

The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 3.

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Number 31.

CROSSETT GETS THIRTY YEARS

Dawson County Sheriff Was
in Slaton Saturday Tak-
ing Him to Snyder.

Sheriff Conner and Deputy Ramsey of Dawson county were in Slaton Friday with Thad Crossett who they were taking to Snyder to be confined in the Scurry County jail to await the outcome of an appeal to the higher courts for a reversal of action of the trial court in which he was found guilty of murdering Warren Bullock at the Spiller home south of Lamesa on Jan. 20th, 1914.

The verdict was returned Thursday morning by the jury in the case, and they fixed the penalty at thirty years in the penitentiary after deliberating two hours. Motion was made for a new trial, which was denied. Appeal was taken to the higher courts.

In speaking of the trial the *Tahoka News* said: The people of Dawson county were considerably excited and threats having been made, the sheriffs of Lubbock and Lynn counties were called to Lamesa. Every person entering the court room had to undergo a search for concealed weapons. Everything however passed off quietly, and no disturbance was made. It is reported here however that the accused's father made the remark, "they will take my body to the grave before they take my boy to the penitentiary."

The report of the evidence at the trial as to the actual homicide was printed in the *Plainview Evening Herald* as follows:

When G. E. Lockhart, district attorney, read the indictment against the defendant, Thad Crossett, he stood up at the request of the court, and plead not guilty. The defendant further plead that the shooting was done while in a state of sudden passion and without time to deliberate, and requested that in case the jury found him guilty of manslaughter, the sentence be suspended.

The state introduced Wade Bartlett who testified that Warren Bullock was floor manager of the dance, the night of the killing and that he saw the defendant approached by Bullock who requested a fee of \$1 for dancing, which was the fee to be paid by all who danced.

He stated that Crossett refused to pay the dollar and the two walked out the door and he followed; that Crossett knocked Bullock to his knees as he stepped from the porch of the house facing north, that he called for a light which was brought out, at which time Crossett had the deceased Bullock on the ground and that he and others pulled Crossett off Bullock and as Bullock arose Crossett kicked him, upon which Bullock stated that he would kill the

When Bullock said this Crossett told to the boys to look out. "You heard what he said. He

said he was going to kill me; I'm going to shoot." Bartlett testified that he told Crossett not to shoot as Bullock had nothing. Crossett began to shoot and after the first shot Bullock began to run around the east side of the house. Bullock ran between Crossett and the house and after turning the northeast corner of the house, turned south and fell near the southeast corner of the house. Crossett shot at him four times and hit him twice. Bullock died the next morning after the killing at 5 o'clock, in the Post City Sanitarium.

WALKED IN HIS SLEEP.

Monday morning about two o'clock, Price Callaway, who had been on the sick list for several days, was missed from his room at the Methodist parsonage. Brother and Sister Callaway immediately alarmed the neighbors, and failing to find the young man at once, G. W. Coughran decided to ring the Methodist church bell and rouse some more people. He did so and Price who had waked up and was lost and terrified came to the church for help. The night was a cold one and as the young man was dressed in his underclothes only and bare footed and had been out a half an hour or more, he was thoroughly chilled and his feet were full of thorns.

Price does not seem to have suffered any serious injury from his exposure and is improving slowly.—*Tahoka News*.

B. C. Morgan's tin shop has been turning out a lot of tank and windmill work lately for the new farms around Slaton, for the residences in Slaton, and for the suburban tracts. A Slaton well with a good windmill and tank over it is one of the best assets a man can have to enhance the value of his place. He has a well of pure, cold water, with a supply sufficient for irrigating garden, orchard, and shrubbery.

Be sure and see Tudor for those screen doors and windows.

You Are Cordially Invited to Meet
Miss J. E. Rogers
Who Is Demonstrating
**President, Ambassador, and
Statesman Coffees**
at
SLATON SANITARY GROCERY
on April 7, 8, and 9

MISS ROGERS WILL GIVE A MOST INTERESTING TALK
AND A DEMONSTRATION OF THESE COFFEES.
REMEMBER THE DATES; COME.

TOM BALL CLUB STARTS WITH 220

Organization Perfected Sat-
urday at Lubbock With
Great Enthusiasm.

A large number of voters met at the court house in Lubbock last Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock and formed the Lubbock County Tom Ball Club by selecting Roscoe Wilson as chairman and E. L. Klett as secretary. The club was formally organized by making the temporary organization permanent.

The club started with 220 members and others have joined since. The following resolution was adopted:

"Whereas, the Hon. Thos. Ball of Houston is a candidate for Governor of the State of Texas, subject to the action of the Democratic primary to be held July 25, 1914, and

"Whereas, we believe that he would make a great Governor, such as is needed at this time in our state,

"Therefore, Be it Resolved, that we, the undersigned Democrats form ourselves into a Tom Ball Club and pledge ourselves to do everything that we can consistently to help nominate and elect him for Governor."

The following precinct chairmen were selected to act as a county executive committee:

No. 1	T. L. Farris.
No. 2	G. M. Royalty.
No. 3	Liff Sanders.
No. 4	Jeff Woods.
Slaton,	R. A. Baldwin.
Acuff,	J. T. Brown.
Slide,	Joe Elbson.
Canyon,	W. B. Burford.
Grovesville,	Jim Bowles.

It was decided to invite the Hon. Thos. Ball to speak at Lubbock during the campaign, and that a big rally be held on the day selected by him.

A resolution was unanimously carried endorsing the candidacy

of Jno. W. Baker, Lubbock County's own candidate, for state treasurer.

Anyone wishing to join the Club will call at the office of R. A. Baldwin and enroll. It is desired to make the Lubbock Club five hundred strong. The Slatonite has a list of the charter members.

August Blume, a Nebraska subscriber, writes the Slatonite that he is making arrangements to come down next fall to see the South Plains country. The way the Slatonite tells the story makes it attractive for him.

LUBBOCK WINS TWO GAMES.

The Lubbock baseball team came to Slaton last Friday for two games of ball, and took the heavy end of the score back home with them in both games. The game Friday they won by a score of 7 to 6. The Slaton boys should have had the game, but they threw it away on errors. There were several grand stand plays made, the kind that puts the thrillers into a game, and this made the going very interesting.

The game Saturday was won by the visitors 6 to 3. Barring errors the game should have been 3 to 2. Slaton got six hits and left twelve men on bases. Lubbock got five hits and left eight men on bases.

Playing for Lubbock were: Herb, L. Baker, Harry, Woman, Woods, Medford, Daddy, B. Baker, and Dock. For Slaton were: Johnson, Duren, Kuykendall, DeLong, Luther, Shaw, Mc Reynolds, Stacey, Eckert, Paul, Hurd, and John DeLong.

The Lubbock boys are a nice bunch of fellows and play a good game of ball all the time. Their superiority was in team work and better inside ball. When Slaton gets better team work we will have a good team.

Spring fires in neighboring towns seem to be the rule. Crosbyton had a fire Saturday which destroyed the Woodmen Hall building, and three or four others.

FARMERS GRADE ROBERSTON ROAD

Gather at Canyon and Make
Good Crossing from the
North Over River.

The Slatonite is proud of being able to say that our good farmers of the Fiddler Robertson neighborhood took the matter in hand of working the road from Slaton across the Brazos into traveling condition, and gathered at the crossing one day last week with teams, plows, scrapers, and fresnoes and graded the road. Composing the force of workers were Messrs. Smithers, Wheeler, Naylor, Robertson, and the latter's sons; and they made a real road out of the crossing; that is, they made a road from the river bed up the north side of the canyon and onto the plains. They fixed the river bed and graded the hill until it is in splendid shape. Their public spiritedness is certainly commendable and Slaton should exemplify the town's appreciation of this work by completing the road.

The grade on the approach to the river crossing from the south should now be worked, and this should be done at once. This is Slaton's job and Slaton should put the matter up to the county commissioners in such a way that they will not again ignore a demand for this road. When farmers are in such need of a road that they will give their time and labor to the opening of that road without one cent of recompense it surely is time that the county commissioners were declaring that road a public road.

The farmers of the Robertson neighborhood rightly ask that Slaton fix the approach to the river crossing from the south. After the work they have done we cannot ignore our responsibility with any degree of self-respect.

The Slatonite has a copy of the Henry Exall Farm Book, an encyclopedia of modern farming methods taken from the manuscript and information gathered by the late Henry Exall. The book is a very valuable one for Texas farmers and coming as it does from the able pen of Henry Exall is a compendium of valuable information on agriculture that cannot be secured elsewhere.

F. V. Williams will move to a farm near Wilson which he has rented. He had the Avery Turner farm south of Slaton for this year and was preparing it for a big crop when it was sold to T. J. Able. Mr. Williams gave possession and chose another place. He is going into stock farming.

Ed Keightley and family left Slaton the first of the week in their Ford for Artesia, N. M. From there they expect to continue to California.

You ought to be a subscriber to your home paper.



We Are All Slaves to Habit....

Bound with shackles no human hand can break, and none has so strong a hold on "we Men" as the custom of springing new Clothes on our friends Easter Morn.

It's a Fitting Tribute

To the sentiment of the day and a worthy recognition of the time of Nature's Awakening. The man who neglects his tailoring for Easter Morning suffers by contrast. He'll find all the "other fellows" radiantly attired in the newest garb.

We're Ready for You

with hundreds of samples from New York's and Chicago's Leading Tailors.

Proctor & Olive

Gents Furnishing Goods
Slaton, Texas

Town Building or The Mail Order Evil vs. Community Prosperity thru Co-Operation.

Town building depends to a large extent on community co-operation, and the amount of growth which a town makes each year is dependent on the number of people in a town. People in numbers make towns. It takes industries to attract and hold people. The farming industry is one of the most important, and the more farmers we can get to buy from us and sell to us the bigger agricultural town we will have.

Then to make a still better town we must have manufacturing and shop industries, the larger and more extensive the the industries the bigger the town will be. Planing mills, garages, blacksmith shops, printing offices, tin shops, and all other similar classes of creative industry are of modest pretensions but taken as a whole constitute a considerable portion of a town's prosperity. The more we get of them the better are the chances for something bigger. The mercantile investments are only incident to the industries, but their very existence depends on the success of those industries.

Take away patronage from those industries, refuse to purchase the products of the farm, and the town will soon lose a considerable portion of its population, and as a final result there would be no town.

One of those industries of which we would speak is the printing office. Without a printing office a town could not have a newspaper, and a town without a newspaper is the next thing to a wide place in the road. And yet there are business men who buy their printing from city printing offices. In other words they give their support to the upkeep of an industry in another town. A few days ago a mail order printing office drummer "made" Slaton. We do not know how many orders he took from the home office but presume that he secured some, and these orders could come only from merchants whose very existence depends on the industry of the town.

Those merchants continually urge the Slatonite to "hammer" people who patronize mail order houses. The mail order drummer spent a few nickles in town but that will be the last he will ever spend until he comes back and wants more orders. The Slatonite spends practically every cent that comes into the office every month right with the merchants of Slaton, and perhaps some of those same merchants gave this mail order man an order for job printing. The mail order man perhaps cut below our prices from 25c to 50c on a job, but he didn't spend his profit in Slaton. Oh, no. He took it to Fort Worth or Dallas to spend it. We (which means the entire office force or payroll) not only spend all our profits in Slaton, but also the original cost of the job, and right with the merchants who give us the work.

Is it fair to us who have an investment of a few thousand dollars in the town and are dependent on the patronage of the business men to maintain that investment to send work out of town? Does not the merchant lose also to patronize a man who invests a few nickles in cigars in the town by patronizing him and seeing the money walk out of town never to return? Especially if the money spent with a home printing office would not only stay in town but go right back to the merchant who gave the order for printing.

The printing office is one of the sources by which a newspaper gets its revenue. The Slatonite does an invaluable service to the town every week without a cent of pay, and that service is boosting, building, and passing the spirit of cheer to the town's citizens. Lately we have

been to considerable expense in putting out a paper, more expensive than our advertising justifies. We figured that the business men would appreciate the additional efforts to present Slaton to the world in the best light that we could. And they have appreciated it. The Slatonite has a better advertising patronage than it had had for months.

Our readers have appreciated the enlarged Slatonite. We have added more names to our subscription list in the last few weeks than we ever did since the first few weeks of the paper's history. We hope to add still more names.

But the advertising patronage is not yet what it ought to be for the expense we incur in the making of the Slatonite, and we hope to merit a larger amount. We would like to think that we have the confidence of the business men which entitles us to all their job printing also. After putting in our best efforts and work in printing a paper that we think will help to make a bigger Slaton, it is like putting our enthusiasm in an ice bath to have the work withheld from us and sent out of town. It is not only a financial loss to us and the town, but it is disparaging to our merit, a hurt to our professional pride.

This article is intended for no one personally and is written without a particle of enmity; is just merely given for the business men to consider some features that perhaps have not occurred to them. We wish that we might say that Slaton has as much pride in its own as the little inland town of Gomez which boasted that a mail order drummer visited that place without securing an order of any kind for a job of printing, and said that they preferred to keep their printing at home for the benefit of their own printer and their home industry.

The vernal equinox last Saturday when the sun's center crossed the equator starting back north brought quite a storm of wind and snow over the Southwest. In southern Texas near the Gulf severe weather was reported. The snow at Slaton amounted to only a flurry and did not remain on the ground.

I am agent for the Ladies Home Journal, the Saturday Evening Post, and the Country Gentleman. Please hand me your subscriptions.

Vyola Talley.

The Lubbock county lines are being retraced and remarked. Several of the counties of the South Plains are surveying their boundary lines this spring.

Screen the doors and windows before the flies take the home. Tudor will furnish and hang screens. Get his prices.

WANTED — Several bright young ladies to study nursing Apply to Guyton Nichol Hospital, Plainview.

We Wish to Announce
Our Spring and Summer Showing for 1914.

Late Creations Moderately Priced

Ladies' Ready to Wear
Dresses, Kimonas, Slips, Combination Suits
Middie Blouses and Petticoats.

Men's Shirts for the Particular Dresser.

Walk Over, Brown, and Patriot Shoes.

The Hub of Fashions

Simmons & Robertson

Dry Goods Department

Seed sweet potatoes for sale at the Sanitary Grocery.

For Piano Sheet Music see Clarence W. Olive.

A \$40,000 court house for Crosby county is under construction at Crosbyton.

The Slatonite wants the news.

FOR SALE

Lots 10 and 11 in Block 70 of South Park Addition to Slaton, Texas. Price \$80.00 each. \$25 cash and \$5.00 per month.

J. W. SHROYER, St. Elmo, Illinois

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

WRITE.....

R. J. Murray & Co.

SLATON, TEXAS

For Information

About the City of SLATON

and the Surrounding Country

The Charter Oak Ranges Are Best
Three Sold Last Few Days! You Get Them at

HOWERTON'S

Furniture, Chinaware, Queensware, Notions, too.

UNDERTAKING

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.

BROADWAY JONES

BY EDWARD MARSHALL
FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

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SYNOPSIS.

Jackson Jones, nicknamed "Broadway" because of his continual glorification of New York's great thoroughfare, is anxious to get away from his home town of Jonesville. Abner Jones, his uncle, is very angry because Broadway refuses to settle down and take a place in the gum factory in which he succeeded to his father's interest. Judge Spotswood informs Broadway that \$250,000 left him by his father is at his disposal. Broadway makes record time in heading for his favorite street in New York. With his New York friend, Robert Wallace, Broadway creates a sensation by his extravagance on the White Way. Four years pass and Broadway suddenly discovers that he is not only broke, but heavily in debt. He applies to his uncle for a loan and receives a package of chewing gum with the advice to chew it and forget his troubles. He quietly seeks work without success. Broadway gives what is intended to be a farewell supper to his New York friends, and before it is over becomes engaged to Mrs. Gerard, an ancient widow, wealthy and very giddy. Wallace expostulates with the aged flirt and her youthful fiancé, but fails to better the situation. He learns that Broadway is broke and offers him a position with his father's advertising firm, but it is declined. Wallace takes charge of Broadway's affairs. Broadway receives a telegram announcing the death of his Uncle Abner in Europe. Broadway is his sole heir. Peter Pembroke of the Consolidated Chewing Gum company offers Broadway \$1,200,000 for his gum plant and Broadway agrees to sell.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Jackson was in a fever of excitement. "Well, come on then. Let's get them! What are you waiting for? Let's get this all over with as quickly as we can."

"Do you mean business?"
"Certainly I mean business." Jackson gazed at him with definite reproach. "Don't I look like a business man?" He displayed the sack coat Rankin had laid out for him that morning. "Look at this business suit!" He felt in his pocket, found what he sought and was extremely satisfied. "And I've got a lead pencil and everything. Certainly I mean business."
"You'll sign the articles today?"
"For twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars I'd sign a murderer's confession!"

Pembroke, who never smiled, looked at his watch. "It's twelve o'clock."
"Is it?"
"We'll meet here at two."
"I'll be right here, waiting."
"Will you shake hands with me?"
"Sure! I'll kiss you if you want me to."

Even this would not divert Pembroke to frivolity. "Mr. Jones, you're doing business with a great company." Jackson nodded. "You're the greatest company I've ever met."
"Two, then. Don't forget—two!"
"Twelve! Don't forget—twelve!"
"Good-by!"
"Good-by!"

Jackson went with him to the elevator, watching his every movement with something which approached in its brooding care an anxious mother's. "Be careful when you cross the street! Good-by!"

Returning to the table, he once more read the magic telegram. "That's the first time I knew that they could telegraph from heaven," he said fervently, just as Rankin entered.

"I told the chef, sir," said the butler, "and he says—"

"Never mind what he says. You tell him he must stay. I wouldn't have him go for all the world. Go out and raise his salary and give him my regards. You understand?"
"Yes, sir."
"Say, come here. Where do you live when you're not here?"
"In Harlem, sir."
"Got a flat?"
"Yes, sir."
"Like this furniture?" He waved his hand at the extremely ornate contents of the room.
"Beautiful, sir."
"It's yours."
"Oh, thank you, sir! Anything else?"
"No; what else do you want? Get out! Don't bother me. I'm a business man."

He hurried to the telephone, laughing very earnestly, as if he really liked to laugh.
"Give me long-distance, please. Hello, long-distance; hello, long-distance. I want to talk to Jonesville, Conn. Jonesville, J—o—there, you've got it right. Judge Spotswood, attorney at law, Jonesville, Conn. Yes; this is 2468 Huyler. Rush it, won't you? Thanks!"

As he sat and contemplated with a smile of great intensity the tips of his slim patent-leather shoes, Wallace, having done his task, returned to him with a grave face.

"Well," said he, almost discouraged, "I've figured it all up, and the best that I can do makes the grand total sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-two dollars."
"How much?"

"Sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-two dollars."

"Spending money, my boy," said Broadway grandly. "Spending money."

With that he sprang out of his chair and rushed about the room with joy upon his face and showed his deep contempt for little things by breaking several costly vases, throwing six American Beauty roses in the waste basket and tossing cushions here and there. One of an especial elegance he threw out on Broadway, never looking to see whose head it softly lighted upon.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Wallace. "Going crazy all over again?"

Broadway paused in his extraordinary movements. "Do you know what I'm going to do from now on? I'm going to make the loudest noise Broadway has heard since Dewey came home from the war."

"What are you talking about?" Jackson looked him kindly in the eye.

"Know what happened after you had left the room? A messenger boy with golden wings and a jeweled harp blew through that window, handed me this telegram and flew right back to



"We've Got to Make a Train."

the Golden Gates." He thrust the telegram at Wallace. "Read, read, read!"

The dazed Wallace read aloud. The reader paused. "God!" he exclaimed. "Did he sign it?" Broadway begged, without the slightest incredulity.

"It's signed Judge Spotswood. Who's he?"

"My uncle's lawyer."
"Is this a joke?"
"If it is I'll make a reputation as a gun man!"

"Why, this is the most wonderful thing that ever happened!"

"It is all of that, and more. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to buy Brooklyn—and close it up."

But Wallace was not swept away by his extravagance. He really was a business man. "Pembroke," he reflected. "Why, he phoned. I took his message."

"He was here. Say, did you ever hear of the Consolidated Chewing Gum company?"

"Why, certainly. They're the biggest advertisers in America."

"Well, he's second vice-president. He's coming back at two o'clock."

"What for?"

"To bring me a check for twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars! I'm going to sell him Jones' Pepsin."

Instantly the business man was up-permost in Wallace. He became alert, suspicious. "He made that offer?"

"Yes."
"And you accepted?"
"Yes."
"Sign an agreement?"
"Not yet."

Wallace spoke now, with the firmness of a heavy hammer striking on an anvil. "And you're not going to." Broadway gazed at him aghast. "Why?"

"Now, don't give me any argument. You've been a damn fool all your life and here's a chance to get even with yourself."

"Turn down a million two hundred thousand dollars!"

"Yes."
Broadway shook his head. "Not on your biography!"

Wallace was not impressed. "What you need is a keeper, and I'm going to take the job."

The telephone rang, and, as Broadway would have answered it, Wallace pushed him ruthlessly away. It was plain that he had definitely assumed command.

The message was from Judge Spotswood. As soon as Broadway learned this he explained that he had called the judge and wished him to come at once to New York city. Wallace gave

him one sad glance of pure disgust. Then he told the judge exactly otherwise.

"No," he called into the phone. "No; don't you come here. We'll come there."

Broadway was instantly rebellious. "I'll do nothing of the kind."

Wallace waved him off with a condemnatory hand, and continued talking to the telephone. "We'll be there at six o'clock. . . . In time for dinner. . . . Yes; good-by!" He hung up the receiver, and turned to Broadway with the hard but happy smile of the real business man who has succeeded in accomplishing a coup.

"Say, what are you trying to do?" said Broadway, not without resentment. "Run my affairs for me?"

"Yes," said Wallace readily, and then called loudly for the butler. When he came he told him to pack, without delay, a grip for Mr. Jones, who, he gravely announced, was going traveling.

"To—er—Japan?" inquired the hopeful Rankin.

"Same thing, Connecticut."

"Look here," said Broadway wrathfully, "I don't intend—"

The bell rang.

"Go see who that is," said Wallace in a most peremptory tone.

"Say, I'm not working for you, am I?" asked Broadway peevishly.

"Go on; do as you are told."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Broadway, but started toward the door.

Wallace, though, was thinking. "Wait! Hold on. It may be Mrs. Gerard. Didn't she say she would be back in half an hour?"

Broadway paused, dismayed. "That's so!" He hurried to the window, and looked out; he turned back with a worried face. "Surest thing you know. It's her car, all right."

"Get your hat," said Wallace. "Is there another way out of this house?"

"The servants' elevator at the back."

"Rankin! Oh, Rankin!"

Rankin, breathless, hurried in. "I'll have the grip packed in five minutes, sir."

"Never mind the grip. We can't wait for it. We've got to make a train. See who's at the door. We're going out the other way." He seized Broadway's wrist. "Come on!"

Jackson, departing in a somewhat sideways fashion, owing to the steady pull of Wallace's strong arm, called back to Rankin: "Oh, there'll be a party of gentlemen here at two o'clock to see me, and—"

"What shall I tell them, sir?"

Wallace answered: "Tell them to go to hell," said he.

CHAPTER VII.

Jonesville was in mourning. Broadway's departed uncle had inspired not much affection; he had not been one to care to; but for many years, to the workers in the factory, he had been a sort of business deity—the semi-providential head of the great enterprise through which they gained their livelihood.

The folk of Jonesville had neither loved him nor revered him; he had been a sort of elemental necessity to their peace of mind; they had, so to speak, leaned with a feeling of security upon his stubbornness, knowing he would never sell out to the gum trust; if he did not sell out to the gum trust the factory would operate; if the factory kept running Jonesville would continue to eat, drink, and, in its crude, undeveloped way, be merry. Now that he was dead, a feeling of uncertainty spread a mild panic through the little town.

The judge was waiting for the two men in the hotel corridor. His worry over what the new owner of the factory might decide to do about the perfectly well known trust plans was quite as keen as anyone's, but his dignity forbade that he should make display of it.

It was something of a relief to him when Broadway hurried to him from the hotel office and held out his hand, although the boy's appearance was a shock to him. He remembered him as Higgins' mother had described him and as the dapper, boyish youth who had aroused the wonder of the town with patent-leather shoes and new dance steps. This pale, extremely urban man, young still, naturally, with a face which told untoward tales of night experiences such as were not written upon any face in Jonesville, no matter what its age, nonplussed and confused him. He had expected normal changes; he saw metamorphosis.

"Judge," said Wallace, who, although a stranger, was first to grasp his hand, "I'm glad to see you." There was a harassed look upon his face as if he

might have had a difficult time with Broadway on the train.

The judge took Broadway's hand. "And this is little Jackson! Broadway, we used to call you. Well, I'm glad to see you!"

"Thanks, judge." Broadway really was glad, and shook hands heartily, although the sybarite in him already was in strong revolt against the old hotel.

"I'll go in and register, Broadway," said Wallace. "And I'll put you down as Mr. Jackson. No use in—"

"Yes," said the judge approvingly, "the town is all upset. There might be—"

"I understand."

"If it should get around that the old mill would be sold to the trust."

The desk was near the door which led into the fly-specked corridor and the judge was listening as Wallace made terms with the clerk.

"What'll you take now, Mr. Wallace?" said the clerk, after careful study of the signature upon the register. "Or are you Mr. Jackson?"

"No; Wallace. I'm Mr. Jackson's secretary. And we'd like two rooms with—"

"Two!" said the clerk, astonished. That was such extravagance as never had before occurred in that hotel.

"Yes; two connecting rooms, with a bath between, if possible."

The clerk gazed, open-mouthed.

"Well, now," he explained, "I don't guess I can do that. We got a bathroom. Years ago a barber leased the shop and had it put in next to it. Thought he'd rent it out to strangers. But he didn't. It's still there, but lord, he's dead, and I guess the lead pipe has been used som'ers else. Know it has, in fact."

"Well—"

"Lead pipe, ye know, is val'able."

"Is it? Well, do the best you can for us. Telephones in the rooms, are there?"

"In the rooms? No. They's one across the street at th' liv'ry stable."

"Well, we'll have to make that do, then. Can we get some dinner?"

"Dinner's over't two o'clock. Supper's over now. Might fix up somethin', I suppose."

"All right, do the best you can for us and send it to the rooms."

"What? Send it to the rooms! Want I should come along to feed ye?" The clerk was definitely angry. These city folks!

The judge stepped in. "I want you and Mr.—er—Mr. Jackson should come to my house for your supper," he suggested.

"We'd better not, tonight, judge. Tomorrow, possibly."

Broadway cast at Wallace a pathetic glance. Could it be possible that he meant to stay in Jonesville till tomorrow night? Wallace sent him a look of warning.

"Well, if we can't have supper in our rooms, I suppose we'll take it where we can," he granted, determined that if Broadway really came back to



"It Doesn't Seem Possible It's You."

Jonesville, as he intended to compel him to, some changes should be made in the hotel.

"Minnie!" shouted the clerk, in a reverberating voice, calculated to express itself, though miles might intervene. "Two sup-p-e-r-s!"

"All right," he said to Wallace.

"Want to wash? Wash basins—"

"We'll do that, anyway, up in our rooms."

"What with?" exclaimed the clerk triumphantly. "They ain't no water there."

"But couldn't—"

"Ain't no water," said the clerk in-

differently, grandly, "ner no soap, ner towels, ner pitchers, ner no bowls, ner nothin'." He turned away.

"But where's the key?"

"Ain't no key. We're honest folks in Jonesville. I'm goin' out."

"But where are the rooms?"

"Head th' stairs. One and two. They ain't no others." With no further words he went his way.

"My God, Bob," said Broadway, approaching him appealingly, "you're not going to make me live here, are you?"

"Yes; but I'm going to build a new hotel here," Wallace answered.

The judge hovered close to Broadway. "I wish you'd come up to the house to supper."

"Not tonight, judge, thanks."

"No," he granted sympathetically, "I suppose you want a rest. Tired after four hours on the train, of course. Gad, it's quite a journey! How've you been, Broadway?" The judge pronounced it "bean," as if it came in pods.

"Oh, so, so, judge."

"Busy, I suppose, down to New York—"

"Yes; busy every minute—night and day."

"Uh-huh, I s'pose so. What did you say the business was you've been followin'?"

Wallace answered before Broadway had a chance. "Liquor business, principally," he said tersely.

Broadway's eyes flashed toward him a lightning glance of sheer malevolence, which his caught without a sign of anything but high amusement. "Yes—er—judge," said Broadway, "I have invested quite a lot of money in the liquor business."

"Well," said the cautious judge, anxious not to hurt his feelings, and, in his heart, not shocked, "somebody's got to sell it. And I suppose it was the wholesale business you were in. That's always thought respectable."

"You bet it was the wholesale business," Wallace broke in cheerily.

Broadway began to feel intense distaste for the alertness of successful business men. They took a fellow up and make a monkey of him before he had a chance to think. This whole trip to Jonesville—

"Judge," said the energetic advertising agent, "maybe you would like a little nip."

"My boy," the judge replied in mournful tones, "you can't get it here at this hotel. It ain't been to be had here since the Episcopalian that once owned it was bought out by a Methodist."

"I've—" Broadway began.

"I've got some in my pocket," said Wallace, interrupting.

"Now, Bob—" Broadway began to protest, but the judge himself did not permit him to complete his sentence.

"I could show you to your room," he said, "being as the clerk's gone out."

"By all means. We—"

"Er no," the judge said sadly. "That wouldn't really do. My wife—"

Jackson was looking round him for his bag. Rankin always— Suddenly he remembered that he did not have his bag. They had fled without it as they dodged Mrs. Gerard. He gnashed his teeth at Wallace.

But, even though the liquor question was in no way settled at the session, the judge stayed a little while to gossip, principally making inquiries about the story which had been prominently printed in the local papers that Broadway was to marry a rich widow.

Wallace took command here, too, with lightning-like celerity. "Judge," said he with gravity, "if every widow in New York who has confided to the newspapers that she would like to marry Mr. Jones had married him he'd be a modern Mormon."

"Yes, I suppose so—with the prospects of this business here in Jonesville and a big wholesale liquor business of his own there in the city. I bet they have been after him. But I must go. You'll be up after supper?"

"Very soon, if supper's what I think it will be," Broadway answered.

Mrs. Spotswood was consumed with curiosity when her husband arrived at home.

"Why didn't you bring him here to supper?" she inquired.

"Well, mother, you know they've been on a railroad train four hours. I guess they're pretty tired. They'll get supper at the hotel." He laughed.

"Mr. Wallace, he's with Broadway, asked to have it served up in their rooms, and Gilroy, the hotel clerk, asked him if they wanted he should feed it to them." His laughter became violent. "You know Gilroy's very witty."

"How does Broadway look?"

"Ten years older. My, how that boy has changed!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH LIVER

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach. Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great. A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

The average man's idea of being unselfish is to let some other fellow have something he doesn't want.

SAGE TEA AND SULPHUR DARKENS YOUR GRAY HAIR

Look Years Younger! Try Grandma's Recipe of Sage and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger. Adv.

Some men are always getting busy; but they don't keep busy.

Red Cross Ball Blue gives double value for your money, goes twice as far as any other. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Some men mistake a decanter for the fountain of youth.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for today.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

WHITE SEASON COMING

INDICATIONS THAT SELDOM FAIL POINT TO FACT.

Hand Embroidery on Lingerie Frocks Will Also Be a Feature—Graceful Example is Shown in the Sketch Here.

Hand embroidery will figure conspicuously in the lingerie frocks of the coming summer. Intimations of this fact are quickly established in looking over the assortment designed for the southern trip, and surely it takes but little convincing to reach the conclusion that there is nothing in the trimming lists quite so nice as hand work.

Especially is this true in the case of the all white summer frocks, and, though it may seem superfluous to say it here, all indications point to a "white season"—that is, white is promised unprecedented popularity.

A graceful frock is depicted in the sketch, with hand embroidery to give it added charm. White cotton marquisette and ratine are combined in the model, the former being used for



Marquisette and Ratine.

the skirt and gump, and the latter for the coatlike blouse and tunic.

The blouse is softly draped and surpliced over the bust with a turned back fold of itself forming a little collar around the V-neck. The sleeves are long and gathered into a narrow wristband, then finished with a ruffle of scalloped embroidery.

The skirt is in two deep founces. The first reaches to the knees and is fulled in at the waist with tiny pin folds instead of gathers. The second may be similarly fulled onto a knee-length smooth fitting foundation. Both have a scalloped and dotted border of embroidery worked in white floss, and the upper founce is lifted and draped a trifle under a velvet bow. The ratine blouse has elbow length kimono sleeves simply finished with a narrow turnback facing of self material. The blouse fronts are left widely open, disclosing the surpliced gump, and are finished with lapels and a collar of itself. Stenciled rose motifs are embroidered across the lower surface of fronts and sleeves.

The short tunic that dips toward the back has a five-inch space left between its front edges at the waistline, but they are drawn together and cross each other at the lower edge. This is scalloped and embroidered with rose motifs and scant gathers are evenly distributed about the waist.—Kansas City Star.

Pedestal Laundry Holders.

Better far than the laundry bag, is the pedestal shaped box, which may be as elegant looking as its owner elects to have it and may stand about the dressing room on an equality with the other necessary pieces of furniture. The pedestal may be made of the most ordinary wood, since invariably it is covered with cretonne, worsted brocade or any thick closely woven window draping material. It should be neatly finished at the edges with a gimp, or a fancy braid. Inside it may be lined with white oilcloth, although that is not necessary, and it has a flat lid which when closed, makes a convenient table top. The laundry pedestal fits closely into a corner, out of the way, but it looks nice standing beside the bed, as it is precisely the right size to hold a night light, a book and a carafe.

Fur Butterflies.

Butterflies of fur in contrast is a new notion in muffs—leopard on seal, seal on ermine, wired to stand out.

IF YOU WOULD BE "CHIC"

Attention to Detail is the Secret of Acquiring That Exceedingly Elusive Charm.

The art of being chic is entirely summed up in the few words, "Attention to detail."

It is here that the French woman excels.

The American woman who has acquired it will tell you that she will take longer, perhaps, to settle a collar or fasten a tie than another woman will to put on a whole gown.

There is only one way of wearing a thing—the right way.

Womankind can definitely be divided into two classes—women who dress and the women who merely clothe themselves.

The former are those who have the happy knack of putting on their clothes with just the small finishing touch that makes for perfection.

Costly or wonderful of style or materials their garments need not be, for whatever it is, plain or elaborate, high priced or inexpensive, they always succeed in looking well turned out, well finished and "chic" to the least little item.

The average American woman today most certainly dresses well.

One realizes that the subtle art of "finish" is far more widespread than formerly, and that today there are few women who do not achieve an attractive appearance.

Some women still make the mistake of thinking that elaborateness of construction and a general "fussy" effect stand for good dressing, but most now fully understand the value of simplicity—that chic simplicity that is the most elusive of all qualities to obtain, and that is in itself a guaranty of good taste and perfection.

COMBINATION BAG AND MUFF

Idea Evolved by Clever Woman is Well Worth Being Copied and is Easy to Carry Out.

Starting out on a shopping expedition, one woman said to her friend: "Aren't you going to carry your handbag?" "No," replied the other, "I have made a bag in my muff, and it is much more convenient than carrying an extra one this cold weather, and the muff answers the purpose of both muff and bag."

She handed the muff to her companion for inspection, says the Christian Science Monitor. In it were two bags or pockets. The first was large, being about two-thirds the size of one side of the muff, and in this were slipped small packages, letters or anything of the kind that it was necessary to carry, and a large button securely fastened the lap which prevented anything from slipping out.

On the outside of this large pocket was a small one for holding a little pocketbook and keys. This was also fastened with a large button and buttonhole, so that the contents of the pocket were secure and this saved the carrying of a handbag, which was a great convenience and enabled the owner of the muff to keep both hands protected.

DRESS FOR SMALL GIRL



Such a simple style as this may be made up in almost any dress material. Our model is in brown cashmere, trimmed with straps of spotted foulard in two shades of blue. The bodice, which is short-waisted, is cut Magyar, and is attached to a waistband to which the skirt is also joined.

Quaint Table Bells.

Very quaint and attractive are some of the table bells shown now. Some are miniature copies of famous church bells. One in silver is a replica of the deep-toned bell at Moscow, and the bells of many of the cathedrals in German cities are beautifully reproduced.

LITTLE CHANCE TO LAND HIM

Either Young Man Was Very Slow or the Bait Was Not Sufficiently Attractive.

Reginald Vanderbilt said at a pre-Easter wedding in New York:

"How interesting it would be if we could know how all these pretty weddings came about! Often, no doubt, the girls themselves brought them about, unless, indeed, the man was too inordinately dense, like Travers."

"Travers met a pretty girl last winter in Bermuda. He danced with her, he wheeled with her for strawberries and cream, and he bathed with her in the pretty blue pool with its lining of azure tiles."

"But he didn't propose. Was he too bashful? The girl, at any rate, one afternoon in a tea garden, offered to read his future, and, holding his big brown hand in her slim white one, she murmured, as her finger moved delicately across his palm:

"This line indicates that before you lies—happiness."

She paused, with downcast eyes. But nothing followed. The young man sat beside her, grinning sheepishly. Her lip curled in disdain, and she added, in a clear, cold voice:

"But this other line indicates that you'll never overtake that future. You're too slow."

DEEP CRACKS ON JOINTS

P. O. Box 378, El Paso, Texas.—"My trouble began December, 1911. It commenced on me by causing a scurf-like skin and my toe joints, finger joints and lips commenced to crack and split open. My finger cracks would bleed all day long; the cracks were very deep and my thumb seemed to be cracked to the bone. My hands were so bad that I had to sleep with gloves on. The cracks in my lips would bleed often during the day and I used to put adhesive plaster across them to try to keep them closed. My toes would bleed, and I would find blood in my socks when the day's work was done. The skin around the cracks was red and inflamed. I wore shoes one size too large on account of my feet being so sore. I used to become frantic with pain at times. My hands and feet used to swell.

"I suffered agony for four months. I went to town and got some Cuticura Soap and Ointment. From the time I commenced with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment until completely cured was just nineteen days." (Signed) Jack Harrison, Nov. 19, 1912.

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.

Taking Life Easy.

United States Senator Lee S. Overman of North Carolina is always supplied with a stock of good southern tales.

"In the southern part of Arkansas," relates Mr. Overman, "where the natives take life easy, a man and his wife were one day sitting on the porch when a funeral procession passed the house. The man was comfortably seated in a chair which was tilted back on its hind legs against the side of the house and was engaged in whittling on a piece of wood. As the procession proceeded he said:

"I reckon ol' man Williams has got about the biggest funeral that's ever been held around hyer, Caroline."

"A purty good-sized one, is it Bud?" queried the wife, making no effort to move.

"You betcher!" Bud answered.

"I certainly would like to see it," said the woman. "What a pity I ain't facin' that way!"—Everybody's Magazine.

No Argument.

Andrew Carnegie, apropos of a war advocate, told a New York reporter a little story.

"The arguments of this war advocate—the argument that warfare perfects a man's character, for example—are just as senseless as that of the Bullfrog fire-eater.

"The sheriff of Bullfrog told a fire-eater that, since he had already killed seven men, he must cease to go armed."

"What!" roared the fire-eater. "What, me not go armed? And every little Bullfrog wild flower has a pistol and shoots!"

The Modern Way.

"So you didn't secure that good cook you were after."

"No; she wasn't satisfied with the certificate of character I had from my last one."

Doing It.

"Why do you mix with all those university professors?"

"My doctor says I must live in a dry atmosphere."

To Be Desired.

"How is the star actress today?"

"I don't know. The doctor's in her room now, taking her temperament."

The Reason.

"The Italian sunsets are peculiar."

"Yes; a sort of day-go institution."—Baltimore American.

WHEN KIDNEYS ACT BAD TAKE GLASS OF SALTS

Eat Less Meat if Kidneys Hurt or You Have Backache or Bladder Misery—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which all regular meat eaters should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.—Adv.

There is nothing hypocritical about the wagging of a dog's tail.

1913 RECORD *Magnificent Crops in all Western Canada*

All parts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have produced wonderful yields of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Wheat graded from Contract to No. 1 Hard, weighed heavy and yielded from 20 to 45 bushels per acre; 22 bushels was about the total average. Mixed Farming may be considered fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. In 1912, and again in 1913, at Chicago, Manitoba carried off the Championship for beef steer. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent. For the homesteader, the man who wishes to farm extensively, or the investor, Canada offers the biggest opportunity of any place on the continent.

Apply for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

G. A. COOK
125 W. 9th Street
Kansas City, Mo.

Canadian Government Agent

160 ACRE
**FARMS IN
WESTERN
CANADA
FREE**

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, No. 2, W.B. THERAPION Used in French Hospitals with GREAT SUCCESS. CURES CHRONIC WEAKNESS, LOST VIGOR, & WIM, KIDNEY, BLADDER, DISEASES, BLOOD POISON, PILES, EITHER NO. DRUGGISTS or MAIL \$1. POST 4 CTS. FOUQUERIE CO., 96, BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK or LYMAN BROS. TORONTO. WRITE FOR FREE BOOK TO DR. LE CLEGG MED. CO., HAVERSTADT RD., HAMPSHIRE, LONDON, ENGL. TRY NEW DRUGS (PATENT) FORMS EASY TO TAKE. LASTING CURE. SEE THAT TRADE MARKED WORD "THERAPION" IS ON BRIT. GOVT. STAMP APPLIED TO ALL GENUINE PACKETS.

IF YOU HAVE
Malaria or Piles, Sick Headache, Costive Bowels, Dumb Ague, Sour Stomach, and Belching; if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite,

Tutt's Pills
will remedy these troubles. Price, 25 cents.

THE BEST STOCK SADDLES on earth at reasonable prices, write for free illustrated catalogue.

A. H. HESS & SON
305 Travis St. Houston, Tex.

Free 220 acre level Colorado rainbelt homesteads; good corn land; reasonable location fees. Write today. Maxwell, Cooper Building, Denver, Colorado

Pettit's Eye Salve QUICK RELIEF EYE TROUBLES

Oklahoma Directory

PILES Cured without knife. Fistula and Fluore without chloroform or ether and no confinement in hospital. Located 10 years in Okla. City. Hundreds of satisfied patients from all parts of Okla. and no failures. Write for 120-page booklet. Dr. Chas. P. Vickers, Formerly Chief Asst. to Drs. Thornton & Minor, Bassett Bldg., 1154 N. Broadway, Okla. City

For best results ship
Dale - Stickney
Commission Co.
Live Stock Exchange Building
Stock Yards, OKLAHOMA CITY
Markets furnished by phone or telegram when desired.

R. (Dick) Johnson
President
THE HUSTLERS H. J. Hurley
Manager
JOHNSON & HURLEY
LIVE STOCK COMMISSION COMPANY
Okla. City—Fl. Worth—Kansas Okla.
Salesmen: Oattie, J. B. STRIBLING, Hogs and Sheep, H. J. HURLEY, R. N. COLE

CONCRETE SOLES

Built especially for Oklahoma climate and built under an absolute guarantee not to crack, burn or blow down, and to keep the slabs in perfect condition. WRITE FOR PRICES.
Oklahoma Concrete Slab Company
720-22 Insurance Building, Oklahoma City

LOCAL Gossip

Be sure and see Tudor for those screen doors and windows.

Don't forget the New Orleans Minstrels are to be here Thursday, April 9.

A. L. Talley moved his jewelry shop to A. E. Howerton's store this week.

J. H. Norvell of Emerson, Tex., arrived in Slaton Wednesday for a visit with his daughter, Mrs. L. R. Brastfield.

R. M. Winegar purchased the Bellomy property from C. C. Hoffman last week. He is putting down a well and otherwise improving the property.

Make it a special feature this week to read W. R. Hampton's ad. and note the prices he is making on several lines for thirty days.

HAIR WORK.—Anyone wanting hair braids made from combings see me at Southland or address me at Slaton, Texas. —Mrs. K. E. Campbell:

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Drury left Slaton Sunday for their old home at Bells, Texas, where they will live this summer. The Slatonite looks for them back to the South Plains when the weather begins to get right warm.

Certificate of Deposit Number 118 dated Oct. 17, 1913, for \$50.00 payable to Mrs. A. L. Hoffman on The Paul Bank, Slaton, Texas, has been lost and warning is hereby given that same will not be cashed.—THE PAUL BANK.

J. S. EDWARDS, PRESIDENT
O. L. SLATON, VICE PRESIDENT

P. E. JORDAN, CASHIER
J. G. WADSWORTH, ASST. CASHIER

No. 754

FIRST STATE BANK OF SLATON

IT IS OUR CONSTANT AIM to conduct our business in a manner that will protect and insure every interest of our customers and the public.

Your Banking Connection Should Be Carefully Selected. Try Us.

BARGAINS FOR SALE.

Mr. Rent Payer! What are your arguments against buying a home on the installment plan? Take an invoice of yourself and see. Calculate your rent payments against what your purchase payments would be and see if you do not decide the only reason you have not a home of your own is because you paid out your money on rents to the other fellow instead of applying on purchasing a home which you might enjoy as your own. I have not the space here to explain fully, but having purchased my first home on the installment plan I can give you information of benefit if you are interested in ever having a home.

You argue, taxes, insurance, etc., are high to buy. I ask you who pays all those necessary expenses when you rent, you or the landlord. And further, you know who gets the difference you pay in rents above the actual expenses on the property. Count up your rent receipts and you will have the answer. I can direct you to a few energetic, economical families who have bought good properties right here in Slaton and almost paid for same in the past year or two, and apparently have not dispensed with any of the other necessities of life.

I want to see every family in Slaton own a home and if you are interested with me in doing this, call on or write me, as I can and am ready to assist you.

Respectfully,

C. C. HOFFMAN, SLATON, TEXAS

PURE EGGS from Laying Strain Silver Laced Wyandotte chickens for sale, \$1.00 per setting of 15.—J. F. Berry, Slaton, Texas.

J. S. Edwards purchased a new Ford car last week, and he and R. H. Tudor made the initial trip in it Saturday, going down to Sparenberg, near Big Springs, on a business trip.

H. W. Austin of Melrose, N. M., was in Slaton last Friday looking after business interests. He was on his way home from Upton county where he had traded for five sections of land, giving Melrose business property for the land. Mr. Austin states that he likes Slaton better every time he sees the town, and will move here later should he take a notion to leave Melrose.

Our Specialties:

Hardware

and

Furniture

We want to serve you and our prices are low

FORREST HARDWARE

Wichita Extra High Patent Guaranteed FLOUR

Your Money Refunded if It Does Not Prove to Be the Very Best

\$2.95

We have bought a large shipment of the popular Wichita Extra High Patent Flour, positively the best flour milled, and we are selling it at \$2.95 per hundred. Every sack absolutely guaranteed.

Also we sell a good Hard Wheat Flour put out by the same mills at Wichita Falls at \$2.65 per 100 lbs.

Cedar Posts

We have a nice line of Cedar Posts we are selling at

9¹/₂c and 15¹/₂c

each. Be sure to examine these posts before you buy.

Barb Wire

We have both galvanized and painted.

RICH MILL RUN WHEAT BRAN \$1.55

We have millet and wheat grain, the best feed for baby chickens.

We carry at all times all kinds of feed stuff and a full supply of chicken feed.

2,000 pounds Coal \$8

Guaranteed to please you. If it does not we will come and get it and take it back to our bins.

We want your business and our prices make it to your interest to buy from us. Respectfully yours,

Slaton Grain and Coal Co.

WOODMEN CIRCLE PROGRAM.

Program for the Easter Entertainment to be given by the Woodmen Circle at the Singleton Hotel Saturday evening, April 11th.

Welcome Address, Dr. Adams. Piano Duet, Mrs. Anderson and Miss Talley.

Reading, Jacquelyn Pogue. Piano Duet, Mrs. Anderson and Miss Talley.

Reading, Miss Proctor. Quartette, Mrs. Pogue, Mrs. Conway, Mr. Arnfield and Mr. Olive.

Music. Lunch. Music.

Closing Address, Mr. Blackwell. Solo, Mr. Arnfield.

Everybody cordially invited to attend the program. Luncheon, 25 cents.

Will Izard of the New Home community was in Tahoka Monday and signed a deed to Lynn county for $\frac{1}{4}$ mile of public road. This is part of a new road being opened from New Home toward Wilson. The commissioners allow \$17.50 per mile for putting up new fencing caused by opening this road.—Tahoka News.

I am agent for the Ladies Home Journal, the Saturday Evening Post, and the Country Gentleman. Please hand me your subscriptions. Vyola Talley.

The state bounty fund on wolves and coyotes has now been exhausted, and no more bounty claims will be paid.

S. H. ADAMS
Physician and Surgeon
Office at Red Cross Pharmacy
Residence Phone 26
Office Phone 3

R. A. BALDWIN
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office West Side of Square
Slaton, Texas

Do Not Talk

over the telephone during an electrical storm. If the lightning should strike the line while you have the receiver to your ear, it would more than likely injure you seriously and possibly kill you.

THE WESTERN TELEPHONE COMPANY

Subscribe for the Slatonite.

THE RURAL TEACHER

Bears Heavy Burden of Civilization.

By Peter Radford.

With the new development of rural life, there comes the demand for increased educational facilities and the impulse of universal education which is sweeping the country calls for intelligent and consecrated leadership in our rural schools. It is upon the rural teacher that one of the heaviest burdens of civilization falls for not only must he lay the foundation of education, but he must also instill into the pupils the real love for country life, which will hold them on the farm and help to stem the townward tide.

In the city, the teacher is a cog in the vast wheel of educational machinery; in the county, he is the wheel. It is he who must mold the character, inspire the ideals and shape the destiny of the farm boys and girls, and if he is fitted by nature for the task, not only will the results of his efforts be reflected in the pupils, but gradually the whole community will be leavened with a new ambition for progress.

He can organize around the school the main interests of the boys and girls and develop the impulse for co-operation, which in time will displace the old competitive individualism and make rural social life more congenial and satisfying. The possibilities for making the rural school the social and economic center of the community are almost endless and the faculties of the rural teacher may have full play, for it will take all his time and ingenuity if he attains the full measure of success.

Must Be Community Leader.

A noted college professor recently said that three things are now required of a rural teacher. The first requirement is that he must be strong enough to establish himself as a leader in the community in which he lives and labors; second, that he must have a good grasp on the organization and management of the new and scientific farm school and, third, that he must show expert ability in dealing with the modern rural school curriculum. If he lives up to the opportunities offered him as a rural leader, he will train boys and girls distinctly for rural life, not only by giving them the rudiments of agricultural training, but by enabling them to see the attractive side of farm life, and to realize that it is a scientific business and one of the most complex of all professions with opportunities as great as those of any other calling.

"School for Parents" Needed.

The duties of the rural teacher are more varied and complicated than those of the city teacher and he sometimes has to include the parents in directing his efforts for the best results. In communities where the older population is opposed to any departure of the younger generation from established customs in either social or economic life, their co-operation can often be secured by calling community meetings and instructing the parents on matters of community interest. It is related that a successful young teacher in a remote locality had weekly meetings attended by parents of his pupils which finally evolved into a "school for parents" in which they were taught how to live a community life in its broadest and biggest sense.

Social Features Essential.

The successful rural school is the vital social and economic center of the community and the successful rural teacher is the one who realizes that the responsibility of training local leaders for the future devolves upon him. Organized play, inter-community athletics, community festivals, lyceum and debating clubs, Y. M. C. A.s, with occasional neighborhood entertainments, utilizing home talent, contests in cooking and various other phases of home economics, in corn and hog clubs and other agricultural activities are a few of the methods employed by the successful rural teacher in stimulating interest and enthusiasm while teaching them the fundamental principles of successful community life.

YOU ARE INVITED TO OUR THIRTY-DAY STOCK-REDUCING

Cost Sale

COME AT ONCE! COST PRICES ARE NOW IN EFFECT!

We are going to move several of our lines of goods to make room for spring purchases and to do this we are selling them at cost for thirty days, and some items at less than cost. Read these actual cost sale prices! You can't afford to buy elsewhere!

Over One Hundred Pair of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes to Sell at Cost.

We have about 50 pair of Men's Low Quarter Shoes, good value and standard and popular makes, which we have marked down to cost to move them. The \$5.00 shoes go at \$3.60, the \$4.00 shoes go at \$3.00, the \$3.50 shoe at \$2.85, and the \$2.50 shoe for \$1.85.

We have also about 60 pair Ladies' and Children's Slippers and Shoes, both lace and button of assorted sizes which we are selling at actual cost, at the same reduction in price as the Men's shoes.

Ginghams at 8 1-3c

We have 200 yards of 10c and 12 1-2c Gingham which we are selling at 8 1-3 cents per yard.

Jumpers, Overalls

A truly big bargain--A large lot of \$1.00 big value Overalls and Jumpers marked down to 85c each.

Embroidery

Also a large amount of embroidery which goes at cost. These low prices are money savers for you.

We have some of the popular \$1.50 Never Fail Kerosine Cans that we are selling for \$1.25.

Men's Shirts

Both soft and dress shirts at bargain prices. All \$1.25 and \$1.50 shirts go at 85c each. \$1.00 shirts go at 75c and 50c work shirts at 45c

We Have Marked Down to Cost Many Things Not Listed Here

All Groceries at Cost and Less

We have a few real bargains for you in canned goods, syrup, soap and other staples in the Grocery Line which we are closing out at cost and less. Three 15c Quaker Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs for 25c.

10-lb. bucket Snowdrift, better than Cottolene, for only \$1.10

Five-pound Bucket for 50c. Remember these are thirty-day bargains only; they mean dollars to you.

Millinery

Our late shipment of Millinery has arrived and we now have hats for all. Come and see them.

Trunks, Suit Cases

We have just unpacked a shipment of trunks and suit cases and can suit you in this line.

The Best Way to Make Money is to Save It; Our Prices Will Save You Money.

W. R. HAMPTON

SLATON'S LOW PRICE CASH STORE

AGRICULTURAL LEGISLATION NEEDED

The Farm the Place to Study All Legislative Problems.

COURAGEOUS LEADERS NEEDED.

Ft. Worth, Texas.—The principal function performed by government today is to collect taxes, keep records and prevent and punish crime; but that is not sufficient. Government should tip its hat to the Goddess of Opportunity as courageously as it draws a six-shooter on a train robber. We ought to encourage thrift as well as restrain greed. We have been basing legislation upon the extremes of human life—the classes high and low, the deprived and the talented—let us now reach the masses and the extremes will more nearly disappear. Our statutes are filled to overflowing with pity and revenge; let us add opportunity.

The slogan of the Farmers' Union is co-operation. Not only among individual farmers, but between all legitimate and useful occupations. We want to sit around the hearthstone of industry and talk over problems of mutual interest with our neighbors.

We want to invite those who are earnestly searching for information on public questions to get back to the soil with their investigations where, in the stillness of nature, they can climb the mountain-top of wisdom, explore the deep canyons of knowledge and stroll through the quiet valleys of understanding.

There is no problem in civilization that cannot be found in its native state on the farm. The labor, educational, financial, transportation, home-building and all other problems are there. We will discuss a few of them.

The Labor Problem.

We bow to the dignity of labor. No one would be willing to do more to lighten the burdens, increase the safety, comforts and profits of those who labor in commerce and industry than their fellow toilers in agriculture. But how about the farmer who bows his back to feed and clothe the world and who works from sun until sun? Is he not also entitled to an increase in pay and a shortening of hours? Much has been said about the women in the factory and behind the counter, but how about the woman in the field, drenched in perspiration, gathering the harvest, and little children, their lips wet with mother's milk, toiling by her side? Are they not also entitled to consideration? Is not the man who digs in the ground entitled to the same consideration as he who toils at the forge, weaves at the loom and works behind the counter?

The farmer has been bearing his burdens as patiently as the beast he plows, but is patience a bar from justice? The labor problem of Texas today is on the farm and the first attention should be given those who labor in the field.

The Need of Cheap Money.

Agriculture has never been properly financed. The farmer pays a much higher rate of interest as a rule than any other class of borrower and his property, especially that of farm products, is not so readily accepted as a basis of credit as the property of other lines of industry of equal market value.

The farmers of Texas owe \$200,000,000 and they pay from ten to thirty per cent per annum interest. This load, more than any other, is breaking the back of the Texas farmer.

A rural or land credit system is needed that will enable a farmer to buy a home on long time at a cheap rate of interest. The land problem in Texas presents extremes that probably do not exist in any other country on the globe. More than half the farmers are landless and we have 11,123 plantations and ranches containing more than 1,000 acres each and 12,833 with 500 to 1,000 acres each. We have more large farms and ranches than any state in the Union.

A statute based on sound business principles that will enable the landless to buy and encourage the large land owner to sell, is much needed and one that merits the most serious consideration of the legislature.

The financial problem of the state

and the venom of hate maddens into revolution. Is it not a problem that appeals to the statesman, the teacher, the editor and the preacher? The politician with his vision blurred by the red lights of fame perhaps cannot see, but should we follow him?

There must be a new code of laws enacted that will shift opportunity within the reach of the farmer. The statute book, as it now stands, is in the main either negative or against his interest. We will discuss a few laws and we want to call every farmer in Texas to witness the correctness of what we write.

Our Laws Inadequate.

We want to say to convention orators who strut and brag of our magnificent system of corporation laws that are alleged to help and protect the agricultural interests, that the farmers cannot use corporation laws in transacting the business of farming and the protective feature of many of these laws that are periodically heralded as saving the country, have proved a boomerang to the farmer. We will mention a few cases. Take the anti-trust law. That is a legislative measure, sound in purpose, but inadequate in application. Perhaps its most sensational achievement was in collecting a million dollar fine from the Waters-Pierce Oil Company. That fine, paid ultimately by the consumer, was wrung from the brow of the homeless and landless toiler and given to rich property owners through a reduction in tax rate. The city man uses no oil and, therefore, paid no part of the fine. The tenant farmer and the laborers have no property and, therefore, received no part of the disbursement.

We will give another instance. The prosecution of the so-called harvester trust. That was one of the most infamous judicial hoaxes ever perpetrated upon the people. If its action did not have the sanction of the court and the golden seal of the great state it would be ludicrous. Every farmer who ever bought a piece of farm machinery before and another after the harvester trust was banished from the State, knows that he paid, and is still paying, the price of folly for that piece of stupidity. The farmer has felt the iron heel of trusts and illegal combinations and believes that all industrial pirates who connive to rob the farmer should be banished from the face of the earth, but to do so will require statutes that contain wisdom as well as courage and justice, as well as revenge.

Many laws have been put on the statute book in the interest of the farmer, which, in theory, are commendable, but in practice they gnaw like maggots at the heart of agriculture.

A Government for Corporations.

Our statute book is bursting with laws that permit, protect and otherwise affect corporations and big business, yet farming is by far the biggest business in Texas, but there is not a line in the enactments of the legislature authorizing co-operative transactions necessary to carry on the business of farming.

By way of illustration we will mention an instance where such laws are much needed. The farmers want to own and operate cotton gins on the co-operative plan, dividing such profit or loss as may result from operation on a patronage basis, but we have no statutes covering such cases. Our laws provide for the formation of a corporation and division of profit on a basis of investment. We have several gins operating on the cumbersome methods necessary to reach a co-operative plan and much economy has resulted. Where a sufficient number of farmers join together and the risk and expense of securing patronage is taken out, the gins can be operated more cheaply. All machinery used in preparing farm products for the market, portable or stationary, should be owned by the farmer. Many millions of dollars can be saved to the farmers in this way. All that is needed is legislative permission.

W. D. LEWIS, President.
PETER RADFORD, Ex-President
Farmers Educational and Co-operative Union of Texas.

For Piano Sheet Music see Clarence W. Olive.

Largest Colored Minstrels under canvas Thursday April 9.

A. E. Howerton moved his residence to South Slaton this week.

Mrs. J. F. Spetter has accepted a position at W. R. Hampton's store to assist during the thirty days' special sale.

Screen the doors and windows before the flies take the home. Tudor will furnish and hang screens. Get his prices.

S. G. Brasfield is fencing and improving his acreage land just south of Slaton. He will build on the land and move to it before school starts in the fall.

The first of the week W. R. Hampton received the shipment of millinery which had been unaccountably delayed for several days, and he now has "hats for all the women in Slaton." He was disappointed in not receiving the hats for the announced opening but he could not help the delay. The hats are now here, anyway.

We are confronting a new rural civilization. It is so radically different from the life of the past that it may well be called new, not merely because of its characteristics, but because of its triumph in rural co-operation and leadership. The utilization of modern agencies, and the use of farm machinery have greatly increased the efficiency of the farmers, broadened their vision and made life more satisfying.

The most serious enemies to country life are isolation and drudgery, and perhaps the worst of the two is isolation. It is the curse of the country. The hunger of young people for companionship has been disregarded and in various ways the social instincts have had their revenge. The fruits of modern inventive skill and enterprise have enriched country life and afforded the facilities of banishing forever the extreme isolation which used to vex the farm household of the past. The telephone is a great social asset in the rural home; the rural free delivery brings the world's daily message to the door; the parcels post delivers ten million packages per annum at a half million homes and the automobile annihilates distance, making isolation a myth. The building of public highways has brought communities and farm homes closer together.



The Youth's Companion

52 Times a Year—Not 12

It is more than 52 numbers filled to the brim with delightful reading—it is an influence for all that is best in home and American life.

Three Weeks Free

The Companion is \$2.00 a year, but to those who do not know the paper we shall be glad to send three current issues free of charge, so that they may test its quality, read its wholesome, diverting fiction, its contributions by famous men and women, its various departments, etc.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
114 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

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Coming!
W.A. Eiler's
New Orleans
Minstrels
Largest Colored
Minstrel on Earth
40 PEOPLE 40

Big Band and Orchestra

Watch for the Band Parade!

Don't Forget the Date
Thursday, April 9th

Wall Paper and Paint Brushes

For sale; prices very reasonable. Come and select your patterns from the stock.

E. S. BROOKS

PAINTER AND PAPER HANGER

See me, or W. E. Olive at Sanitary Grocery.

J. G. WADSWORTH Notary Public

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Fire, Tornado, Plate Glass, Automobile, Accident, Health and Burglary Insurance . . .

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STEVENS

For Partridge, Woodcock, Squirrel or Rabbit Shooting the 44 GAUGE SHOTGUN

No. 101

IS A WONDER

26 inch barrel, weighs 4 lbs., take-down. For 42 K.L., 44 W.C.F. Shot and 44 "Game Getter" Cartridges.

List Price Only \$5.00

No other bore or gauge of shotgun so efficient under so great a variety of conditions.



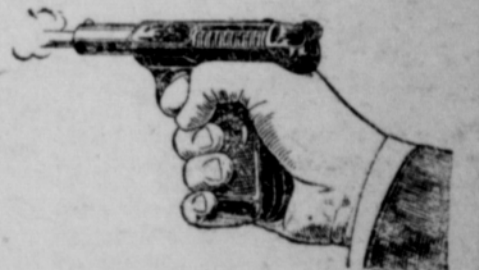
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CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

WILL BUY SLATON IMPROVED PROPERTY, residence preferred. Will trade on same good automobile in good running condition. Address T. L. S. care Box 128, Slaton, Tex.

THE SAVAGE AUTOMATIC PISTOL.



Special features embodied in this arm which will appeal to you:

TEN SHOTS.... Double the number in an ordinary revolver, and two more than other automatics.

ACCURACY.... The only automatic which locks at the breech while the bullet traverses the barrel, insuring extreme accuracy, as well as freedom from fouling.

SIMPLICITY.... Fewer parts than other automatics. Completely dismounts by hand, without the aid of tools.

SAFETY..... Breech automatically locked during the time of discharge. Cannot be fired unless the trigger is pulled. Safety positively locks it against discharge.

CONVENIENCE Length, 6 1-2 inches; weighs but 19 ounces, full blue finish.

SAVAGE ARMS CO., Utica, N. Y.

The Slaton Slatonite

Issued Every Friday Morning
 LOOMIS & MASSEY Publishers
 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, 1879.

THE DAIRYMAN-FARMER.

The Slatonite is in receipt of the initial issue of the Melrose Dairyman-Farmer of Melrose, N.M., the new paper published by R. C. Edgell. Mr. Edgell is merely returning to his old love, having published the original Melrose newspaper in 1906 or 1907. Since he left that place about a dozen different newspapermen have tried to reach the public pulse, but one and all failed until Melrose lost its paper altogether. Now after years of wandering in the fields of journalism Mr. Edgell has returned to his own, and his own needed him very badly.

The Dairyman-Farmer is a good looking youngster, and its name is very appropriate to its mission and to the hustling town of Melrose which boasts of being the second largest cream shipping station in New Mexico as well as a leader in the shipment of eggs and other farm products.

Littlefield is to have a newspaper, the first newspaper published in Lamb county. Bailey county will soon have a newspaper as there are some towns building on the railroad, and that will leave Hockley and Cochran counties as the only ones of northwest Texas without sufficient population to support a newspaper. Thus do the railroads make the country grow. It has been only a few years since the advent of a newspaper in northwest Texas was a notable event, and now the absence of one is just as notable.

It is said that a good grade of coal has been discovered near Lubbock. Well, it's a good thing for they have always been very extravagant in their use of hot air anyway.—Tahoka News.

They have been a long time discovering the coal at Lubbock. This will remind you that Slaton discovered coal in the year 1878, and rediscovered it last September. Of course if Slaton has coal Lubbock had to get busy and find some also. Come to the Slatonite office and see a lump of real coal from the Slaton field.

J. R. Hamilton, formerly publisher of the Slaton Journal which lost its existence in a fire, came near losing out again by a fire at Coleman where he has been running a job shop. The fire originated in the building next to his office and was stopped before it damaged his plant more than smoke and water could damage it.

The Panhandle farmers are working on securing an annual Farmers Institute for the Panhandle to meet at Amarillo. The College Station Institute does not handle crop subjects which are of interest to the Panhandle and South Plains and for this reason we need an institute of our own.

G. C. Starkweather has resigned as general superintendent for the Santa Fe and will leave Amarillo at once to retire to his farm in New York state.

Baker University Glee Club Came

Another good number of the Santa Fe Lyceum Course was the Baker University Glee Club of Baldwin, Kans., which entertained at the high school auditorium last Friday night. The Glee Club consisted of twenty boys from the great Baker University, and the number of encores they received during the rendition of the program certainly proved their popularity with the audience.

Chas. Jones, the reader, shared first honors with the quartet for the favor of the audience. The chorus work and the specialties were especially fine, also. The announcement of this Glee Club says of Kansas:

Kansas is a peculiar and wonderful state. She has more colleges and schools for her population than any state in the Union. She subscribes for more magazines and reads more books. Kansas is a state of extremes in politics, climate, society, and religion. She either goes 80,000 republican or 80,000 Progressive, and who can tell? She has more automobiles, more money in her banks, more politicians, more long haired men and short haired women than any other state.

But Kansas always gets there. Out of thirty Glee Clubs from various parts of the United States it is admitted by all that a Kansas club took the prize in appearance, execution, and results.

And now Baker University comes. And the big road says to the boys: Come with your roystering, jolly ways; come with your swing which means success; come with music and literature, and good nature and our shops, offices, and trains are cleaner, sweeter and better because you have come and sung to the brotherhood of patient workers.

Supt. Resoner of the Reading Room has announced that the Power-Brauer Concert Company, the next number of the Santa Fe course, will be in Slaton Tuesday night, April 7th.

The city election comes next Tuesday and as yet no candidates have put forth for mayor or for councilmen. The city needs good men to take care of its interests and when we choose city officials for 1914 we should select some men of sound judgment and men who are vitally interested in the present and future prosperity of Slaton, to run the city for us. The best way would be to select a harmony ticket, but if that is not satisfactory select ten men for council men and two for mayor, come out in the open and have a friendly campaign, and let the men who receive the highest votes have the support of the town in their administration. The Slatonite has no choice to make one way or another, and is entirely neutral should there be any contest. If there is going to be a contest of any kind, let it be a friendly one on friendly lines, a contest free of mud slinging or tactics that tend to make men want to snarl at each other when they meet. If we do not all agree on business interests we should at least be friends about it, and work together for the best interests of Slaton. The really big man at heart will do this.

Watch for the New Orleans Minstrels Band parade Thursday, April 9th.

Announcements

POLITICAL.

The SLATONITE is authorized to announce to the voters that the following named candidates for office solicit your support and your vote at the Democratic Primaries held in July, 1914.

For District Attorney 72nd Judicial District:

R. A. SOWDER of Lubbock.

For County and District Clerk of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

FRANK BOWLES of Lubbock.

SAM T. DAVIS of Lubbock.

For County Treasurer of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

CHRIS HARWELL of Lubbock.

MISS ADELIA WILKINSON of Lubbock.

J. M. JOHNSON of Lubbock.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

W. H. FLYNN of Lubbock.

J. T. INMON of Lubbock.

For Tax Assessor of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

R. C. BURNS of Lubbock.

S. C. SPIKES of Lubbock.

For County Judge of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

E. R. HAYNES of Lubbock.

For Representative 122 District:

H. B. MURRAY of Post City.

Use Only Pure Original Products in Cooking.

Pure food perpetuates good health, and pure condiments come only from fresh, unblemished fruit. There is nothing dearer than cheaply made, "lots for the money," adulterated flavorings and extracts. Imitation products have to be "doped" to give them any appearance of merit. Pure, wholesome products cannot be sold so cheaply.

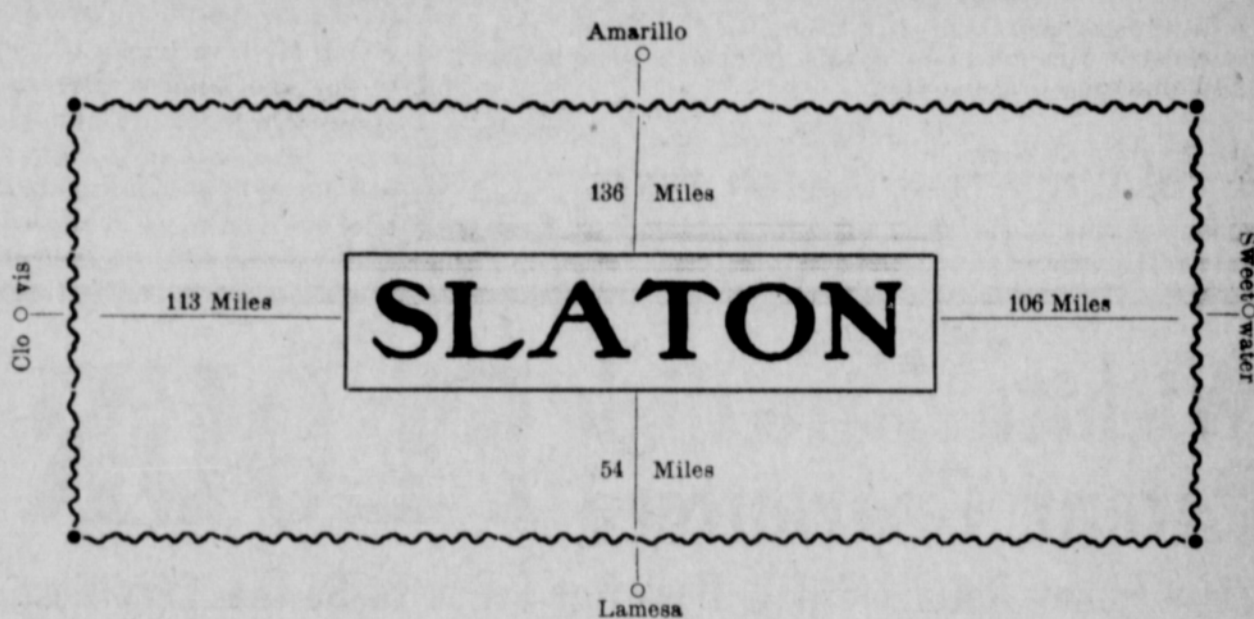
We are pleased to announce that we have now in stock a complete line of the choicest make of

Extracts and Cake Flavoring from the Unblemished Choicest Ripened Fruit

You have been wanting this class of goods; they improve the quality of good cooking. A drop goes as far as a spoonful of the patent medicine peddler's imitation extracts. A trial will win you to our goods.

Red Cross Pharmacy

R. L. BLANTON, Proprietor



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

SANTA FE SYSTEM

LOCATION—Southeast Corner of Lubbock County, Texas, in Central Section of the South Plains; on the new Main Trans-Continental Line of the Santa Fe System, of which the Clovis Extension is now under construction; connects North Texas lines of that system at Canyon, Texas, with South Texas lines at Coleman, Texas; junction of the Lamesa branch of that system.

ADVANTAGES AND IMPROVEMENTS—The Railway Company has completed 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 now open, and a Reading Room for Santa Fe employees. Have extensive yard tracks, preparatory to handling a heavy trans-continental business, both freight and passenger, between the Gulf and the Atlantic Coast and the Pacific Coast territories, and on branch lines to Tahoka, Lamesa and other towns.

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

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.

BROADWAY JONES

BY EDWARD MARSHALL
FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY G.M. DILLINGHAM COMPANY



SYNOPSIS.

Jackson Jones, nicknamed "Broadway" because of his continual glorification of New York's great thoroughfare, is anxious to get away from his home town of Jonesville. Abner Jones, his uncle, is very angry because Broadway refuses to settle down and take a place in the gun factory in which he succeeded to his father's interest. Judge Spotswood informs Broadway that \$350,000 left him by his father is at his disposal. Broadway makes record time in heading for his favorite street in New York. With his New York friend, Robert Wallace, Broadway creates a sensation by his extravagance on the White Way. Four years pass and Broadway suddenly discovers that he is not only broke, but heavily in debt. He applies to his uncle for a loan and receives a package of chewing gum with the advice to chew it and forget his troubles. He quietly seeks work without success. Broadway gives what is intended to be a farewell supper to his New York friends, and before it is over becomes engaged to Mrs. Gerard, an ancient widow, wealthy and very giddy. Wallace expostulates with the aged flirt and her youthful fiancé, but fails to better the situation. He learns that Broadway is broke and offers him a position with his father's advertising firm, but it is declined. Wallace takes charge of Broadway's affairs. Broadway receives a telegram announcing the death of his Uncle Abner in Europe. Broadway is his sole heir. Peter Pembroke of the Consolidated Chewing Gum company offers Broadway \$1,200,000 for his gum plant and Broadway agrees to sell.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Jackson was in a fever of excitement. "Well, come on then. Let's get them! What are you waiting for? Let's get this all over with as quickly as we can."

"Do you mean business?" "Certainly I mean business." Jackson gazed at him with definite reproach. "Don't I look like a business man?" He displayed the sack coat Rankin had laid out for him that morning. "Look at this business suit!" He felt in his pocket, found what he sought and was extremely satisfied. "And I've got a lead pencil and everything. Certainly I mean business."

"You'll sign the articles today?" "For twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars I'd sign a murderer's confession!"

Pembroke, who never smiled, looked at his watch. "It's twelve o'clock." "Is it?" "We'll meet here at two."

"I'll be right here, waiting." "Will you shake hands with me?" "Sure! I'll kiss you if you want me to."

Even this would not divert Pembroke to frivolity. "Mr. Jones, you're doing business with a great company." Jackson nodded. "You're the greatest company I've ever met."

"Two, then. Don't forget—two!" "Twelve! Don't forget—twelve!" "Good-by!" "Good-by!"

Jackson went with him to the elevator, watching his every movement with something which approached in its brooding care an anxious mother's. "Be careful when you cross the street! Good-by!"

Returning to the table, he once more read the magic telegram. "That's the first time I knew that they could telegraph from heaven," he said fervently, just as Rankin entered.

"I told the chef, sir," said the butler, "and he says—"

"Never mind what he says. You tell him he must stay. I wouldn't have him go for all the world. Go out and raise his salary and give him my regards. You understand?"

"Yes, sir." "Say, come here. Where do you live when you're not here?"

"In Harlem, sir." "Got a flat?" "Yes, sir."

"Like this furniture?" He waved his hand at the extremely ornate contents of the room.

"Beautiful, sir." "It's yours."

"Oh, thank you, sir! Anything else?" "No; what else do you want? Get out! Don't bother me. I'm a business man."

He hurried to the telephone, laughing very earnestly, as if he really liked to laugh.

"Give me long-distance, please. Hello, long-distance; hello, long-distance. I want to talk to Jonesville, Conn. Jonesville. J—o—there, you've got it right. Judge Spotswood, attorney at law, Jonesville, Conn. Yes; this is 2468 Huyler. Rush it, won't you? Thanks!"

"Sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-two dollars." "Spending money, my boy," said Broadway grandly. "Spending money." With that he sprang out of his chair and rushed about the room with joy upon his face and showed his deep contempt for little things by breaking several costly vases, throwing six American Beauty roses in the waste basket and tossing cushions here and there. One of an especial elegance he threw out on Broadway, never looking to see whose head it softly lighted upon.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Wallace. "Going crazy all over again?" Broadway paused in his extraordinary movements. "Do you know what I'm going to do from now on? I'm going to make the loudest noise Broadway has heard since Dewey came home from the war."

"What are you talking about?" Jackson looked him kindly in the eye.

"Know what happened after you had left the room? A messenger boy with golden wings and a jeweled harp blew through that window, handed me this telegram and flew right back to



"We've Got to Make a Train."

the Golden Gates." He thrust the telegram at Wallace. "Read, read, read!" The dazed Wallace read aloud. The reader paused. "God!" he exclaimed.

"Did he sign it?" Broadway begged, without the slightest incredulity.

"It's signed Judge Spotswood. Who's he?" "My uncle's lawyer."

"Is this a joke?" "If it is I'll make a reputation as a gun man!"

"Why, this is the most wonderful thing that ever happened!" "It is all of that, and more. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to buy Brooklyn—and close it up."

But Wallace was not swept away by his extravagance. He really was a business man. "Pembroke," he reflected. "Why, he phoned. I took his message."

"He was here. Say, did you ever hear of the Consolidated Chewing Gum company?"

"Why, certainly. They're the biggest advertisers in America."

"Well, he's second vice-president. He's coming back at two o'clock."

"What for?" "To bring me a check for twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars! I'm going to sell him Jones Pepsin."

Instantly the business man was upmost in Wallace. He became alert, suspicious. "He made that offer?"

"Yes." "And you accepted?" "Yes."

"Sign an agreement?" "Not yet."

Wallace spoke now, with the firmness of a heavy hammer striking on an anvil. "And you're not going to."

Broadway gazed at him aghast. "Why?" "Now, don't give me any argument. You've been a damn fool all your life and here's a chance to get even with yourself."

"Turn down a million two hundred thousand dollars!" "Yes."

Broadway shook his head. "Not on your biography!" Wallace was not impressed. "What you need is a keeper, and I'm going to take the job."

The telephone rang, and, as Broadway would have answered it, Wallace pushed him ruthlessly away. It was plain that he had definitely assumed command.

him one sad glance of pure disgust. Then he told the judge exactly otherwise.

"No," he called into the phone. "No, no; don't you come here. We'll come there."

Broadway was instantly rebellious. "I'll do nothing of the kind."

Wallace waved him off with a condemnatory hand, and continued talking to the telephone. "We'll be there at six o'clock. . . . In time for dinner. . . . Yes; good-by!" He hung up the receiver, and turned to Broadway with the hard but happy smile of the real business man who has succeeded in accomplishing a coup.

"Say, what are you trying to do?" said Broadway, not without resentment. "Run my affairs for me?"

"Yes," said Wallace readily, and then called loudly for the butler. When he came he told him to pack, without delay, a grip for Mr. Jones, who, he gravely announced, was going traveling.

"To—er—Japan?" inquired the hopeful Rankin.

"Same thing, Connecticut." "Look here," said Broadway wrathfully, "I don't intend—"

The bell rang. "Go see who that is," said Wallace in a most peremptory tone.

"Say, I'm not working for you, am I?" asked Broadway peevishly.

"Go on; do as you are told." "Well, I'll be damned," said Broadway, but started toward the door.

Wallace, though, was thinking. "Wait! Hold on. It may be Mrs. Gerard. Didn't she say she would be back in half an hour?"

Broadway paused, dismayed. "That's so!" He hurried to the window, and looked out; he turned back with a worried face. "Surest thing you know. It's her car, all right."

"Get your hat," said Wallace. "Is there another way out of this house?"

"The servants' elevator at the back." "Rankin! Oh, Rankin!"

Rankin, breathless, hurried in. "I'll have the grip packed, in five minutes, sir."

"Never mind the grip. We can't wait for it. We've got to make a train. See who's at the door. We're going out the other way." He seized Broadway's wrist. "Come on!"

Jackson, departing in a somewhat sideways fashion, owing to the steady pull of Wallace's strong arm, called back to Rankin: "Oh, there'll be a party of gentlemen here at two o'clock to see me, and—"

"What shall I tell them, sir?" Wallace answered: "Tell them to go to hell," said he.

CHAPTER VII.

Jonesville was in mourning. Broadway's departed uncle had inspired not much affection; he had not been one to care to; but for many years, to the workers in the factory, he had been a sort of business deity—the semi-providential head of the great enterprise through which they gained their livelihood.

The folk of Jonesville had neither loved him nor revered him; he had been a sort of elemental necessity to their peace of mind; they had, so to speak, leaned with a feeling of security upon his stubbornness, knowing he would never sell out to the gum trust; if he did not sell out to the gum trust the factory would operate; if the factory kept running Jonesville would continue to eat, drink, and in its crude, undeveloped way, be merry. Now that he was dead, a feeling of uncertainty spread a mild panic through the little town.

The judge was waiting for the two men in the hotel corridor. His worry over what the new owner of the factory might decide to do about the perfectly well known trust plans was quite as keen as anyone's, but his dignity forbade that he should make display of it.

It was something of a relief to him when Broadway hurried to him from the hotel office and held out his hand, although the boy's appearance was a shock to him. He remembered him as Higgins' mother had described him and as the dapper, boyish youth who had aroused the wonder of the town with patent-leather shoes and new dance steps. This pale, extremely urban man, young still, naturally, with a face which told untoward tales of night experiences such as were not written upon any face in Jonesville, no matter what its age, nonplussed and confused him. He had expected normal changes; he saw metamorphosis.

"Judge," said Wallace, who, although a stranger, was first to grasp his hand, "I'm glad to see you." There was a harassed look upon his face as if he

might have had a difficult time with Broadway on the train.

The judge took Broadway's hand. "And this is little Jackson! Broadway, we used to call you. Well, I'm glad to see you!"

"Thanks, judge." Broadway really was glad, and shook hands heartily, although a white in him already was in strong revolt against the old hotel.

"I'll go in and register, Broadway," said Wallace. "And I'll put you down as Mr. Jackson. No use in—"

"Yes," said the judge approvingly, "the town is all upset. There might be—er—"

"I understand." "If it should get around that the old mill would be sold to the trust."

The desk was near the door which led into the fly-specked corridor and the judge was listening as Wallace made terms with the clerk.

"What'll you take now, Mr. Wallace?" said the clerk, after careful study of the signature upon the register. "Or are you Mr. Jackson?"

"No; Wallace. I'm Mr. Jackson's secretary. And we'd like two rooms with—"

"Two!" said the clerk, astonished. That was such extravagance as never had before occurred in that hotel.

"Yes; two connecting rooms, with a bath between, if possible."

The clerk gazed, open-mouthed. "Well, now," he explained, "I don't guess I can do that. We got a bathroom. Years ago a barber leased the shop and had it put in next to it. Thought he'd rent it out to strangers. But he didn't. It's still there, but lord. He's dead, and I guess the lead pipe has been used somers' else. Know it has, in fact."

"Well—"

"Lead pipe, ye know, is valuable." "Is it? Well, do the best you can for us. Telephones in the rooms, are there?"

"In the rooms? No. They's one across the street at th' livery stable."

"Well, we'll have to make that do, then. Can we get some dinner?"

"Dinner's over't two o'clock. Supper's over now. Might fix up something, I suppose."

"All right, do the best you can for us and send it to the rooms."

"What? Send it to the rooms! Want I should come along to feed ye?" The clerk was definitely angry. These city folks!

The judge stepped in. "I want you and Mr.—er—er—Mr. Jackson should come to my house for your supper," he suggested.

"We'd better not, tonight, judge. Tomorrow, possibly."

Broadway cast at Wallace a pathetic glance. Could it be possible that he meant to stay in Jonesville till tomorrow night? Wallace sent him a look of warning.

"Well, if we can't have supper in our rooms, I suppose we'll take it where we can," he granted, determined that if Broadway really came back to



"It Doesn't Seem Possible It's You."

Jonesville, as he intended to compel him to, some changes should be made in the hotel.

"Minnie!" shouted the clerk, in a reverberating voice, calculated to express itself, though miles might intervene. "Two sup-p-e-r-s!"

"All right," he said to Wallace. "Want to wash? Wash basins—"

"We'll do that, anyway, up in our rooms."

"What with?" exclaimed the clerk triumphantly. "They ain't no water there." "But couldn't—"

differently, grandly, "ner no soap, ner towels, ner pitchers, ner no bowls, ner nothin'." He turned away.

"But where's the key?" "Ain't no key. We're honest folks in Jonesville. I'm goin' out."

"But where are the rooms?" "Head th' stairs. One and two. They ain't no others." With no further words he went his way.

"My God, Bob," said Broadway, approaching him appealingly, "you're not going to make me live here, are you?"

"Yes; but I'm going to build a new hotel here," Wallace answered.

The judge hovered close to Broadway. "I wish you'd come up to the house to supper."

"Not tonight, judge, thanks." "No," he granted sympathetically, "I suppose you want a rest. Tired after four hours on the train, of course. Gad, it's quite a journey! How've you been, Broadway?" The judge pronounced it "bean," as if it came in pods.

"Oh, so, so, judge." "Busy, I suppose, down to New York—"

"Yes; busy every minute—night and day."

"Uh-huh, I s'pose so. What did you say the business was you've been followin'?"

Wallace answered before Broadway had a chance. "Liquor business, principally," he said tersely.

"Broadway's eyes flashed toward him a lightning glance of sheer malevolence, which his caught without a sign of anything but high amusement. "Yes—er—judge," said Broadway, "I have invested quite a lot of money in the liquor business."

"Well," said the cautious judge, anxious not to hurt his feelings, and, in his heart, not shocked, "somebody's got to sell it. And I suppose it was the wholesale business you were in. That's always thought respectable."

"You bet it was the wholesale business," Wallace broke in cheerily.

Broadway began to feel intense distaste for the alertness of successful business men. They took a fellow up and make a monkey of him before he had a chance to think. This whole trip to Jonesville—

"Judge," said the energetic advertising agent, "maybe you would like a little nip."

"My boy," the judge replied in mournful tones, "you can't get it here at this hotel. It ain't been to be had here since the Episcopalian that once owned it was bought out by a Methodist."

"I've—" Broadway began.

"I've got some in my pocket," said Wallace, interrupting.

"Now, Bob—" Broadway began to protest, but the judge himself did not permit him to complete his sentence.

"I could show you to your room," he said, "being as the clerk's gone out."

"By all means. We—"

"Er no," the judge said sadly. "That wouldn't really do. My wife—"

Jackson was looking round him for his bag. Rankin always— Suddenly he remembered that he did not have his bag. They had fed without it as they dodged Mrs. Gerard. He gnashed his teeth at Wallace.

But, even though the liquor question was in no way settled at the session, the judge stayed a little while to gossip, principally making inquiries about the story which had been prominently printed in the local papers that Broadway was to marry a rich widow.

Wallace took command here, too, with lightning-like celerity. "Judge," said he with gravity, "if every widow in New York who has confided to the newspapers that she would like to marry Mr. Jones had married him he'd be a modern Mormon."

"Yes, I suppose so—with the prospects of this business here in Jonesville and a big wholesale liquor business of his own there in the city. I bet they have been after him. But I must go. You'll be up after supper?"

"Very soon, if supper's what I think it will be," Broadway answered.

Mrs. Spotswood was consumed with curiosity when her husband arrived at home.

"Why didn't you bring him here to supper?" she inquired.

"Well, mother, you know they've been on a railroad train four hours. I guess they're pretty tired. They'll get supper at the hotel." He laughed. "Mr. Wallace, he's with Broadway, asked to have it served up in their rooms, and Gilroy, the hotel clerk, asked him if they wanted he should feed it to them." His laughter became violent. "You know Gilroy's very witty."

"How does Broadway look?" "Ten years older. My, how that boy has changed!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH LIVER

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

The average man's idea of being unselfish is to let some other fellow have something he doesn't want.

SAGE TEA AND SULPHUR DARKENS YOUR GRAY HAIR

Look Years Younger! Try Grandma's Recipe of Sage and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger. Adv.

Some men are always getting busy; but they don't keep busy.

Red Cross Ball Blue gives double value for your money, goes twice as far as any other. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Some men mistake a decanter for the fountain of youth.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; this has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.



Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

WHITE SEASON COMING

INDICATIONS THAT SELDOM FAIL POINT TO FACT.

Hand Embroidery on Lingerie Frocks Will Also Be a Feature—Graceful Example is Shown in the Sketch Here.

Hand embroidery will figure conspicuously in the lingerie frocks of the coming summer. Intimations of this fact are quickly established in looking over the assortment designed for the southern trip, and surely it takes but little convincing to reach the conclusion that there is nothing in the trimming lists quite so nice as hand work.

Especially is this true in the case of the all white summer gowns, and, though it may seem superfluous to say it here, all indications point to a "white season"—that is, white is promised unprecedented popularity.

A graceful frock is depicted in the sketch, with hand embroidery to give it added charm. White cotton marquisette and ratine are combined in the model, the former being used for



Marquisette and Ratine.

the skirt and gumppe, and the latter for the coatlike blouse and tunic.

The gumppe is softly draped and surpliced over the bust with a turned back fold of itself forming a little collar around the V-neck. The sleeves are long and gathered into a narrow wristband, then finished with a ruffle of scalloped embroidery.

The skirt is in two deep flounces. The first reaches to the knees and is full in at the waist with tiny pin folds instead of gathers. The second may be similarly full over a knee-length smooth fitting foundation. Both have a scalloped and dotted border of embroidery worked in white floss, and the upper flounce is lifted and draped a trifle under a velvet bow. The ratine blouse has elbow length kimono sleeves simply finished with a narrow turnback facing of self material. The blouse fronts are left widely open, disclosing the surpliced gumppe, and are finished with lapels and a collar of itself. Stenciled rose motifs are embroidered across the lower surface of fronts and sleeves.

The short tunic that dips toward the back has a five-inch space left between its front edges at the waistline, but they are drawn together and cross each other at the lower edge. This is scalloped and embroidered with rose motifs and scant gathers are evenly distributed about the waist—Kansas City Star.

Pedestal Laundry Holders.

Better far than the laundry bag, is the pedestal shaped box, which may be as elegant looking as its owner elects to have it and may stand about the dressing room on an equality with the other necessary pieces of furniture. The pedestal may be made of the most ordinary wood, since invariably it is covered with cretonne, worsted brocade or any thick closely woven window draping material. It should be neatly finished at the edges with a gimp, or a fancy braid. Inside it may be lined with white oilcloth, although that is not necessary, and it has a flat lid which when closed, makes a convenient-table top. The laundry pedestal fits closely into a corner, out of the way, but it looks nice standing beside the bed, as it is precisely the right size to hold a night light, a book and a carafe.

Fur Butterflies.

Butterflies of fur in contrast is a new notion in muffs—leopard on seal, seal on ermine, wired to stand out.

IF YOU WOULD BE "CHIC"

Attention to Detail is the Secret of Acquiring That Exceedingly Elusive Charm.

The art of being chic is entirely summed up in the few words, "Attention to detail."

It is here that the French woman excels.

The American woman who has acquired it will tell you that she will take longer, perhaps, to settle a collar or fasten a tie than another woman will to put on a whole gown.

There is only one way of wearing a thing—the right way.

Womankind can definitely be divided into two classes—women who dress and the women who merely clothe themselves.

The former are those who have the happy knack of putting on their clothes with just the small finishing touch that makes for perfection.

Costly or wonderful of style or materials their garments need not be, for whatever it is, plain or elaborate, high priced or inexpensive, they always succeed in looking well turned out, well finished and "chic" to the least little item.

The average American woman today most certainly dresses well.

One realizes that the subtle art of "finish" is far more widespread than formerly, and that today there are few women who do not achieve an attractive appearance.

Some women still make the mistake of thinking that elaborateness of construction and a general "fussy" effect stand for good dressing, but most now fully understand the value of simplicity—that chic simplicity that is the most elusive of all qualities to obtain, and that is in itself a guaranty of good taste and perfection.

COMBINATION BAG AND MUFF

Idea Evolved by Clever Woman is Well Worth Being Copied and is Easy to Carry Out.

Starting out on a shopping expedition, one woman said to her friend: "Aren't you going to carry your handbag?" "No," replied the other, "I have made a bag in my muff, and it is much more convenient than carrying an extra one this cold weather, and the muff answers the purpose of both muff and bag."

She handed the muff to her companion for inspection, says the Christian Science Monitor. In it were two bags or pockets. The first was large, being about two-thirds the size of one side of the muff, and in this were slipped small packages, letters or anything of the kind that it was necessary to carry, and a large button securely fastened the lap which prevented anything from slipping out.

On the outside of this large pocket was a small one for holding a little pocketbook and keys. This was also fastened with a large button and buttonhole, so that the contents of the pocket were secure and this saved the carrying of a handbag, which was a great convenience and enabled the owner of the muff to keep both hands protected.

DRESS FOR SMALL GIRL



Such a simple style as this may be made up in almost any dress material. Our model is in brown cashmere, trimmed with straps of spotted foulard in two shades of blue. The bodice, which is short-waisted, is cut Magyar, and is attached to a waistband to which the skirt is also joined.

Quaint Table Bells.

Very quaint and attractive are some of the table bells shown now. Some are miniature copies of famous church bells. One in silver is a replica of the deep-toned bell at Moscow, and the bells of many of the cathedrals in German cities are beautifully reproduced.

LITTLE CHANCE TO LAND HIM

Either Young Man Was Very Slow or the Bait Was Not Sufficiently Attractive.

Reginald Vanderbilt said at a pre-Easter wedding in New York:

"How interesting it would be if we could know how all these pretty weddings came about! Often, no doubt, the girls themselves brought them about, unless, indeed, the man was too inordinately dense, like Travers."

"Travers met a pretty girl last winter in Bermuda. He danced with her, he wheeled with her for strawberries and cream, and he bathed with her in the pretty blue pool with its lining of azure tiles."

"But he didn't propose. Was he too bashful? The girl, at any rate, one afternoon in a tea garden, offered to read his future, and, holding his big brown hand in her slim white one, she murmured, as her finger moved delicately across his palm:

"This line indicates that before you lies—happiness."

She paused, with downcast eyes. But nothing followed. The young man sat beside her, grinning sheepishly. Her lip curled in disdain, and she added, in a clear, cold voice:

"But this other line indicates that you'll never overtake that future. You're too slow."

DEEP CRACKS ON JOINTS

P. O. Box 378, El Paso, Texas.—"My trouble began December, 1911. It commenced on me by causing a scurf-like skin and my toe joints, finger joints and lips commenced to crack and split open. My finger cracks would bleed all day long; the cracks were very deep and my thumb seemed to be cracked to the bone. My hands were so bad that I had to sleep with gloves on. The cracks in my lips would bleed often during the day and I used to put adhesive plaster across them to try to keep them closed. My toes would bleed, and I would find blood in my socks when the day's work was done. The skin around the cracks was red and inflamed. I wore shoes one size too large on account of my feet being so sore. I used to become frantic with pain at times. My hands and feet used to smart.

"I suffered agony for four months. I went to town and got some Cuticura Soap and Ointment. From the time I commenced with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment until completely cured was just nineteen days." (Signed) Jack Harrison, Nov. 19, 1912.

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.

Taking Life Easy.

United States Senator Lee S. Overman of North Carolina is always supplied with a stock of good southern tales.

"In the southern part of Arkansas," relates Mr. Overman, "where the natives take life easy, a man and his wife were one day sitting on the porch when a funeral procession passed the house. The man was comfortably seated in a chair which was tilted back on its hind legs against the side of the house and was engaged in whittling on a piece of wood. As the procession proceeded he said:

"I reckon ol' man Williams has got about the biggest funeral that's ever been held around hyer, Caroline."

"'A purty good-sized one, is it Bud?' queried the wife, making no effort to move.

"'You betcher!' Bud answered. 'I certainly would like to see it,' said the woman. 'What a pity I ain't facin' that way!'"—Everybody's Magazine.

No Argument.

Andrew Carnegie, apropos of a war advocate, told a New York reporter a little story.

"The arguments of this war advocate—the argument that warfare perfects a man's character, for example—are just as senseless as that of the Bullfrog fire-eater.

"The sheriff of Bullfrog told a fire-eater that, since he had already killed seven men, he must cease to go armed. 'What!' roared the fire-eater. 'What, me not go armed? And every little Bullfrog wild flower has a pistol and shoots!'"

The Modern Way.

"So you didn't secure that good cook you were after."

"No; she wasn't satisfied with the certificate of character I had from my last one."

Doing It.

"Why do you mix with all those university professors?"

"My doctor says I must live in a dry atmosphere."

To Be Desired.

"How is the star actress today?"

"I don't know. The doctor's in her room now, taking her temperament."

The Reason.

"The Italian sunsets are peculiar."

"Yes; a sort of day-go institution."—Baltimore American.

WHEN KIDNEYS ACT BAD TAKE GLASS OF SALTS

Eat Less Meat If Kidneys Hurt or You Have Backache or Bladder Misery—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which all regular meat eaters should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.—Adv.

There is nothing hypocritical about the wagging of a dog's tail.

1913 RECORD **Magnificent Crops in all Western Canada**

All parts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have produced wonderful yields of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Wheat graded from Contract to No. 1 Hard, weighed heavy and yielded from 20 to 45 bushels per acre; 22 bushels was about the total average. Mixed Farming may be considered fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. In 1912, and again in 1913, at Chicago, Manitoba carried off the Championship for beef steer. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent. For the homesteader, the man who wishes to farm extensively, or the investor, Canada offers the biggest opportunity of any place on the continent.

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