, f. o. b. Galveston, are now invited to send their names and addresses to the Galveston Commercial Association. A concerted effort is now being made to get a list of names of both buyers and sellers. The city of Galveston will be thoroughly canvassed for buyers. But one bale from any farmer will be handled on this basis. Shipping papers with the cotton should be accompanied by an affidavit that the seller grew the cotton.

"We are searching for a universal solvent—something that will dissolve all things," said the chemist.

"What good will that be?" "Imagine, sir! It will dissolve all things. If we want a solution of iron, glass, gold—anything—all that we have to do is to drop it in this solution."

"Fine," said the farmer, "fine! What be ye goin' to keep it in?"

With Long Stopper. Same bottles is one to the bottom.

There's a much satisfac...

Monograms  
Play Ball in

The Slatonite  
G. P. Loomis Editor and Manager

SUBSCRIPTION, A YEAR \$1.00

Entered as second-class mail matter September 15, 1911, at the post office at Slaton, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1897.

German soldiers entered Paris the other day but they were prisoners of war.

The most important war news is a dispatch that the German Crown Prince has again been killed in battle, making either the fourth or fifth time this has occurred. Willie's batting average with the publicity agent is high. If worst comes to worst he can go into vaudeville.

H. von Eckhardt, the new German Minister to Mexico, was in New York last Friday, having come direct from Berlin, and he stated that the Germans would take Paris or die; that all France would be subjugated by the German arms. Somebody better tell the Germans where Paris is, for they are traveling in the wrong direction.

The developments in the Lane-McLemore contest before the court at Houston leads one to speculating on just how the organization handles the primary. The checking in of the official

# Dry Goods Opening Announcement

We are pleased to announce that our mammoth stock of new dry goods is now ready for your inspection, and we know you will be pleased with these high grade goods. The prices are right, too.

The New Stock Consists of Laces, Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, and Furnishing Goods for Ladies and for Men.

We have bought a complete line of Shoes which will be here as soon as the factory can make shipment. We always have one of the most complete lines of Groceries on the South Plains and make lower prices.

We respectfully solicit your patronage. We can supply your wants and we want to supply you.

## SIMMONS & ROBERTSON

returns before the court shows a different total in most of the counties from that reported in the El Paso convention, and this in counties that were not contested. Sometimes the corrected figures give a few votes to Lane, and sometimes they give a few to McLemore. Seems that addition is an art neglected by the primary officials.

The "Buy a Bale of Cotton" movement is taking Texas, and the success of the plan means the purchase of all Texas Cotton from farmers who are forced to sell. If we accomplish that, the Texas bankers and merchants will be able to finance the rest, and a market will soon be established. Texas cannot afford to let this year's cotton crop be sold for six or seven cents. The prosperity of the state would be held back for several years. Buy a bale of cotton, and boost the movement along.

H. R. Thomas, who recently purchased a farm south of Slaton, arrived here this week with his immigrant car from Brenham, Texas, and is making arrangements to put improvements on his land at once.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,  
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Lubbock County—Greeting:  
You are Hereby Comanded to summon Chas. R. Brown by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 72nd Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published

in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District; to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Lubbock County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Lubbock, Texas, on the Fifth Monday in November A. D. 1914, the same being the 30th day of November A. D. 1914, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 8th day of September A. D. 1914, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 852, wherein Fannie Brown is Plaintiff and Chas. R. Brown is Defendant, said petition alleging that plaintiff has been a resident of Lubbock County, Texas, for more than six months preceeding the filing of this suit and that the residence of defendant is unknown; that on or about September 7th, 1912, plaintiff was lawfully married to defendant in Guadalupe County, New Mexico, and they continued to live together as husband and wife until about November 7th, 1912, when defendant deserted plaintiff, since which time they have not lived together as husband and wife; that during the time plaintiff and defendant lived together she was a kind and dutiful wife and true to her marital vows, but defendant, immediately

after their marriage began a course of unkind, harsh, and cruel treatment towards plaintiff, which continued until defendant deserted plaintiff; That defendant often cursed and abused plaintiff and accused her of unchastity, and infidelity, all of which allegations are false; that defendant has failed and refused to provide for plaintiff's support although he was able to do so and that the defendant's actions and conduct towards plaintiff generally were and are of such a nature as to render their future living together as husband and wife insupportable; Wherefore plaintiff prays for judgment dissolving said marriage relations, for costs of court and for all other relief to which she may be entitled.

Herein Fail Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given Under My Hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Lubbock, Texas, this the 8th day of September A. D. 1914.

J. A. Wilson, Clerk  
District Court, Lubbock County.  
(Seal.) By C. F. Stubbs Deputy.

A True Copy, I certify.  
W. H. Flynn,  
Sheriff Lubbock County, Texas.  
By W. M. Ross, Deputy.

## McCormick p w Binders

Are the best ever put in a field. They are mechanically correct and reliable, and will give perfect satisfaction in harvesting your crops. Ask any McCormick user and see us.

We handle the popular

Deering Binder Twine  
and want to supply you.

FORREST HARDWARE  
Hardware and Furniture

# In a Big Tent at Slaton Tuesday, Sept. 22 West Brothers Big Show "A TEXAS RANGER"

## The Best of All Cowboy Plays

See the Soldiers, the Cowboys, the Mexicans  
the Indians, the Cowgirls, and the Rangers  
WATCH FOR THE COWBOY BAND

**PASTURES FOR A DRY FARM**

One of Most Difficult Problems as Little Can Be Done for Conservation of Moisture.

The growing of pastures on the dry land farm is one of its most difficult problems. This arises from the fact that but little can be done on these that will aid in conserving moisture. But this will not apply to all of them equally. This does not mean, however, that it is not impossible to improve upon the pastures furnished by nature unaided in the dry country.

Among the pastures that may be grown on the arable farm in dry areas are winter rye, grains sown for pasture, broom grass, sweet clover and a mixture of alfalfa and sweet clover. When more experience has been obtained in growing these, it will be found that much more food can be grown from a given area than would be obtained from the same if it were native pasture.

Prominent among the grasses that will be grown in providing pasture is winter rye. It may be sown should this be desired as early as June. When thus sown it will provide much grazing during the summer, but on the condition that it is kept down by grazing. It will thus produce more or less grazing from within a few weeks of the time of sowing until the advent of winter. The amount of the grazing furnished will, of course, be largely dependent upon the amount of the precipitation. The following spring the rye will furnish much grazing. This grazing will be two to three weeks earlier than grazing from any other source, and it will continue through May. The ground may then be summer-fallowed should this be desired. One fine thing about this grazing is, that by the judicious use of the harrow on the grazing, the moisture may be conserved much better than would be possible under other conditions.

In areas of scant rainfall there comes a time when the native grasses cease to grow. This time is usually in late July, all of August and a part or all of September. Now something can be done to meet this condition by sowing grain to provide pasture, that is, to provide pasture through the months named, or at least through a part of them. For such grazing spring grains will probably be the most suitable, as they will grow more rapidly at such a season than winter grains. These may be sown with the best advantage in the early season. They must be kept down by grazing to prevent jointing and this will prolong the season of grazing. This kind of pasture like rye has also the advantage of permitting the use of the harrow to aid in the conservation of moisture. This pasture may be plowed up in the fall, and when the land is thus plowed it is left in a good condition for growing corn the following year.

**IMPROVING STATE HIGHWAYS**

Chairman of Maryland Roads Commission Suggests That Local Organizations Plant Trees.

When the question as to whether the state roads commission has made or is expecting to make provision for planting trees and placing watering troughs along the improved state highways was put directly up to the chairman of the commission, the answer was that nothing had been done by the commission in the way of such improvements, says the Baltimore American. The clause in the state road law pertaining to the planting of trees and the placing of watering tanks along the improved roads authorizes the commission to make such betterments, but is not mandatory in this respect. The chairman of the commission suggests that local organizations should look after the tree planting and horse watering.

**MULCH TO RETAIN MOISTURE**

Mowings From the Lawn Make Excellent Covering, But Should Be Allowed to Become Dry.

Where mulches can be used in the garden they will be found a great help in keeping down weeds and retaining moisture. The mowings from the lawn make a good mulch, but should be allowed to become dry before being applied as a mulch. If they are applied as soon as cut, they will quickly rot, and this necessitates the applying of more mulch. If the grass is well dried it will resist rotting for a long time. A mulch will save a great deal of work with the hoe, and will serve the same purpose as repeated cultivation. Mulches may consist of anything that will let rain pass through and which will at the same time keep out the light.

Farmer Neglects Fruit. Fruit growing, although one of the most important branches of agriculture, has not had the attention from the average farmer, which the value of the fruit as a farm crop justifies.

**MOTHER OF SCHOOL GIRL**

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Daughter's Health.

Plover, Iowa.—"From a small child my 13 year old daughter had female weakness. I spoke to three doctors about it and they did not help her any. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had been of great benefit to me, so I decided to have her give it a trial. She has taken five bottles of the Vegetable Compound according to directions on the bottle and she is cured of this trouble. She was all run down when she started taking the Compound and her periods did not come right. She was so poorly and weak that I often had to help her dress herself, but now she is regular and is growing strong and healthy."—Mrs. MARTIN HELVIG, Plover, Iowa.



Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you are ill do not drag along and continue to suffer day in and day out but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

**Constipation Vanishes Forever**

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure  
**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—cure distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.



Genuine must bear Signature  
*W. Wood*

Some women just have to kiss each other or remain unloved.

**DICKEY'S OLD RELIABLE EYE WATER** once used, always wanted. Doesn't hurt. Adv.

Happiness is merely getting what you want and forgetting what you don't.

**CHINESE NO-BOTTLE BLUEING** The only scientifically correct blueing. Does not leave rust in the clothes or settle to the bottom of the tub. Fine for hand washing. Send for name and price for supply. Chinese Blueing Co., Detroit, Mich. Adv.

The Reason. "You know that legislative bill sounds funny to me." "I guess there's a joker in it."

Hope Springs Eternal. "When does Maud expect to get married?" "Oh, every season."

His Bait. "They told me to use a live frog for bait," said the stranger, "but I've been here all day and haven't had a bite yet."

"I reckon not, sub," said the old Georgia dark. "De frog hez swimmeter a log wid yo' hook an' line, an' is settin' cross-leg on de log a lookin' at you!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days**

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c.

Don't think that just because a man isn't in jail he must be honest.

**How To Give Quinine To Children** FEBRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an Improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for genuine original package. The same FEBRILINE is shown in bottle. 25 cents.

A bachelor would rather hold a 150-pound girl than a ten-pound baby.

**HE FOLLOWED THE CROWD**

Uncle Billy's Idea Was All Right, But as It Turned Out It Spoiled His Visit to Fair.

Uncle Billy walked into the village store about the middle of the afternoon, and the storekeeper, waking from his nap, said: "Thought you'd gone to the state fair."

"I did," was the brief reply, as Uncle Billy helped himself to a chair. "Didn't you like it?"

Uncle Billy looked round cautiously. The other village loafers were having a game of "horseshoe" in front of the blacksmith shop; so lowering his voice, he said, confidentially, "I'll tell you how it happened. I hadn't been to the state fair for 20 years, so I wasn't on to it very well. I decided I'd keep an eye on the crowds, and foller where they seemed the thickest. Well, it worked pretty well. I went around to a good many fine displays and shows and things. About noon, I saw a lot of fine-dressed folks goin' all in one direction, so I took after 'em. They all pushed and jammed to get through an archway, and I pushed, too. Well, what d'you guess it was?"

"Give it up," the storekeeper said, eager for the climax. "Well, they were all city folks, goin' home to dinner, and there I stood on the outside. I wasn't goin' to pay no 50 cents to get back in, so I lit out for home. I thought I'd stop in here for a spell, to keep the famly from askin' questions about my gettin' home so early."—Youth's Companion.

**PIMPLES ITCHED AND BURNED**

Route No. 3, Dadeville, Ala.—"I was troubled with a terrible breaking out between my shoulders and down to my hips. It came in pimples and my back looked very red and raw. It itched and burned so that sleep and rest were impossible and I could not sleep any hardly for weeks. My clothes irritated my back till it got so sore I had to have a soft cloth pinned to my shirt.

"As I heard of Cuticura Soap and Ointment for years I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment and to my surprise and joy my itching and burning had disappeared. My back had been so raw and inflamed I could not lie on it and the first application brought relief. I washed my back twice a day with a strong lather of Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cuticura Ointment. In two weeks I was sound and well and have never been troubled since." (Signed) J. D. Abernatty, Jan. 26, 1914. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

**Worst Yet to Come.**

A Scotchman whose wife had gone away to live with her mother was met by a friend who, in apparent sympathy, accosted him, thus:

"Man, Jamie! this is an awful thing that has befallen you. It's a great pity that your wife has gone and left you."

"Deed man!" quoth Jamie, "she'll dae waur than that yet."

"What waur can she do than that?" anxiously inquired his friend.

"She'll come back again," replied Jamie, ruefully.

**Entertaining Company.**

"How was your tour of Egypt?"

"I enjoyed it immensely."

"I guess you saw the pyramids, the sphinx and all the other sights?"

"Well, yes, but they didn't make much of an impression on me. I fell in with an old gentleman from Pine Bluff, Ark., who could tell such funny stories that I hardly knew whether I was touring Egypt or Arkansas."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Teaching by Example.**

Farmer (to country boarders)—Sorry that you young folks got stung. How'd it happen?

Spokesman—Well, you see we were standing beside the beehive wondering how the bees made honey. I guess they must have overheard us, for they came out and gave us a few points.

**Intuition is merely a remarkable faculty possessed by a person who is a good guesser.**

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

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

The more a wise woman thinks the less she is likely to say.

Drink **Coca-Cola**

And feel your thirst slip away. You'll finish refreshed, cooled, satisfied.

Demand the genuine by full name—  
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.  
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

**SETTING THE CAPTAIN RIGHT**

Wife Astonished That Husband Didn't Know That Osteopath Was Not a Fish.

When Mark Twain was at York Harbor, Me., an old fisherman, named Captain Brooks, became one of the humorist's best friends. One day Mark dropped in on the old tar and said: "Captain Brooks, do you know whether there is an osteopath at the harbor?"

"Wal," said the old captain, "the' mebbe, but I ain't never ketched one yet, and I've been fishin' here nigh onter forty years."

"Well," said Mark, "I guess I'll go and inquire at the drug store."

That evening when Captain Brooks reached home, he told his wife about it, and she said:

"You're a bright one, Jed Brooks; that ain't no fish; it's a bird."

**Blindness.**

She—How much do you love me?

He—Every way.

She—Tell me about it.

He—But I have.

She—Tell me all about it.

He—Oh, my darling—

He—Oh, my darling—

She—Tell me all the ways you know. Besides, you may have missed something. And I like to hear it all over again.

He—I love you!

She—But how?

He—Why, for the moment I can't quite think—but—I love you.

She—But can't you tell me how you feel?

He—Oh, I feel, I feel—why, I love you. What more can I say?

She—Oh, dear, it seems so dreadfully unsatisfactory.

He—Never mind. If I could tell you about it in just the way you want me to it wouldn't be love.—Life.

**Lifelong Service.**

Father-in-Law—Look here, young man, don't you think it's about time you were going to work, or do you expect me to support you the rest of your life?

Son-in-Law—It would be no more than fair, just after what I have done for you.

"I'd like to know what you've ever done for me."

"Why, didn't I take your daughter off your hands?"

**Self-Betrayal.**

In a reform speech in Dallas, Judge Hiram S. Colby said:

"Our opponents, too, talk about reform now. They have become very virtuous indeed. But they can't help giving themselves away, like the old auntie, unconsciously.

"My old man," said the old auntie, "is so fond of chicken that if he couldn't get it no other way he—he'd buy it!"

**Puzzled.**

Parke—Is your house insured against fire?

Lane—I don't know. I've just been reading over the insurance policy.—Life.

**Paw Knows Everything.**

Willie—Paw, what is an impossibility?

Paw—Anything a woman can't do with a hairpin, my son.

**Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure.**

The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

**New York has turned an east side street over to children as a playground from three to six o'clock afternoons.**

**Throw Away**

your complexion troubles with your powder puff—no need of either when you use pure, harmless

**Zona Face Pomade**

"The ALL DAY BEAUTY POWDER"

At all dealers or by mail 50c.

Zona Co., Wichita, Kansas.

**DEFIANCE STARCH**

is constantly growing in favor because it

Does Not Stick to the Iron

and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purpose it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money.

DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

**The Way Out.**

An Indian missionary, a visitor to New York, says that an Irish waiter at his hotel became rather confidential one day when things were unusually quiet.

"He told me," says the missionary, "that in three years he hoped to return to the Emerald Isle and end his days in peace on the little farm that he was able to call his own—in extent about sixteen acres. Then he went on, 'Besides, yer Riv'rince, I want to go to heaven when I die, and that is impossible from New York.'"

**Keeping Grandma Alive.**

"Jimmy, yer missed it not seein' de game this afternoon."

"The boss wouldn't let me off."

"Why didn't yer work the old gag on him?"

"'Cause I'm savin' up me grandmother for one of the decidin' games in the fall."

**Important to Mothers**

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

Bears the Signature of *W. C. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

**The First Step.**

"What is the first step to take in studying criminal law?"

"To prosecute your studies, son."

**Be happy. Use Red Cross Ball Blue**

much better than liquid blue. Delights the laundress. All grocers. Adv.

**Every woman has a tender spot; it may be in her heart or it may be on her toe.**

**For Thrush and Foot Diseases**

Antiseptic, Cleansing, and Healing



**HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh**

For Galls, Wires, Cuts, Lameness, Strains, Bunches, Thrush, Old Sores, Nail Wounds, Foot Rot, Fistula, Bleeding, Etc. Etc.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00

OR WRITE G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

All Dealers

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 35-1914.

**Death Lurks In A Weak Heart**

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

# The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

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

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey.)  
CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"Now she strikes it!" he announced, as the rumble turned into a roar; but the roar grew louder, there was a crash as the trucks struck a curve, and then a great metal ore-car swung round the point, rode up high as it hit the reverse and, speeding by as if shot from a catapult, swept through the yard; smashed into a freight car, and leaped, car and all, into the creek.

"They've sneaked my derailer!" said the roadmaster, starting on a run for the shops. "Who'll go with me to put in another one? Or we'll loosen a rail on the curve—that'll call for no more than a clawbar and a wrench!"

"I'll go!" volunteered Bud and the man who stood guard, and as startled sleepers roused up on every side and ran toward the scene of the wreck they dashed down the hill together and threw a handcar on the track.

Then, with what tools they could get together, and a spare derailer on the front, they pumped madly up the canyon, holding their breaths at every curve for fear of what they might see. If there was one runaway car there was another, for the rebels were beginning an attack.

Already on the ridges above them they could hear the crack of rifles, and a jet or two of dust made it evident that they were the mark. But with three strong men at the handles they made the handcar jump. The low hills fled behind them. They rounded a point and the open track lay before them, with something—

"Jump!" shouted the roadmaster, and as they tumbled down the bank they heard a crash behind them and their handcar was knocked into kindling wood.

It was a close call for all three men, and there had been but an instant between them and death, a death by the most approved fighting methods of the revolutionists, methods which kept the fighters out of harm's way.

"Now up to the track!" the roadmaster panted, as the destroyer swept on down the line. "Find some tools—we'll take up a rail!"

With frantic eagerness he toiled up the hill and attacked a fish-plate, and Bud and the young guard searched the hillside for tools to help with the work. They fell to with sledge and clawbar, tapping off nuts, jerking out spikes, and heaving to loosen the rail—and then once more that swift-moving something loomed up suddenly on the track.

"Up the hill!" commanded the roadmaster, and as they scrambled into a gulch a wild locomotive, belching smoke and steam like a fire engine, went rushing past them, struck the loose rail, and leaped into the creek bed. A moment later, as it crashed its way down to the water, there was an explosion that shook the hills. They crouched behind the cut bank, and the trees above them bowed suddenly to the slash of an iron hail.

"Dynamite!" cried the roadmaster, grinning triumphantly as he looked up after the shock; and when the fall of fragments had ceased, and they had fled as if by instinct from the place, they struck hands on their narrow escape. But back at the big house, with everybody giving thanks for their delivery from the powder train, the master mechanic raised a single voice of protest. He knew the sound. He knew that dynamite had not been responsible for the crash that smote the ears of the anxious listeners.

"'Twas not dynamite!" he yelled. "Powder train be damned! It was No. 9! She was sour as a distillery! She blowed up, I tell ye—she blowed up when she hit the creek!"

And even after a shower of bullets from the ridge had driven them all to cover he still rushed to those who would listen and clamored that it was the train.

But there was scant time to hold a post-mortem on No. 9, for on the summit of a near-by ridge, and overlooking the black tank, the rebels had thrown up a wall in the night, and from the security of this shelter they were industriously shooting up the

The smash of the first wild car had been their signal for attack, and as the explosion threw the defenders into confusion they made a rush to take the tank. Here, as on the day before, was stationed the federal garrison, a scant twenty or thirty men in charge of a boy lieutenant.

Being practically out of ammunition he did not stand on the order of his going, but as his pelones pelted past the superintendent's house the reorganized miners, their belts stuffed with cartridges from their own private stock, came charging up from the town and rallied them in the rear.

Trained by American leaders they were the only real fighting force to be depended upon unless the Americans themselves should take a hand in the game, and that they could not do without the possibility of serious international consequences, a chance they could not take except as a last resort to save the women and children and themselves.

In a solid, shouting mass they swept up the hill together, dropped down behind the defenses, and checked the ascended rebels with a volley. Then there was another long-range battle, with every sign of war but the dead, until at last, as the firing slackened from the lack of cartridges, a white flag showed on the ridge above, and the leaders went out for a parley—one of those parleys so characteristic of Mexican revolutions, and which in reality mean so little, for both sides know that the words uttered are meaningless, and should one of them ever result in a surrender the terms of that surrender would not be regarded, once the victims were in the hands of the victors.

Properly speaking, Del Rey was in command of the town, but neither the federals nor the miners would recognize his authority and the leadership went by default. While they waited to hear the rebel demands the Americans took advantage of the truce to bring up hot food from the hotel, where Don Juan de Dios stood heroically at his post. Let bullets come and go, Don Juan kept his cooks about him, and to those who had doubted his valor his coffee was answer enough.

"Wy, my gracious, Mr. Hooker," he railed, as Bud refreshed himself between trips, "ain't you going to take any up to those women? Don't drink so much coffee now, but give it to the men who fight!"

"Ump-um," grunted Bud with a grin; "they got a skinful of mescal already! What they need is another carload of ammunition to help 'em shoot their first rebel."

"I thought you said they wouldn't fight!" twitted Don Juan. "This is the battle of Fortuna that I was telling you about last week."

"Sure!" answered Bud, "and over there is the dead!"

He pointed to a riot of mescal bottles that marked the scene of the night's potations, and Don Juan gave him up as hopeless.

"A pile of bottles usually represent the casualty list in a Mexican fight," added Bud as Don Juan moved away.

But, just as he would, Bud saw that the situation was serious, for the foolhardy Sonorans had already emptied their cartridge-belts, and their guns were no better than clubs. Unless the rebels had been equally reckless with their ammunition they had the town at their mercy, and the first thing that they would demand would be the refugees in the big house.

Before that could be permitted the Americans would probably take a hand in the fight, for, while the great majority of the women in the house were Mexican, there were a few Americans, and they would be protected regardless of international complications. But Gracia Aragon was not an American, and she could not claim the protection of these countrymen of his.

The possession of the town; the arms of the defenders; food, clothing and horses to ride—none of these would satisfy them. They would demand the rich Spanish landowners to be held for ransom, the women first of all. And of all those women huddled up in the casa grande not one would bring a bigger ransom than Gracia Aragon.

Bud pondered upon the outcome as the emissaries wrangled on the hillside, and then he went back to the corral to make sure that his horse was safe. Copper Bottom, too, might be held for ransom. But, knowing the rebels as he did, Hooker foresaw a different fate, and rather than see him become the mount of some rebel chieftain he had determined, if the town surrendered, to make a dash.

Riding by night and hiding in the hills by day he could get to the border in two days. All he needed was a little jerked beef for the trip and he would be ready for anything.

So he hurried down to the hotel again and was just making a sack of food fast to his saddle when he heard a noise behind him and turned to face Aragon. For two days the once-haughty Don Cipriano had slunk about like a sick cat, but now he was headed for Gracia's big room, and the look in his eyes betrayed his purpose.

"Where you going?" demanded

Hooker in English, and at the gruff challenge the Spaniard stopped in his tracks. The old, hunted look came back into his eyes, he seemed to shrink before the stern gaze of the Texan, and, as the memory of his past misdeeds came over him, he turned as if to flee.

But there was a smile, an amused and tolerant smirk, about the American's mouth, and even for that look of understanding the harried hacien-dado seemed to thank him. He was broken now, thrown down from his pedestal of arrogance and conceit, and as Hooker did not offer to shoot him at sight he turned back to him like a lost dog that seeks but a kind word.

Bud knew that Aragon was entirely at his mercy, that fear had clutched the once arrogant Spaniard by the throat, and it was almost worth the anxiety he felt for this man's daughter to see the father cowed. Aragon crawled closer to Bud as if for the protection he could not get from his own people.

"Ah, señor!" he whined, "your pardon! What?" as he sighted the sack of meat—"you are going, too? Ah, my friend"—his eyes lighted up suddenly at the thought—"let me ride with you! I will pay you—yes, anything—but if Bernardo Bravo takes me he will hang me! He has sworn it!"

"Well, you got it coming to you!" answered Hooker heartlessly.

"But I will pay you well!" pleaded Aragon. "I will pay you—" He paused as if to consider what would tempt him and then suddenly he raised his head.

"What is it you wish above everything?" he questioned eagerly. "Your title to the mine—no? Bien! Take me to the line—protect me from my enemies—and the papers are yours!"

"Have you got them with you?" inquired Hooker with businesslike directness.

"No, but I can get them!" cried Aragon, forgetful of everything but his desire to escape. "I can get them while you saddle my horse!"

"Where?" demanded Hooker craftily.

"From the agente mineral!" answered Aragon. "I have a great deal of influence with him, and—"

"Bastante!" exploded Bud in a voice which made Aragon jump. "Enough! If you can get them, I can! And we shall see, Señor Aragon, whether this pistol of mine will not give me some influence, too!"

"Then you will take them?" faltered Aragon as Hooker started to go. "You will take them and leave me for Bernardo Bravo to—"

"Listen, señor!" exclaimed Hooker, halting and advancing a threatening forefinger. "A man who can hire four men to do his dirty work needs no protection from me. You understand that—no? Then listen again. I am going to get those papers. If I hear a word from you I will send you to join your four men."

He touched his gun, as he spoke and strode out into the open, where he beckoned the mineral agent from the crowd. A word in his ear and they went down the hill together, while Don Cipriano watched from above. Then, as they turned into the office, Aragon spat out a curse and went to seek Manuel del Rey.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

In a land of class privilege and official graft it is often only in times of anarchy that a poor man can get his rights. For eight months Hooker had battled against the petty intrigue of Aragon and the agente mineral, and then suddenly, when the times turned to war and fear gripped at their hearts, he rose up and claimed his own, holding out his brawny right hand and demanding the concession of his mine.

In a day the whirligig of fortune had turned, and it was the fighting man who dominated. He spoke quietly and made no threats, but the look in his eye was enough, and the agente gave him his papers. Then he wrote out a receipt for the mining tax and Bud stepped forth like a king.

With his papers inside his shirt and a belt of gold around his waist there was nothing left in Mexico for him. Once on his horse and headed for the line and he could laugh at them all. In Gadsden he could show title to Kruger, he could give answer for his trust and look the world in the eye.

It had been a long and strenuous fight; a fight made against seemingly insurmountable odds; a fight that had cost him much, but he had won. He had proved the trust Kruger had placed in him, and it had been a fight worth winning.

Yes, he was a man now—but his work was not quite done. Up at the big house, with the screeching women around her, was Gracia Aragon, and he owed her something for his rough words. To pay her for that he would stay. Whatever she asked now he would grant it; and if worst came to worst he would take her with him and make good his promise to Phil. He had given his word and that was enough. Now he had only to wait.

It would not be long, for the parley would soon be over, and if the cowardly rurales surrendered the town to

the bandits he would make a break for the line and civilization with the girl. It would be a hard ride, and alone he would have no fear of the results, but he would chance it even with the girl rather than leave her.

The boy lieutenant, the brothers Mendoza, the superintendent, and Manuel del Rey, all were out on the hillside talking terms with Bernardo Bravo and his chiefs. With the rebels it was largely a bluff, since field-glasses had shown them to be short of cartridges; but they had over a thousand men massed along the ridges and, with courage, could easily take the town.

Bud knew that courage was the one thing lacking. It was the one thing that was always lacking in these Mexican fights. The Mexican bandit takes but little chance when he goes to war.

As for the Mendozas and their Sonoran miners, they were properly chagrined at their waste of ammunition and swore by Santa Guadalupe to fight it out with hand grenades. Even as their leaders wrangled the Mexican powder men were busily manufacturing bombs, and all the while the superintendent was glancing to the south, for swift couriers had been sent to Alvarez, the doughty Spanish hacien-dado of the hot country, to beg him to come to their relief.

Twice before Alvarez had met the rebels. The first time he spoke them well and they ran off all his horses. The second time he armed his Yaquis and Yaqui Mayo rancheros against them and drove them from his domain, inflicting a sanguinary punishment.

Since then he had been itching to engage them in a pitched battle, and when the word reached him he would come. Two hundred and forty Yaquis, all armed with repeating rifles, would follow at his back, and even with his boasted thousands Bernardo Bravo could hardly withstand their valor. So, while the rebels parleyed, demanding a ransom of millions and threatening to destroy the town, the defenders argued and reasoned with them, hoping to kill the time until Alvarez should arrive.

In the open space in front of the house the refugees gathered in an anxious group, waiting for messengers from the front, and as Hooker walked among them he was aware of the malignant glances of Aragon. There were other glances as well, for he had won great favor with the ladies by ditching the powder train, but none from Gracia or her mother.

Bud would not have admitted that he resented this lack of appreciation on the part of Gracia. In fact he hardly knew that he did resent it, but he watched anxiously for any sign of approval from this girl who was to be his partner's bride should he conduct her safely to the border.

From the beginning the Senora Aragon had treated him as a stranger, according to the code of her class, and Hooker had never attempted to intrude. But if Gracia still remembered that she was an American girl at heart, she forgot to show it to him. To all she was now the proud Spanish lady, thrown with the common people by the stress of circumstances, but far away from them in her thoughts.

The conference between the leaders dragged on and messengers came and went with the news—then, after hours of debate, it broke up suddenly in a row and the emissaries came back on the run. Even at that they narrowly escaped, for the rebels opened fire upon them from the ridges, and before

they could get back to cover the dandy, Manuel del Rey, received a bullet hole through the crown of his hat.

A grim smile flickered across Bud's face as he saw the damage it had wrought, for he knew that Amigo was in the hills—and a bullet shot down hill goes high! Some trace of what was in his mind must have come to Del Rey as he halted in the shelter of the house, for he regarded the American sternly as Aragon spoke rapidly in his ear. But if they planned vengeance between them the times were not right, for a rattle of arms came from the lower town and the captain was up and away to marshal his men to the defense.

So far in the siege Del Rey had kept under cover, patrolling the streets and plaza and letting the volunteers fight, but now the war had shifted to his territory and his rurales were running like mad. For, matching treachery against deceit, the rebel leaders had sent men around to slip up near the town and at the first fusillade from the hillside they came charging up the creek.

Then it was that the ever-watchful rurales proved their worth. As the rebels appeared in the open they ran to the outlying houses and, fighting from the flat roofs, checked the advance until the miners could come to their aid.

But in the confusion another party of rebels had rushed down the gulch from the west, and while the fight was going on in the lower town they found lodgment in a big adobe house. And now for the first time there was fighting in earnest—the house-to-house fighting that is seen at its worst in Mexico. While women screamed in the casa grande and the Americans paced to and fro on the hill, the boom of a dynamite bomb marked the beginning of hand-to-hand.

If there was to be a casualty list in this long-looked for battle of Fortuna, the time was at hand when they could begin counting the dead.

With a fearlessness born of long familiarity with explosives the Sonoran miners advanced valiantly with their hand grenades—baking powder cans filled with dynamite and studded with fulminating caps. Digging fiercely through wall after wall they approached unperceived by the enemy and the first bomb, flung from a roof, filled the adobe with wounded and dead.

A dense pall of yellowish smoke rose high above the town and, as bomb after bomb was exploded and the yells of the miners grew louder with each success, the stunned invaders broke from cover and rushed helter-skelter up the gulch. Then there was a prodigious shouting from the Sonorans and more than one triumphant grenadier swung his can of giant powder by the sling and let it smash against the hill in a terrific detonation.

In the big house all was confusion. Soon the cheers of the defenders heralded victory and, in spite of all efforts to restrain them, the wives of the miners rushed into the open to gaze upon the triumph of their menfolk.

On the hilltops the ineffective rebel riflemen rose up from behind their stone wall to stare, until suddenly they, too, were seized with a panic and ran to and fro like ants. Then, around the curve below the concentrator, a tall man came dashing up on a pure white horse, and behind him, charging as he charged, came the swarthy Yaquis of Alvarez, their new rifles gleaming in the sun.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## ONE PHASE OF MARRIED LIFE

Seeming Unhappiness Most Probably Due to Lack of Something to Talk About.

It is the eternal tete-a-tete of married life that most critics of that blissful condition find fault with. From it spring boredom and dull, sodden silence, assert these cynics. Therefore, a hint for escaping this one depressing quality of marriage should have our best attention.

To illustrate, you will see it frequently on the trolley, when a man and his wife are sitting side by side—it is almost perpetual silence. They have nothing to say to one another. Perhaps the wife will emit a cheerful peep, but the husband will respond with a nod of the head or a hesitating yes or no. It is most always that way. No common interest observed. In fact, it looks as if they are mad at one another; as if they were bored. A young man or woman looking on the couple would be apt to say: "O, you married life."

But they are not mad. Let some charming lady acquaintance come in and sit down by the husband and he is

all smiles and has plenty to say. Then he is a cordial companion. He is a changed man. And the same it would be with the woman. Now, don't misinterpret the scene. When that man and wife get back home they drop their trolley manners and act sensibly and lovingly again. Mad—he would just as likely be mad at the evening star or a bush full of roses. But you wouldn't think it on the trolley.—New York Tribune.

## Pouring Houses to Be Great Sport.

Pouring houses, not pouring tea, is going to be the great sport of women's clubs in the next decade, according to Mrs. Isa Maud Ilsen, lecturer and only woman representative of Thomas A. Edison. And a pleasant time life guests are going to have," she said. "All they'll have to do is sit and watch a porch drip out here, a geogaw decoration there, or criticize the size of the refrigerator or the funny little window in the den. It won't take more than an hour." Mrs. Ilsen is proud of the fact that she is the only woman representative of the "Wizard." She admits there are 5,000 men who act for him, but that does not diminish her glory.

## LOCAL GOSSIP

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. Leininger at Pyron Saturday.

I have five acre tract close in that I will trade for farm team and farm implements.—R. J. Murray.

W. P. Florence is putting down an underground silo, and will put down three more as fast as he can do the work.

T. A. Worley Jr. entertained a number of young friends at a birthday party last Thursday evening, that being his eighth birthday.

E. P. Nix has been working in the harvest fields of the Fiddler Robertson neighborhood, and he says the crops over there are certainly immense.

Autumn began Wednesday with the autumnal equinox. As this is now the light of the moon there is hardly any possibility of frost for three weeks yet.

A. E. Howerton was in Lamesa on professional business last week. His reputation as an embalmer takes him over a large portion of the South Plains.

A. E. Arnfield went to Albany, Texas, Wednesday to attend the District Presbytery.

Mr. John Rodgers of Fort Worth is visiting Job Davies at Southland this week.

See me for winter pasture for your milch cows. Pasture joins town; plenty stock water.—R. J. Murray.

S. J. Wilkins returned home last week. He says there is no work of any kind in Missouri, not even farm work.

WANTED—To Trade Lynn county land for Slaton residence property or for acreage tract.—I. W. Meyer, owner.

FOR TRADE—My Slaton residence property for a farm near town, or will sell. Have 160 acres near Floydada to trade for Slaton land. JOE H. SMITH.

T. O. Petty returned last week from New Wilson, Okla., to the home of his sister, Mrs. B. C. Morgan. He came back feeling pretty sick, and his illness has developed into typhoid fever. The New Wilson country is said to be very unhealthy in regard to fever contagion. Mr. Petty's friends are glad to see him return, but are sorry that the fever got hold of him while he was away.

### A FEW BARGAINS FOR SALE

A practically new four-room house in best residence district, never has rented for less than \$10 per month. Can be had at a very reasonable price on terms of \$50 cash and the balance at \$20 per month. Why not OWN YOUR HOME. It will be money in your pocket to investigate.

A dandy corner lot on Grand Avenue with good well. The price on this lot is practically only the cost of the well and can be had on terms of \$5 cash and \$5 per month. Here is where you need to purchase for a home sight and the time to do so is right now.

Can offer you for a few days a beautiful, slightly, well located tract of ground, about three acres, overlooking the city, and certainly a dandy location for that little suburban ranch you have been looking for. This to go at \$200 on terms of \$5 cash and \$5 per month. Won't last long.

If interested in buying see or write C. C. HOFFMAN, CITY

Our SERVICE Means  
MINUTES  
Instead of  
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A message by TELEPHONE will travel the fastest.  
Your TIME is VALUABLE.  
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## McCormick Row Binders

Are the best ever put in a field. They are mechanically correct and reliable, and will give perfect satisfaction in harvesting your crops. Ask any McCormick user and see us.

We handle the popular

Deering Binder Twine  
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FORREST HARDWARE  
Hardware and Furniture

J. S. EDWARDS, PRESIDENT

O. L. SLATON, VICE PRESIDENT

J. G. WADSWORTH, ASST. CASHIER

The management of this Bank has endeavored to preserve a progressive policy, to be liberal in its treatment, and to adhere to the legitimate line of Banking in supplying the constant needs of its customers. Now that the harvest is on we will certainly appreciate a goodly portion of your business.

FIRST STATE BANK OF SLATON, TEXAS

### Experienced Jeweler Locates In Slaton

J. W. Williams has located an office in the Red Cross Pharmacy for watch and clock repairing, and he would be pleased to have you give his work a test. He is not an entire stranger to this country, having formerly been located at Paducah. He has had fifteen years of experience and is well equipt to handle all classes of jewelry repair work. See his ad. in the Slatonite.

### The Missionary Society.

Program of the Devotional Meeting of the Missionary Society at the M. E. Church Sept. 28th at 4 p. m.:

- Leader, Mrs. Proctor.
1. Hymns, "America," 680, 701,
  2. Bible Study, "Jesus Christ, the Medical Missionary," Mrs. Hudgens.
  3. "The Economic Problem of the Liquor Question," Mrs. Edwards.
  4. "The United States as a Nation of Saloon Keepers," Mrs. Olive.
  5. "Relative Merits of (a) High License, (b) Local Option, (c) State Dispensaries, (d) State Prohibition," Mrs. Worley.
  6. "China and Opium Trade," Mrs. Adams.
  7. "Result of Community Study," Mrs. Joe Smith.
  8. Query: "Shall We Regulate or Abolish the Liquor Traffic."
  9. "Opportunity and Duty of the Church," Mrs. Proctor.
  10. Leaflet, "An Overheard Conversation," Mrs. Bessing.
  11. Leaflet, "Letter from China," Mrs. Blanton.
  12. "Bulletin News," Mrs. Loomis.
- Song.  
Dismissal.

Mrs. J. T. Bloodworth, field worker for the Northwest Conference of the Woman's Missionary Society, held a Missionary Institute in Slaton Sept. 17-18. Mrs. Bloodworth gave some instructive talks on the new order of the work, and urged an increase in membership and organization of new societies in communities adjoining Slaton. The attendance was not as large as the importance of the work deserved, but the Auxillary was given new enthusiasm by this consecrated worker.—Press Reporter.

Mr. J. D. Henderson of Clarendon, Texas, and Miss Verner Harris of Slaton were united in marriage at the Slatonite office Tuesday afternoon, L. P. Loomis, Justice of the Peace, pronouncing the ceremony. Mr. Henderson is a ranchman near Clarendon, and the young couple left at once on the trip to his home where they will set up housekeeping.

### The Advertised Article

is one in which the merchant himself has implicit faith—else he would not advertise it. You are safe in patronizing the merchants whose ads appear in this paper because their goods are up-to-date and never shopworn.

W. D. Benson. Percy Spencer.

### Benson & Spencer Attorneys at Law

Rooms 3, 4, and 5, Lubbock State Bank Building, Lubbock, Texas.

Complete sets abstracts Lubbock, Hockley, and Cochran Counties in office.

### SLATON PLANING MILL

R. H. TUDOR, Proprietor

### Contracting and Building

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

North Side of the Square

## To The People of Northwest Texas:

We Take Pleasure in Announcing the  
Second Annual Exposition of the

# Panhandle State Fair

at Amarillo Friday, Sept. 25th  
to Thursday, October 1st, 1914

### The Exhibition Facilities of

the Fair have been greatly enlarged this year, owing to the increased demand for space from every section of the Panhandle.

With the marvelous agricultural showing thruout our country this season, visitors may rest assured that the exhibition of products of the farm at the Fair will compare most favorably with that of any similar exhibition in the entire country.

In the Live Stock Divisions there will be nothing wanting, the entries promising a showing which would do credit to a live stock exhibition of national pretensions.

In the Poultry, Milling, Manufacturing, Garden, Kitchen, and other departments the exhibits promise a revelation to all.

### THE RACING PROGRAM

Will include several fast events each day, many of the famed harness horses of the country having secured entry in the various races.

### ALLMAN BROTHERS CARNIVAL COMPANY

The classiest carnival attraction in the United States, carrying 18 carloads of equipment and a Band of Thirty Pieces, has been engaged for the Entire Fair, thus assuring to Fair visitors the best of entertainment.

### All Panhandle People, All

Texas people, all the people of all the States, are invited to the Fair. Come and enjoy a week's holiday. We promise you an enjoyable and profitable time at the Fair. Special Fair Rates on all Railroads. For any information address

### Panhandle State Fair Association

J. F. McGregor, Secretary, Amarillo, Texas

With Long Stopper.  
Time bottles in one  
to the bottom of the  
stopper the French

There's little  
much satisfaction  
package of the  
bits of perfectly cooked

Play Ball

The Slaton Slatonite

L. P. Loomis, Editor and Manager

SUBSCRIPTION, A YEAR \$1.00

Entered as second-class mail matter September 15, 1911, at the post office at Slaton, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1897.

Woodrow Wilson has approved the "Buy-A-Bale" plan by purchasing a bale of Texas cotton himself.

The rainfall at Andrews in Andrews County from January to August inclusive was 22.79 inches, 11.90 inches falling in July alone. For May the precipitation was 2.26 inches, June 5.17 inches, and August 3.03 inches. For the same months the rainfall at Amarillo was 13.60 inches and at Slaton was 32 inches.

Huerta has his faults, everybody knows that Villa and Carranza have theirs, also, but, says the Amarillo News, not one of the bunch has ever insinuated that the Lord is on their side. The News also wonders why the war has caused the price of quinine to go up; that product comes from peaceful Peru.

The Buy a Bale of Cotton movement has resulted in making cotton at 10c a pound a legal tender in Texas. You can buy most anything you want with it, a farm, a piano, livestock, or an automobile. The hay makers of south Texas propose to trade hay to the farmers of Northwest Texas for cotton. The South Plains country is shipping feed to east Texas, instead of sending down there after feed.

We heard before we went to Lubbock that they were talking Sudan but the half had never been told. They are trading it for homes, land, autos, bank stock, railroads and cattle; fact, it is the same as gold and government bonds. In the fields the women and children are following the harvesters, picking up the shattered seed, with which they will refurbish their homes and buy their winter clothes. When a man passes along the streets with a sample bundle, the little boys and land agents follow him and dig the shattered seed out of the cracks in the sidewalk with their pocket knives. Yes, there is some talk of Sudan in Lubbock. All the preachers and teachers may take their salaries in Sudan. -Brownfield Herald.

SOME CAR.

A young woman who had bought a new motor car is quoted by a trade magazine as explaining some of the car's fine points to a friend.

"My car," she said, "is the very latest 1915 model and is equipped throughout with imported annular ball bearings. It has a lean-line body, dispatchable and denounceable rims, epileptic springs in front and flatiron springs in the rear, full sloping rear axle, most infernal expanding brakes, electric stopper and starter, sailor flash jubilation, tree point detention, sailor radiator, three speeds horrid and one perverse, amateur on dashboard, gasoline tank asleep, 60 mile speedy greeter, aggravated ebony rim on spearing reel, sliding near transfusion, licorice lights and horn, trimmers in headlights, frigid suspenders, handcuffed leather upholstery, dippy curtains, bartype foot rest, and many other latest susceptibilities."

The Overland Tourists Seek Best Highways

Monday afternoon last week about forty representative citizens of Lubbock, Crosbyton, Girard, Jayton, Aspermont, Peacock, Stamford and Fort Worth met a representative body of the citizenship of Spur for the purpose of organizing an association to be known as "Fort Worth-Roswell Highway Association," having for its object to secure the routing through that section of a proposed automobile highway from Fort Worth to Roswell, New Mexico, and to build and maintain such a road.

The towns of Post, Snyder, Hermleigh, Sweetwater, and others are losing out on the auto highway business by allowing the public road from Post east by the way of Sweetwater to remain in such abominable condition as it is for auto travel. Every auto driver who travels the route condemns it in the strongest terms, and oftentimes in much stronger terms than we would care to use in the Slatonite.

The great transient travel of this country is auto travel, and the autoists spend thousands of dollars in the towns of their routes every month. The counties that do not encourage this business by building good roads are going to miss all of it. The natural route from central and southern Texas to the West is by way of Sweetwater and the Santa Fe towns, but unless the roads mentioned are improved the towns will not get any of that traffic. Good roads are now nearly as important as more railroads.

A game of baseball was recently played on the top of a skyscraper in Chicago. A diamond has been laid out on the roof of the Chicago Telephone Company's building, two hundred feet above the ground, and the field is enclosed by a six-foot wall. The area is of such size that no one has yet batted a ball over the wall.

It's a dull season in Plainview when the grand jury doesn't indict a bootlegger. The bootleggers seem to have a rough road in Hale County.

That Farm and Ranch editor should come up here to pick bale-per-acre cotton for a while.

SPLendid PAPER.—The Slatonite, Slaton, Texas, rounded out another year last week. The Slatonite is among our neatest, most ably edited exchanges, and is without question a potent factor in the upbuilding of its town.—Ochiltree, Texas, Eagle- Investigator.

Harry F. Purcell, the editor of the Eagle Investigator, and the Slatonite scizzors engineer are strangers so far as personal acquaintance goes, as our routes in life have never met; but across the exchange table we have become old friends, altho our towns are over two hundred miles apart—a long distance for country papers to carry an exchange, unless for some special reason. Our papers crossed by chance, and as Purcell is a good old scout and knows how to issue a splendid country newspaper the resultant exchange has been pleasant to us. We are truly indebted to the Eagle- Investigator for its fraternal felicitations, ex- couched in terms that put to the test our faltering efforts in an endeavor to work to them.

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HUTCHINSON & HAMILTON DENTISTS Citizens National Bank Building Lubbock, Texas

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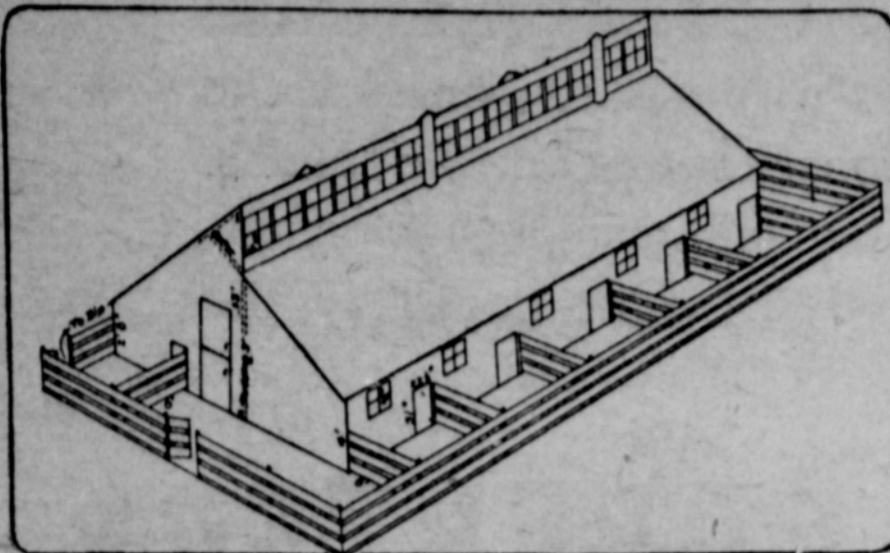
RUGS Largest Assortment Ever Seen in Slaton now on Display at HOWERTON'S 9x12 Axministers \$15.00 and Up. We Have a Large Variety of Patterns Come in and look them over

South Park Heights FIVE ACRE TRACTS Will trade you one or more of these tracts for Maize, Kaffir, or Stock, or will sell them on easy terms. This affords you an opportunity to turn your feed or stock into a home. R. J. MURRAY, SLATON, TEXAS

Slaton Livery Barn G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations. We have for sale at all times— Hay, Grain and Feed, Chicken Feed Ground Oyster Shells, etc. Dealers Who Want Your Trade Solicit It by Ads

Founded and Owned by the Pecos & Northern Texas Ry. Company SLATON LOCATION SLATON is in the southeast corner of Lubbock County, in the center of the South Plains of central west Texas. Is on the new main Trans-Continental Line of the Santa Fe. Connects with North Texas Lines of that system at Canyon, Texas; with South Texas lines of the Santa Fe at Coleman, Texas; and with New Mexico and Pacific lines of the same system at Texico, N. M. SLATON is the junction of the Lamesa road, Santa Fe System. Advantages and Improvements The Railway Company has Division Terminal Facilities at this point, constructed mostly of reinforced concrete material and including a Round House, a Power House, Machine and Blacksmith Shops, Coal Chute, a Sand House, Water Plant, Ice House, etc. Also have a Fred Harvey Eating House, and a Reading Room for Santa Fe employees. Have extensive yard tracks for handling a heavy trans-continental business, both freight and passenger, between the Gulf and Atlantic Coast and the Pacific Coast territories, and on branch lines to Tahoka, Lamesa and other towns. BUSINESS SECTION AND RESIDENCES BUILT 3000 feet of business streets are graded and macadamized and several residence streets are graded; there are 26 business buildings of brick and reinforced concrete, with others to follow; 200 residences under construction and completed. SURROUNDED BY A FINE, PRODUCTIVE LAND A fine agricultural country surrounds the town, with soil dark chocolate color, sandy loam, producing Kaffir Corn, Milo Maize, Cotton, Wheat, Oats, Indian Corn, garden crops and fruit. An inexhaustible supply of pure free stone water from wells 40 to 90 feet deep. THE COMPANY OFFERS for sale a limited number of business lots remaining at original low list prices and residence lots at exceedingly low prices. For further information address P. & N. T. RAILWAY CO., Owners. SOUTH PLAINS LAND COMPANY, and HARRY T. MCGEE, Local Townsite Agents, Slaton, Texas.

**GREAT VARIETY OF HOUSES FOR THE HOGS**



A Well-Built and Well-Arranged Hog House, Showing Arrangement of Outside Pens.

The variety of hog houses is almost as great as the variety of individuals using them. It is rare, indeed, to find even a semblance of uniformity prevailing in a community. There are, however, only two or three general types which commend themselves to the careful hog man. Of the two styles of large houses, the larger has two rows of pens, an alley through the middle, and a jog in the roof for windows to light the north pens, while the smaller has but one row of pens, with an alley and a row of windows on the south side. The double house is much cheaper per pen, and for that reason is to be preferred. Less work is also required to care for the hogs than where a single row of pens is used, says the United States department of agriculture.

Probably the cheapest house possible is a low building with a single row of pens and no alley, but such a house is much less convenient, especially in stormy weather.

A large hog house should always stand east and west, facing the south, so that the maximum amount of sunshine may be had in each pen. When a double house is used, which is much the cheapest, the outside pens on the north are often of little use in early spring and late fall on account of the shade and the cold winds. This difficulty can be partially overcome by changing sows so that those which have not farrowed and those with the oldest pigs, which have least need of warm outside pens, are on the north side.

In the majority of large hog houses the upper windows are not so placed that the sunshine will strike the floor when it is most needed there. Indeed, a hog house with the windows in the proper position is rarely seen. Direct sunshine should strike the floor in every pen for as many hours in the day as possible at the time when the pigs are farrowed. Nearly every one realizes this is a matter of the greatest importance, but too often the builder does not take the trouble to find out whether he is getting it or not.

Whether the large house with individual pens is better than the individual cot is an open question, perhaps largely a matter of individual preference. Each has its distinct advantages which can not be secured in the other. Many of the best hog raisers are now providing themselves with both types of houses, and this seems to be the most satisfactory method.

The small cot has the advantage of keeping each sow from being disturbed by the others, and lessens the danger from contagious and infectious diseases. The disturbance in a large house, however, is usually not a serious matter, and is often unduly emphasized. After the pigs get a little start there is usually more or less robbing where many are together. The individual cot lessens this trouble. When the surroundings become insanitary, the cot can easily be moved to a clean place.

Probably the greatest disadvantage in

the cot is the large amount of work required to tend the stock. This is a matter of no small importance. There are usually no windows, so there is no sunshine or light when the roof door is closed. There is, however, no reason why windows and ventilation should not be provided.

The hog house floor is an unsettled question. The ground with woven wire stretched on top to prevent the hogs from rooting makes a good floor. Electrically welded corner wire is very satisfactory. This makes a floor which is easy on the hogs, almost free from rats, and, if properly bedded, it is warm and dry. It is, however, more difficult to keep free from dust than some other floors. Many concrete floors are used, but they are cold, liable to be wet, and are hard on the hogs feet. Often almost an entire pig crop and many sows are lost by taking cold on concrete floors. Concrete floors are, however, very satisfactory when covered with plank overlays, or false floors, which should be raised from the concrete about an inch by nailing cleats on the under side. The wood portion of this floor consists of two by four inch timbers laid about one-fourth inch apart to allow drainage. Cork brick on concrete makes an ideal floor from the standpoint of warmth and sanitation, but is very expensive and the brick are sometimes eaten out by the pigs.

Board floors are expensive, short lived, cold, if up off the ground, and make the worst kind of rat harbors. Six by eight feet is generally found to be a very satisfactory size for pens, but if feeding is to be done inside, the pen will need to be longer in order to give room to feed and water without getting the bed befouled. Very large sows, such as are sometimes kept for breeders, may need more room, but the producer of pork will not need a larger pen. Small sows do not need this much room, and it might be good economy to make half of the pens five feet wide. Five by eight feet will accommodate a small sow very well.

In most cases, either ventilation is lacking or the house is drafty. In a well-ventilated double-walled building, little moisture will gather on the walls even in cold weather, while in a poorly ventilated one thick coats of frost will often gather, and the whole house will be damp when the frost melts. It is not easy to secure a good supply of fresh air and prevent all drafts from striking the pigs. There are, however, several quite satisfactory methods of ventilation in use. The commonest one is to make some of the windows so they will either slide or swing on hinges.

Whitewashing the inside of the house is an excellent practice. Besides going a long way toward disinfecting, it increases the light materially. When the sunshine strikes a whitewashed wall, much of it is reflected to the floor and does a great deal of good. Dark houses which must be used will be much improved by whitewashing.

**Weeds as Cover Crops.**

The question is sometimes asked: Why cannot weeds be used as cover crops? The objection to weeds is mostly from the fact that they do not mature at the same time and in order to get the best results they have to be cut too early and even then some species of plants will have already matured their seeds which afterwards may be difficult to eradicate. Field peas is another excellent crop for the orchard. Winter rye sown in August and plowed under the following May is a crop that should be used in many orchards. The point that the writer wishes to emphasize is that the use of a cover crop is not primarily to increase the fertility of the land, but to add vegetable matter.

**Something Lacking.**

There is something lacking in the nature of a man that misuses and mistreats his horses.

**Source of Water Supply.**

Undoubtedly the safest and best source of water supply for the farm is a drilled well.

**Cuts His Own Revenue.**

The man who thinks that he can economize by buying and using cheap salt in his butter is cutting off his own revenue. The butter is not as good, folks will not stay by him, and he will be driven out of the market sooner or later.

**Treatment for Hired Man.**

Just because the hired man is willing to work from daylight to dark, do not make him do it. Shorten the hours and quicken the step, and in the long run you will get more work done and better work, too, in a good, fair day.

**Hay for Work Horses.**

Work horses should have very little hay at morning or at the noon feed. Plenty of grain is better, and their greater service will compensate for the extra grain allowance.

**Well Under-Drained Soil.**

Do you know that soil well under-drained can be worked deeper and will stand drought and wet spells much better?

**MILLINERY FOR FALL**

ADVANCE MODELS ARE ALREADY BEING DISPLAYED.

Black Velvet and Satin, White Satin, or Black and White in Combination Seem Destined to Be Popular Materials.

By MARY DEAN.  
As a rule, the first showing of autumn millinery is neither attractive nor illuminating. It does not tempt one to buy nor does it indicate clearly what will be pre-eminently modish later in the season, and it consists chiefly of non-committal models, made up to supply the demand for first hats that will replace the battered and faded summer straws without being radical enough to have an important place in the new season's outfit.

However, the advance displays, both of spring and fall fashions, are much earlier than they were even a very few years ago, and now we get a view of some chic French hats long before the strictly smart folk come back to the city's haunts.

Buyers send over at least a few models well in advance of their own return, and though the woman who does not absolutely need a hat will do well to wait a few weeks before making her choice, there have been attractive models on view ever since the first of August, and the number of these models has increased day by day.

Black velvet, black satin, white satin, or black and white satin are the materials most often used for the fashioning of the first fall millinery.

These models are, of course, built up on the lines of those made of straw and are trimmed with flowers or feathers.

Flowers and feathers also trim the hats shown as advance fall models.

The hats in the fall are prone to smallness—comfortable, practical little shapes, not too pretentious—and, as usual, a goodly supply of small hats is in evidence; but from the first, there have been shown, side by side with the small shapes, an unusual number of large hats and medium-sized hats such as have been worn during the late summer season. And it is predicted that the larger hat will not lose its prestige.

A majority of the large models are made of velvet, though very frequently the velvet ends a few inches from the edge of the brim, and the border is of black satin.

Some very sturdy hats are also on the model built upon the lines of black and white satin.

Facing was of black satin. There was a trimming directly at the back of delicate clusters of white paradise, one spray upstanding while another fell over the brim at the left side.

Shown in the same shop with the two above described were some smaller shapes. Some were extremely eccentric while others were likeable little hats.

One model was a close fitting turban of black velvet with a long point shooting out and up at the back. The model was trimmed with sprays of grayish-colored feathers.

Another was a Napoleon shape of black velvet and mulline. Shirred mulline formed the crown and brim, while the facing was of black velvet. The hat was trimmed with a single scarlet rose at the left side front on the up-turned brim.

One remarkably attractive small model of black also shown in large drawing was trimmed with two large white feather ornaments.

**DANGER IN BATHING SEASON**

For Many Reasons Girls Make a Mistake in Seeking to Acquire a Coat of Tan.

The girl who wishes to keep her skin and hair beautiful will exert the greatest care of it during the salt water bathing season. She should not linger on the beach after she comes out of the water, but should wash off all salt from her skin before exposing herself to the sunshine again. If the salt water reaches her hair at all, it should be washed off at once. She should not neglect this at any time.

is very harmful to her hair and scalp, forming a hard crust on the head as it dries.

To protect the complexion from the salt water, it is a good idea to rub plenty of cold cream into the face before going in. The girl may dust it over with powder, if she does not care to pass out before the other bathers with her face all shiny from the cream. The grease will keep out the salt water in some degree and will serve as a protection against the sun.

Girls cannot be too strongly urged to do everything in their power to care for their skin and hair. They should try to avoid a tan as they would poison ivy. It may seem desirable at the moment, but when they wear low-necked frocks the tan on their throats, shaped like the necks of their bathing suits, will look so ugly that they will sincerely regret ever having acquired it.

Then they will be even more sorry when the tan begins to fade and they look like victims of the jaundice, to say nothing of having skin like leather.

**COMFORT ON WASHING DAY**

Simple Device Does Away With the Constant Stooping That is Painful and Injurious.

The busy housewife often complains of backache after washing day; this is, as a rule, not due to the washing of the clothes, but to the continual stooping down to the clothes-basket when putting out or gathering in the clothes. This disagreeable pain could be saved by simply tying the basket to an old small table with four legs, the basket could be nailed down, but if tied it could then be used without the legs by simply untying the string at both sides.

The strings will easily thread through the wicker of the basket, and a hook could be screwed at each side



of the table and the string attached. It can be carried about quite easily, and no stooping whatever need be done. If no small table is available, the handy man can make supports on the basket itself; this is done as follows: On the bottom fix two pieces of wood, one at each side; at each end of the wood fix bamboo rods, all of equal size, of course. This will make four legs, and answers exactly the same purpose as the table. Bamboo rods may be bought at Edwardware stores for very little. One rod would make two legs, so that the cost is very trivial; the rods are very strong and firm.

**THANKFUL FOR THE BLOUSE**

Women Would Find It Hard to Get Along Without This Very Serviceable Garment.

What did unfortunate woman do before the blouse, pure and simple, existed?

One forgets—if we ever knew. Life seems always to have been full of blouses, and though we may scoff at them occasionally, and insist on the one-piece gown, all women know we want them in our wardrobe. Their price is above rubies—sometimes.

The success of the Parisian fashion of blouses of vivid colors to be worn with white pique and duck or putty and maize-colored linen skirt is in doubt.

A pretty muslin blouse has a fichu edged with the frills we love so dearly this season—those of the picot edged variety—and the turn-over cuffs of the elbow sleeves show the same dainty frillings.

You can get a cool frock in black and white for summer wear and know you are absolutely in the approved fashion. The maple blouse can be in black and white handkerchief linens or in the chiffons. One is of snowy chiffon, with a pinafore bodice effect of black moire charmeuse tied at the waist with a large bow.

**Perfume Bottle With Long Stopper.**

The latest in perfume bottles is one whose stopper fits to the bottom of the bottle. With this stopper the French women, it is said, touch the eyebrows, the lobes of the ears, the lips, brush the hair lightly, and finish with a pat or two on the throat.

**Tiny Handkerchiefs.**

The smartest handkerchiefs are very small and of fine batiste or linen, and edged with a tiny tulle frill. Sometimes the initials are embroidered on the tulle and sometimes on the batiste.

**Sore Eyes**

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free Ask Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



A widow says that one husband on earth is worth two in the other place.

Ten smiles for a nickel. Always buy Red Cross Ball Blue; have beautiful clear white clothes. Adv.

The Reason.  
Parson—How is it I haven't seen you at church lately?  
Hodge—I ain't been.

Rather Mixed.  
"Did Jane show herself a good hand at selecting gift slippers?"  
"No; she put her foot in it."

Serious Minded.  
"I want you to meet a young friend of mine. The most serious-minded man I know."  
"I haven't any time to waste on married men."

Seizing Opportunity.  
"Pa, a balloon's just landed in apple orchard."  
"Good! I'll just run down there and get them to pick the apples off that high tree. I've been wondering how I was going to get them."

It Reminded Him.  
He was listening open mouthed to the description of the way in which the great battleship fleet was preparing for its work of destruction.

"Hundreds of thousands of tons of fuel are necessary to keep those mighty fires going," the reader went on.  
The listener slapped his knee.  
"By gum," he cried, "that reminds me. I ain't got in my winter supply of coal yet."

How It Happened.  
Mr. Kellogg was always teasing his wife; it was strange that she did not oftener suspect the pitfalls he prepared for her. This time he came home to dinner and said, gravely: "Young White's wife gave it to him hot and heavy this morning."

The Whites had been married but a few months and Mrs. Kellogg promptly scented a scandal.  
"Fighting already? How dreadful!" she continued. "Tell me about it."  
"Oh, she just gave him one of the biscuits she made for breakfast," replied her husband—"Youth's Companion."

Had Enough of That Diet.  
"I had my dyspepsia almost cured once," said Crabbe.  
"But you couldn't stand the diet, eh?" asked Flabbe.

"Well, it was this way," explained Crabbe. "Doctor Piliter advised me to eat chopped oat cakes. I ordered a box, and after eating them for a week I felt fine. When Bridget said the cakes were gone I had her bring me in the box so that I could get the name and order more, but I never placed the order."

"Why not?" inquired Flabbe. "The cakes were helping you."  
"I found," said Crabbe, looking sick at the recollection, "that I had been eating dog-biscuit."

**Summer Days**  
Call for a dainty, wholesome food—such as  
**Post Toasties** with cream.  
There's little work, and much satisfaction in every package of these crisp bits of perfectly cooked and toasted Indian Corn.  
Appetizing flavour, substantial nourishment and convenience of serving are all found in Post Toasties.  
**Sold by Grocers**

# INDIANS STILL "MAKE RAIN" AS DID THEIR FATHERS IN THE LONG AGO

### Efficacy of Cow-Tails as Storm Producers, an Article of Faith With Euchie Medicine Men—Interesting Ceremony in Which Indian Prays for Rain for His Corn—No Rain, No Pay for Performer.

New York.—The government at Washington gave permission recently to a band of Sioux to hold a modified sun dance on one of the reservations out in the Northwest. It was explained that the resident agent had instructions to confine the ritual of the ceremonial to its purely religious features, eliminating those fanatical demonstrations, designed to appeal to race prejudice, which have worked so much injury in the past. It was a sun dance, under the clever manipulation of the cunning Sitting Bull, which led to one of the most frightful Indian wars.

While the sun dance is the best-known by name to white man, yet it is by no means the most important of aboriginal seasonal feasts. When Capt. Sam Geer of Tallequah, Okla.—the "Indian Nation," as it is still called by old-timers in the West—arrived at Hempstead, L. I., a few days ago, on a short visit, he told how the Euchie were "making rain" to save the corn.

In the southern part of the old Creek reservation, in what was the Indian territory, is located the Euchie village, which holds the remnants of a once powerful tribe that was subdued by the Creeks many years ago," said he. "I passed through this village one hot July day. The weather had been dry. No rain had fallen for weeks and the grass was scorched to dust-colored hay on the ground. Driving along the road a short distance beyond the village, I saw a crowd of Euchies on the banks of a small stream. There were many squaws in the gathering, and, wonderful to relate, they were silent. I pulled up the horse and asked John Sixshooter, the Creek guide who accompanied me, the meaning of the assemblage and of the silence which



Follow Faith of Their Fathers.

prevailed. He shaded his eyes with his hands, looked at the crowd for a few minutes, and said:

"Reckon they is 'bout to make rain. I see the old medicine man an' some o' th' things they use when gettin' ready for a play o' that kind."

"Do they really make rain?" I asked.

"Well, they say they do; but, like th' white man, they sometimes say a durned lot more'n they mean."

"We drove over to the Euchies. John had reckoned correctly. Rain was badly needed in the country, and the Indians had called upon their medicine man to provide a bountiful supply.

The members of the tribe were massed on one of the banks of the creek stolidly regarding the medicine man, who stood some fifty yards away on a little grass-covered knoll which was clear of tree or shrub. He was perfectly naked. At his feet was a tub, three-quarters full of water from the adjacent stream. The tub was a plain wooden affair, such as is used by the country housewife on wash days. On the ground, near the tub, were two dried cow tails with the fringe of hair at the ends well preserved.

Turning to the northwest, the medicine man swept the expanse of clear blue summer sky with a searching gaze. Probably he was looking for clouds; if so, he saw none, for there was not even the seaman's proverbial 'cloud as big as your hand' in the heavens. But the old Indian's face betrayed no sign of disappointment. He was grave, dignified and methodical in bearing and manner. Some sixty years of age, he was as erect as a young buck and a splendid specimen of the red man. Stepping into the tub, the medicine man squatted with his chin on his knees. He sprinkled water on his chest, on his head and over his back, slowly, at first, then more rapidly, until he scooped up as fast as he could as much water as his hands would hold. Soon his body was running rivulets.

Extending his arms at full length before him, the hands open, palms upward, the medicine man began a prayer to His-sak-i-ta Eemisa, the Giver of Breath. It was a muttered supplication, in so low a tone that those who understood the language could not distinguish the words. This, no doubt, by design. It would not do for the members of the tribe to know all the medicine employed on such an occasion. They might witness the theatrical display; but without the precise form of the communication to His-sak-i-ta Eemisa they were powerless to make medicine on their own account.

The prayer concluded, the medicine man closed his hands, which all the while had been extended, and drew them slowly to his breast. He began another prayer in an undertone, extended his hands, opened them when at the full length of his reach, closed them and drew them to his breast as before.

"Seems to be pulling on unseen strings," I remarked to John.

"That's whatever; he's jist doin' that same," replied the guide.

After repeating the string-pulling performance a dozen times, the medicine man, still muttering a prayer, reached over the side of his tub and picked up the cow tails. He shook them in the air over his head with a quick, jerky motion, laid them down and began again to pull on the unseen strings in the northwest. Three times, at regular intervals, the medicine man shook the tails. Then he stepped from the tub; emptied the water on the ground, and retired into the forest to the northwest, taking tub and tails with him.

"Later I asked the old chief of the Creeks the meaning of the performance I had witnessed at the Euchie village.

"First," began the chief, "let me tell you that only a few Sundays ago I heard a white man preacher pray for rain. Now, what was the difference between the white man's appeal and

that of the Euchie medicine man? You don't care to say, eh? Well, I'll tell you the difference, and a very important one it is, from the Indian's standpoint. If the medicine man brings rain he saves the corn crop, and, in return for his services, he receives a portion of the crop raised by every Indian in the tribe. No rain, no crop; no crop, no corn for the medicine man. The white man preacher gets his corn whether he brings rain or not."

"But tell me: If the medicine man fails, what excuse has he to offer? Those chaps always leave a hole through which to crawl, without disturbing the popular belief in the efficacy of their medicine."

"You observe," replied the chief, who was an Indian of some education, "that the rainmaker seemed to be drawing on 'unseen strings' from the northwest. The rain always comes from the northwest in this country, and those 'strings' were attached to rain-clouds. He was sure to draw the clouds to himself, and there would surely be rain unless some enemy of his, or of his tribe, had planted a hatchet, edge up, between him and the clouds! If a hatchet had been buried to the northwest, why, it is perfectly plain the stringss would be cut in pass-



A Modern Indian Girl.

ing over the sharp edge, and, consequently, the medicine man would lose his hold on the clouds.

"Then if there should be no rain Mr. Medicine Man would make it convenient to find a buried hatchet the following day, while if there should be rain he would be careful to say nothing of a hatchet or of hatchets?"

"Well, something of the kind."

"And the cow tails?"

"That feature of the performance I have tracked back to the early days when the Creeks, Choctaws, Seminoles and the Chickasaws were known as Meesocoes. The Euchies were a neighboring tribe, and, doubtless, borrowed much of their medicine from the older and larger organization. The Meesocoes inhabited the country east of the Mississippi river; but occasionally the young braves crossed the big stream to hunt on the buffalo grounds some distance to the west. When they got up a herd of buffalo the game, on being disturbed, had a habit of throwing their tails in the air, preliminary to a mad gallop for safety. If the weather had been dry the herd was soon lost in a cloud of dust. This did not bother Mr. Indian very much, for he could track the beasts and gradually run them down. If a rainstorm should come up overnight, however, the buffalo tracks were soon washed out, and the herd, very likely, escaped. So the Indians interpreted the flirting of the buffaloes' tails as an appeal to the Giver of Breath for rain. The medicine men incorporated the tail-shaking in their medicine for that reason. It was "good medicine" which they had learned from the beasts.

# INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

## Kansas Pawns His Money to Beat Circus Sharks

KANSAS CITY, MO.—"Experience is a dear school, but many profit thereby." This is a liberal translation of an old Latin proverb, and Bascom Truskett of Menoken, Kan., admitted that he had learned something in the dear school of experience when he appeared at the welfare loan agency and wanted to deposit \$7 with Ralph Perry, manager of that department.



"What do you want to leave your money here for?" asked Mr. Perry. "Why not leave it at some bank?" "There's a circus in town, that's the reason," replied Truskett firmly. "It'll be here for two days, too. I ain't takin' no chances o' gettin' skint again by them sharpers."

"I don't understand," said Perry. "Well," Truskett elucidated, "ye see Menoken is not far from Topeka, and whenever a circus comes there business in Menoken closes and everybody goes in to the circus. But when we all get back home—and each feller concludes to tell the truth, them as wasn't pickpocketed out o' their roll lost it trying to find which one o' three shells a little black ball was under. And I never heard o' anyone pickin' the right shell from our neighborhood. Now, I intend to see this circus, and if I git pickpocketed the pesky brutes won't git nothin'."

"Then you don't intend to try to find the little black ball under the shell any more?" asked Perry.

"Not me," replied Truskett. "I've been there before."

"How much do you want on the \$7?" asked Perry.

"Jest gimme a nickel on it," smiled Truskett. "I've got enough to see the show, but I ain't takin' no chances."

A pledge ticket for 5 cents was made out in the regular way and the ticket and nickel given to the wise man from Menoken, Kan.

## Trousers Are Stolen; Man Goes Home in Barrel

CHICAGO.—Frederick Krueger is a mild-mannered clerk in a downtown department store and resides at 4313 Lake Park avenue. There are times when he has wished that he could relieve the even tenor of his daily life by being the hero of a thrilling adventure. The other day the adventure came.

In common with other citizens, Mr. Krueger felt the heat that afternoon and decided to take a swim. He chose the lake at Forty-second street. His garments he placed on the breakwater. Then he plunged in.

While he was puffing joyously in the lake two men alighted from a passing freight train. They observed the Krueger apparel. In a minute or two more they were hurrying westward with a pair of pearl gray trousers.

Some ten minutes later Sergt. Edward Balder of the Hyde Park station saw a barrel approaching rapidly up Forty-third street on a pair of human legs. Investigation proved Mr. Krueger to be inside.

"What do you think you are—a keg of beer?" inquired Sergeant Balder. Mr. Krueger explained. The sergeant permitted him to go home and went in search of the trousers.



## Floorwalker Gasps as Shoplifter Steals Washtub

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Washtubs of all shapes and sizes were strewn over the counters of one of Birmingham's stores the other morning, and huge placards announced the sale of these tubs at prices in no way commensurate with their size. The tubs were large and the prices small, so the washerwomen of Birmingham deserted their irons—on a nice day for ironin', too—and hid them to the store for purchases.

A black wave swept over and around the washtubs. The clerks were enveloped and the tubs began to disappear; the purchasers "toted" away the tubs, with smiles adorning their faces. One washerwoman, carrying weight for age, had formed part of the dark-hued rush, but left the crowd after a few minutes in the midst of the seething fray.

She carried no washtub. From her size it seemed she had all the weight she could carry. She was passing down one of the aisles and was almost clear of the rush, when there was a jam. A floor walker was also caught in the aisle between the huge cleaner of soiled linen and a counter.

The sharp edge of the counter pressed into one side, and he leaned toward the dark weight on his left, expecting to find it softer. Instead, a sharp circular edge threatened to cut him off at the hips. Surprised, he reached to save himself and his hand encountered the rim of a washtub. The washerwoman had her tub, but it was under her skirt and not under her arm.

The tub was removed and the washerwoman went back to her ironin' with a reprimand, but without the tub.

## Ban on Sugar Cane, But New China Doesn't Care

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Broad grins and knowing winks predominated the other day in Chinatown when it became known that Uncle Sam, through his department of agriculture, has banned the succulent sugar cane, with its cheap sweetness, from importation into the country from Hawaii, Porto Rico and all foreign countries.

Yee Chung Tai, a leader among the score of proprietors of corner stands where are sold tobacco, fruits, candy, abalone and sugar cane, was the first to learn of the new order.

"Why no more catchum sugel cane for sellum?" demanded Yee.

It was explained that the government has decreed that there are "injurious insects and fungous diseases" in the sugar cane, and when it finally became plain to Yee that this meant bugs, he expressed his own opinion in what might pass for an ingenious way.

"Not all bugs in sugel cane," commented Yee, with disturbing seriousness—and ambiguity.

But the spread of the news failed to disturb the equanimity of the district. Instead of mourning there was joy. A hundred Chinese repeated the report and walked to the nearest stand, where they purchased—sugar cane? No—chewing tobacco.

If we can't chew our sugar cane, because bugs won't allow it, well, we might as well learn to chew tobacco, was the prevailing sentiment.

In this wise did the march of progress catch up with Young China by eliminating the succulent sugar cane.



## RISK LIVES FOR FOSSILS

Wisconsin Scientists Collect Rare Specimens in Desert of the Far West.

Madison, Wis.—After months of hardship and danger in the desert, Dr. M. G. Mehl and assistant, G. M. Schwartz, have brought to the biological museum of the University of Wisconsin a wonderful collection of prehistoric fossils gathered in New Mexico and Arizona.

More than a ton of the specimens brought in by the party are entirely new to science, and some tell the story of life and the world of over three million years ago.

Doctor Mehl and Mr. Schwartz went to Flagstaff, Ariz., where they secured a wagon outfit and a Mexican guide. Then they made a 65-mile drive across the desert, with no water except what they carried with them. They camped on the Little Colorado river and suffered much from sandstorms. At times water was very scarce and their lives were in danger. They were also threatened by Indians.

## HAITI IN THROES OF REVOLUTION



Street scene in Port au Prince, Haiti, near where desperate fighting recently occurred between the revolutionists and the government forces.