

The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 4.

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

Number 16.

THE SLATONITE'S CHRISTMAS ISSUE

During the holidays most weekly papers put out big issues full of advertising for the Christmas shoppers. The Slatonite is putting out a Christmas issue this week, but it is a Slaton booster instead of a Slatonite booster.

We call your special attention to the second section of this week's paper, which is devoted to the Slaton South Plains country, its farms and crops. A request was made of the Slatonite a few weeks ago to prepare a special issue telling of the Slaton resources, as they have appeared in the paper from time to time; and the folder was accepted so graciously that a second and more complete edition was called for, to be printed on book paper so the pictures would show to their best advantage. You now have it. Several thousand of these were printed and will be sent all over the United States by our citizens. It is a Slatonite product and we are proud of it. For a one-man job from the preparing of the manuscript and the setting of the type to the press work it is a full-sized undertaking, as we can affirm after completing the work. The South Plains map was prepared especially for this job.

There are several pertinent facts presented in the work that perhaps have never appeared in print before. People have noticed for years that the South Plains country is the best of the whole of western Texas because it receives the heaviest rainfall. They ask what condition makes this. The booklet answers the question.

Notice particularly the articles entitled, "The Story of the South Plains" and "Topography and

Annual Rainfall," and then the reports of the farmers themselves as to their farming experience. Real estate literature is too often meaningless bombast, giving no real information whatever. In this little brochure we

have endeavored to gather all the real facts that people want to know about our land and country, and put it before them in an interesting way. Don't destroy it; send it to a friend.

An Every-Day Santa Claus



An Every-Day Santa Claus is our grocery counters loaded with good things --fragrant Teas and Coffees, delicious bottled surprises--sweet, sour, spiced. Staple and fancy groceries within reasonable prices always. Discriminating buyers enjoy selecting because of the freshness and appetizing appearances of our goods. Deliveries prompt.

Proctor & Olive's Slaton Sanitary Grocery

NEW SCHEDULE ON JANUARY 31ST

The new Santa Fe time table has now been perfected, but the time for the inauguration of the new service has been advanced to January 31st.

The train from Amarillo will arrive in Slaton at 12 o'clock M., and stop here, or "tie up" as the railroad boys say. The train for Amarillo leaves Slaton at 6.45a.m.

The train from Clovis will arrive in Slaton at 12.20 p. m., and from Sweetwater at 4 a. m. These trains will be the through trains and will handle all the business between Sweetwater and Clovis for the present.

The Slaton-Lamesa train will continue without a change in its schedule.

The new Santa Fe time card on January 31st will change the service on the Panhandle and Kansas City line. Two solid transcontinental Pullman trains will be put on, to be run over the New Mexico track instead of the Colorado road. The Harvey House at Waynoka, Okla., which has been closed for several months, will be opened for the new train service.

The Slaton Santa Fe depot and depot yards will be wired for electric lights to handle the new train service. Arc lights will be put up and other improvements made.

Here's to 1915! May it be a Slaton year.

THROUGH THE COLUMNS of this paper we wish to thank our many customers for the patronage extended us so liberally thru 1914. It is our desire to render you better service and satisfaction if possible thru 1915.

We extend to each and all of you our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

And remember thru and after these glad holidays Robertson's will be ready to ALWAYS serve you just a little better than the other fellow.



If You Need Anything
in the Hardware Line
A.L.Brannon
Will Appreciate Your
Business.

"We Will Make Right That Which Is Not Right"

A Merry, Merry Christmas to You and Yours!
PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

MAKE YOUR Christmas Giving Unusual This Year. Select those things that will add some material profit and pleasure to the home. buy a useful present and make glad for many days. Times are such that it makes all consider carefully. We want to help you by offering many USEFUL articles, such as Ties, Suspenders, Mufflers, Hosiery and Supporters, all put up in nice holiday boxes. Also Silk Lined Smoking Jackets and Bath Robes, Bed Room Slippers, and many other things too numerous to mention.

CHRIS HARWELL Lubbock
MERCHANT TAILOR AND GENTS FURNISHINGS

Engineer Arrested on Serious Charge

F. A. Haggart, engineer on the Slaton Lamesa train, was arrested at Lamesa Tuesday on a warrant charging him with rape, said to have been committed on the twelve-year old daughter of C. M. Bowers, another Santa Fe engineer.

Engineer Plumleigh went down with a special engine Wednesday morning to bring the train up. A derailment made the train too late to catch the Amarillo passenger, and Haggart was taken to Lubbock for the night and up to Amarillo yesterday.

Daniel G. Reid, a New Yorker, says that when one John Henry wished to become proficient in modern dances he went to a well-known professor for instruction. At the first lesson the pupil didn't show much aptitude, and the instructor had to stop him often.

"Just a moment, sir! Just a moment!" he intervened; exasperated at last. "That will never do."

"What's the matter?" asked John Henry. "Am I getting things a bit twisted?"

"Yes," replied the professor, "you must watch your footwork if you wish to learn the dances."

"Oh, that's all right, Professor," cheerily returned John Henry. "You needn't bother about the footwork. Just teach me the holds."

"New York is a swift town, eh?"

"Little too swift to suit me. People on crutches are expected to step lively there."—Kansas City Journal.

THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD

IF YOU WANT A NEWS-PAPER THAT GIVES THE NEWS especially the news from TEXAS and the GREAT SOUTHWEST, as well as from all over the WORLD, one that gives the most of it, and in the best possible way, you can get it by subscribing for the SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS along with the SLATONITE.

THIS IS A COMBINATION of general news and local news that can't be equalled or surpassed. In addition to its great news service, THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS has many special features that entertain, amuse and inform. Among these are THE FARMER'S FORUM, THE WOMEN'S CENTURY, OUR LITTLE MEN and WOMEN, and the BEST, LATEST AND FULLEST MARKET REPORTS to be had in any newspaper, hot off the wires. THE NEWS spends many thousands of dollars a year for these telegraph market reports, and they are reliable.

ANOTHER splendid feature of THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS is the DIVERSIFICATION IDEA OF CROPS, which will be more interesting than ever before for YOUR BENEFIT and the benefit of all the PEOPLE of TEXAS and the SOUTHWEST.

The price of THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS and the SLATONITE is only \$1.75 a year. You get the best of everything that is good in reading matter from every standpoint.

Send in your order now and take advantage of the next few weeks posting yourself on matters of deep concern the coming year.

Mrs. R. M. Winbger has been seriously sick for several days, and was taken to the hospital at Post City Wednesday.

The Rev. A. E. Arnfield returned Friday from Sweetwater where he had gone to join the Methodist Annual Conference, attend its sessions, and ask for ministerial work. He received an appointment as pastor of the Lamesa church and will go to the work as soon as he can arrange his business affairs to leave Slaton. Mr. Arnfield is an able man and he will leave a host of friends here who predict a successful future for him.

A large negro woman followed by a small child was heard to say: "Come on here, Egg nog; what you mean by comin' along so slow?"

Some one asked her why she named the child Egg nog, and she answered: "You know dat nigger Julie Johnson? Well, she done got twins what she calls 'Tom and Jerry,' and I aint g'wine to let no nigger get ahead of me namin' her brats. Come on here, Egg nog."—National Monthly.

Flies Over Antwerp. Then Tells Officers Position of Foe, Young Officer Relates in Letter.

London.—W. L. Rees, son of the rector of Llandrymaire, Montgomeryshire, a young officer who was attached to the headquarters-staff of marines at Antwerp, has written home saying that Winston Churchill, first lord of the admiralty, went up in an aeroplane and flew over the city. He afterwards motored to the officers and told them the position of the enemies' forces.

Just Giving The Tahoka News a Little More Rope

The Tahoka News insists on the logic of its criticism of the Slatonite for using four pages of printed newspaper service each week in addition to our four pages of local news service. The News made several statements to substantiate its stand, but the principal idea in Editor Crie's article was a chance to slur the Slatonite by styling our printed newspaper service as "ad besmeared ready prints." He also figured the amount of advertising which he styles as objectional on the inside four pages of the Slatonite at \$10.90 per week and says that we are paying \$3.50 a week for the privilege of putting that advertising into circulation. He then adds that we are double crossing our home merchants, and that we are a little afraid that they will get hunk, and then dares us to reprint his statement. He says we charge our home people for advertising that we give away to others.

This is the same editor who printed such a remarkable report of the Tahoka-Slaton basketball game, and this statement alone is all the Slaton people want to know. But we sort of like this showing-up business ourselves.

Now, as to getting hunk, we couldn't say about that. We don't sabb that word, and would not know whether a man were hunk or not when we saw him. If it is anything like that whiz the Brownfield Herald tells about a Slaton man getting on when in Tahoka, we sincerely hope that our Slaton merchants won't get in a hunk condition very often. As to the Slatonite editor being afraid, the News

man called the wrong turn there. We wouldn't give the road for rattlesnakes, wild cats, or any other kind of varmints, including country editors.

The absolute silliness of the stand the News takes on the "ad. besmeared ready prints" of the Slatonite can well be appreciated when attention is called to the fact that the very identical class of advertisements that the News calls unfit for the printed newspaper service of the Slatonite are printed in the local news columns of the Tahoka News. That isn't all; the News runs objectional advertising that could not find its way into the Slatonite on any page. The News runs LIQUOR advertising in its columns. The News man is the one who is double crossing his merchants. We hate to put the merchants of Tahoka hunk to the frailties of their local newspaper, but the News must learn not throw rocks at friends. The News contained about 40 inches of the cheapest kind of advertising on the market today and which at Editor Crie's figures (five cents a line) is worth about \$12 a week. But the Slatonite knows what these people pay for their ads. because they have submitted their propositions to us time and again, and we turned them down every time. The News gets about \$3.00 for \$12 worth of advertising, exclusive of the LIQUOR people who will pay any price to stullify the columns of a country newspaper. Most of the News patent nostrum ads. are from firms that are so cheap in the advertising world that they couldn't get in even the printed newspaper service columns of the Slatonite at any price.

We could go on at length in showing up the News but the game is too cheap for further discussion. The serial story, the war illustrations and stories, farm articles, and special features on many different departments interesting in the home life as found in the printed newspaper service pages of the Slatonite are purchased by us for the particular benefit and entertainment of our valued farmer subscribers. They are of such class that town folks who read dailies and current magazines find much valuable information there. These features are from the pens of the best writers in the United States, and we have never seen anything in the News that is worthy of being referred to in the same breath. The advertising in the columns of those magazine feature pages are what pays for that service and enables us to use it. Again, those advertisements cover standard preparations and staple articles found in our stores and so are really a benefit to our merchants, boosting their sales.

The free plate Radford anti-misleading articles used to fill up the Tahoka News is not to be compared with the classy printed newspaper service of the Slatonite in even the smallest way.

Everything you want any time you want it. A trial will convince.

Simmon's Grocery

Headquarters for Good Things to Eat. Watch for Christmas Specials. Prompt Delivery. Phone 7



10 Great Serials

full of life and action, filled with the fire of fine inspiration and followed by 250 short stories of adventure, will make

The YOUTH'S COMPANION

Better Than Ever in 1915

Then the Family Page, a rare Editorial Page, Boys' Page, Girls' Page, Doctor's Advice, and "a ton of fun." Articles of Travel, Science, Education. From the best minds to the best minds, the best the world can produce for you and everyone in the home. There is no age limit to enthusiasm for The Youth's Companion.

CUT THIS OUT
and send it (or name of this paper) with \$2.00 for The COMPANION for 1915, and we will send FREE All the issues of THE COMPANION for the remaining weeks of 1914. FREE THE COMPANION HOME CALENDAR for 1915. THEN The 52 Weekly Issues of THE COMPANION for 1915.

52 Times a Year
—not 12.

Send to-day to The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., for THREE CURRENT ISSUES—FREE

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE

SERVICE

A small word with a world of meaning.

WE are offering YOU service

24 hours every day.

Better put in a TELEPHONE.

The Western Telephone Company

This Farm \$20 Per Acre

For Sale, 160 acres land, all smooth and level, 5 miles west of Slaton at \$20.00 per acre. \$400.00 cash, balance one note payable in 15 years at 8 per cent.

One 3 room house close in, \$600; \$50 cash, balance \$10 per month 8 per cent interest.

H. D. TALLEY, SLATON, TEXAS

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

FRED HOFFMAN

Painter and Paper Hanger

Interior Decorator. Expert Floor Finisher.
Slaton, Texas

The Last Shot

BY
FREDERICK PALMER

(Copyright, 1914, by Charles Scribner's Sons)

SYNOPSIS.

At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays, Marta Gailand and her mother, entertaining Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron of the Browns injured by a fall in his aeroplane. Ten years later, Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, re-enforces South La Tir and meditates on war. He calls on Marta, who is visiting in the Gray capital. She tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, and begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff. On the march with the 33d of the Browns Private Stransky, anarchist, is placed under arrest. Colonel Lanstron begs him off. Lanstron calls on Marta at her home. He talks with Feller, the gardener. Marta tells Lanstron that she believes Feller to be a spy. Lanstron confesses it is true. Lanstron shows Marta a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passage under the tower for use to benefit the Browns in war emergencies. Lanstron declares his love for Marta. Westerling and the Gray premier plan to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike patriotism in army and people and strike before declaring war. Partow, Brown chief of staff, and Lanstron, made vice, discuss the trouble, and the Brown defenses. Partow reveals his plans to Lanstron. The Gray army crosses the border line and attacks. The Browns check them. Artillery, infantry, aeroplanes and dirigibles engage. Stransky, rising to make the anarchist speech of his life, draws the Gray artillery fire. Nicked by a shrapnel splinter, he goes berserk and fights—"all a man." Marta has her first glimpse of war in its modern, cold, scientific, murderous brutality. The Browns fall back to the Gailand house. Stransky forages.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

She was at the door of her mother's room, which was like an antique shop. Old plates lay on top of old tables, with vases on the floor under the tables. Surrounded by her treasures, Mrs. Gailand awaited the attack; not as a soldier awaits it, but as that venerable Roman senator of the story faced the barbarous Gauls—neither disputing the power of their spears nor yielding the self-respect of his own mind and soul. She had lain down in her wrapper for the night, and the light from a single candle—she still favored candles—revealed her features calm and philosophical among the pillows. Yet the magic of war, reaching deep into hidden emotions, had her also under its spell. Her voice was at once more tender and vital.

"Marta, I see that you are all on wires!"

"Yes; jangling wires, every one, jangling every second out of tune," Marta acquiesced.

"Marta, my father"—her father had been a premier of the Browns—"always said that you may enjoy the luxury of fussing over little things, for they don't count much one way or another; but about big things you must never fuss or you will not be worthy of big things. Marta, you cannot stop a railroad train with your hands. This is not the first war on earth and we are not the first women who ever thought that war was wrong. Each of us has his work to do and you will have yours. It does no good to tire yourself out and fly to pieces, even if you do know so much and have been around the world."

She smiled as a woman of sixty, who has a secret heart-break that she had never given her husband a son, may smile at a daughter who is both son and daughter to her, and her plump hand, all curves like her plump face and her plump body, spread open in appeal.

Marta, who, in the breeding of her generation, felt sentiment as more or less of a lure from logic, dropped beside the bed in a sudden burst of sentiment and gathered the plump hand in hers and kissed it.

"Mother, you are wonderful!" she said. "Mother, you are great!"

After a time, her ear becoming accustomed to the firing as a city dweller's to the distant roar of city traffic, Mrs. Gailand slept. But Marta could not follow her advice. If, transiently at least, she had found something of the peace of the confessional, the vigor of youth was in her arteries; and youth cannot help remaining awake under some conditions. She tiptoed across the hall into her own room and seated herself by the window. The symbol of what the ear had heard the eye saw—war, working in tones of the landscape by day with smokeless powder; war, revealed by its tongues of flame at night. Ugly bursts of fire from the higher hills spread to the heavens like an aurora borealis and broke their messengers in sheets of flame over the lower hills—the batteries of the Browns springing death about the heads of the gunners of the Grays emplacing their batteries. Staccato flashes from a single point counted so many bullets from an automatic, which directed by the beams of the search-lights, found their targets in sections of advancing infantry. Hill crests, set off with flashes running back and forth, de-

marked infantry lines of the Browns assisting the automatics.

There were lulls between the crashes of the small arms and the heavy, throaty speech of the guns; lulls that seemed to say that both sides had paused for a breathing spell; lulls that allowed the battle in the distance to be heard in its pervasive undertone. In one of them, when even the undertone had ceased for a few seconds, Marta caught faintly the groans of a wounded man—one of the crew of a Gray dirigible burned by an explosion and brought in his agony softly to earth by a billowing piece of envelope which acted as a parachute.

Fighting proceeded in La Tir in stages of ferocity and blank silence. The upper part of the town, which the Browns still held, was in darkness; the lower part, where the Grays were, was illuminated.

"Another one of Lanny's plans!" thought Marta. "He would have them work in the light, while we fire out of obscurity!"

Soon all the town was in darkness. For the Grays had cut the wire in the main conduit shortly after she had heard the groans of the wounded man. There the automatics broke out in a mad storm, voicing their feelings at getting a company in close order in a street for the space of a minute, before those who escaped could plaster themselves against doorways or find cover in alleys. Then silence from the automatics and a cheer from the Browns that rasped out its triumph like the rubbing together of steel files.

From the line of defense, that included the first terrace of the Gailand grounds as the angle of a redoubt, not a shot, not a sound; silence on the part of officers and men as profound as Mrs. Gailand's slumber, while one of the Browns' search-lights, like some great witch's slow-turning eye in a narrow radius, covered the lower terraces and the road.

Marta gave intermittent glances at the garden; the glances of a guardian. She happened to be looking in that direction when figures sprang across the road, crouching, running with the short, quick steps of no body movement accompanying that of the legs. The search-light caught them in merciless silhouette and the automatic and the rifles from behind the sand-bags on the first terrace let go. Some of the figures dropped and lay in the road and she knew that she had seen men hit for the first time. Others, she thought, got safely to the cover of the gutter on the garden side. Of those on the road, some were still and some she saw were moving slowly back on their stomachs to safety. Now the search-light laid its beam steadily on the road. Again silence. From the upper terrace came a great voice, like that of the guns, from a human throat:

"Why didn't we level those terraces? They'll creep up from one to the other!" It was Stransky.

In answer was another voice—Dellarme's.

"Perhaps there wasn't time to do everything. If they get as far as the first terrace—well, in case of a crisis, we have hand-grenades. But, God knows, I hope we shall not have to use them."

After an interval, more figures made a rush across the road. They, too, in Stransky's words, paid a price for seeing the garden. But the flashes from the rifles and the automatic provided a target for a Gray battery. The blue spark that flies from an overhead trolley or a third rail, multiplied a hundredfold, broke in Marta's face. It was dazzling, blinding as a bolt of lightning a few feet distant, with the thunder crash at the same second, followed by the thrashing hum of bullets and fragments against the side of the house.

"I knew that this must come!" something within her said. If she had not been prepared for it by the events of the last twelve hours she would have jumped to her feet with an exclamation of natural shock and horror. As it was, she felt a convulsive, nervous thrill without rising from her seat. A pause. The next shell burst in line with the first, out by the linden-trees; a third above the veranda.

"We've got that range, all right!" thought the Gray battery commander, who had judged the distance by the staff map. This was all he wanted to know for the present. He would let loose at the proper time to support the infantry attack, when there were enough dribbles across the road to make a charge. The dribbles kept on coming, and, one by one, the number of dead on the road was augmented,

Marta was diverted from this process of killing by piecemeal by a more theatrical spectacle. A brigade commander of the Grays had ticked an order over the wires and it had gone from battery to battery. Not only many field-guns, which are the terrors of the artillery, but some guns of siege caliber, the mastiffs, in a sudden outburst started a havoc of tumbling walls and cornices in the upper part of the town.

Then an explosion greater than any from the shells shot a hemisphere of light heavenward, revealing a shadowy body flying overhead, and an instant later the heavens were illuminated by a vast circle of flame as the dirigible that had dropped the dynamite received its death-blow. But already the Brown infantry was withdrawing from the town, destroying buildings that would give cover for the attack in the morning as they went. Two or three hours after midnight fell a silence which was to last until dawn. The combatants rested on their arms, Browns saying to Grays, "We shall be ready for the morrow!" and Grays replying: "So shall we!"

Marta, at her window, her eyes following the movements of the display, now here, now there, found herself thinking of many things, as in the intermissions between the acts of a drama. She wondered if the groaning, wounded man were crying for water or if he were wishing that some one at home were near him. She thought of her talk with Lanstron and how feminine and feeble it must have sounded to a mind working in the inexorable processes of the clash of millions of men. She saw his left hand twitching in his pocket, his right hand gripping it to hold it still, on that afternoon when, for the first time, she had understood his injury in the aeroplane accident as the talisman of his feelings—his controlled feelings! Always his controlled feelings!

She saw Westerling, so conscious of his strength, directing his chessmen in a death struggle against Partow. And he was coming to this house as his headquarters when the final test of the strength of the Titans was made.

She hoped that her mother was still sleeping; and she had seconds when she was startled by her own calmness. Again, the faces of the children in her school were as clear as in life. She breathed her gratitude that the procession in which they moved to the rear was hours ago out of the theater of danger. In the simplicity of big things, her duty was to teach them, a future generation, no less than Feller's duty was the pursuing shadow of his conscience. She should see war, alive, naked, bloody, and she would tell her children what she had seen as a warning.

Silence, except an occasional rifle shot—silence and the darkness before dawn which would, she knew, concentrate the lightnings around the house. She glanced into her mother's room and marveled as at a miracle to find her sleeping. Then she stole downstairs and opened the outer door of the dining-room. A step or two brought her to the edge of the veranda. There she paused and leaned against one of the stone pillars. Dellarme himself was in a half-reclining position, his back to a tree. He seemed to be nodding. Except for a few on watch over the sand-bags, his men were stretched on the earth, moving restlessly at intervals, either in an effort to sleep or waking suddenly after a spell of harassed unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XII.

Hand to Hand.

With the first sign of dawn there was a movement of shadowy forms taking position in answer to low-spoken commands. The search-light yielded its vigil to the wide-spread beam out of the east, and the detail of the setting where Marta was to watch the play of one of man's passions, which he dares not permit the tender flesh of woman to share, grew distinct. Bayonets were fixed on the rifles that lay along the parapet of sand-bags in front of the row of brown shoulders. Back of them in the yard was a section of infantry in reserve, also with bayonets fixed, ready to fill the place of any who fell out of line, a doctor and stretchers to care for the wounded, and a detachment of engineers to mend any breaches made in the breastwork by shell fire.

The gunner of the automatic sighted his barrel, slightly adjusted its elevation, and swung it back and forth to make sure that it worked smoothly, while his assistant saw that the fresh belts of cartridges which were to feed it were within easy reach.

In straw hat and blue blouse, shuffling with his old man's walk, Feller came along the path from the gate. He was in retreat from the enticing picture of the regiment of field-guns in front of the castle that was ready for action. As the infantry had never interested him, he would be safe from temptation in the yard.

"This is no place for you!" said one of the engineers.

"No, and don't waste any time, either, old man!" said another. "Back to your bulbs!"

Feller did not even hear them. For the moment he was actually deaf.

"Fire!" said Dellarme's whistle. "Thur-rrr!" went the automatic in soulless, mechanical repetition, its tape spinning through the cylinder, while the rifles spoke with the human irregularity of steel-tipped fingers pounding at random on a drumhead. All along the line facing La Tir the volume of fire spread until it was like the concert of a mighty loom.

The Gray batteries having tried out their range by the flashes of the automatic the previous evening, were making the most of the occasion. "Uk-ung-n-ng!" the breaking jackets whipped out their grists. The reserves, the hospital-corps men and the engineers hugged the breastwork for cover. The leaves clipped from the trees by bullets were blown aside with the hurricane breaths of shrapnel bursts; bullets whistled so near Marta that she heard their shrillness above every other sound. She was amazed that the houses still remained standing—that anyone was alive. But she had a glimpse of Dellarme maintaining his set smile and another of Feller, who had crept up behind the automatic, making impatient "come-on! come-on! what-is-the-matter-with-you?" gestures in the direction of the batteries in front of the castle.

"Thur-eeeh—thur-eeeh!" As the welcome note swept overhead he waved his hands up and down in mad rapture and then peeped over the breastwork to ascertain if the practice were good. The Brown batteries had been a little slow in coming into action, but they soon broke the precision of the opposing fire.

Now shells coming frequently fell short or went wide. The air cleared. Then a chance shell, striking at the one point which the man who fired it six thousand yards away would have chosen as his bull's-eye, obscured Feller and the automatic and its gunners in the havoc of explosion. Feller must have been killed. The dust settled; she saw Dellarme making frantic gestures as he looked at his men. They were keeping up their fusillade with unflinching rapidity. Through the breach left in the breastwork she had glimpses, as the dust was finally dissipated, of gray figures, bayonets fixed, pressing together as they came on fiercely toward the opening. The Browns let go the full blast of their magazines. Had that chance shell turned the scales? Would the Grays get into the breastwork?

All Marta's faculties and emotions were frozen in her stare of suspense at the breach. Then her heart leaped, a cry in a gust of short breaths broke from her lips as the Browns let go a rasping, explosive, demoniacal cheer. The first attack had been checked!

After triumph, terror, faintness, and a closing of her eyes, she opened them to see Feller, with his old straw hat—brim torn and crownless now—still on his head, rise from the debris and shake himself like a dog coming ashore from a swim. While the engineers hastened to repair the breach he assisted Stransky, who had also been knocked down by the concussion, to lift the overturned automatic off the gunner. The doctor, putting a hand on the gunner's heart, shook his head, and two hospital-corps men removed the body to make room for the engineers.

For once Dellarme's cheery smile deserted him. There was no one left to man the automatic, so vital in the defense, and even if somebody could be found the gun was probably out of commission. As he started toward it his smile, already summoned back, was shot with surprise at sight of the gun in place and a stranger in blue blouse, white hair showing through a crownless straw hat, trying out the mechanism with knowing fingers. Dellarme stared. Feller, unconscious of everything but the gun, righted the cartridge band, swung the barrel back and forth, and then fired a shot.

"You—you seem to know rapid-firers!" Dellarme exclaimed in blank incomprehension.

"Yes, sir!" Feller raised his finger, whether in salute as a soldier or as a gardener touching his hat it was hard to say.

"But how—where?" gasped Dellarme.

This time the movement of the finger was undoubtedly in salute, in perfect, swift, military salute, with head thrown back and shoulders stiff. Feller the gardener was dead and buried without ceremony.

"Lanstron's class, school for officers, sir. Stood one in ballistics, prize medallist control of gun-fire. Yes, sir, I know something about rapid-firers," Feller replied, and fired a few more shots. "A little high, a little low—right, my lady, right!"

Stransky was back in his place next to the automatic and firing whenever a head appeared. He rolled his eyes in a characteristic squint of scrutiny toward the new recruit.

"Beats spraying rose-bushes for bugs, eh, old man?" he asked.

"Yes, a lead solution is best for gray bugs!" Feller remarked puntingly, and their glances meeting, they saw in each other's eyes the joy of hell.

"A pair of anarchists!" exclaimed

Stransky, grinning, and fired a shot for another head.

As if in answer to prayer, a gunner had come out of the earth. Sufficient to the need was the fact. It was not for Dellarme to ask questions of a prize-medallist graduate of the school for officers in a blue blouse and crownless straw hat. His expert survey assured him that before another rush the enemy had certain preparations to make. He might give his fighting smile a recess and permit himself a few minutes' relaxation. Looking around to ascertain what damage had been done to the house and grounds, he became aware of Marta's presence for the first time.

"Miss Gailand, you—you weren't there during the fighting?" he cried as he ran toward her.

"Yes," she said rather faintly. "If I had known that I should have been scared to death!"

"But I was safe behind the pillar," she explained.

"Miss Gailand, you're such a good soldier—please—and I'm sure you have not had your breakfast, and all good soldiers never neglect their rations; not at the beginning of a war! Miss Gailand, please—Yes, as he meant it, please be a good fellow.

She could not resist smiling at the charming manner of his plea. She felt weak and strange—a little dizzy. Besides, her mother's voice now came from the doorway and then her mother's hand was pressing her arm.

"Marta, if you remain out here, I shall!" announced Mrs. Gailand.

"I was just coming in."

Dellarme, his cap held before him in the jaunty fashion of officers, bowed, his face beaming his happiness at her decision.

"Come!" Mrs. Gailand slipped her hand into Marta's. "Two women can't fight both armies. Come! I prescribe hot coffee. It is waiting; and, do you know, I find a meal in the kitchen very cozy."

Being human and not a heroine fed on lotos blossoms, and being exhausted and also hungry, when she was seated at table, with Minna adroitly urging her, Marta ate with the relish of little Peterkin in the shell crater munching biscuits from his haversack, but the movement of the minute-hand on the clock-face became uncanny and merciless to her eye in its deliberate regularity. Dellarme had been told to hold on until noon, she knew. Was he still smiling? Was Feller still happy in playing a stream of lead from the automatic? Was the second charge of the Grays, which must have come to close quarters when the guns went silent, going to succeed?

Mrs. Gailand had settled down conscientiously to play solitaire, a favorite pastime of hers; but she failed to win, as she complained to Marta, because of her stupid way this morning of missing the combination cards.

After a long intermission came another outburst from Dellarme's men, which she interpreted as the response to another rush by the Grays; and this yelping of the demon was not that of the hound after the hare, as in the valley, but of the hare with his back to the wall. When it was over there was no cheer. What did this mean? Without warning to her mother she bolted out of the kitchen. Mrs. Gailand sprang up to follow, but Minna barred the way.

"One is enough!" she said firmly, and Mrs. Gailand dropped back into her chair.

In the front rooms Marta found havoc beyond her imagination. A portion of the ceiling had been blown out by a shell entering at an up-stairs window; the hardwood floors were littered with plaster and window-glass and ripped into splinters in places.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Finish.

"Whar's Red-Face?" asked Four-Finger Hogan in the hotel bar of Tin Can. "I haven't seen Red-Face around for some time."

A general sigh went up. Then Shotgun Simpson shook his head and said:

"Poor Red-Face! He got loaded the other night, rode into Cemetery Gulch, struck his head in the window of the Resurrection Arms hotel and yelled: 'Fire!'

"Everybody did."

His Appeal to Papa.

Little Webster had entered into an agreement with his father whereby he was to receive a penny every time he came when called, providing he covered the distance before his father counted to five. One day he was out on the lawn when called and did not start until he heard "three." Running as hard as he could, he shouted, "Say three all the time. Say three all the time, papa."

Mushroom's Great Force.

The extraordinary driving force imprisoned in succulent young mushrooms may be gathered from the fact that through a shop floor laid down in Dunedin, New Zealand, several mushrooms, from two to three inches in diameter, have forced themselves up into the light of day. The asphalt looked very much as if a pick had been at work, so damaged was it by the mushrooms.

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN



Lord Howard de Walden, one of the richest peers in England, his income being about three million dollars a year, has raised and equipped a cavalry regiment for service with the British forces on the continent.

WHERE HEROES FELL

Mad Tumult of Death in Man-to-Man Battle.

Writer Gives Graphic Picture of Bayonet Charge—Germans, Scots and Britons Fall Side by Side in Bloody Charge.

In the North of France.—The initial effort of the massed German strength to tear their way through the allies' lines at Ypres and thus drive in the opening wedge by which their sweep of the French coast was to be made possible was broken by one of the most superb and self-sacrificing displays of heroism ever attempted by a body of soldiers.

The attack opened with a terrific cannonade against the British positions. Shells tore in, shrieking and bursting in a mad tumult of death, scarring the British trenches, blasting through bomb-proofs and making an inferno of the allies' position.

Under cover of the furious artillery fire the German columns started to advance at the double. Rank upon rank, regiment upon regiment, they loomed through the smoke held low as a screen by the dense fog that prevailed. The word passed along the British trenches that this was the supreme effort of the German advance.

While the first line was setting itself firm to withstand the shock of the fierce impact they knew was coming, a great wave of Britons boiled up and over the edge of the British ditches. They rolled pell mell down the approach to the trenches and when they had scrambled to their feet there were two regiments of them—one Scottish and a regiment of the guards.

They formed quickly, with bayonets fixed, and went down into the center of the gray line of advancing Germans, yelling a battle cry that was blood-stirring. They charged like demons.

The artillery of the allies opened fire behind them to give them cover,

but soon they had advanced past the range of safety at which the French gunners might fire without hitting the charging line of Britons.

The Germans came on at a steady tread, in numbers that it seemed must engulf the two lines charging down upon them.

Then came the clash. It was cold steel from the moment they struck. Thrusting, receding, parrying, countering and thrusting again, the Scots and the guards fought their men hand-to-hand, giving back before the steady press of Teutons, but fighting all the way.

They fell side by side, the Germans, the Scots and the gallant Britons, those behind trampling them, but still they rose and fought again until the "dressed" German line resembled a mob. Confusion spread through the German ranks. Panic seemed to have seized them, and they "milled," losing all sense of direction, knowing only that a horde of demons had been turned loose in their midst and had made it a man-to-man fight.

The German charge was broken, for no front could extricate itself from such a turmoil in the face of the trenches, and the Germans were forced to retire to re-form.

Reserves were brought up to fill the gap where the brave Scots and the gallant Britons had gone out to their mission of death, and the line again was in a position to hold.

In scattered twos and threes—shattered twos and threes—the Guards and the Scots found their lines. But the two regiments were done. If they had broken the German advance they had given their lives to do it. Not a small company was left of the two

Wilde's Sons at Front.

London.—Both sons of the late Oscar Wilde are serving with the British army.

The eldest son is with the Indian expeditionary force, while the younger one is acting as an interpreter.

GUN FIRE IS AWFUL

London.—The awfulness of modern artillery fire is described in a thrilling story told by a British officer just returning from Flanders. He says:

"I took eight men to find out what happened to Captain B. and a platoon who were sent to support the firing line. Three hundred yards out I saw the line of our infantry lying flat on the ground and made toward them.

"I shall never forget traversing those three hundred yards. The German guns, which were only 800 yards away, fired with extreme accuracy. It seemed impossible that my little party could escape. Three were hit almost immediately, but we others kept on and reached the line.

"To my horror I found all dead or wounded except three men, who were keeping perfectly still. I found a subaltern on his knee with one hand resting on the ground just in the attitude of a runner who is waiting for the signal for the start of a race.

He was stone dead. A shrapnel bullet had pierced his head. I again crept forward another hundred yards, where I found our firing line under Captain B. They were lying, every man killed or wounded within about four hundred yards of the German guns, which we could not even see.

"In the center a bunch of 25 men lay in a heap, having massed as they advanced for mutual protection. I never have seen such wounds at this short range.

"I found Captain B. still alive with his thigh shattered and another wound in his neck.

"As long as we lay quiet the German guns did not fire, but directly any one moved we got another shell right on top of us.

"I saw that unless Captain B. received speedy attention he would die. I took two rifles and made a stretcher out of a great coat. We carried Captain B. almost to the edge of a

COSTS \$40,225,000 A DAY

Russia's Bill for War is Almost Double That of Any Other Power.

Paris.—The war bill which Europe is meeting daily is now figured up as follows:

Russia	\$14,000,000
Germany	7,225,000
France	7,000,000
England	5,000,000
Austria	4,000,000
Various	3,000,000
Total	\$40,225,000

The French appropriation is from official figures as announced by M. Ribot, minister of finance; the English estimate by the London Statist; the German total from "an authoritative source" in a Geneva paper, and the other sums from various conservative estimates which have appeared in one place or another. The items "various" represents the probable expense to which Serbia, Belgium and the neutral countries of Switzerland, Italy, Roumania, Turkey, Greece, Holland and Denmark have been put.

This vast total does not include the destruction of property where fighting is taking place nor the wellnigh incalculable losses to Europe of 20,000,000 men under arms being taken from production. There are no indications in France that exhaustion has set in, but it is evident that the accumulated treasure of even the richest country on the continent is being poured out at a rate that adds \$200,000,000 a month to the national debt.

BRITISH TRADE LOSS HEAVY

Imports Decrease \$100,850,000 in One Month and Exports \$90,100,000—Cotton Suffers.

London.—The effect of the war on British trade is shown in the figures published by the board of trade for the month of October.

Imports decreased \$100,850,000 and exports decreased \$90,100,000. The principal loss in imports was \$27,500,000 on raw cotton from America and \$7,500,000 on cotton from Egypt, together with \$35,000,000 on manufactured articles. The exports of coal declined \$10,000,000 and the exports of manufactured articles declined \$67,500,000. Of the last named, cotton yarns made up \$25,250,000 and wool yarns \$6,250,000.

FEEDING ARMY ON MOVE



Food for the soldiers is prepared in portable kitchens, which accompany the army. In the picture a temporary halt has been made to examine the food being cooked on the march.

wood before the Germans noticed us. Then they opened fire, but we reached cover.

"I got some more volunteers from my platoon and four stretchers, and these brave fellows crawled up to the firing line and carried the others out under heavy fire. Several of the wounded were again hit on the way.

"I was on the extreme right of the line to cut a pack from a man who was badly wounded. I heard a shell coming and instinctively put up my arm to guard my face and tried to throw myself on the ground. But it was too late. I felt a terrific blow, just as if some one had hit me with a giant red hot poker. I was spun around and seemed to go on spinning and then fell to the ground.

"I lay on the ground a few minutes; then the Germans commenced to shell us again. Finally we reached the field hospital, where we were given morphine, then put in a train with hundreds of other wounded. This is all I know of war, and I have not the least idea whether we won or were beaten on the day I was hit."

USING BREAD CRUMBS

COOKING ECONOMY WELL WORTH HEEDING.

Odd Pieces Should Always Be Saved and Made Use of in One Way or Another—Some Ways of Employing Them.

Waste in the kitchen amounts almost to a sin in these days when the price of food is high and money is scarce in most households. Yet waste goes on every day in the average kitchen—waste that could very easily be curtailed if the housewife used economical methods. A good many home cooks honestly believe that they are practicing the most rigid economy in their homes, when all the time odd pieces of bread, left-overs of meat, vegetables and sweets are thrown away, regardless of the fact that they could be used again.

Perhaps more waste takes place with bread than with any other one staple in the kitchen. Every bit of bread should be saved and made use of in one way or another. This rule need not conjure up a dreary vista of stale crust munching, however. The housewife's toast must still be crisp and toothsome, her afternoon tea slices as fresh and thin as ever; but it is in the use of unused scraps of bread, stale toast, ends of loaves, crusts cut from bread and toast, that the housekeeper can show her economical skill. All these scraps—the waifs and strays of the bread jar—should be looked over every morning and assigned definite duties.

The day's needs will first be dealt with, the crumbs or croutons required sorted out and put to one side. Every unwanted scrap should then be cut into fairly uniform squares, placed in a baking dish and baked carefully in a slow oven to a delicate golden brown shade. Care should be taken to carry out these instructions to the letter. The crumbs must be baked carefully and in a slow oven if one wishes to have them in any condition fit for use. Too often has the housewife thrust her crumbs into a hot oven, forgotten them for a few minutes, then pulled them out only to find a black mass of charred remains of what once was a dish of bread crumbs. It is a wise idea to leave the oven door ajar.

To test the proper baking of these left-over pieces of bread, break one of the thickest pieces; if it snaps crisply, the bread is ready to be taken from the oven. With a rolling pin and baking board the bread can easily be crushed into fine crumbs and may be sifted afterward if uniform fineness is desired. Some busy cooks put the baked crusts through a mincing machine with good results. The bread should be reduced to crumbs the moment it is baked, for if left lying about the moisture in the air will be absorbed and the crispness is lost.

Many cooks enjoy the sensation of crunching their golden crumbs. Visions of brown coated cutlets, golden croquettes and savory fishballs float before their eyes during the operation, for the crumbs can be used for all these purposes and many more besides.

Cup Custards.

Heat a quart of milk in a double boiler, but do not bring it quite to the boil. Beat five eggs light and stir into them half a cupful of sugar. On this mixture pour the scalding milk very gradually, beating steadily all the time. Return to the double boiler and cook, stirring constantly, until the custard is separated. Remove the custard from the fire, season with two teaspoonfuls of vanilla and set aside to cool. When cold, nearly fill the glasses or cups with the mixture and heap with meringue made by whipping the whites of two eggs stiff with two table-spoonfuls of sugar.

French Mutton Stew.

Take 1½ pounds of neck or shoulder of mutton cut in pieces, five cents' worth of carrots and turnips, two onions and a spring of parsley. Brown a tablespoonful of flour with about the same quantity of butter. When brown add meat, then the vegetables cut in rounds—put one clove in one of the onions—add pepper, salt and two cupfuls of cold water.

Cover tight and simmer two hours. One hour before serving add a few potatoes to the stew.

Icing for Layer Spice Cake.

One and one-half cupfuls of granulated sugar, one-half cupful of milk, boil until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water, take from fire and add one cupful of chopped raisins and beat until it becomes creamy.

Stains on Skirts.

To prevent the stains that often result from muddy skirts dilute sour milk with water and soak the skirt in it over night, then wash in the usual way. The skirt will wash easier and look whiter.

Pleasure and duty are a hard pair to drive in double harness.

For crushed finger thoroughly apply Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

The one time a man never demands a receipt is when he pays a grudge.

Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers. Adv.

Damaging.

"Confession is good for the soul." "Yes, but it is often hard on the reputation."

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

Not So Sharp.

"How did you find the needle baths?" "Oh, sew-sew!"

She Had Forgotten.

"See here," said Mrs. Gabb. "I got out your last winter's suit today and I found a lot of long blonde hairs on the vest." "Well," replied Mr. Gabb, "you seem to forget that you were a blonde last winter."

Nothing Doing.

"Let me talk to you five minutes and I'll tell you how to get rich." "You need a shave and your clothes are shabby. Why don't you go and get rich yourself, instead of wasting your valuable time on me?" "Because I'm a natural born philanthropist."

"Well, I'm not a natural born fool. Good day."

His Brand.

"Well," said the man from the Cross-Bar ranch, "we have everything over to Butte that's worth while, I guess. On January 14, we had the world-renowned bell-ringers; January 22, Della Brown, the famous lady cornet-player, and on January 28, grand production of 'Lewis the Cross-Eye.' Believe me, that was great!"

"What did you say was the name of the play?" asked the easterner.

"Here she am," said the rancher, producing a program from his shirt and pointing to the heading: "Grand Production of Louis XI."

About Machine Guns.

Every day in the newspapers there crop up incidents dealing with the effect of machine-gun fire, and an enormous number of these weapons are doing their deadly work today.

In the British army the machine gun is the Maxim; the French use the Hotchkiss, or Puteaux; Austrians employ the Schwarzlose, and Germans the Maxim. In all cases machine guns are attached to the infantry forces, usually at the proportion of two guns per battalion, or 1,000 men.

These guns fire rifle cartridges at immense speed by mechanical means, and usually the kick, or recoil, of the gun is used for the purpose of reloading. It is interesting to note that in a test 42 British first-class shots engaged against a machine gun, each firing at the same target for one minute, the gun discharged 228 rounds and made 69 hits, the 42 marksmen discharged 408 rounds and made 62 hits.

Let Them Speak

For Themselves

You needn't take anybody's word for the superiority of Post Toasties—

Get a package from your Grocer, pour some of the crisp, sweet flakes into a dish, add cream or milk, and a sprinkle of sugar if you wish. Then be the judge of

Post Toasties

The Superior

Corn Flakes

—made from the hearts of the finest Indian Corn, skilfully cooked, seasoned, rolled and toasted.

Toasties are not ordinary "corn flakes," so remember when you want Superior Corn Flakes to ask your grocer for

Post Toasties

LOCAL GOSSIP

The big light above the Movie Show tells you when the show is running.

Miss Susie Talley of Crowell, Texas, visited Miss Bertha Proctor in Slaton during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sewell of Abilene arrived in Slaton yesterday to spend Christmas at the V Ranch.

Let us test your eyes and fit you with a pair of glasses that will rest your eyes.—Red Cross Pharmacy.

John Hudgens of Abilene, Texas, arrived in Slaton last week, to visit his sister, Mrs. I. W. Hudgens.

Pool Robertson came up from Abilene, where he is attending the Cooper Training School, Monday to spend the holidays with home folks.

We had a good hog story this week but the fellow who pulled the cork under is away visiting and the joke would be tame. However, the boys say that side meat comes high.

DRESSMAKING.—Sewing of all kinds. Your patronage respectfully solicited. Call at my rooms on the lower floor of the Higbee building, west of the Singleton Hotel.—Mrs. C. B. Hubbard.

The Slatonite would like to add several country correspondents to our local columns. Why not put your community before the public by representing it in the Slatonite? Come in and talk the matter over with the editor.

S. R. Cade of Callahan County, Texas, has moved to Slaton with his emigrant cars and will improve the land which he purchased south of town. Mr. Cade will put considerable improvements on the land and make of it a modern farm home.

Mrs. T. C. Rutherford of Terrell, Texas, arrived in Slaton Monday on a visit with her brother, A. J. Tucker. Mrs. Rutherford is greatly pleased with the appearances of this city and country, and says she thinks the South Plains is certainly a fine place to live.

Mr. Willard E. Murray and Miss Beulah Leverett were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Leverett, west of Slaton, on Wednesday night, Dec. 23rd, 1914, the Rev. A. E. Arnfield pronouncing the ceremony. A number of relatives and friends were present. The Slatonite takes pleasure in extending congratulating and best wishes.

Col. L. A. H. Smith returned last Friday from Plainview.

The Slaton teachers are in Lubbock attending the County Teachers Institute.

This is Slaton week in Lubbock, as several of our citizens are on the petit jury.

Edda Bell Benton entertained a number of little girl friends Tuesday afternoon at her home in honor of her sixth birthday.

In a card to the Slatonite, the Rev. Joseph Reisdorff says that he is in the St. Anthony's Hospital at Oklahoma City, Okla., and that he is still in poor health.

Mrs. Howard Paul and baby of Slaton arrived here Tuesday to spend a few days visiting relatives. J. C. Paul also came in from Slaton to spend a few days looking after business interests here.—Panhandle Herald.

PRELIMINARY TRIAL BINDS HAGGART OVER WITHOUT BAIL

The preliminary hearing of Frank Haggart, the engineer who was arrested at Lamesa ten days ago on a statutory charge,

was held at Amarillo Wednesday and Haggart was bound over to the District Court without bail.

The report of the trial shows very damaging testimony against him. Sentiment in Amarillo is said to intensify over the case.

DISTRICT COURT CASES DISPOSED OF AT LUBBOCK

The case of the Crosbyton South Plains Railway Company vs. Geo. C. Wolfarth and many other Lubbock citizens, in which the railroad is suing for the balance on the bonus promised the Crosbyton road when it was built into our town. A change of venue was asked by the plaintiffs and after quite a bit of time had been put in in arguments for both sides of the case the change was granted by the District Judge and the case will be taken to the District Court of Lynn County.

The case from Yoakum County styled Fred Fyeatt vs. J. C. Keller, Sheriff of Yoakum County and others, a suit in which plaintiff was seeking to recover damages for personal injuries sustained by being arrested by the sheriff. The jury gave the plaintiff judgment and damages to the amount of \$1.00.

The case of the First National Bank of Plainview vs. Mr. and Mrs. B. O. McWhorter resulted in a victory for Mrs. McWhorter and she obtained a judgment for \$9,380.25. This case was brought about by the bank seizing about 1,600 pounds of Sudan grass seed as the property of Mr. McWhorter when it belonged to Mrs. McWhorter. The jury rendered the judgment on the basis of 60c per pound for the seed.—Avalanche.

The largest mouthed cannon in the world is being placed at the entrance to the Panama Canal and the boys that are to have the big gun in charge have already christened it Billy Bryan.—Balmorhea Herald.

The girls all like our Chocolates. Take a box of them to her and she will like you. We guarantee it.—Red Cross Pharmacy.

F. V. Williams and family left Wednesday for Whitesboro, Texas, to spend the holidays with relatives at their old home.

To all our old friends who have been loyal to us, who have helped us and whom we have helped as best we knew; And to the newer friends whom we will cherish through the years until they become old friends; And to you whose friendship we want and will strive earnestly to deserve. We tender this

GREETING:

May the New Year be a prosperous and fruitful one. May joy and recompense come to you, May it be our privilege to add to your success.

FIRST STATE BANK OF SLATON

To You, Our Friends:

Had we our way, the good old sports
Should be revived once more;
Again should Maiden's little feet
Dance twinkling on the floor:
While overhead again should hang
The dark green mistletoe;
And all lips that strayed under it
The forfeit pay, we know:
The Yule-log should again be brought
By many a stout, strong hand;
And some fair girl should light it
With the last year's sacred brand.

---ALBERT PIKE.

The above very beautiful sentiment by that greatest of all Free Masons, Albert Pike, is our expression of a **MERRY CHRISTMAS** to you.

THE WESTERN TELEPHONE COMPANY

Miss Imon Overby left Saturday for her home at Dixon, Ky., after an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. A. S. Page. She was accompanied by her brother, Tom Overby, who will visit at Dixon during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Sledge left Tuesday for southern Oklahoma where they will spend a month visiting relatives and old friends.

The fine blanket of snow that fell Thursday evening for Santa melted before noon today.

Joe Lane phoned Bruce Hays who happened to be in Lubbock, to bring out the broken part of his car. The part he wanted was the front radius rod (we gave an auto man a smoke of Prince Albert for this information.) But the fact that he could use a telephone, or had wrecked his Ford, wasn't funny. The funny part of the proceedings was Joe trying to show Bruce over the phone just what he wanted; Joe called it the "pully bone hickey," and all the time he was talking, his right hand was describing an architectural plan of a "negro shooter fork" or a hen's pulley bone, by spreading the first two fingers of that hand to an angle of 45 degrees. If you want to make Joe ache, just hold up two fingers.—Brownfield Herald.

Do You Own Your Home? If Not, Why Not?

This is the UNIVERSAL question of the AGE. Can YOU give an INTELLIGENT answer? The great South Plains area of Texas is sufficient to supply every industrious family, within her borders, with a comfortable home; and the SLATON country has proven itself to be the NUCLEUS.

You owe it to your FAMILY and STATE to obtain as much of this DOMAIN as will protect that family, be it a CITY home or the extent of a FARM home, and while you are calculating to that end, why not consult with one who has placed hundreds of families within the reach of this desired goal. Some of them are now owning real estate worth into thousands of dollars, and some of them started two to seven years ago with the small sum of Twenty-Five Dollars.

Are you interested? Would a home mean anything to your family? If so I have the method by which "Your Terms Are My Terms" and a conversation may put you on the road to complete independence.

Fair enough, is it not? If you mean business see or write
C. C. HOFFMAN SLATON, TEXAS

GUNS and AMMUNITION

We carry an assortment of standard Guns, Rifles, and Ammunition. Why not buy a good Gun and get the benefit of the good hunting this fall?

Economy Hot Blast Heating Stoves

The stoves are one of the best put up, nicest appearing, and most economical of the hot blast lines. We invite you to look them over; the price will suit.

FORREST HARDWARE
Hardware and Furniture

The Slaton Slatonite

L. P. Loomis, Editor and Manager

SUBSCRIPTION, A YEAR \$1.00

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

NO SKIP FOR HOLIDAYS.

Some country newspapers take delight in quoting a "time honored custom" and passing the Christmas week without printing a paper. The excuses given for taking advantage of this time honored custom are interesting and leading. One is to afford opportunity for clearing away all accumulated work and pie in the printing office, another for taking a vacation and meeting all the folks in another state, and a third reason is by inference rather than precept. It is a desire to tone up the editor's system and destroy all microbes of indigestion by a ten days' treatment of the best Tom and Jerry—a chill tonic, of course.

As there isn't a line of dead or pied type or neglected corner in the Slatonite office, we don't have to stop the wheels of progress while we catch up with our work.

As we haven't the price of a vacation trip we could not, paper or no paper, eat Christmas turkey off of grandpa's table.

As it is an unbroken rule of the editor's never to stop the presses for Tom and Jerry or any of their relatives we won't pass up an issue while the force celebrates.

So the Slatonite issues as usual this week.

Says The Slatonite Tells a True Story About South Plains

Louis Trautwein of Shiner, Texas, was in Slaton last Thursday on his way to his farm west of Wilson to check up with his renter and get a few good looks at the South Plains country as it appears under the setting given it by the big crop this year. Mr. Trautwein owns a section and a half of land near Wilson and has it leased to Beal Manley.

He is a subscriber to the Slatonite, and stopped at the office to visit the editor and push his date ahead. Altho the said editor was as busy as a type sticker can possibly get in holiday time and had to talk with a (type) space in the air, we enjoyed Mr. Trautwein's call very much. He has been keeping tab on the South Plains for some time now, and is very enthusiastic over the natural advantages and almost unlimited possibilities in farming and stock raising. In short, he has so many good ideas of the best ways to develop the resources of this splendid country that the Slatonite would like to see him locate here; and Mr. Trautwein expressed a wish to move here sometime himself. He is in business at Shiner.

"How do the crops on the South Plains compare with the way the Slatonite has reported them?" was asked the gentleman Tuesday this week when he was on his return home.

"Why, I found everything just the way the Slatonite tells it, and I do not see where the paper has overtold or misrepresented anything. I value the Slaton paper very highly. My, with this land and climate, the productive soil and splendid water, you sure have a wonderful country. I wish I could place these features on the Shiner country!"

Mail Order Houses Get One-Third of Business

A statement was published in a recent issue of one of the Fargo, North Dakota, daily papers that should make not only the retail merchants but every other man and woman of that state stop and think.

This statement came from the State Tax Commission and had reference to the money going out of the state of North Dakota to the great mail order houses of the city. One paragraph in this statement was as follows:

"It is estimated that one third of the goods and merchandise consumed in this state come from catalogue houses. The assessable value of that class of property is about \$8,000,000. Placing the same burden of taxation upon this business as is borne by the mercantile business of North Dakota, they should pay not less than \$150,000. It is probable that a thorough investigation would disclose that a tax of from \$300,000 to \$500,000 would not be unjust."

In the first place, the statement that one-third of the merchandise consumed in that state comes from catalogue houses is astonishing, and no doubt, the people of that state, who have been patronizing these mail order houses, would be astonished if they knew that they were losing the vast sum of money that they are in their state through their custom of patronizing these concerns.

The legislature of the state of North Dakota, just like other state legislatures, finds one of the great problems is to obtain funds to supply the needs in the state, and surely, regardless of the fact that North Dakota is a great rich state, the people of that commonwealth could use to great advantage the amount of tax mentioned in this article, \$300,000 to \$500,000 annually.

But North Dakota is not the only state that is feeling this pressure. Every other state in the Union is feeling the effect of the same competition.

This statement in the Fargo paper says further: "The tax commissioners of many states, including your own, are at work upon this problem and it is hoped that a practical and constitutional method will be solved. That is, a practical and constitutional method for compelling these great corporate interests to pay their share of the burden of taxation to support the communities throughout the country where they transact business.

Said a farmer to us recently: "My boy made 126 bushels of corn on his prize acre this year, having sowed it in rye last fall, followed by six loads of stable manure and 600 pounds of fertilizer. He has waked me up so I'll never again be satisfied with the low average yields I used to make. I know now that I don't have to run all over the plantation to make a little corn." Incidentally he has learned a lesson about hand labor. The 126-bushel yield was made without a hoe being put into the field. The land was simply well prepared and then cultivated five times.—Balmorhea Herald.

Since the smallpox scare developed in Garza county quite a number have taken the precaution of vaccination, and the number of arms now carried in bandages would lead the observer to think the Christmas fights had opened up early.—Post City Post.

One Jack Wooten turned a trick on Sheriff Ed Redwine of Lynn County on Tuesday last week by stealing the latter's team and making his get-away, according to the Tahoka News. Wooten, who is said to have a "wanted" record at one or two county seats, was in O'Donnell for a farmer he was working for when Sheriff Redwine drove up. He had a hunch that the sheriff was looking for him, so he sent that official around the building to stop a drunken row. The sheriff wasn't after Wooten, so he went to see about the row. Then Wooten had another hunch and that was that the sheriff's team could travel; so he got into the buggy and chattered to the ponies to quit town, which they did. They went in such a hurry that the best saddle horse in that burg couldn't catch them. But the arm of the law is long when aided by the telephone, and Wooten was arrested at Cedar Lake.

Some day in the not very distant future we are banking on the business of the Slatonite increasing to such an extent that we can put a reporter on the streets and get some news that goes by us now. In the meantime you will confer a favor on us by handing in items at the office, or telephoning us.

The depot and trains are crowded with holiday travelers, and the express and mails are overloaded with packages.

Still They Come

and more on the way. We are opening new cases of holiday goods every day and our stock is very complete. Buy early and buy at **HOWERTON'S**

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.**

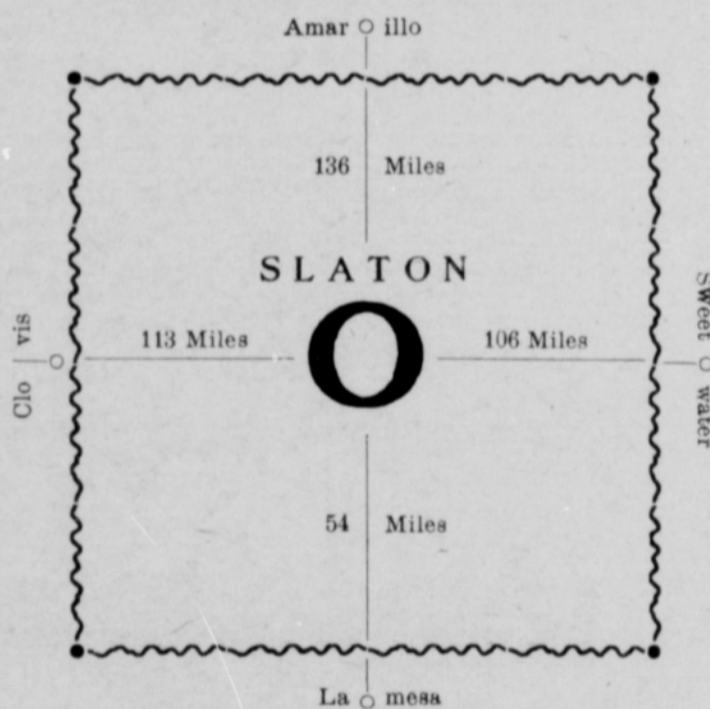
Let Us Figure Your
Lumber Bills.

Slaton Lumber Company

We Carry a Full Line of Paints, Oils, Varnishes,
Cement, Lime, Etc.; Everything for the
Building, and Want to Supply You.

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

4-Way Division Santa Fe System



SLATON LOCATION

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

Advantages and Improvements

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

BUSINESS SECTION AND RESIDENCES BUILT

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

SURROUNDED BY A FINE, PRODUCTIVE LAND

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

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.

THE SLATONITE, SLATON, TEXAS

USING BREAD CRUMBS

COOKING ECONOMY WELL WORTH HEEDING.

Odd Pieces Should Always Be Saved and Made Use of in One Way or Another—Some Ways of Employing Them.

Waste in the kitchen amounts almost to a sin in these days when the price of food is high and money is scarce in most households. Yet waste goes on every day in the average kitchen—waste that could very easily be curtailed if the housewife used economical methods.

Perhaps more waste takes place with bread than with any other one staple in the kitchen. Every bit of bread should be saved and made use of in one way or another. This rule need not conjure up a dreary vista of stale crust munching, however.

The day's needs will first be dealt with, the crumbs or croutons required sorted out and put to one side. Every unwanted scrap should then be cut into fairly uniform squares, placed in a baking dish and baked carefully in a slow oven to a delicate golden brown shade.

To test the proper baking of these left-over pieces of bread, break one of the thickest pieces; if it snaps crisply, the bread is ready to be taken from the oven.

Many cooks enjoy the sensation of crunching their golden crumbs. Visions of brown coated cutlets, golden croquettes and savory fishballs float before their eyes during the operation, for the crumbs can be used for all these purposes and many more besides.

Cup Custards.

Heat a quart of milk in a double boiler, but do not bring it quite to the boil. Beat five eggs light and stir into them half a cupful of sugar.

Dishwashing Wisdom.

While spending the day with a friend on a farm last summer, I noticed a clever little arrangement of hers in washing dishes. The water was piping hot, as it should be, and in the middle of the dishpan she set a small deep pitcher full of hot suds for the silver.

Orange Delight.

Slice very thin, rind and all, three large seedless oranges and one large lemon; pour over the sliced fruit 11 tumblerfuls of water and set away for 24 hours; then boil slowly for one hour; after boiling add four pounds of granulated sugar and set away for 24 hours longer; then boil one hour and 25 minutes; pour into tumblers and cover with paraffin. It can be kept for years. This rule will make ten tumblerfuls. Try it with hot muffins.

HAVE YOU A CHILD?

Many women long for children, but because of some curable physical derangement are deprived of this greatest of all happiness. The women whose names follow were restored to normal health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write and ask them about it.



"I took your Compound and have a fine, strong baby." — Mrs. JOHN MITCHELL, Massena, N. Y.



"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for expectant mothers." — Mrs. A. M. MYERS, Gordonville, Mo.



"I highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before child-birth, it has done so much for me." — Mrs. E. M. DOERR, R. R. 1, Conshohocken, Pa.



"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build up my system and have the dearest baby girl in the world." — Mrs. MOSE BLAKELEY, Imperial, Pa.



"I praise the Compound whenever I have a chance. It did so much for me before my little girl was born." — Mrs. E. W. SANDERS, Rowlesburg, W. Va.



"I took your Compound before baby was born and feel I owe my life to it." — Mrs. WINNIE TILLIS, Winter Haven, Florida.

Sprains, Bruises Stiff Muscles

Sloan's Liniment will save hours of suffering. For bruise or sprain it gives instant relief. It arrests inflammation and thus prevents more serious troubles developing.

Here's Proof

Charles Johnson, P. O. Box 105, Lorton's Station, N. Y., writes: "I sprained my ankle and dislocated my left hip by falling out of a third story window six months ago. I went on crutches for four months, then I started to use some of your Liniment, according to your directions, and I must say that it is helping me wonderfully. I threw my crutches away. Only used two bottles of your Liniment and now I am walking quite well with one cane. I never will be without Sloan's Liniment."

All Dealers, 25c.

Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc. Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT Kills Pain



Or Stylish.

She—We women have to stand a lot.

He—Not in the street car if you're pretty.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Indefinite.

"I want to take a flyer." "Stock or aeroplane?"—Baltimore American.

It costs a lot of money to bring up a boy so that he won't be able to support himself in after years.

Hanford's Balsam should relieve even the worst burns. Adv.

Many a fellow takes advice that he doesn't know what to do with.

THE WHEAT LANDS OF WESTERN CANADA AN ATTRACTION

THE EUROPEAN WAR MAKES THE GROWING OF WHEAT EXCEPTIONALLY REMUNERATIVE.

One result of the European War has been to reduce the volume of business done by many of the manufacturing institutions of the United States, commercial enterprises have been affected, business of many kinds has been hampered, and a financial stringency has been forced on almost every community. It is not only because it has brought these things about, and created a lot of hardship, but there is the outstanding fact of the terrible loss of life, the great destruction of property, and the disruption of everything near and dear to those whose countries are involved in the war that makes the whole affair highly regrettable.

The wheat-growing sections of the United States have about reached their limit of production, and this source cannot be depended upon to meet a great deal of the demand that there will be for some years. The only country that is in a position to meet it is—Canada—that portion known as Western Canada. Here there are millions of acres of land, capable of producing from 20 to 40 bushels per acre. All this land is excellent for wheat, and very much is still in the hands of the Dominion Government, and 160 acres of it can be had by the payment of a ten dollar entry fee.

Another vast area is that held by railway and reliable land companies, held at from \$10 to \$25 per acre. Improved farms are slightly higher in price. Information regarding these lands may be had of any Canadian Government Agent.

The fact that Canada offers such a splendid opportunity should be accepted with a wide-spread appreciation, and not met with attempts on the part of some to spread misleading statements. The Dominion Government has not taken steps to deny many of the false statements circulated by those who evidently are more interested in injuring Canada than benefiting those who would be benefited by taking up farms in Canada, but in order to correct a highly erroneous impression that conscription is carried on in Canada, that compulsory military service is employed and that there is restraint as to the movement of those not Canadians, the necessity is felt of giving as much publicity as possible to a denial of these statements.

An item to which special exception is taken is one which says:

"They are sending them away as rapidly as possible; but the young men are not permitted to leave Canada. All the citizens and those who have taken up homesteads are subject to military duty."

In direct refutation of this, we beg to quote from a recent editorial in the Rochester, N. Y., Herald:

"There is no legal process by which Great Britain can command a single Canadian soldier to enter the field in her aid or even in her most needful defense. Great Britain cannot legally take a dollar of Canada's money for this or any other war without Canada's consent. All must be given voluntarily, if it be given at all. Yet men and dollars are given to the limit of Canada's power to give, just as if Great Britain had both physical and legal power to exact them. Indeed, it is possible that they are given more freely in this way, for what a man gives because he wants to give is likely to be greater than what he gives under force."

"All in all it is a noble picture of devotion to her motherland which Canada offers to the gaze of her admiring and unenvious neighbors."

Canada's invitation for immigration extends to all who are willing to go on to the farms.

Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada. Advertisement.

For Her Use? Mrs. Morelock's birthday was nearly due, and one morning shortly before that event George, her young son, said: "Mother, will you give me a dollar? I want to get you a birthday present." "That is very thoughtful of you, dear," replied the mother, very much pleased, "but what is it that you need a dollar to buy?" "Well, you see, mother," explained the boy, "one dollar is the price of it. It's the dandiest catcher's mask you ever saw."—Harper's Magazine.

Luck.

Hewitt—Did you and Gruet have any luck on your shooting trip? Jewett—We certainly did; we shot each other and both of us had perfectly good accident policies.

And many a man could earn \$2 with half the energy he wastes in trying to borrow one.

The inventor of rubber tips on pencils made a fortune because of other people's mistakes.

MEALTIME IS HERE, BUT NO APPETITE YOU SHOULD TRY HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS It tones the stomach—brings back the appetite—assists digestion and assimilation—promotes liver and bowel activity—prevents Bloating, Heartburn, Indigestion, Bilioussness and Malaria. Get A Bottle This Very Day

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN Promote Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER Pumpkin Seed - Aloe - Sassa - Rochelle Salts - Anise Seed - Peppermint - N. Carbonate Soda - Hiom Seed - Clarified Sugar - Wintergreen Flavor A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP Fac Simile Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK. At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act. Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Something Missing. Edith had been to a concert for the first time. "And what did you think of it?" asked her mother. "I didn't like the organ very well." "Why not?" "Cause there wasn't any monkey with it."—Harper's Magazine. A Mistaken Notion. Old Lady—You have been drinking hard. Tramp—Oh, no, ma'am; that comes easy. Hanford's Balsam has cured many cases of running sores of many years' standing. Adv. An argument generally takes a curious form. It always has two sides, but only done in the end.

The Proper Place. "This wall decoration we undertook, is a fizzle." "Yes, we're up against it." Many a man spends all his life waiting for the unexpected that never happens. A GOOD COMPLEXION GUARANTEED. USE ZONA POMADE the beauty powder compressed with healing agents, you will never be annoyed by pimples, blackheads or facial blemishes. If not satisfied after thirty days' trial your dealer will exchange for 50c in other goods. Zona has satisfied for twenty years—try it at our risk. At dealers or mailed, 50c. ZONA COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 48-1914.

Men Fight On Their Stomachs Napoleon so said. A man with a weak stomach is pretty sure to be a poor fighter. It is difficult—almost impossible—for anyone, man or woman, if digestion is poor, to succeed in business or socially—or to enjoy life. In tablet or liquid form Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery helps weak stomachs to strong, healthy action—helps them to digest the food that makes the good, rich, red blood which nourishes the entire body. This vegetable remedy, to a great extent, puts the liver into activity—oils the machinery of the human system so that those who spend their working hours at the desk, behind the counter, or in the home are rejuvenated into vigorous health. Has brought relief to many thousands every year for over forty years. It can relieve you and doubtless restore to you your former health and strength. At least you owe it to yourself to give it a trial. Sold by Medicine Dealers or send 50c for trial box of Tablets—Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel & Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. You can have Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advisor of 1008 Pages for 31c.

You Look Prematurely Old Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA OREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, 91.00, retail.

WHY CATCH COLD
One-half of the Deaths and Two-thirds of the Sickness is the Direct Result of Catching Cold.

Nothing could be of greater vital interest to the family than to know how to avoid catching cold.

COLDS THAT KILL

If it be true, as one famous doctor says, that catching cold can be avoided, think what it means. Two-thirds of the sickness that now oppresses the people would be avoided. Serious interference with business. The anguish of anxious parents. The blighting of many brilliant dreams. All these things would be largely done away with if people knew how to avoid catching cold. Catching cold is a very common experience in numerous households. People have come to believe that there is no way to avoid it.

CAN BE AVOIDED.

People are taught in the "ills of Life" how to avoid the ceaseless drain that catching cold makes upon the vital organs. Get it and read it and judge for yourselves of its value and practicability. It is issued by the Feruna Co., of Columbus, Ohio.

Tutt's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels. A remedy for sick headache. Unequaled as an **ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.**
Elegantly sugar coated. Small dose. Price, 25c.

BLACK LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED
LEG

by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Losses, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose package, Blackleg Pills \$1.00; 25-dose package, Blackleg Pills 4.50. Use any injector, but Cutter's best. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Insist on Cutter's. If unobtainable, order direct. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

EASILY UNDERSTOOD BY ALL

Wireless Signal Sent Out by Ships in Distress Is Universal Call for Assistance.

In talking with the wireless operator many ship passengers ask the meaning of the three letters used in the distress signal, "S. O. S." There seems to be a general opinion that the letters are the abbreviation of three separate words with a definite meaning. Persons of an imaginative trend will tell you that the letters stand for "Save our ship," "Send out succor," "Sink or swim," or some such meaning. The letters signify nothing but that a ship is in distress and in need of assistance. The call is used by all nations as a universal code, so that any wireless operator, regardless of the language he speaks, can immediately intercept the call of distress. Inasmuch as the call is in use by all countries, it can be seen that the signal can have no meaning in any language. The character of the code makes it a call that can be picked out easily from other signals, being composed of three dots, three dashes, three dots.—Ocean Wireless News.

Scooping It Out.

"So Miss Goldie married a rake, eh?"
"By the way he is getting rid of her money I should call him a shovel."

Love, being blind, never sees itself as others see it.

Marriage is a tie, but some people regard it merely as a slip knot.

Quick Accurate Thinking

—does much to make the difference between success and failure.

And the food a person eats goes a long way toward deciding the difference.

Grape-Nuts FOOD

—with its delicious flavour and rich in the concentrated, nourishing elements of whole wheat and malted barley, is the favorite breakfast cereal of thousands of successful men and women—

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers.

MARKETING FARM TIMBER AT A PROFIT



A Portable Sawmill Used for Converting Woodlot Timber Into Switch Ties, Which Are Extra Long—The By-Product of Such Ties in the Form of Slabs and Edgings, With Some Boards, Can Be Utilized for Lumber. Near Dubuque, Iowa.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
It is said to be true that the farmer is generally at the mercy of the timber buyer when it comes to a question of disposing of the products of the farm woodlot, or selling the timber from land which should be cleared. Farm economists have stated that the average farmer knows far less about the value of his timber crop than about any other asset of the farm, and instances in which timber speculators have fleeced the farmer can be multiplied indefinitely. The department of agriculture is now gathering material which is intended to help the farmer to market



A Portable Sawmill in West Virginia Owned by Three Farmers Who Do Their Own Cutting, Hauling, Sawing and Selling, Working Only in the Afternoon—Its Capacity is About 3,000 Board Feet a Day, Cutting Mainly Hemlock, With Some White Ash.

his wood at a profit, and is particularly seeking opportunities to bring about co-operation among farmers so that a whole community by selling its timber at one time may secure a better price and a better market than by selling individually and without a full consideration of the value of their lumber.

An example of what might be accomplished is furnished by a farmer living near Millersburg, Holmes county, Ohio. He was offered \$300 for the

timber in his woodlot, but refused to sell the hickory at any price, and was then offered \$300 for the wood exclusive of the hickory.

This offer set him to thinking and as a result he engaged a neighbor, who owned a portable sawmill, to do the sawing while he and his two sons cut the trees and hauled the logs. He then sold lumber and railroad ties, for both of which there was a standard price in the community. Because of sickness and a consequent inability to supervise the last part of the logging he sold a small remaining part of the standing timber to the man who owned the portable mill, and after the transaction was complete the account stood as follows:

Received from lumber, 40,000 board feet at \$16 a thousand, \$640; from 1,780 ties, ranging from 75 cents apiece for a few culls, \$971; stumpage sold at an average price of \$9 per thousand feet, \$130; and black walnut boards, 1,150 feet, at \$60 per thousand, \$69, making a gross return of \$1,810.

The sawing cost him \$160 for the lumber, and \$445 for the ties. The rate of wages for the farmer and his sons and the farm teams was calculated at \$2.50 a thousand for the logging and \$2 a thousand board feet for the hauling, or \$445 for both operations. The total cost, allowing for these good wages for himself, his sons and his teams in the winter time when they might otherwise have been idle, was \$1,050, making a clear gain of \$760. In the meantime he has all his hickory, which is increasing in volume and also in value, because hickory timber is getting scarcer. The \$760 gain may be arbitrarily divided into \$500 for the stumpage, instead of the \$300 first offered, and an additional \$260 profit on the transaction.

Systematize Farm Work.

Being able to systematize the work so that the manure can be hauled out and applied so as not to interfere with the other work, and at the same time derive the full benefit, will be found quite an item, and whichever plan will do this to the best advantage should be adopted.

Strong, Healthy Turkeys.

After the turkeys get the red on their necks they can mostly be allowed to take care of themselves. At this stage they are much heartier and will stand more than almost any other fowl.



A Typical Small Portable Sawmill, Cutting About 4,000 Board Feet of Lumber a Day—Located Near Cumberland, Tenn.



A Small Portable Sawmill, Working Up Hardwood Lumber, Principally Oak and Hickory, in Ohio.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MERELY A FAMILY MATTER

Woman Had Her Own Reasons for Not Wanting the Automobillist to Be Arrested.

At the corner of Euclid and Superior—the bad East Cleveland corner—the other evening an automobile driven faster than the law allows, struck a well-dressed woman and threw her into the gutter. The driver did not stop to learn what damage he might have done, but put on a little more speed.

Luckily, the woman was not much hurt, and a genial suburban policeman politely asked her name and address. This information, however, she sturdily refused to give. Then the policeman put out after the machine.

"Where are you going?" asked the woman.

"I am going to arrest the man for speeding," answered the officer.

"Oh, please don't do that. It won't do you any good, and it won't do me any good. The driver of that car was my husband. Please let him go!"

And the cop did.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Making Slow Progress.

Richard rushed into the house after his first day at school and seized the funny page of the paper, scanning it with eager anticipation. Throwing it down he exclaimed in utter disgust:

"Gee, but that's a rotten school!"

"Why, Richard!" said the astonished mother. "Why do you say that?"

"Well, I've been to it a whole day and I ain't learned to read yet."

Red Cross Ball Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from any grocer. Adv.

Of course a woman can keep a secret. That is, she can keep it going.

What Father Did.

The little girl who was visiting at a neighbor's house was being entertained by taking her out and showing her the horses.

"Here's one of them," she said, "that coughs and hangs his head and has watery eyes, just the way daddy's horse did last summer."

"What did your father do for his horse?" asked the owner of the afflicted animal. "Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes," said the little girl. "He sold him."

Society on the Reservation.

"Bud," said the editor of a Southwestern journal.

"Yes, sir."

"Go out among the wigwams and see if you can't pick up a few society items. There's no reason why we should neglect our Indian subscribers."

For Domestic Animals.

Horses, cattle and sheep are liable to sores, sprains, galls, calks, kicks, bruises and cuts, and Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh is the standard remedy for such cases. When you consider how valuable your stock is, having the Balsam always on hand for them is a cheap form of insurance. Adv.

Roundly Roasted.

"What was done at the meeting of the Brownie club yesterday?"

"Mrs. Gadsby's reputation—to a turn."

Limited in Radius.

"Ingle pays as he goes."

"Yes, he's a regular stay at home."

—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Opportunist.

Teacher—Mary, how would you divide five apples among six children?
Hary—Make apple sauce.

WINCHESTER

Smokeless Powder Shells
"LEADER" and "REPEATER"

The superiority of Winchester Smokeless Powder Shells is undisputed. Among intelligent shooters they stand first in popularity, records and shooting qualities. Always use them **For Field or Trap Shooting.**

Ask Your Dealer For Them.



Canada is Calling You to her Rich Wheat Lands

She extends to Americans a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help to feed the world by tilling some of her soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think what you can make with wheat around \$1 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain growing.



160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

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

Canadian Government Agent.

THE SOUTH PLAINS

At Slaton, Texas: A Land of Continued Agricultural Prosperity

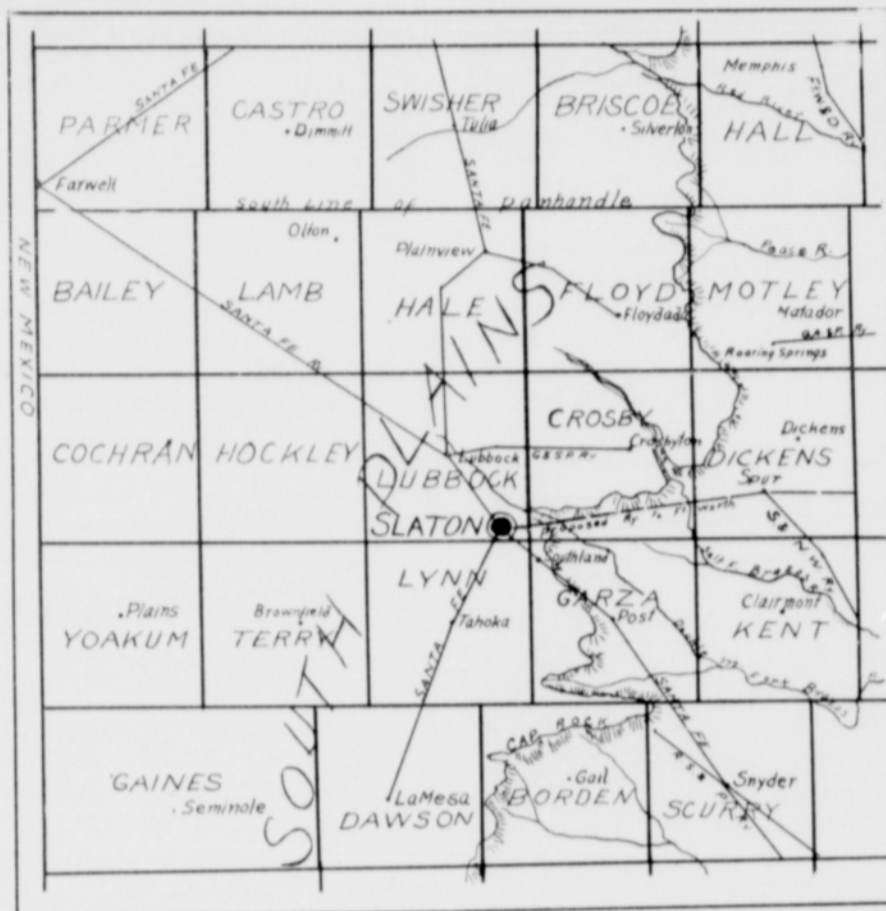
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ANSWERING THE CALL FOR LAND

The great demand from the farmers of the United States is for land, and not merely soil, but land which can be depended on to raise crops every year; land where health and contentment are supreme but not more exalted than crop prosperity. The call is for a land that will raise profitable crops and have a climate that makes a pleasure of each day's work instead of a contest against adverse elements. You may say that there is no such country, but if you do you have never become familiar with the South Plains of western Texas.

A COUNTRY WITHOUT DRAWBACKS

You may have become greatly attached to your old home, but perhaps the water is bad; maybe the crops have failed you. There are "drawbacks" and you wonder if there is a better land without drawbacks. El Dorados have never been found except in mythology, but we invite your interest in the country which we claim to be without drawbacks. A country that does raise crops, and has the best all-the-year climate, pleasant and healthy, in the western hemisphere. A country that is just a



little different and just a little better in all respects than any other; a country that is new to immigration and yet is old in experience; a country that has for its strongest boosters the people who have lived here for years. We are proud of the South Plains, and boast of them that they are nearer the ideal in all respects than any other land.

TOPOGRAPHY AND ANNUAL RAINFALL

The Slaton country is situated just above the Cap Rock, and a natural advantage from this topographical location lies in the fact that the trade winds travel to the northwest, and these warm moisture laden clouds coming from the lower country strike the cooler air of our higher lands, and are condensed, just after passing the Cap Rock, to rainfall. This gives us a heavier rainfall than the more western and yet higher plains, and makes this a favored section, distinct from others. Our rainfall is more regular and certain. The official record shows that the farther west you travel from the Cap Rock the lighter the rainfall is. A glance at the accompanying map of the South Plains and the advantageous situation of the Slaton country will more clearly prove this to you.

PUREST WATER, COOL AND UNLIMITED

Underlying all our land is an inexhaustible supply of splendid, freestone water at a depth of from 40 to 90 feet. There are several strata of water and the first stratum is usually tapped at a depth of 40 feet, and the third one at 90 feet. The water always rises from the lowest stratum tapped by the drill to the level of the first stratum. This water is cold and has been chemically tested to be 99.99 per cent pure, with no objectionable minerals. A well put down anywhere means plenty of water. Wells equipped with common windmills easily pump from 20 to 50 gallons per minute.

The source of the water is the snow on the Rocky Mountains of Colorado and New Mexico, the water coming in underground channels. This statement is from the U. S. Geological investigations.

FINEST NATURAL ROADS IN THE WORLD

The South Plains comprise some fifteen counties. The best part is at Slaton.

Good roads is one of our hobbies. We have the best natural roads in the world. The roads dry rapidly after a rain and you never see a farmer come to town with the wagon spokes covered with sticky mud. The smooth, firm roads render rapid traveling possible. Automobiles run here every day in the year, rain or shine, winter or summer. Good roads is one of our delights.

THE STORY OF THE SOUTH PLAINS

The South Plains form a prosperous agricultural commonwealth of distinctive climatic conditions and advantages. "West Texas," properly speaking, ends at the Cap Rock where an abrupt change of several hundred feet in altitude forms the eastern boundary of the South Plains.

The Panhandle lies north of the South Plains, and the difference in latitude is responsible for a difference in the climate between these sections. The seasons are different and the crops are different. The South Plains are not to be taken as a part of the Panhandle.

To the south and west of the South Plains is what is known as Southwest Texas, where crops and climate are entirely different.

The South Plains form a distinct domain in themselves and as such have advantages in climate and crop production that the other sections of western Texas do not equal. You may know something about some part of western Texas, but you do not know about the South Plains until you have been here. The South Plains are so situated that they have every advantage that nature can give them in soil, rainfall, and climate, and for these reasons are a favored land.

FARMERS FOLLOWED THE RAILROAD

The Slaton South Plains country came into prominence only three years ago, when the main line of the Galveston-San Francisco railroad of the Santa Fe system was built right through the heart of some big cattle ranches, and the railway company established a division, junction, and shops at Slaton, and with the coming of the railroad came farmers who quickly learned that some of the best and most desirable land under the azure blue had been hidden by the range fences of cattle barons. This land is all now being opened to desirable citizens.



Corn on the J. H. Standefer Farm 7 Miles West of Slaton

CROPS OF THE SLATON COUNTRY

There is perhaps no other country which raises profitably such a diversity of crops as the Slaton South Plains Country, and it is difficult to select one crop and say that it is our leading product. This is not a one-crop country; the rich soil, the rainfall, the temperate climate, and the unique advantage gained by topographical situation all combine to make several crops native to our land.



75 Acre Field of Sudan Grass on Andy Caldwell's Farm, 3 Miles West of Slaton

SUDAN

Sudan, that new wonderful crop, is in its prime here. This county is rated as the Sudan center of the United States. The crop is especially luxuriant here and the yield of seed is correspondingly heavy. The grass cuts about one ton of fodder to the each 100 pounds of seed it produces. Sudan is a big money crop at Slaton.

INDIAN CORN

Indian corn has grown here year after year with high yields and splendid grain. The best fields have produced sixty bushels and over with no other attention except intensive cultivation.

KAFIR, MAIZE, FETERITA

Kafir corn and milo maize are favorite crops at Slaton. The yield will average two tons of headed grain per acre. Maize is a grain crop. Kafir is both a grain and a fodder crop. For ensilage it makes 5 to 10 tons per acre. An acre of this grain has a greater feed value than an acre of Indian corn, will make more ensilage, and is a surer crop. It is practically a guaranteed crop here. Feterita is a good crop, but is not as popular with our farmers as maize and kafir. All three grains are great live stock foods, and the body of most manufactured chicken feeds is composed of these grains.



Kafir Crop, 1 Mile West of Slaton

COTTON

Cotton, the pride of the South, has proven its claim as one of our leading crops. It is highly productive here, of unusually fine quality, and is free from the diseases common to the plant in the more southerly parts of the state. The plant is also free from the ravages of the boll weevil, as the climatic conditions are against him. The average production is one-half bale per acre, while the best fields have yielded over a bale per acre. The best farmers have boasted of a bale per acre for years.

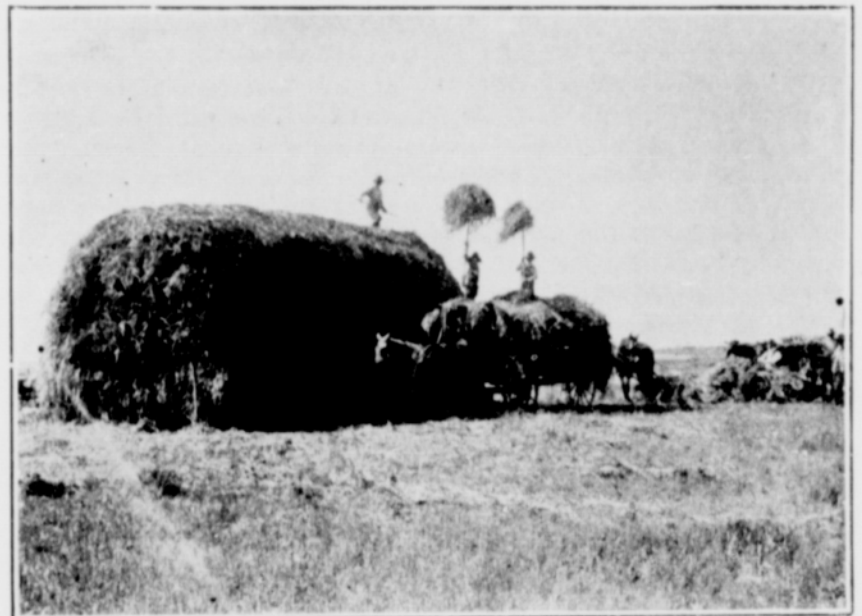
This does not mention all the South Plains crops, but you can see the great diversity of our climate and soil. Every garden product is found growing here.



Sorghum on S. G. Brasfield's Farm 5 Miles West of Slaton

MILLET, OATS, WHEAT, SORGHUM, PEANUTS, ETC.

Millet is a leading forage crop, our farmers getting two heavy cuttings a season from one planting. Oats have proven a success. Wheat has been good wherever planted, but the acreage as yet is small. Egyptian or California Wheat makes as high as 7 1-2 tons of grain per acre; Jerusalem corn, and other varieties of small grains may be found here. Sweet sorghums do remarkably well here. Alfalfa is a new crop here, but our farmers are beginning to raise it successfully and that without irrigation.



Stacking the First Cutting of Millet on Slaton Farms

FRUITS, BERRIES, GRAPES

Grapes, fruits, and berries are luxuriant and bear in abundance. The fruits are principally apples, peaches, cherries and plums, and strawberries grow along with blackberries, dewberries, etc.

Every field, garden, or orchard product mentioned in this literature will be found on Slaton farms in crop months.

DEMONSTRATION FARMS

The Santa Fe Railroad and the U. S. Department of Agriculture have experts here who run demonstration farms, and you have their experience and knowledge to assist you in the best methods of farming. You don't have to waste several years in experimenting in this section.



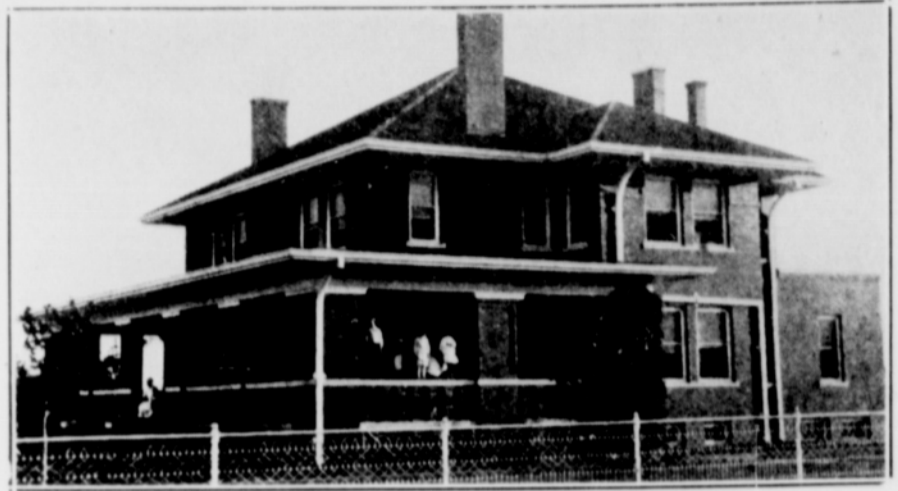
Feterita Field 1 Mile West of Slaton

ALTITUDE AND CLIMATE EXACTLY RIGHT

The altitude of the Slaton country is 2,700 feet; the latitude is 33½ degrees. This gives us a happy medium—a mild, temperate climate with no extremes. The altitude puts us above the hot sultry weather and the dreaded malarial of mid-summer; our cool, delightful summer weather is our pride, and is a charm to every visitor. A cool breeze keeps the days pleasant, and the nights are cool and refreshing. Our southern latitude places us just below the snow line, so we do not have any deep snows, stinging blizzards, nor severe weather in winter.

This temperate climate, free from enervating extremes, makes health conditions almost ideal, and cuts the doctor's fees and the druggist's profits to a minimum. The mortality rate is very low, and the small per cent of people on the doctor's "Patient's List" is probably not lower anywhere. Health is one of our greatest assets. The purity of the water and its source aids the climate in maintaining health conditions.

Besides the health-giving advantages, our climate has an economical value to the farmer. Here livestock is pastured the year around except when they are being finished for the market. The open winter is without severe weather and does not require close attention, expensive shelters, nor heavy feeding. The expense of fuel for the home is low and the outlay for heavy, protective clothing is also very light.



Home of Col. A. B. Robertson, 6 Miles East of Slaton

The home is constructed of brick and is as completely furnished with modern conveniences as a modern city home, and was erected at a cost of \$20,000.00. It is ideally situated on a picturesque mesa that commands a view of the Robertson fields and pastures. Surrounding this home is a magnificent barn and other farm improvements, an orchard, and three hundred acres of fields that have raised splendid crops for several years. The pastures are stocked with high grade Hereford cattle.



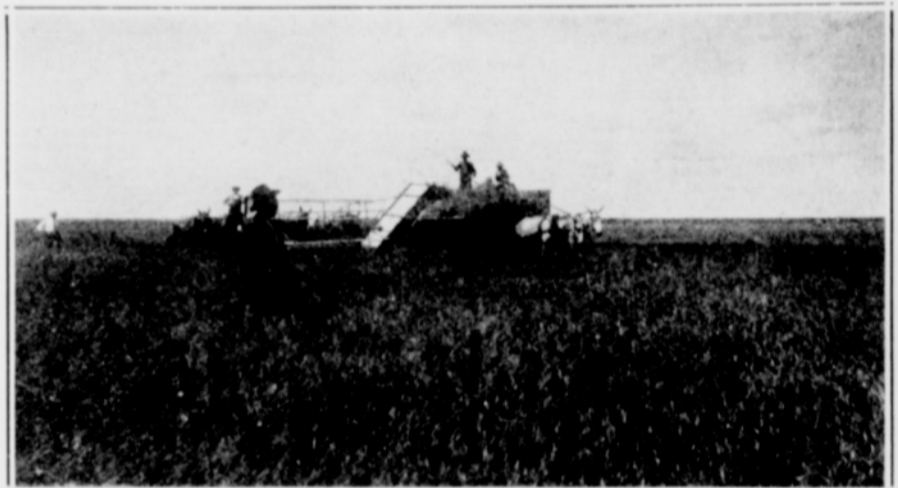
Maize on Clem Kitten's Farm, three Miles West of Slaton

HIGHEST CLASS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS

We want to call your attention to the high class of citizenship in the Slaton country. Our people are cultured and up to date and consist of the cream of the citizenship of the United States. There are no negroes here, and no other race except Caucasian.

THE TRUTH ALONE IS GOOD ENOUGH

Ask any questions or make any criticism of our country you want to. We will be glad to answer them. There are no adverse conditions here to be held as objections to our country.



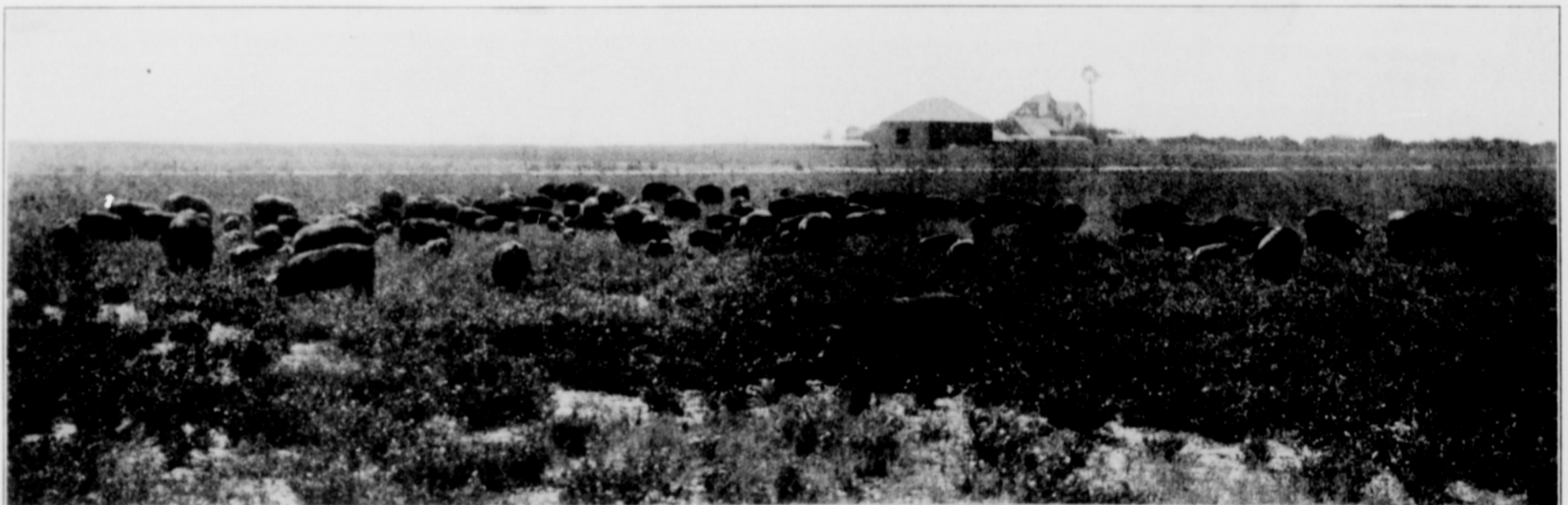
Harvesting Wheat 9 Miles North of Slaton. 100 Acre Field. Threshed Out 30 Bushels Per Acre

A PERFECT CLIMATE FOR LIVESTOCK

This is a great stock country. The ever present supply of the purest well water, the mild winters, the temperate climate, and productive soil make this the natural home of livestock and poultry, and the climatic conditions are conducive of health and a high rate of reproduction. The coming of the silo has worked a great change in the live stock industry of our country. This method of preserving the abundant feed crops increases the profits of the stockman-farmer.

Cattle, mules, and hogs are our livestock products.

This country is entirely free from swine-attacking diseases. No case of hog cholera has ever been known here. The nearness of market, freedom from diseases, low freight rates, and economy with which they can be raised, all combine to make this the future hog producing country of the United States.



Hogs Feeding on Forage Crop and Farm Home in Distance. The Slaton Country is a Natural Clime for Raising Thrifty Hogs

RAINFALL RECORD

The rainfall at Slaton for the past three years has an average of about 33 inches per year, and 80 per cent of this average falls during the crop growing months.

The total rainfall over the Slaton country for the first ten months of 1914 has been 39¼ inches, as follows:

For January, nothing; February, .30 of an inch; on April 3, 25, and 30, a total of 2.15 inches.

In May there were twelve days of rainy weather for a total precipitation of 5.95 inches.

In June 6.05 inches fell on 4 different days.

In July there were 6 rainy days for a total of 10.65 inches.

In August there were 7 days when rain fell for a total of 6.90 inches.

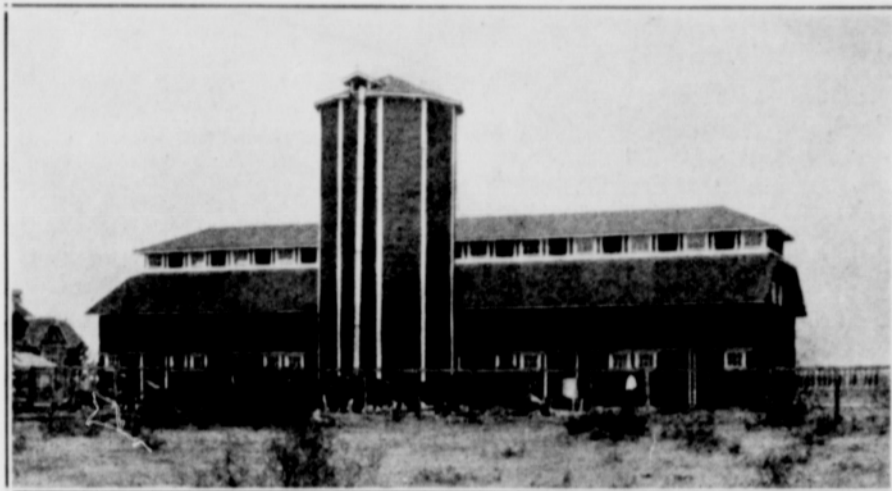
On September 18th there was 1½ inches of rain, and in four days in October 6½ inches.

Grand total, 39¼ inches.

ONLY FACTS GIVEN

In this little brochure of the Slaton country we confine the space to facts which can be readily substantiated. The truth alone is good enough of the Slaton South Plains. We want to tell all we can and furnish the information you are seeking in just as limited a space as possible.

The farm scenes, crops, and views in the little city of Slaton which appear herein are snap shots taken in July of this year.



220-Ton Silo and Barn for 300 Head of Blue Ribbon Hereford Cattle on the Farm of Geo. M. Boles, North of Slaton

The 220-ton silo has just been filled with 1914 crops. Mr. Boles has a lovely home, furnished with every modern convenience. He has just installed an electric light plant at his home to light the home, the barn and the silo.

NO OPENINGS IN SLATON FOR DOCTORS

We have many inquiries from physicians who are looking for a good field for practice, and in order to save useless correspondence on our part and wasted investigation on their part we state that there is no opening here for a doctor hunting a lucrative practice. We want doctors to come here and live but as a professional proposition we cannot encourage them. We are sufficiently represented in this line, and are honest when we say that doctors have very little practice in a country such as this.

Many people from other sections who come here suffering from chronic ailments are rapidly cured in this climate, and there are no contagious diseases here, no typhoid fever, no pneumonia. The custom of engaging a doctor's services by the year is unknown here, and the idea would appear ridiculous to our people. We are sincere, serious, and in all honor when we say that there are more healthy, happy children per capita growing under the sunshine of the Slaton country than any other section on earth.



Orchard of Apple, Peach, and Plum Trees and of Grape Vines on the J. H. Standefer Farm, 7 Miles West of Slaton

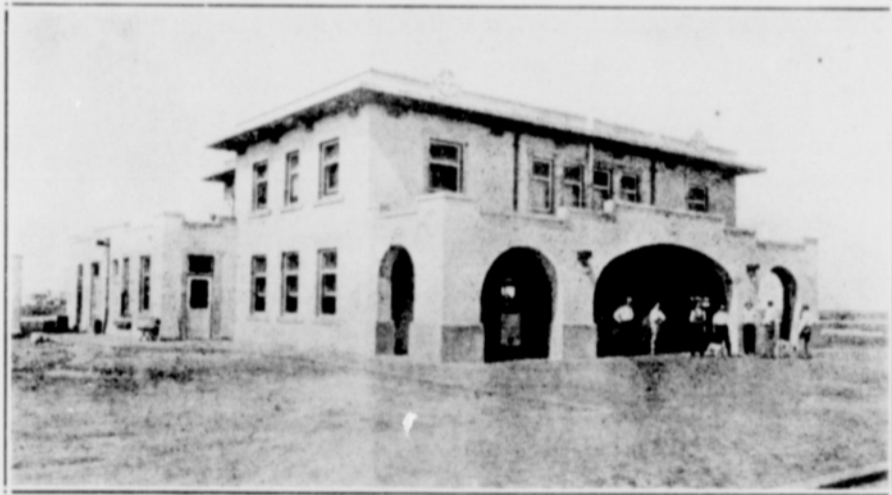
A LAND THAT HAS NEVER BEEN ON A BOOM

Slaton country has never been boomed and has never been colonized. The vacant land which can be purchased at a low price is not owned by a few land barons. The owners are non-residents who bought years ago as an investment when land had no price, and they have heretofore been leasing their small tracts to cattlemen, but they now see that the land is too valuable to lay idle. This land has recently been opened to farmers. There are very few large tracts now controlled by individuals.

Many non-resident owners are not placing their land on the market, but are instead spending considerable money in improvements to secure renters. The conservative market value of crops raised anywhere on Slaton land is from \$20 to \$35 per acre.

This section ships out every year large quantities of grain.

The low price at which this land can now be bought is due to a scarcity of population. For the man who has energy, thrift, and an inclination to work the Slaton country holds prosperity.



Santa Fe Harvey Eating House at Slaton

OUT IN THE GROWING CROPS

While out in the country in July the Slatonite editor took particular notice of the fact that all the fields growing successfully such a wide diversity of crops were clean of weeds, which shows that we have industrious farmers who know how to farm, and that there are no weed pests to hold back crops properly cultivated. Sod crops were making a splendid showing.

The gardens presented a most attractive appearance. The grape vines were loaded with splendid fruit, testifying that the Slaton country is well adapted to grapes. Sweet potatoes were growing by the car load. Onions that weighed 26 ounces each were brought to this office. Beans, peas, and all varieties of garden truck that delight the sight of the vegetarians were showing up in the beauty of perfect plants. Even celery has a place in Slaton gardens, and tomatoes are the finest we have ever seen, either fresh or canned. We had a bucketful of tomatoes with none weighing less than 12 ounces each, and the largest tomato weighed 18 ounces.

Cantaloupes rival the Rocky Ford both in abundance and flavor. Watermelons that rival the best of Georgia's prizes dotted the fields by the thousands. A pepper picked in one garden measured 11 inches in circumference one way and 15 inches the other.



Maize on J. P. Posey's Farm, 4 Miles Northwest of Slaton

Slaton Farmers Tell About their 1914 Crops and of Other Years

Right here's the vital test of our country's claim on your attention. The Editor of the Slatonite made a personal visit among several of our farmers on Oct. 20, 1914, to find out in their own words what success or failure they are having farming here. We made no choice of farms but took them as they came, and give the reports to you as the farmers gave them to me. These reports tell better than anything else as to whether our land produces profitably or not. They are from the grass roots. Note especially where one farmer has farmed here for **13 years** and has never raised less than a half bale of cotton per acre—a truly remarkable record, one that the exclusive cotton countries cannot surpass. One farmer raised 85 bushels of corn per acre, another 80 bushels kafir, another 1,360 pounds Sudan seed, another 15 tons of ensilage, and—but read them. They will tell you best of all. All these farms are in this community and are located from one to ten miles of the city of Slaton. Here is what the farmers say:

CLEM KITTEN

My crops this year consisted of 185 acres of maize that yielded 2½ tons per acre; 7 acres of kafir that made 3 tons per acre; 8 acres of corn that made 68 bushels per acre, and 4 acres of heavy sorghum, 7 acres of good feterita, and 2½ acres of sudan.

I had also 13 acres of millet that gave two heavy cuttings, the first cut totaling 6,000 bundles. 3 acres of alfalfa sowed in May and never irrigated gave two cuttings, the first making a ton to the acre and the second one-half ton. The roots are now over two feet long and well set with bacteria nodules. The soil was never inoculated for alfalfa.

I have two acres of peanuts that I am letting 33 hogs gather for me. Everything planted in our garden made splendid returns.

This is my third year on my Slaton farm, and I have raised good crops every year. I tended all my land myself.

JOE KITTEN

I farmed 184 acres this year, doing all the work of preparing the land, planting the crops, and cultivating them without any hired help, or assistance from my own family. Over half of my crop was on sod land.

132 acres of maize yielded 2¼ tons per acre, 7 acres of kafir made over 2 tons per acre, 8 acres of feterita made over 2 tons per acre, 5 acres of sudan made a good crop, 10 acres of sowed sorghum gave two cuttings for the season, 6 acres of heavy millet made two cuttings and 8 acres of peanuts I am feeding to 40 head of hogs by letting them gather the nuts themselves. The hogs are making splendid growth and taking on flesh on the peanut diet. The peanuts made a good crop.

I have 4 acres of corn that I haven't husked yet, and have 4 acres of alfalfa that was sowed July 25th. I had two acres of Egyptian wheat that made 100 bushels per acre. We had more tomatoes, potatoes, and all kinds of garden truck all season than we could use.

This is my second year here, and my crops last year were fine. The rainfall at my place for 1913 was 32.60 inches, and up to the present date (October 20th) this year it has been 33 inches. You can see by the crops I raised that I didn't have much time to give to cream, butter, eggs, etc.

Kafir, maize, and peanuts are my favorite crops.

H. H. EMBRY

I farmed 85 acres this year. 18 acres of cotton is picking three-fourths of a bale per acre. Six acres of corn made 55 bushels per acre. 61 acres of maize and kafir made 2½ to 3 tons per acre.

I have been farming here 13 years, and there never has been a year that I have not made one-half bale or more of cotton per acre. During the years of 1911-12 the grain crops were short but the cotton crops were good. In the years of 1905-06 I raised 70 bushels of corn per acre each year, and over a bale of cotton. I have a small orchard and have had some fruit from it each year.

J. L. COLEMAN

I have 75 acres under cultivation. My 20 acres of cotton this year will make 25 bales, the first picking running a bale to the acre. 55 acres of kafir and maize harvested by actual measurement 80 bushels per acre. I have been farming here successfully for several years.

(Editor's Note)—C. A. Coleman, brother of J. L. Coleman, lives nine miles south of Slaton, and had the best cotton crop that has been reported this year. On thirty acres he got fifty bales of cotton, and on another thirty acres he got forty bales, making a total of ninety bales of cotton from sixty acres, a record that will perhaps not be exceeded in Texas this year.

W. P. FLORENCE

Well, I have gathered 400 bushels of peanuts off of ten acres, and 28 tons of grain on 14 acres of maize. My 10 acres of cotton will gin out 10 bales, and 3 acres of corn husked 125 bushels. 10 acres of sorghum filled a 50-ton silo.

Two acres of seeded ribbon cane I will convert into 350 gallons of syrup. I got 250 bushels of sweet potatoes off of three-fourths of an acre. On a 70-yard row of peppers I have sold \$15.00 worth. One of my grape vines two years old yielded a bushel of grapes. I had strawberries, blackberries, dewberries, melons, and all kinds of garden stuff. I have been farming here three years, and have made good crops every year.

THE POSEY FARMS, BY J. P. POSEY

The Posey farms six miles northwest of Slaton have 540 acres under cultivation, and the total crops harvested thereon this year would have

brought \$10,000 had the markets remained normal.

We have been farming here for six years with splendid success. Last year we kept a ledger on our farming, and the result showed that after paying all expenses of raising the crop and ginning it our cotton netted us \$22.50 per acre. We had 140 acres of peanuts that averaged 35 bushels per acre.

My father, J. B. Posey, and his sons at home had 400 acres under cultivation this year. There were 127 acres in cotton that made a bale per acre, 80 acres of kafir that yielded 60 bushels per acre, 140 acres of maize that made 2½ tons per acre, and 30 acres of feterita that made a good crop. 10 acres of sorghum and 6 acres of kafir were used to fill the 190-ton silo. 15 acres of sudan threshed 15,000 pounds of seed which they sold for \$1,000, and they also made a second cutting on the hay. Their sweet potato crop was very large. One row 160 yards long yielded 1,600 pounds of potatoes.

I had 147 acres under cultivation on my place. 50 acres of cotton will give me at least 40 bales. 35 acres of maize made 2½ tons of heads per acre. 30 acres of kafir made a big crop, and I used 17 acres of it to fill my 200-ton silo. 12 acres of feterita made a good crop. 10 acres of sudan threshed 8,000 pounds of seed which I sold for \$1,250.

WALTER ROBISON

100 acres are under cultivation on my place. 40 acres of cotton is picking one bale per acre. 12 acres of kafir made 70 bushels per acre. 5 acres of late corn made 35 to 40 bushels per acre. 33 acres of maize made over 50 bushels per acre. 10 acres of feterita made a big crop. My fruit crop is light on account of a late frost.

J. H. STANDEFER

My crops this year consisted of 10 acres of corn that made 60 bushels per acre; 33 acres of cotton that made 1 bale per acre; 12 acres of maize and 35 acres of kafir that made over 2 tons per acre.

I have a bearing orchard of plum, apple, and peach trees that average seven years old, and I am proud to say that I have been raising crops on my Slaton farm for **Thirteen years without a crop failure.**

T. J. ABEL

I have farmed 90 acres this year. 20 acres in cotton made 15 bales. 40 acres of maize made a little over 3 tons of heads per acre. 4 acres of corn made 85 bushels per acre. 6 acres of kafir cut 6,200 bundles that I have sold at 3 cents per bundle. 4 acres of sorghum made 3,600 bundles that I also sold for 3 cents per bundle. 7 acres of feterita made a little over two tons per acre.

(Editor's Note)—Mr. Abel had one patch of corn on 70-95 of an acre of land, and this corn made on actual measurement on the scales a little over 69 bushels. This is at the rate of almost 95 bushels per acre. This is the best corn reported this year.)

Remember, none of these crops were irrigated—they grew with the rainfall that nature gives to our section.

ANDY CALDWELL

I had 75 acres of sudan that made a good crop, but I haven't finished threshing yet. It produced over 1,000 pounds per acre. You can say for me that sudan is one of our best crops. Every animal or fowl on the place will

leave all other grains and feeds and go right to the sudan field and live there. The hogs and chickens stay there all the time.

I had 50 acres of maize that made an average crop, and I planted 24 acres of cotton but didn't have time to do anything with it except plow it once. Like "Topsy" it "jes" grew and made one-third of a bale per acre, at that.

M. F. KLATTENHOFF

I had 5 acres of sudan that threshed out 1,360 pounds per acre. 16 acres of cotton made a little more than a bale per acre and 7 acres of corn will husk at least 40 bushels per acre. I have 20 acres of kafir and maize that is good for 40 bushels per acre, and 15 acres of good heavy cane.

We had 3 acres of good oats that were harvested in July, when we planted the land to maize and got a splendid crop of that, giving us two good crops in one season on this land.

We had lots of Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, peanuts, and all kinds of garden truck this year. This is my third year here and I have had a good crop every year.

M. G. LEVERETT

I had 100 acres of cotton this year that made over a bale to the acre. Had 7 acres of sorghum, and my maize, kafir, and feterita made over one and one-half tons on sod land. This is my second year here, and last year's crops were good on my farm.

S. G. BRASFIELD

I have 50 acres of kafir and 25 acres of maize that made 50 bushels per acre, and 5 acres of corn that made 40 bushels per acre. 20 acres of feterita was good also, 25 acres of cotton is picking me a bale to the acre. 12 acres of sorghum filled our 140-ton silo. Part of this sorghum made 15 tons per acre.

We had all kinds of garden truck this year, and sweet potatoes till you could hardly measure them. We had Irish potatoes and didn't have to use any bug dope to protect them.

I have been farming here three years, have had good crops, and like my Slaton farm better all the time.

F. V. WILLIAMS

Five acres of kafir gave me 11 tons grain in the head. 16 acres of maize made 2¼ tons per acre. 4½ acres of feterita made 8 tons. 30 acres in cotton made a bale per acre, and 1 acre of sudan made a fine crop. 3 acres in cane cut 2,200 bundles.

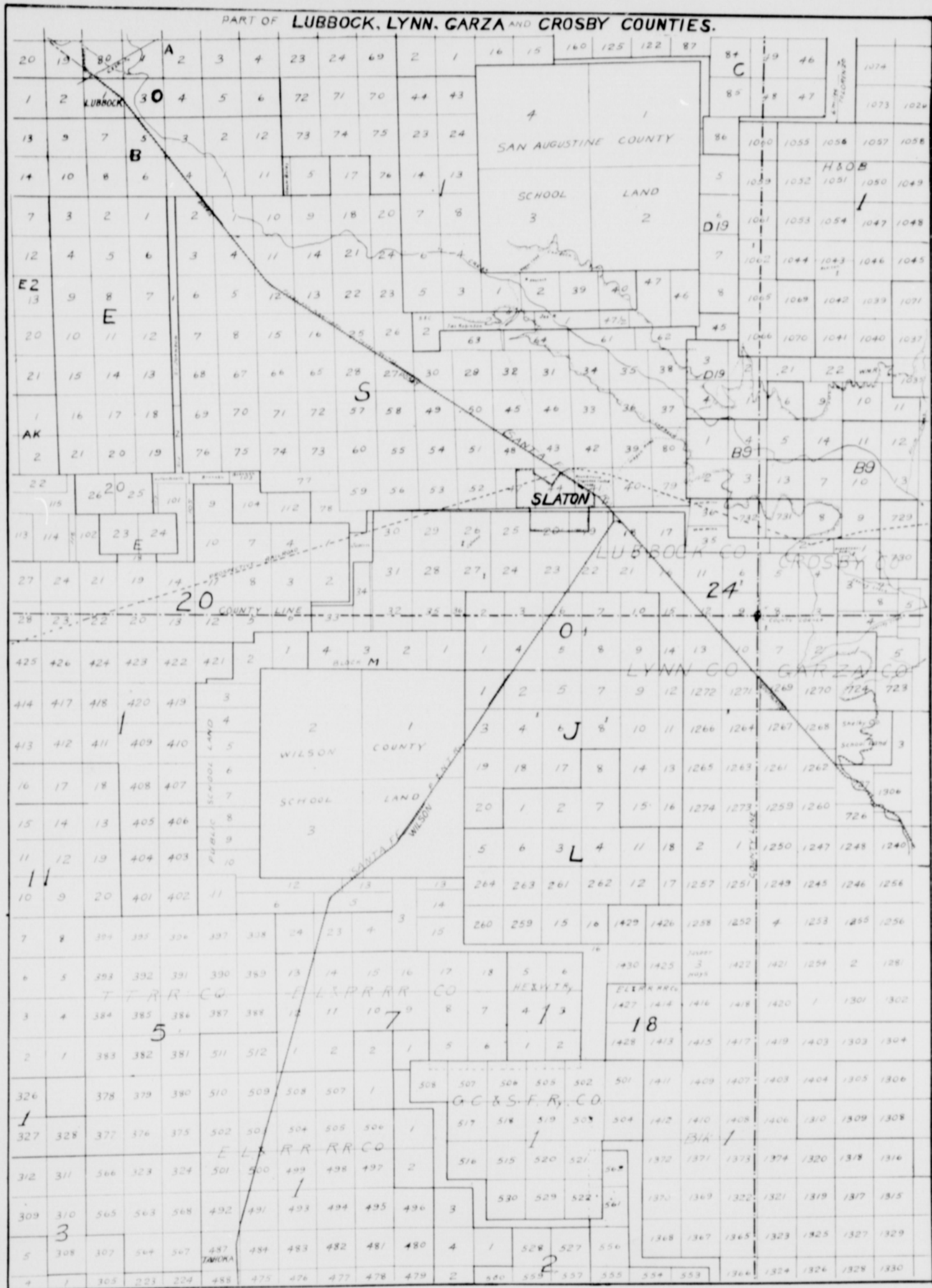
JIM BENTON

Well, I have 20 acres of cotton but about a bale per acre is all I am in hopes of getting out of it. I gathered 50 acres of kafir that is good for two tons per acre, and had 18 acres of feterita that is also pretty fair. 17 acres of sorghum did fairly well also. I filled my two silos that hold 310 tons from 23 acres of sorghum and kafir. I am not much of a record breaker on crops myself.

ARTHUR AND CHAS. WILD

We had 45 acres of cotton and will get at least 35 bales. 125 acres of maize made nearly two tons per acre, and we bundled 22 acres of kafir that was good for two tons per acre. We had 3 acres of sudan. This is our fourth year here, and we are well pleased with the Slaton country.

Map of the Country Adjacent to Slaton, Texas



THE IMPRESSIONS OF A STRANGER

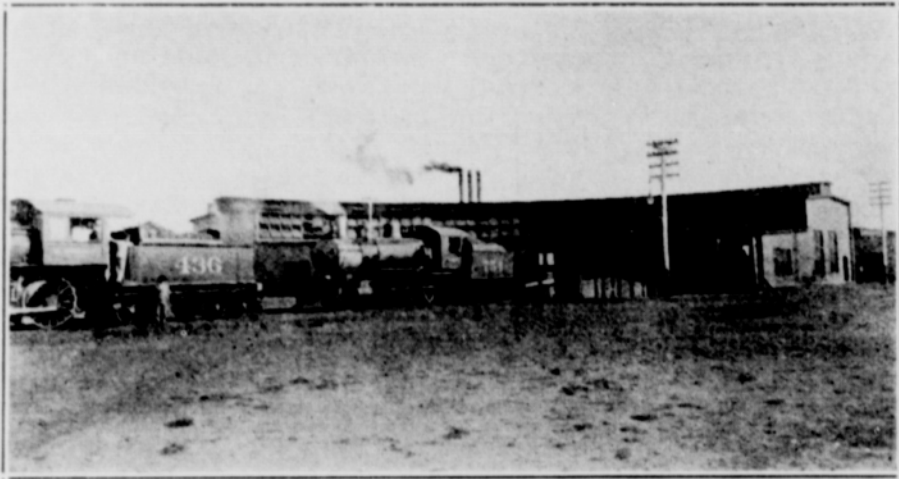
The Slaton Country as It Appears To a Gentleman from East Texas—His Own Words.

Tuesday morning when the Slatonite editor met a gentleman who had recently come to the Slaton country we asked him what he thought about our section by this time. He has previously said that he would make his home here if the climate and environments were such that his constitution and peace of mind could be reconciled to them.

"Well," he said, "it's embarrassing for me to tell you. Down east we all considered that anyone was making a martyr of himself by braving the elements of the wild and woolly west in coming to the Slaton country. I looked for a desolate, endless, prairie land, unproductive save for scraggy mesquite and forbidding cacti; a land inhabited by fierce cattle, man-handling cowboys, flea-bitten frontier towns,

when I stepped off the train here. I rubbed my eyes to see if I were awake, and looked a second time at a little city whose buildings would put to shame any town of equal size 'down east.' How beautiful the trees and grass were! I didn't see any 'natives' and I must confess that I was disappointed, because I promised to send some kodak pictures back home of them. Nobody picked me out as a 'victim' and I felt rather seedy when I saw such a crowd of courteous, cultured, and refined people, more up to date than those down in the 'sticks.' My, what a high standard of morality you have up here! There are no saloons here, not even pool halls; all abolished by law. This is remarkable.

"Such a pushing spirit of progressiveness there is in this land. Such splendid gardens containing more and better vegetables than we had back home. Such verdant fields and magnificent crops, and its abundant evidences of agricultural prosperity—this is the very last straw that broke the back of my self-importance. I surely did



Santa Fe Round House, Slaton Division

and J. Rufus Wallingford grafters. We always shivered when we pictured terrific blizzards in winter, and shivered at a mention of hot, scorching blasts of summer winds, accompanied by sand storms that fairly peel the hide off. We thought that sleep was made a nightmare by centipedes, rattlesnakes, buzzards, wolves, and varmints of all kinds.

"Do you know," he continued, "that this is practically all the information we have about this country, and that it comes from the wild west shows, the movies and the cheap magazines? We have no really authentic information, and these erroneous impressions make the people leery of this section. I am sorry that such prevalent reports kept me away from this nature favored land so long; sorry because the east Texas people are missing so much of the pleasures and comforts of real living in a country with the best twelve months climate under the azure blue!

"I always laugh at myself when I think of the awakening I got

not expect to see an agricultural country, and certainly not one better even than that back home."

A miracle, the gentleman called it, of the twentieth century; but we know it is just nature's blessing year after year on a healthy altitude, a productive soil and an almost ideal climate. He chuckled again at some recollection, and continued:

"I had to pull my hat down over my eyes to keep from tiring them because I was looking so much at the many things that were marvelous to me. I threw back my head, inhaled the fresh, bracing ozone, drank the cool, sparkling water, slept in the morning from the very joy of living, and felt like a new man who had found the country that Ponce de Leon had missed. Why, I could eat everything that was put on the table! I walked around all day to absorb real life; I felt like a child in Fairyland. There were none of the disagreeable features I expected to find, and there were so many splendid advantages. My



Slaton Public School Building, Built of Brick

health has improved wonderfully since I came here."

The gentleman has not experienced any sand storms, there have not been any hot winds; drouthy weather—to mention it in the face of the rains that the gentleman has seen would be a travesty; he has not seen any chills, any ague; nor has he seen any fever of any kind—just lots of room and air of the kind that puts red blood into a man. This is not a picture of fancy; it is an actual experience related to the Slatonite.

"The landscape is magnificent and the soil is so productive. The climate is almost perfect, so cool and pleasant both day and night. I have been looking all my life for such an ideal 'and, where the very elements combine to make life enjoyable. Where the people are so cordial and robust. I have just found what I have been looking for. Such grass! Such rank gardens and fields, and heavy foliaged trees!

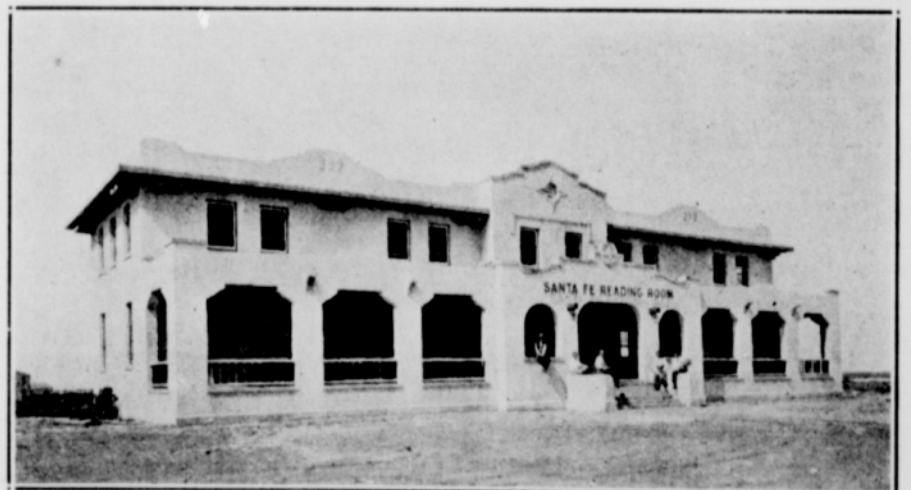
"It sure has been wet since I came. The other day when it rained three inches I said to myself: 'Now, I've got you people where I can watch you stagger around in the mud.' But in the morning there was no water standing on the ground. 'Where is the rain?' I asked. 'The water all goes into the porous soil here in a few hours,' they told me. Just think of it: No boggy fields, and farmers driving to town without mud clinging to the buggy spokes; automobiles going ev-

erywhere the year 'round. And neither is this a sandy country.

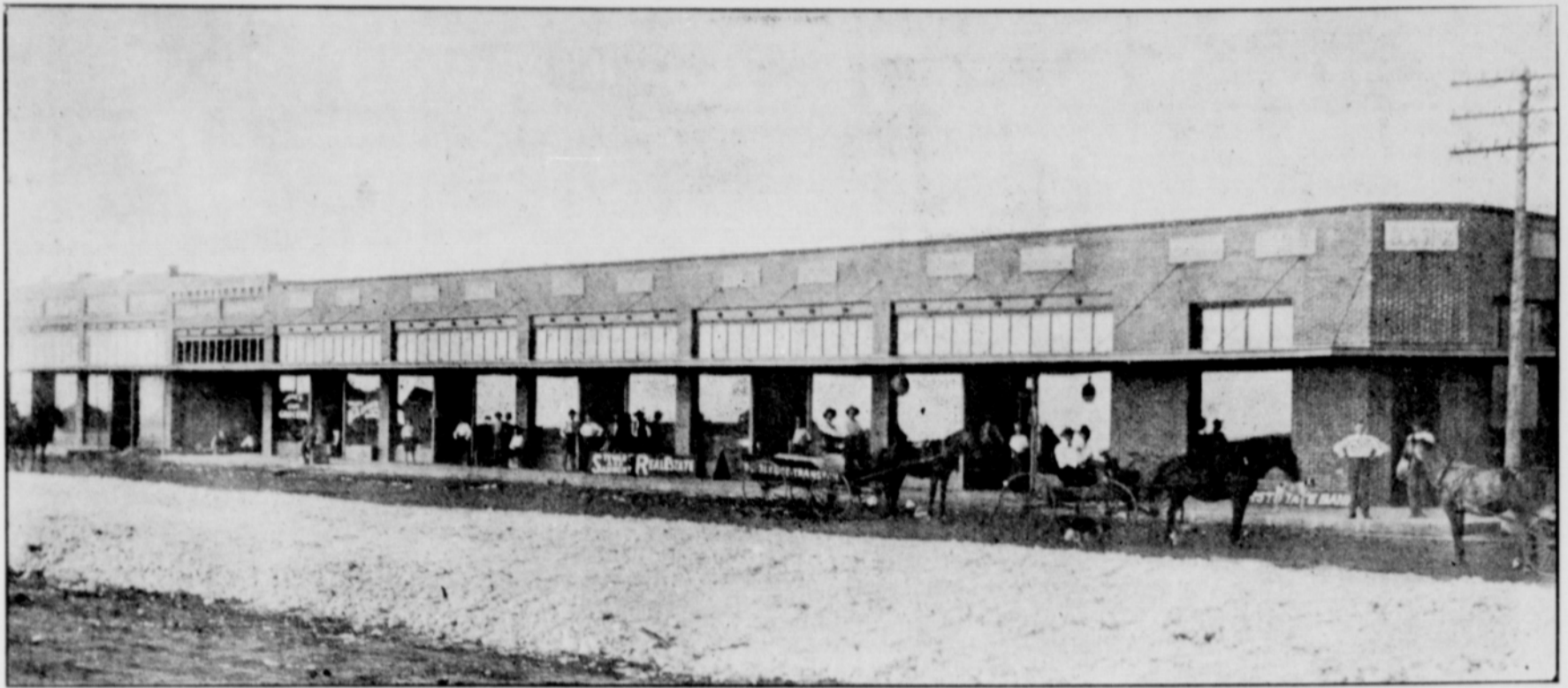
"The water here is the best I ever drank, and they tell me the wells can't be pumped dry. The climate is a relief from the sweltering heat of the lower lands. How those folks down east are fooling themselves about the Slaton plains country! They won't believe the truth about this land; I wouldn't myself. If there were only some way to get them out here to see the land they would all buy, and come here to live in this all-the-year health resort and agriculturally prosperous land.

"The other day I went out to look at the farms, and when I saw the fields laden with crops, I threw the last hesitation to the breeze and took off my hat to your land. 'How much fertilizer does it take to raise such crops here?' I asked. And my question made the farmer doubt my sanity. 'Fertilizer,' he fairly shouted at me in astonishment. 'Why, man, it doesn't take any; we don't know what fertilizer is out here.' Phew, that was one on me. Neither are there any insect pests, I learn. Tell 'em in your paper, boy, that I am a tenderfoot but a Slaton Plains country booster from start to finish."

We might add that our farmers are prosperous and have less indebtedness than the farmers of any other section of Texas. After ginning their cotton they are hauling it back home to lay by until better prices come.



Santa Fe Employees' Reading Room at Slaton



Brick Block of Business Houses in the Little City of Slaton—the Metropolis of the Best of the South Plains Country

Slaton is a modern little city of about 1,000 people and with modern conveniences, and is located in the heart of the South Plains.

Slaton is a division, junction, and shop town on the main line of the Santa Fe, from Galveston to San Francisco. The railroad is rock ballasted for through vestibuled pullman trains from gulf to coast.

The business section of Slaton contains twenty brick and concrete buildings. We have a two story brick school building which has seven class rooms, a library room, a laboratory, cloak rooms, and a handsome auditorium, all splendidly furnished.

The school was organized three years ago, and now has a high school whose studies include the eleventh grade.

Slaton now has four buildings that represent an investment of \$100,000, and the Santa Fe will erect here this winter a new depot and general office building representing an investment of \$40,000.00.

The health statistics of the town are perhaps the highest in the state.

All of the leading fraternal societies have organizations here, and the churches also. The Methodist, Baptist, and Catholic people have church buildings of their own.

Slaton has a gin, a modern printing office and newspaper, a garage, and telephone system, and all other industries found in a modern town.

Slaton's greatest pride is in the splendid division of the great Santa Fe railway system. The principal division improvements are, a \$40,000 Fred Harvey Eating House, a \$30,000 Reading Room for employees, round house, shops, power house, coal chute, offices, and the smaller supply buildings. The principal buildings are of brick and re-inforced concrete. The yards contain 22 miles of side-track. All buildings are electrically lighted, have a splendid water system, and are served by a complete sewerage connection. One of the finest pumping plants ever seen draws the water from a strong battery of wells by electric power, and supplies all Santa Fe needs.

PRICES OF REAL ESTATE ARE VERY REASONABLE

The little city of Slaton has never been on a boom, and farm land has never been speculated on, so our section has a true value on its real estate. Residence houses in the city have always rented without any trouble, but the rent prices have never been prohibitive.

There is a demand for tenant farms that is always greater than the supply. Farms can be rented just as soon as improvements are put on them.

We give the information in this folder to you trusting that you are interested in reliable data of this country; and as you read it, remember that it does not apply to the whole of the Southwest, which is large enough to make a kingdom in itself and of sufficient scope to embrace a dozen sections distinct from each other and of entirely different climatic and crop conditions. This information applies only to the Slaton country, as described in the first pages.



The Abundance of These Slaton Fields is our Representative