

The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 3.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: FEBRUARY 27, 1914.

Number 26.

NEW ROAD GIVES SANTE FE 2 DAYS SHORTEST HAUL

Beginning March 1st trans-continental freight service over the Santa Fe by way of the Coleman-Texico Cut-off will be by two days the shortest haul from Galveston to the west coast of any other line.

According to the tentative schedule east bound freight out of Los Angeles will make the trip to Temple in five days, Galveston six, Houston six, Fort Worth six, and Dallas six. East bound freight from San Francisco to Temple will make the trip in six days Galveston seven, Houston seven, Fort Worth, seven and Dallas seven. West bound freight will require one day longer to make the trip. This is because the west bound traffic is much lighter than the east bound.

According to this schedule the Santa Fe will gain two days over the route which is now being used. This schedule is three days shorter than the Southern Pacific. It will not be longer than fifteen days after the freight service has begun until trans-continental passenger trains will be operating over this route.—Temple Telegram.

From all reports railroad business in Slaton will be booming by the middle of summer when freight will be moving fast over the Cut-off.

The Slaton shop boys were all put back on a ten hour schedule Tuesday, and work has opened up all over the lines on the plains. The more work the road does the more business the Slaton shops will have.

The Santa Fe has taken the contract to move 18,000 cars of green fruit from the Pacific Coast in ninety days, handling 200 cars a day. This will mean a rush of business for the division points this spring.

SILAGE WITHOUT A SILO.

Last fall S. J. Blythe, one of our County Commissioners (and by the way one of the best stock-farmers in the county), put up a large amount of sorghum, corn and maize in an experimental way. He cut the feed and stacked it green, putting a large quantity of water in the stack as is done in the silo. This feed, Mr. Blythe states, made fine silage, the cattle and horses eating every sprig of it. Of course there is a small waste on the outer edge of the stack but this is insignificant compared with the increased value of feed. Feed put up in this manner goes through the same process as feed put up in the silo, and we see no reason why it should not be as good feed as silage. These facts are not stated to discourage silo building in the county, but many farmers are not financially able to build silos and this method of putting up feed could be substituted. —Seminole Sentinel.

SPECIALS for Saturday

18 lbs pure Cane Sugar for.....	\$1.00	3 cans No. 1 Pork and Beans 10c size.....	25c	5 gal Keg Sour Kraut	\$2.00
Swift's Premium Hams per pound.....	20c	No. 3 Star Tomatoes per can.....	10c	3 cans No. 2 Standard Corn for.....	25c
No. 10 Compound Lard per bucket	\$1.15	3 cans No. 2 Star Tomatoes for.....	25c	Grated or Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple.....	20c
No. 10 Cottoline.....	\$1.40	2 Grape Nuts.....	25c	2 Post Toasties.....	25c
1 gallon Blackberries	50c	1 gallon Apricots.....	50c	1 gallon Loganberries	50c
3 cans Trinty Milk for	25c	3 cans Chili for.....	25c	3 cans Hot Tomatoes	25c
3 cans No. 3 Van Camp's Hominy	25c	1 can Van Camp's Sour Kraut.....	10c	3-gal keg sour pickles.....	\$1.50
Lemon Cling Table Peaches, per can	20c	3 packages 10c Crackers or cakes.....	25c	Grapes per can	20c
				Pears per can.....	20c
				3 Quaker Corn Flakes	25c
				2 cans Pumpkin	25c
				Red Pitted Cherries, per can.....	25c
				Apricots per can	20c
				Loganberries can	20c

SLATON SANITARY GROCERY

—YOU ONLY PAY FOR WHAT YOU BUY, AND AT LOWER PRICES.—

"The SANITARY Way is the Only Way."

J. Foster Scott, Jr., and Cash Ramey of Clovis, N.M., were in Slaton Friday on business.

B. C. Morgan went to Hurley the first part of the week to erect a windmill and tank for Judge J. C. Paul at his newly built residence property there.

EXTERMINATING PRAIRIE DOGS ON BIG CONTRACT

Dave Stokes and Hugh Moore went down to the T Bar ranch west of Tahoka last week to start work on their contract to exterminate the prairie dogs on fifty sections of the ranch, of which there are 130 sections in all.

The T Bar is owned by Cass Edwards who lives in Fort Worth. Mr. Edwards furnishes the grain, poison, horses, and everything necessary to do the work, and Messrs. Stokes and Moore board themselves and receive \$20.00 a section for exterminating the dogs. They go over the land twice with poisoned grain, and the third time with carbon. Not a dog is to remain alive.

THE TAHOKA LAKE QUITE A NATURAL PRAIRIE CURIOSITY

The Misses Hattie and Minnie Joplin and C. W. Olive went down to the old Jack Alley ranch south of Wilson with in L. P. Loomis' car Sunday to visit the family of S. W. Joplin. The ranch headquarters are on the west side of the famous Tahoka Lake which is an object of much interest to all travelers and is quite a curiosity to those who have never before seen it. The lake is shallow but covers two sections of land, the lake being oblong in shape. The water in the lake is salty, or alkaloid, and remains all the year, during the rainy season covering more ground than at present. Ducks stay on the lake in large numbers.

The wells near the lake have salty water like that in the lake, the fresh water supply being a large spring in one of the canyons leading to the lake. A

dam below the spring makes a good earthen tank that impounds quite a large body of fresh water. An old stone house standing near the spring was built thirty-five years ago.

The ranch is twenty-five sections in extent, and the headquarters consist now of a nice commodious house and a milk house built of stone, and a large barn, and other improvements. The roads leading to the place are across the wilds of the prairie and rocky canyons and are too much for an auto to attempt a second time.

S. W. Joplin and family live on this ranch and raise cattle, farming just seventy-five acres—enough to raise feed for the work and saddle horses, as the cattle run on grass the year round. Mr. Joplin has the ranch leased. The present owner, J. T. Loftin, lives in Fort Worth.

The visitors enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Joplin and family very much. The splendid dinner with fried chicken as a leader made a hit. The descending sun bidding them start home ward was noted with many regrets on the shortness of the day.

SLATON SHOPS MAKE SECOND THERMIT WELD

W. C. Eddington, master mechanic, made the second thermit weld for the Slaton Santa Fe shops Thursday afternoon last week, welding the broken frame of an engine.

The process was very similar to the one made on Jan. 4th which was minutely described in the Slatonite, and a large crowd of visitors from town was down to see the work. The lighting of the thermit is spectacular, and the sight of steel running off the weld like water is quite thrilling. The making of a thermit weld is a technical and scientific undertaking, and very few people have ever seen it done.

The importance of the work may be better understood when it is learned that the estimated cost of this one weld was \$275, and the weld was made right on the engine without dismounting except to take out one of the drive wheels. It is estimated that it costs the railroad company \$50.00 every day that an engine is out of service. The saving in making this weld in the Slaton shops, instead of sending it to the Tobeka shops, is considerable, as the latter mode would cost about \$1,500.00. This latter cost is due to the fact that the engine would have to be entirely dismounted, and the frame sent to the shops, and then the engine put up again after the weld is made. The frame costs about \$2,300 new.

Thermit or thermit comes from the Greek word which means heat. Technically speaking thermit is a mixture of aluminium in fine grains or filings with some metallic oxide, usually of iron or of chromium. On being heated by a priming, as of magnesium powder, the aluminium combines violently with the oxygen of the oxide, setting free the metal, producing a fluid slag, and generating great heat. Or a general term is that it is any of the various mixtures of metal (as calcium or magnesium) or metallic alloy with a metallic compound having similar properties.

J. E. Mann and wife of this city had as their guests last week Louis W. Smith and wife of Slaton. Mrs. Smith arrived first, her husband joining her later and they went to Cleburne to visit with Mr. Smith's brother. On their return they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Mann and other friends of this city. —Amarillo News.

J. M. Johnson was down from Lubbock the first part of the week renewing acquaintances and incidently soliciting support to his candidacy for the office of county treasurer, subject to the action of the Democratic primary on July 25th. His announcement appears in the Slatonite.

A Low Cash Price Bargain Counter

We have just finished invoicing and re-arranging our goods, and have remarked many of our best articles to a still lower price. Our cash method enables us to do this.

We have many standard articles of merit that we have marked down to real bargain prices. Our bargains are the leaders. Ask for them.

We still have a few Groceries that we are closing out at your price.

Bear in mind our arrangements for a millinery opening.

W. R. HAMPTON
SLATON'S LOW PRICE CASH STORE

REGULAR CUT-OFF SERVICE STARTS MARCH FIRST

The taking over of the Texico Cut-off has now been bulletined by the Santa Fe to occur on or about March 1st, when regular freight and passenger service will be inaugurated. This new line will start with four extra freights besides the local, and this will mean a large number of new families for Slaton. The increase in the work will mean

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
LUBBOCK, TEXAS
Practice in all State Courts

Wall Paper and Paint Brushes

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

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PAINTER AND PAPER HANGER

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

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Slaton - Texas

putting on more men in the shops, also.

For the present the passenger train will leave Clovis at 7 a. m. and make connections with the Slaton-Amarillo trains, returning to Clovis at 6 p. m.

A special train consisting of four cars made an inspection tour of the Texico Cut off Wednesday.

Upon this train were the following officials: T. J. Engel, assistant to President Ripley; W. B. Storey, vice president; F. C. Fox, vice president and general manager of the P. & N. T.; D. Elliot, division superintendent and G. C. Starkweather, general superintendent.

The inspection was made preparatory to opening the road for regular train service on March 1st.

J. E. Lidengton of Clovis, N. M., visited friends in Slaton over Sunday on his way to Moline, Kansas, where he will join his family in their new home. Mr. Lidengton had been with the Santa Fe for twenty years until recently when he retired from railroad work and purchased a suburban home at Moline. He was foreman of the bridge and building department, and in that capacity and in a business way made a large number of friends in Slaton who regret that he is leaving west Texas.

The Lubbock Avalanche reported the automatic coal chute at Littlefield to be of 350,000 ton capacity. That sure is some coal. 1000 cars of coal, enough to fill the empty tenders of 2000 engines. A capacity of 250 tons would be nearer correct, Mr. Avalanche.

The deep well at Canyon is now 2,000 feet down, and efforts are being made to put it down 500 feet more. The well has cost the promoters \$17,000.00 to date and they are prospecting for oil.

Wednesday, Feby. 25th Kahn Bros. Tailoring Co.

of Louisville, Ky., will have their special representative at our store with a complete line of end samples.

You are cordially invited to come in and look over the beautiful array of spring samples. Here's your opportunity for a tailored to order suit, measures taken by an expert.

SIMMONS & ROBERTSON

Dry Goods Department

DON'T FORGET THE DATE.

FUNERAL AT AMARILLO.

Headed by an escort of trainmen, the body of James F. Spetter, the Santa Fe engineer who lost his life in a head-on collision near Amarillo Thursday morning, was conveyed to the Santa Fe station about 3.30 yesterday afternoon for shipment to Topeka, Kan., where interment will be made.

Funeral services were conducted in the Eakle parlors by Rev. Ernest E. Robinson, pastor of the Polk street Methodist church, at 3 o'clock.—Amarillo News.

MUST ASSESS AT FULL VALUE

The State Tax Board at Austin has adopted a resolution, notifying county tax officials that they must assess property in Texas at its full value, or suffer the penalty of law. By its order, State Tax Commissioner A. L. Love is mailing a copy of his resolution to each County Tax Assessor, and to all County Judges, advising them that the law must be complied with, and if it is not, the matter will be reported to the Attorney General for suit against negligent officers.

It is stated in the resolution that there were flagrant violations of the law in 1913 and that it will not be tolerated this year.

TO POISON RABBITS.

Take a finely powdered strychnine and mix some of it with one or two ounces of table salt. Put these mixtures in little pites around the wheat fields, where the rabbits are accustomed to enter. Rabbits are very fond of salt, and eat it greedily.

Those who use this poison should be careful not to use it in fields where stock can get to it else they may lose some valuable stock.

J. A., or Andy, Wilson of Lubbock recently sold his ensilage fed sheep, getting the top of the market. For fifty days he fed over 520 of various ages a combination feed of five pounds of ensilage, three fourths of a pound of Kafir chops and one-half pound of cotton cake. Last week he shipped them to Kansas City, where all but some ewes topped the market from ten to fifteen cents.

"Took my girl out riding Sunday." "How?" "Got a rig at Slaton Livery Barn, see?" "Go thou and do likewise."

WRITE.....
R. J. Murray & Co.
SLATON, TEXAS
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About the City of SLATON
and the Surrounding Country

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

The Christian Church at Ralls is erecting a \$4,000 church building.

Ground feed is better for your stock. Tudor wants all the feed grinding jobs he can get.

The Rev. J. D. Lampkin of Post City conducted preaching services at the Baptist church Sunday. Mr. Lampkin has been called to the pastorate of the Slaton church and will preach here every first and third Sunday.

The Ladies Aid Society will meet at the Baptist Church on March 2nd at 3.00 o'clock P. M. Lesson subject, 1st to 12th chapter of Numbers. All ladies cordially invited to attend these meetings and join us in these pleasant and instructive lessons.

You ought to be a subscriber to your home paper.

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

Vyola Talley.

Last Sunday night a number of young folks gathered at the pretty home of Mr. Dreyer near Wilson where they had a big singing party. Those present were: Arthur and Charlie Wild, Cody Brickner, Edwin Horney, M. M. Hoffman and Copper-Smoke-My-Pipe. The latter three from Indiana and only a short time here lost their way coming home that night and were next thing to sleeping outside on the prairie with coyotes and prairie dogs.—Rough Western.

NOTICE! Try a Ton of McAlester Nut Coal

Burns Better and Makes More Heat. Delivered at your door at the low price of, 2,000 lbs., **\$7.50**

1,000 lbs. \$3.75; 500 lbs. \$2.00

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We are here for your convenience and solicit your business

"WE'VE GOT GAS TO BURN"—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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UNDERTAKING

SLATON, TEXAS

BROADWAY JONES

BY EDWARD MARSHALL
FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY G.W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY



SYNOPSIS.

Jackson Jones, nicknamed "Broadway" because of his continual glorification of New York's great thoroughfare, is anxious to get away from his home town of Jonesville. Abner Jones, his uncle, is very angry because Broadway refuses to settle down and take a place in the gum factory in which he succeeded to his father's interest. Judge Spotswood informs Broadway that \$250,000 left him by his father is at his disposal. Broadway makes record time in heading for his favorite street in New York.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

A year passed. Broadway carried three bank accounts, two of them not very large and seldom checked upon. The third was in New York's all-night bank. He kept busy. "I feel as if I ought to see the sun rise often," he explained. "Sunrises are so beautiful."

He seldom heard from Jonesville in these days. Judge Spotswood sometimes wrote to him, his uncle never. For a time he had endeavored to keep up a correspondence with the girls, but this had languished through his own exceeding occupation at more pressing matters and Josie Richards' sorrowful conviction that he did not tell her, in his brief, infrequent letters, about all the girls whom he was meeting in New York.

His first shock came when the All-Night bank wrote him a letter, asking his to call and talk of his account, and this did not occur until four years had vanished in the haze of Broadway's lights. It made him sit straight in his chair and blink as a cold dash from a seltzer bottle sometimes had when he had needed it. Rankin, entering, asked him if he had a pain.

"You bet I have," said he. "And I'm afraid it's serious."

"Shall I call a doctor, sir?"
"No, call a banker."
Rankin, puzzled, withdrew carefully. He had learned to step with catlike tread when he discovered that his master was in serious mood. He had no wish to anger him. No butler in the history of butling had ever had a place so utterly ideal. Pickings plentiful; work trivial; all life had been congenial for Rankin since he had encountered Broadway Jones.

The day of the bank's letter was the first after he had reached New York when Broadway did not go about his gay and simple routine of up Broadway in the afternoon and down Broadway at night, with movements so timed that they made long pauses near the Circle and near Forty-second street seem natural. He went home before five.

When Rankin ventured to express surprise at his return to the apartment at that hour, he snarled at him.

"Go to the devil, Rankin!" he suggested when he lingered.

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," said Rankin and withdrew.

He reached the kitchen with a face so troubled that the Japanese boy, who had sought domestic service here with (judging from his wages) the commendable intention of patriotically sending home, each year, enough American money to build a warship for his nation's navy, showed interest.

"Wat iss matturr, Ranekeen?" the sympathetic Oriental queried.

"I know men," said Rankin, "and if I didn't know that Mr. Jones is really a millionaire—made it out of chewing gum, his family, I'm told—I should say he was hard up."

The Japanese boy stared politely; he did not understand at all.

"Of course he's not hard up," Rankin continued. "No hard-up man could have sworn at me as he did just now. It can't be money, so it must be women."

"Limmin," said the Japanese, who had not mastered w's.

"Lemons," Rankin granted. "You're almost right. I never saw a man more popular. He spends his money like he didn't care for it, and does it well because that is the fact. He doesn't care for it. I never saw a bed, I had a chance to see his arm. Quite muscular it is—just as it felt when he was joking with me."

The next day, by chance, while visiting the kitchen, Rankin had a sudden inspiration. "I wonder if he is in love?" he pondered. "That Mr. Henriot that I attended just before he married that grass widow was as absent-minded—oh, quite absent-minded, quite! Now, which one—"

Rankin suddenly came to a stand in horror. Even to the small and very yellow cook it was plain that tragic thoughts had flashed into his mind.

"I wonder," he soliloquized if it could possibly be that terrible Gerard old woman. She's had her eye on him ever since the first night that she got a glimpse of him."

ed, was talking with the first vice-president of the bank. The man seemed rather serious-minded, although on that previous occasion when he had marked the beginning of their acquaintance, when Broadway had gone to open his account with just two hundred thousand dollars, he had been geniality itself.

"I merely wished to have a little talk with you—er—Mr. Jones," said he. "You know your balance is—er—running rather low."

"Is what?" said Broadway, in amazement.

"Is running rather low."
"You don't mean that I've—"

"You've drawn rather heavily against it."

"But it was strong enough to stand a terrible strain."

"Not quite strong enough to stand without a protest the strain to which you have subjected it, Mr. Jones. It's not exhausted, but it's—"

"Getting tired?" Broadway himself supplied the words.

"About that. You have not been having it written up, you know; I thought perhaps you didn't realize the figures. I've had them all made out for you."

Broadway took one swift look at them, then sank back in his chair and took a longer look at them. "Well, I'll be —!" he ventured.

"I was afraid you'd feel that way. I only thought you ought to have a hint of just how things are running. Young men lose track of things sometimes. I've known it to occur before."

Jackson scarcely saw Broadway when he went out of the gray building, and it was the first time he had ever trodden Broadway without seeing and admiring it.

"Hello, Broadway!" cried a merry voice from just beyond the curb. It was a blonde voice, and issued from a natty little motor car with a sedan-chair top. Broadway had bought that motor car and given it to the blonde voice. "Let me put you down somewhere?"

"I'm not feeling very fit. You might take me to the morgue."

"Jump in; we'll make it the Knickerbocker."

But the Knickerbocker had no charms for Broadway at that moment. He made his stay as brief as possible in the bright restaurant.

"Dollie, darling," he said gloomily. "I don't need a restaurant, today; I need a hospital. How would you like me, Dollie, honestly, if I was broke?"

"You? Broke?" She laughed.

"No; seriously. How would you like me?"

"It's nonsense; but you know what Shanley does to broken dishes."

"The ash can. Eh?"

"It wouldn't be, for you, of course; but—what's the use of being Mr. Grump? Brace up? Come on up to Churchill's and we'll drinky-drink it outy-out."

But Broadway would have none of such a plan as that. He went to his apartment, and, rummaging in every drawer and pocket, collected every bill which he could find. There were a hundred of them, ranging in all sorts of figures and for all sorts of articles, from diamonds to gasoline, from charity to fare. The arrival of the sympathetic Rankin, who believed his master had a headache, with a note from Mrs. Gerard, interrupted the bookkeeping which, for the first time in his life, Broadway had begun. It had not been encouraging, as far as he had gone.

He read the note and found it to be an invitation. Deciding to accept it, he decided, also, that it must be the last one of the sort he must accept. It had become intensely plain to him that now had come the time when he must cease his gaieties and find more money.

He was a gloomy figure at the feast that night, and his gloom grew with every aged smile which Mrs. Gerard cast in his direction. It was plain enough to him, to everyone, that this exceedingly rich lady, of uncertain age, regarded him with very friendly eyes. She even sometimes called him "Jackson."

After the dinner he took Robert Wallace downtown with him in his sixty horsepower touring car.

"Mrs. Gerard," he ventured, "seems a well-preserved old—er—I mean that she seems well preserved."

"Well, here goes!" he whispered, and took out a pill, afterwards arranging the revolver, which was already loaded.

He held the pill between the fingers of a tremulous left hand; gripped in his faltering right he held the weapon.

"Here goes!" he said again—and Rankin rapped upon the door.

Hastily he hid the dreadful evidences of his dire intention.

"Come in!" he feebly called.

Broadway defended rather hotly. An idea, so terrible that it was fascinating, had occurred to him.

"She might have gone to school with your grandmother. It makes me sick to see her ogle you. I think she wants to marry you."

Broadway burst into a laugh which he was well aware was quite too loud, too cackly and too hollow; he feared acutely that his friend would recognize its falseness.

"To marry me! Ho, ho!" Instantly his manner changed. "But I don't like the way you speak about her, Bob. Remember—we have just enjoyed her hospitality!"

"Enjoyed it! Speak for yourself, old man! If I had known where you were going, do you suppose I would have gone with you? I can meet grandmother's schoolmates at the Old Ladies' home. I don't have to go to dinner with them."

"Now, Bob!"

Wallace burst into a laugh. "I believe it is pure charity," he guessed. "You are trying to make others happy. You smile on her as you would throw a dollar into a Salvation Army cash pot around Christmas time."

"Bob, I'm thinking about getting married."

His friend sat straight and looked at him in dumb amazement for a second.

"Married? And is grandma in some way related to the bride who may be?"

"Bob, I need—"

He stopped. Almost he had told his friend he needed money; but he had not the courage. To confess poverty on Broadway is like confessing murder in a church.

"Need what?"

"A rest. I'm going to—er—take some sort of a vacation. Don't know what. Maybe back to the old home. Anyway, you won't see me around for quite a little while."

"Never mind, old chap! I'll tell them all that you have had to go away on business. Go somewhere and get straightened out. You need it. There's something wrong with you, or

you would never have gone to that dinner where that ancient marines could ogle you the way she did.

"Well, you won't see me for a week or two."

"Drop me a line if you want anything."

Jackson Jones went away early on the following morning. As ignorant of business and of business methods as a baby, yet he tried to scheme some way by means of which he might recoup his staggering finances. Wild ideas, all unpractical, whirled through his brain.

He must have money, that was certain. He had not the least idea of just how he had accomplished it, but he had spent his patrimony—spent it all and more than all of it. If he had paid up the debts he owed—which all the world seemed glad to have him owe—that was the hard part of it; everyone seemed anxious to have him

go in debt to them—he would have far less than nothing left.

For days he stewed above his figures in a room of which he kept close guard upon the key. He told Rankin, who was curious, that he planned to write a book.

"Indeed, sir? Fiction, sir?"

"Fiction? Gad, no! Fact."

"A book of travel, sir? I've traveled quite a bit. Perhaps—"

"No. Or yes. Of travel up and down Broadway."

"Splendid, sir, if I may be excused for taking such a liberty. I'm sure no gentleman in all New York is more familiar with the subject, sir. I shall be glad to read it, sir. I'm sure it will be quite a revelation!"

"Rankin," said Broadway earnestly, "if I wrote what I really know about Broadway it would be a revelation." He grew very serious, for him. "It would put some men on pedestals, and they would not be those who now stand highest. It would put some men behind the bars, and among them are some men who now are free to come and go, with welcomes when they come and invitations when they leave, in every place where people gather in this town."

He burst into a sudden laugh. "Great stuff, eh, Rankin? When you say 'Broadway' you stir me up. I love it, hate it; it always fascinates me. There's no street like it in the world."

"If your book is like that, sir, it will be a big success," commented Rankin, spellbound. "It's going to be a fine book, Mr. Jones."

"It won't interest Broadway. There's only one kind of book that Broadway cares about."

"And what is that, sir?"

"Check books, Rankin. Now I'm going into—into—" He did not know just what to call the room which he kept locked.

"Your study, sir?"

"Thanks, Rankin. Yes, I'm going to my study. Don't let me be disturbed."

"I'll not, sir."

When he left that "study" he avoided Rankin. His fingers were ink-stained from calculations, his hair was quite disheveled, his eyes were wide and rolling. He could see no hope ahead.

He wrote a letter to his uncle explaining that investments had gone wrong and that he needed a small loan of fifty thousand dollars for three months. He was sure that if he got this he would be enabled to find some way out. By return of mail he had an answer in an envelope which strangely bulged. He opened it with trembling fingers and a package of Jones' Pepsin Gum fell out.

"Chew this and forget it," said the cheerful note which Uncle Abner had wrapped round it. It said further: "I'm going to Europe for five years. Don't bother me again. You've made you bed, now lie on it."

That was the last straw. Without the least idea of what he wished to do, the frantic Broadway started out to find some work by which, at least, he could earn honestly his board and keep.

Wall street offered nothing, for when he went down to see his friends there his courage failed entirely and instead of asking them to find a place for him he bought them, one by one, expensive luncheons.

He went to neighboring cities, hoping there to find some means of getting food to eat without getting it on credit, and there he had some strange experiences which lasted several days. But, while he just escaped the uniform of the Salvation Army, he did not find work and wandered back to Broadway, the apartment and more debt.

He had no profession, knew no trade. Half crazed with the obsession that he must no longer run in debt, he decided to sell out the flat, discharge the servants and do menial labor. Running through the list of his abilities he decided, with frank self-contempt, that about the best which he could do was help in a hotel as bellboy. He knew too little about mathematics to keep books; he never would succeed as desk-clerk. But he could not bring himself to try to get a job of that sort—it would too often bring him into contact with the folk he knew.

One afternoon, while wandering in an aimless funk upon a side street, he saw a card in front of an apartment house announcing that an elevator boy was wanted. He rushed in with alacrity and determination—and at the very threshold met Mrs. Gerard, who had been calling on a friend there. Instead of asking for the job he took a drive with her.

It was while this drive progressed that the sordid, vicious tempter def-

nately seized him in his toils. The ancient but vivacious dame was very affable—most agreeable indeed. She was not motherly; she was flirtatious. And she accompanied her coquetry by a shrewd exposition of the magnitude of her unquestionably enormous wealth. It staggered him.

If he had not at the moment had a simple little Josie Richards' letter in his pocket he might have been swept under. A thousand times he had discovered the necessity of assuring himself, as he traveled up and down Broadway, that he did not care for Josie Richards. She was not the sort of girl who captivated one who knew life as he knew it; she was dear, but she was simple, unsophisticated and what he most admired was wide sophistication; he thought as little of her as he could, but now she popped into his mind and made him edge away from the aged, wealthy widow.

When he went back to the flat he found awaiting him new sheafs of bills, none pressing him—mere statements. The rumor had not started that he was not good pay. Broadway still delighted in him, still endeavored to induce him to accept its credit. This gave him new distress; he knew himself—he knew he would go out that night and run more debts.

Suddenly he knew what to do. It came to him without an effort of the brain. It was a tragic inspiration.

Without a word to Rankin, stealthily and secretly, he went forth into the afternoon in his smart runabout, still driven by the taxi-cabman, who now regarded him with something akin to worship, and sought a gunshop and a chemist's.

In the former he made purchase of a large, grim, blued-steel automatic pistol of the largest caliber they had in stock, and secured one box of cartridges. It seemed a waste of money, which by rights was definitely the property of creditors, to buy so many cartridges, for he should need but one! However, he feared that to ask for one would pin attention to him and he treated what he had in mind, so he put the heavy box into his pocket. It made it sag outrageously, which very much annoyed him. No man on Broadway was more careful of his clothes. But what, after all, did a sagged pocket matter now?

At the chemist's he secured an ounce of bichloride of mercury, which had been fashionable of late among smart suicides. He had no difficulty in obtaining it. This eased him and a further satisfaction grew out of the fact that though it held potentialities as deadly as the automatic gun and cartridges could hold it made a little package, not heavy in the least, and so did not sag the other pocket, where he placed it very carefully.

As he whirled uptown in the runabout he frequently felt of the deadly things.

He liked the feel of neither of them. The revolver was so hard and business-like, the pill bottle was so slippery, so cold and heartless! What an end was this for Broadway Jones!

Again seated in the little study, he solemnly reviewed his life. He saw no points at which he had made very great mistakes, save the important one of thinking that a quarter of a million is a lot of money in New York.

"I've been nothing but a piker," he reflected, "and I've acted like the trade-marked article. I ought to get it in the neck and I am going to get it in the neck."

This unpleasantly reminded him and he caressed the neck wherein he was to get it. Never, in the past, when he had used that slang expression had it really suggested his own neck to him or any other actual neck. Now it made his flesh creep and his blood run cold behind his collar.

"Well, here goes!" he whispered, and took out a pill, afterwards arranging the revolver, which was already loaded.

He held the pill between the fingers of a tremulous left hand; gripped in his faltering right he held the weapon.

"Here goes!" he said again—and Rankin rapped upon the door.

Hastily he hid the dreadful evidences of his dire intention.

"Come in!" he feebly called.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Praise of Poverty.

It seems a matter of universal desire that poverty should be abolished. We should be quite willing to abolish luxury, but to abolish honest, industrious, self-denying poverty would be to destroy the soil upon which mankind produces the virtues which enable our race to reach a still higher civilization than it now possesses.—Andrew Carnegie.



Robert Wallace.

SHE GAVE UP ALL HER WORK

On Account of Her Weakness, But Cardui, the Woman's Tonic, Brought Back Strength.

Summit, Va.—Mrs. Leonora Walker, of this place, has the following to say regarding her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic: "Before I began to take Cardui, I suffered with womanly troubles, and, also, with what I thought was stomach trouble. I was so weak, I had to give up all my housework; and could not do any of the cooking.

I commenced taking Cardui, the woman's tonic, and after the third day I began to feel better. Have now used five bottles, and am well, and can do all of my housework and cooking by myself. In fact, I feel like a new woman.

I shall be only too glad to do anything I can, to help praise the Cardui Home Treatment, for it is so good for suffering women. I shall never be without it."

For over half a century, Cardui has been helping to build weak, nervous, tired-out women, back to strength and health. It goes to the seat of the trouble and builds up womanly strength where it is most needed.

Cardui may be the very medicine your system has long been needing. Get a bottle from your druggist today. It cannot harm you, and should surely do for you what it has done for so many thousands of others.

N. B.—Write to Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request. Adv.

DIDN'T HAVE TO ADOPT IT

Old Gentleman Merely Offered Hint to Clerk of the Meteorological Department.

He entered the meteorological office and, said in his jerky way:

"This 'ere's where you give out weather predictions, ain't it?"

The clerk nodded.

"Well," continued the old man, "I thought as how I would come up and give you some useful tips."

"Yes?" replied the clerk, politely.

"I've watched very carefully, an' I find that ye ain't always right."

"No; we sometimes make mistakes."

"Course you do. We all do sometimes. Now, I was thinkin' as how a line that used to be on the auctioneer's bills down in our county might do fast rate on your weather predictions and save you a lot of explainin'."

"What was the line?"

"Wind an' weather permittin'."

He went down without waiting to say good-bye.

GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Make It Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff—Real Surprise for You.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and just try it. Adv.

Her Way.

Joe—What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing my fingers?

Josephine—Hold the hammer in both hands.—Ohio Sun Dial.

Accounted For.

"There is a lot of spirit in that song."

"That is why it keeps haunting you."

in for Speeding.

Bix—It's pretty hard for a man to find work after he's been in jail.

Dix—Yes, unless he's a chauffeur.

The political candidate who "also an" believes the country is short of asylums for hopeless idiots.

Co-Operative Farm Products Marketing

How It Is Done in Europe and May Be Done in America to the Profit of Both Farmer and Consumer

By MATTHEW S. DUDGEON.

THE "GOMBEEN MAN."

Dunglow, County Donegal, Ireland.—This is the old haunt—the habitat—of the "gombeen man." He is our American city "loan shark" transplanted with all his blood-sucking propensities and his starvation inducing qualities into rural Ireland. Here conditions are right for his activities. Where the need for money is greatest he prospers best. The poorer the country, the richer he grows. And poor enough this country certainly is. Wide, low-lying peat bogs stretch between great slopes of rising hillsides where the soil shows only between masses of outcropping rocks. No fields are there here large enough to offer opportunity for work with horses even if plowing and cultivating were not made impossible by the huge half-buried rocks. Every enclosure demands fertilizers as a condition precedent to production. Nature is stingy and hesitates to let go of any product of value to humans. Yet here and there is a cottage upon a barren hillside; around it we see children that are not starving nor insufficiently clothed.

"Gombeen Man" Passing. Here was the haunt of the gombeen man. But as relative prosperity comes in he goes out. They tell us that co-operation has numbered the days of the gombeen man and that he is passing. As he formerly operated his business here he was the worst enemy to rural prosperity to be found upon the island. "The gombeen man is worse than the non-resident landlord," says Paddy Gallagher of Dunglow, which is an extreme statement when made by one whose father and family have suffered cruelly from many evictions.

Seldom was the gombeen man admitted in the loan business. Frequently he was a trader or shop keeper. Generally he kept a public house. Often he was a dominating influence politically, and held some office. Invariably he was an economic scourge and made rural prosperity impossible. We have spoken of him in the past tense, not because he has altogether ceased to exist but because co-operation seems to be developing a plan for rural credit which will eventually put him out of business.

Patrick Gallagher's Story.

Patrick Gallagher, now the manager of the local co-operative society, probably knows as much about the trials of the poor farmer in Ireland as any one. He was born in a little one-room farm cottage and was at nine years of age forced to leave home and hire himself out as a farm laborer receiving the wage of three pounds for six months' work. From these beginnings he has risen to be a rural financier in County Donegal and has raised the condition of the poor farmers from abject poverty to comparative comfort through his co-operative enterprises. Here is what Paddy Gallagher says of the gombeen men, speaking from his personal experiences and verifying much that he says from documents and account books:

"Here is one transaction of my own with the gombeen man. On the 28th of May, 1906, my father and I bought seven stone of flour and one hundred weight of Indian meal, each. My father paid for his \$4.25. I was not in a position to pay for mine until the 11th of July, 1906, forty-four days later. The gombeen man then presented me with a bill for \$5.31. I disputed his right to charge me \$1.06 interest on \$4.25 for only forty-four days and pointed out to him that my father bought the same goods on the same date for \$4.25. The gombeen man argued that my father paid \$4.50 and that he was only charging me eighty-one cents extra, or 144 per cent interest per annum. During the twenty years my father was bringing up his family, he paid interest at this rate.

"Here is a writ that was issued against a poor farmer. The amount is \$37.75, and here is the pass book which proves that \$18.25 of that is interest. You will also note that the gombeen man charges this customer \$3.37 for seven stone of flour; on the same date the co-operative society's price was \$2.25."

So the gombeen man was robbing everybody as he tried to rob Paddy Gallagher and his friends.

An Old Man's Story.

The story that we get in Dunglow tallies with the account which Sir Horace Plunkett and his colleagues in Dublin gave us of the situation. But as scientific investigators we are anxious to get as much mate-

rial from original sources as possible. So on Sunday afternoon "it is us" for a jaunting car and a ride into the country in search of fundamental facts. We hear of a patriarchal citizen five miles out who they say is as honest as the day is long. We find Donald O'Boyle (otherwise Shane O'ge) in a habitation which from outward appearances hardly merits the name of cottage. But when warm hearted Irish hospitality invites us inside we find a neat, clean, comfortable place, that is indeed home to the family which has been for generations the tenants of a line of non-evicting landlords. Shane O'ge, with his son, his daughter-in-law, and some shy, blue-eyed little grandchildren, welcomes us warmly. The mother is feeding the children mashed potatoes and milk from a bowl (about all many Irish children get to eat). To them this is much more interesting than a discussion of the gombeen man.

Yes, he and his father knew well the gombeen man. "We'd buy of the trader but we'd not know the price at all," he said. "It would do us no good. We'd have to pay in the end what he'd ask us anyway when he had the money. It was hard to get it round here—we mostly had to go over and work in the Scottish harvests to get any at all. When we had the money we would ask what we owed and the trader would tell us what it was. We never knew what the items were. We never dared to ask. He would say, 'How dare you dispute my books?' And it's more than one poor man I've seen kicked out for asking a civil question. But everybody says they charged the highest price the stuff had been from the time it was bought until we paid for it and I guess that's the truth, and of course the added interest, though I don't know how much. And so of course, we paid what they asked—and enough it was—though we never knew much about it. They let us get meal or anything else on credit without money for they knew it meant more to them in a high price besides interest. Things are different now; they're a lot better."

Co-operative Credit Conquering.

Things are different in Ireland now. The farmers themselves are driving out the gombeen man. Co-operative credit associations have changed all this. As that eminent Irishman, Sir Horace Plunkett, says in his book on Ireland in the New Century: "The exact purpose of these organizations is to create credit as a means of introducing capital into the agricultural industry. They perform the apparent miracle of giving solvency to a community composed almost entirely of insolvent individuals."

Paddy Gallagher in telling us how the association operates here at Dunglow, says: "A credit society in Dunglow was organized and established in October, 1903, by the Irish Agricultural Organization society and has been regularly audited and inspected by that body ever since. Although we had at first only £220 of working capital, we have now a reserve of £26, 16s. The members are equally responsible for the success or failure of the society. Each man has one vote no matter how much or how little his investment in the concern is. They take such keen interest in it that during its nine years working there has not been an over due loan at the end of the year. The society is undoubtedly of great assistance to the people in the district. We want the time to come when every man can walk up the street in Dunglow and say he owes nothing."

Capitalizing Character.

These co-operative banks have, as it were, capitalized character. The early organizers of co-operative credit associations held, and experience has confirmed the opinion, that in the poorest communities there is a perfectly safe basis of security in the honesty and industry of its members. This security is not valuable in the ordinary commercial sense. The ordinary banker has no intimate knowledge of the character of those who apply for a loan. Neither has he any way of testing whether or not those who borrow "for productive purposes" actually apply the loan to such purposes. The borrower must bring two sureties, who like the borrower himself, must be men of approved character and capacity. The character of these three men is the sole basis of credit.

The rules provide—and this is the characteristic feature of the system—

that a loan shall be made for a "productive purpose" only. That is, the borrowed money must be used for a purpose which, in the judgment of the committee, will enable the borrower to repay the loan out of the results of the use made of the money. The farmer buys a sow to raise pigs; he must have fertilizers; he needs some high-grade seeds; he wants to build better shelter for his cow—all these are productive purposes. In one case money to send the borrower's boy to school for eight months so as to increase his earning capacity was considered a productive purpose justifying a loan, as it proved to be when the boy himself repaid the loan. The rules of the co-operative society provide for the expulsion of a member who does not apply the money to the agreed purpose. It is said, however, to the credit of the Irish members of these societies, that there has never been the necessity of putting this rule in force in a single instance anywhere throughout the entire island. Social and moral influences seem to be quite sufficient to secure obedience to the rules and regulations of the society.

Co-operative Credit is Good.

There are other advantages. The regular bank is generally miles away. It costs money for the borrower to go and take his sureties, paying car fare, meals and maybe drinks, while the co-operative association is right at hand. The bank will loan for only 90 days, while the co-operative society will make it up to a year. And a 90-day loan gives the farmer no chance to realize on seed or fertilizer or stock bought with the money borrowed. But here in the local credit bank if a man is honest he can get the loan he needs. He must bring two sureties, but co-operation breeds and develops neighborly helpfulness and they say no honest man ever falls because he can get no sureties.

Neither the association nor its members have any considerable capital. When they organize they begin by borrowing a sum of money on the joint and several liability of the members. Deposits are received from both members and non-members. The society usually borrows at four or five per cent, and lends at five or six per cent. In some cases government funds have been loaned to them at three per cent, thus enabling them to make a very low loan to their members. The expense of administration is almost nothing.

Lesson for Rural America.

It is such societies as these that are putting the gombeen men out of business in Ireland. We have in rural America gombeen men. They are not so called, but American loan sharks and credit men are first cousins to the Irish gombeen men.

The question we Americans are trying to answer is this: Have Irish rural credit methods a lesson for the rural sections in our own land? Can our loan shark, whether in city or country, be fought and conquered by similar American co-operative societies?

There are hundreds of poor farmers who must ask credit either of merchants and dealers or must secure loans from some source. Most of them get credit of the local merchant. It is, of course, well recognized that any dealer who extends credit not only charges interest but charges a higher price than when he gets cash payment.

Why cannot the American farmer get a loan at a nearby banking institution for six months or ten months or a year instead of for 90 days? Why cannot he capitalize his character as does the Irishman? In some states there are under existing laws plenty of small joint stock banks throughout the smaller towns and villages which are accessible. The directors and officers know the farmer's needs. They are so intimately acquainted with those who might become borrowers that they could do as the Irish credit banks do and arrange for capitalizing character. But they don't do it.

(Copyright, 1914, Western Newspaper Union.)

Fast Traveling 100 Years Ago.

One hundred years ago the citizens of Philadelphia, New York, Boston and intervening points were acclaiming the progress of the times, with particular reference to the speed with which President Madison's message to congress had been carried to the various states. The message was delivered on December 7, and by December 15 its contents were known to persons living as far distant as Vermont. Under the caption of "Swift Traveling" a newspaper of the time commented as follows: "The express who brought the president's message to this city left Washington 20 minutes after the noon hour—left Baltimore 45 minutes after 2 p. m.—arrived Philadelphia ten minutes before midnight. Thus, it will be seen, that from Washington to Philadelphia, a distance of 150 miles, he traveled at the rate of more than 12½ miles an hour, which, considering the badness of the roads, is, perhaps, equal to anything ever performed in this country."

Wielders of Influence.

The hand that rocks the cradle may rule the world, but there is no ignoring the influence wielded by the foot and ankle that peep through the slit in a stylish skirt.—Youngstown Telegram.

Thrilling Tribute.

A lady called up over the phone to inquire if we sing in the Methodist choir. The inquiry itself is a tribute to the piety and spirituality which have thrilled us inwardly, however poor an exterior manifestation we have been able to make of them.—Houston Post.

Important to Mothers

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

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Does Fletcher?

"Are you fond of moving pictures?"

"No, but my wife makes me do it every Sunday whether I like it or not."

A heavy weight sweetheart works havoc with the freshly tailored creases in a young man's trousers.

A man is known by his lawyer and a woman is known by her doctor.

STEP LIVELY
Don't be relegated to the rear because of some weakness of the "inner man." Try a short course of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

and help your Stomach, Liver and Bowels back to normal strength and activity. Get a bottle today.

400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman, says:

"The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position.

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessible a great number of homesteads in districts especially adapted to mixed farming and grain raising.

For illustrated literature and reduced railway rates, apply to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

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

Canadian Government Agent

WESTERN CANADA FREE

Oklahoma Directory

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on Chronic Diseases of Men, 98 pages mailed to any address on receipt of two cent stamp. 15 years in Oklahoma City. All correspondence confidential, and solicited. Dr. G. P. Mehl, Specialist, 118½ W. Main St., Okla. City, Okla.

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by use of Anti Hog Cholera Serum manufactured under Government Inspection. Write today for free particulars. Wichita-Oklahoma Serum Co., Stock Yards, Okla. City.

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Cures guaranteed. No knife or serum treatment. Twenty-five years' experience. Call or write, enclosing stamp for book on Rectal Diseases, DR. S. E. W. AY, 1104 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City, Okla.

PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

LOCAL GOSSIP

Pat Whalen is in Arizona this week on business.

Don't know where to get chicken feed? Sledge has it.

2nd ~~nd~~ buggies and harness for sale at Slaton Livery Barn.

What! Didn't know you could get a rig in Slaton? You sure can from Slaton Livery Barn. Phone 16.

Howerton has a yard stick for every family in Slaton. If you haven't secured one call at his store and get it.

Coming! Some of those new Saxon \$395 cars you have heard so much about. Will be at the Slaton Auto Supply Company garage in a few weeks.

C. M. McCullough is making many improvements around his home, setting out shade trees, fencing in a garden and will put up a wind mill and pipe the water into his home.—Tuscola Vidette.

TWO HOUSES FOR RENT—One five-room, one three-room, Both well located. See H. D. Talley.

Frank Miller and family of Lawrence, Nebr., will arrive here this week, and will occupy the nice home being erected by Fritz Braun on his section of land three miles west of town.

George Werne, an eastern boy that arrived here last October, has gone to work on the old "H" ranch as cowboy. George calls southern Indiana his home but he certainly does like the South Plains and its cowboy life.

M. M. Hoffman from southern Indiana is working on the Slatonite as type-setter. Mr. Hoffman arrived here on January 23rd, with two more boys from that part. They are all pleased with their new location and like it better every day.

Mr. Hickman Price, representing the Plainview Evening Herald, was in Slaton the first of the week boosting the Plainview Daily and securing a correspondent to furnish Slaton news for the paper. The Slatonite acknowledges a pleasant call.

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

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

Railroad Men!

We offer to Railroad Men Genuine SERVICE, based on a knowledge of your needs and an organization capable of meeting them in every particular, combined with the safety afforded by transacting business with a

Guarantee State Bank

Among Our Stockholders Are Several Railroad Men.

FIRST STATE BANK OF SLATON

For Piano Sheet Music see Clarence W. Olive.

Mrs. S. F. Goodwin of Amarillo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Whalen, will arrive in Slaton Sunday for several days visit with relatives.

If your subscription to the Slatonite has expired or is in arrears please renew at once. The Slatonite needs the money and you will find it much easier to pay now and not wait until the dollar is past due.

L. W. Wilke made a pleasant call at the Slatonite office Wednesday, coming to take advantage of our clubbing offer of three papers for the price of this paper alone. He also put the name of his neighbor, J. R. Reed, on our list for the same combination.

Our Specialties:

Hardware

and

Furniture

We want to serve you and our prices are low

FORREST HARDWARE

FOR SALE

Fairly good four-room house, dandy lot, east front, in the Original Townsite, just the right distance from the round-house and switching tracks to avoid the smoke and noise, but easy access to the shops and business district. Price \$450.00 on terms of

\$25 cash and \$15 per month

Here is another chance for you to pay that rent money into your own pocket. Don't wait until the other fellow beats you to it, but, see or write,

C. C. HOFFMAN
SLATON, TEXAS

COAL Best Grade \$8.00 Lump or Nut \$8 per ton

As the coal season is almost over and we have a large supply of coal on hand we have reduced the price to \$8.00 per ton for our best grade of lump and nut coal to move it as fast as possible. This is not inferior coal but choice grades and we deliver it to you at \$8.00. We are not trying to unload poor coal, for

We Guarantee Our Coal to Please

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

FEED Remember we carry at all times all kinds of feed stuff and a full supply of chicken feed.

Duroc Sows for sale

We have a few choice Duroc Sows which we are selling cheap.

Slaton Grain and Coal Company

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Morgan Wednesday night.

D. C. Hoffman went to Texico, N. M., Wednesday to visit for a few days.

NOTICE.—Hereafter all gasoline at the Slaton Auto Supply Company garage is cash.

Grind the feed for your stock and save any waste. Take the grain to R. H. Tudor's mill.

Mr. Rush Looney and sister, Miss Idylu, from the Canyon community were visiting in Slaton this week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Blackwell.

The Slaton Booster Band has received a number of new horns and is making rapid progress with its music. About fourteen are taking an active interest in the work, and the band may be expected to be heard in public soon.

W. N. Lazenby of Waco was in Slaton the first of the week, arranging to ship a bunch of silage fed cattle which he had shipped in to his Deuce of Hearts ranch here to fatten for the market. J. M. Redwine is manager of the ranch. Mr. Lazenby is well pleased with his silage feeding experiment.

The entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin "Cyclone" Southers at the school house last Saturday night was attended by a large audience, and the playlet was well received. Doctor Southers is a splendid entertainer and in "The Red Prince of Evil" had full opportunity of extending his powers in all the pathos, tragedy, and lofty sentiment of human temperament.

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

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Long Distance Calls...

have supplanted much typewriting and saved many a messenger trip.

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have, for many purposes, and under many circumstances, supplanted the telegraph.

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The Slaton Slatonite

Issued Every Friday Morning
 Loomis & Massey Publishers
 L. P. Loomis Editor and Manager

SUBSCRIPTION, A YEAR \$1.00

Entered as second-class mail matter September 16, 1911, at the post office at Slaton, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Now for a bigger, better, harmonious boosting Slaton. Push, don't ride.

The Mexicans say that Huerta is an Indian with but little Spanish blood in him. If so, he is truly a mighty chief.

A gentleman last week wrote to know whether or not there is a business of a certain kind in Slaton. For answer, we sent him a copy of the Slatonite.

Somebody started the Ball rolling that eliminated Mayes from the race for governor. While Ball is a good man and a splendid candidate to lead the ticket yet Will Mayes is the first (acting) governor to give the pros a real chance, and the sentiment from the grass roots was for him.

There was not a cow being milked within a radius of ten miles of the town of Elida, N. M., twenty months ago. The crops had failed and the country was becoming depopulated. The cream separator was introduced, and now one hundred and fifty farmers are marketing cream at that town. The sale of the cream brings from \$4,000 to \$5,000 cash to town every month. The dairying proposition is a winner for the farmer wherever it is taken up as a business.

Sunday was an unfortunate day for overland travelers. People on horseback and in buggies suffered from the suddenly arising wind and the cold. One auto turned over. Fortunately the occupants of the car did not get caught by any car parts and were able to crawl out from under the Ford uninjured. Another car refused to run without more gasoline, and the lady occupants took lodging at a farm house while the gentlemen borrowed old Sorrel and Dobbin to come on to town. It was eleven o'clock that night when they arrived, and if you have any doubts about the severity of the weather on that particular night ask them. The gentleman took the team home next morning and came back in the car.

JOHNSON FOR TREASURER.

In this issue of the Slatonite you will find the announcement of Mr. J. M. Johnson of Lubbock for the office of county treasurer of Lubbock and attached counties.

Mr. Johnson has lived in Lubbock for the past seven years and is well and favorably known. He taught school for twenty years and is well qualified for the office he seeks. He has never before been an applicant for public office, and as he is a man of sterling worth he will if elected make a good and efficient officer.

Mr. Johnson says that it will be impossible for him to make a house to house canvass, but he expects to see as many voters as possible, and desires to solicit every one's vote, whether he meets them or not. He asks you to consider his candidacy when making your vote.

A FAMOUS SCHOLAR

Emerson Noted as a Transcendentalist and Philosopher.

Came Naturally by His Learning, for He Had an Ancestry of Seven or Eight Generations of Preachers.

Boston.—Ralph Waldo Emerson was the most famous of the transcendentalists and in his day America's greatest philosopher, and he came naturally by his learning, for he had an ancestry of seven or eight generations of preachers. The father, a scholarly man, was settled over a Boston parish when Ralph was born, and although the child was sent almost at once to a dame's school his father deplored that, at three, he could not read very well! The little fellow was extremely gentle, and we may imagine that he was inculcated with high moral standards.

Ralph was but eight when his father died, and he always remembered with pride the stately funeral, at which the Ancient and Honorable Artillery escorted the body of their late chaplain to the grave; and the child had other memories too, and these were of poverty and self-denial—of sharing his brother's overcoat, so that in winter he could go to school only on alternate days; or how sometimes when the children were hungry the mother entertained them with traditions of their heroic ancestors.

When Ralph was eleven Dr. Ezra Ripley, pastor over the church at Concord, took his stepson's widow and children to live with him there in the storied "Old Manse." It was in this home that Ralph's grandfather, the militant preacher, had lived, and it was Ralph who wrote later the poem read at the anniversary of the fight. This poem is really almost as famous



Old Manse, Concord, Mass.

as the fight, for it contains the following immortal lines which are emblazoned on the "Minute Man:"

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled.
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world!"

Emerson walked very pleasantly with the townspeople, interesting many in his views about "plain living and high thinking." He was delighted with his pupil Thoreau, who was for two years an inmate in his home and who was so ingenious that he made himself most useful in both house and garden. Then there was the dreamy, profound Dr. Alcott, who lived over the way, and Hawthorne, whom he often encountered in the woody path. And a special attraction was added in the clear-eyed girls and many boys of the town and he called the latter "masters of the playground and the street."

The Ladies Aid Society will meet at the Baptist Church on March 2nd at 3.00 o'clock P. M. Lesson subject, 1st to 12th chapter of Numbers. All ladies cordially invited to attend these meetings and join us in these pleasant and instructive lessons.

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

Vyola Talley.

Announcements

POLITICAL.

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

For County and District Clerk of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

FRANK BOWLES of Lubbock.
 SAM T. DAVIS of Lubbock.

For County Treasurer of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

CHRIS HARWELL of Lubbock.
 MISS ADELIA WILKINSON of Lubbock.
 J. M. JOHNSON of Lubbock.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

W. H. FLYNN of Lubbock.
 Re-election.
 J. T. INMON of Lubbock.

For Tax Assessor of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

R. C. BURNS of Lubbock.
 S. C. SPIKES of Lubbock.

For County Judge of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

E. R. HAYNES of Lubbock.

For Representative 122 District:

H. B. MURRAY of Post City.

We've got a fine story in store for you

BROADWAY JONES

Kill the Prairie Dogs Before the Grass Starts

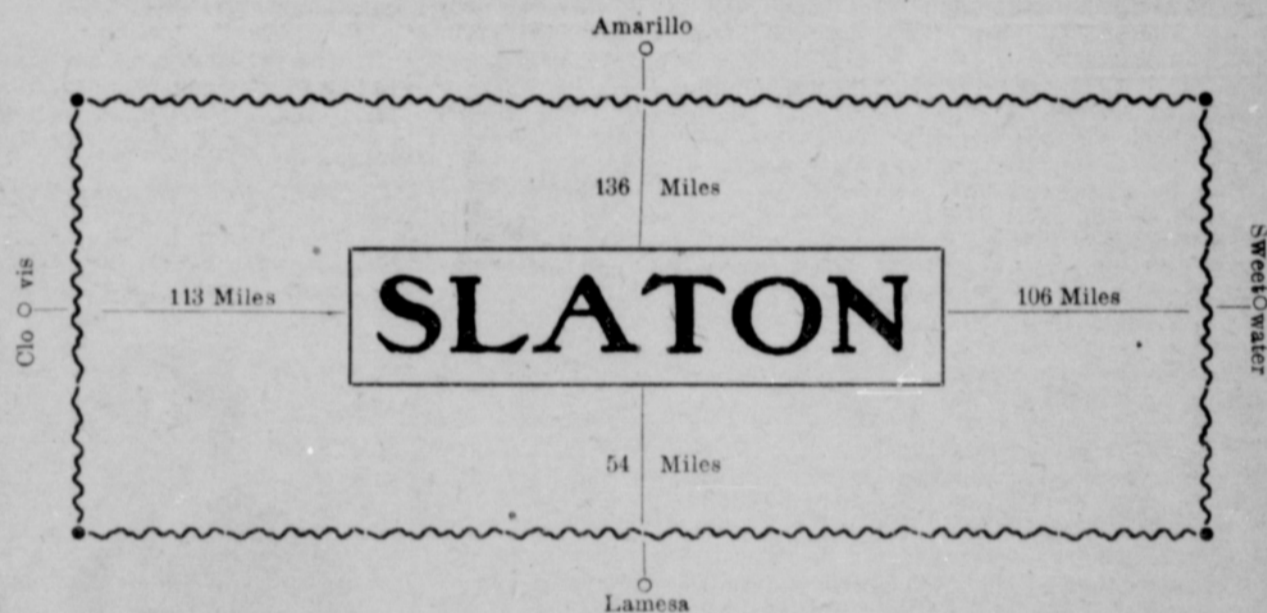
Rid your place of these range and crop destroyers. Now is the time to kill prairie dogs, while they relish grain.



We can supply you with any kind of prairie dog poison you want in any quantity, and our prices are low.

Red Cross Pharmacy

R. L. BLANTON, Proprietor



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

SANTA FE SYSTEM

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

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

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

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

THE COMPANY OFFERS for sale a limited number of business lots remaining at original low list prices and residence lots at exceedingly low prices. For further information address

P. & N. T. RAILWAY CO., Owners.

SOUTH PLAINS LAND COMPANY, and HARRY T. McGEE,
 Local Townsite Agents, Slaton, Texas.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Finger Prints Identify.

Talking of the finger print system for the identification of criminals, a Scotland Yard detective remarked the other day that, although no system is infallible, the police, given a finger print of a man who has been through their hands, will tell you who he is in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand. Furthermore, it is a matter of indifference to the English police by which finger or thumb the print is made; it can be easily traced. It was pointed out that in France the police depend to a great extent on physical measurement for identification, but while measurements are always taken by Scotland Yard, they are only regarded as of secondary importance.

'Tis But Human.

Even at an international suffrage convention hats claim a share of the general interest. Miss Anna Maxwell Jones gives an account of her experiences at the Budapest conference. "Every woman," she says, "had to take off her hat and leave it with the soldiers at the door. I suppose the explanation may have been the carelessness of some of them. I saw one woman wearing a thing like a cornucopia upside down, with tassels on each side. Of course, I thought it was an interesting national costume, with which I was unfamiliar, and made bold to ask her about it. 'Oh, no, indeed. This is a Paris hat,' she replied."

At a Five o'Clock Tea.

"What a scornful expression Kitty's poodle has."
"Yes, one might call it pooh pooh-ah."

The punishment of pride and cruelty will be heavy though it may be long in coming.

A girl should never marry a young man until she knows all about him—then the chances are she'll not care to.

FRIENDLY TIP.

Restored Hope and Confidence.

After several years of indigestion and its attendant evil influence on the mind, it is not very surprising that one finally loses faith in things generally.

A N. Y. woman writes an interesting letter. She says:

"Three years ago I suffered from an attack of peritonitis which left me in a most miserable condition. For over two years I suffered from nervousness, weak heart, shortness of breath, could not sleep, etc.

"My appetite was ravenous but I felt starved all the time. I had plenty of food but it did not nourish me because of intestinal indigestion. Medical treatment did not seem to help. I got discouraged, stopped medicine and did not care much whether I lived or died.

"One day a friend asked me why I didn't try Grape-Nuts food, stop drinking coffee and use Postum. I had lost faith in everything, but to please my friend I began to use both and soon became very fond of them.

"It wasn't long before I got some strength, felt a decided change in my system, hope sprang up in my heart and slowly but surely I got better. I could sleep very well, the constant craving for food ceased and I have better health now than before the attack of peritonitis.

"My husband and I are still using Grape-Nuts and Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SANCTIONED BY CHEFS

GROUP OF RECIPES THAT HAVE WON APPROVAL.

Possibly Here Are Some New Ideas Worth a Trial—Additions to Ordinary, Everyday Menu Always Find a Welcome.

Celery Eggs—Boil six eggs until hard, let them cool and chop rather coarse. Chop one bunch of celery into fine pieces; season with pepper and salt. Add the chopped eggs, three crackers crumbled, and one cupful of milk. Fry in hot butter.

Parsnip Balls—Boil parsnips, then mash and season. Remove them from the fire and before allowing them to cool add one well-beaten egg. When cold, make into balls about half the size of an egg. Dip into beaten egg, then into bread crumbs and fry a delicate brown in boiling lard.—Mothers Magazine.

Cream Cheese Soup—Boil an onion for 15 minutes in a pint of veal stock, then strain it out and return the stock to the fire. Heat a pint of milk to scalding, thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed into one of butter, season with white pepper and celery salt, and add to the veal stock. Stir in slowly the beaten yolk of two eggs, then four tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese and serve.

Lemon Queens—One-quarter pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, grated rind of one lemon, three-fourths tablespoonful of lemon juice, yolks of four eggs, five ounces of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of soda (scant), whites of four eggs. Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, and continue beating. Then add to the grated rind, lemon juice and yolks of eggs beaten until thick and lemon-colored. Mix and sift the soda, salt and flour; add to the first mixture and beat thoroughly. Add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Bake from 20 to 25 minutes in small tins.

Potato Apples—Two cups of hot rice potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-third cup of grated cheese, one-half teaspoonful of salt, few grains of cayenne, slight grating of nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of thick cream, yolks of two eggs. Mix the ingredients in the order given and beat thoroughly. Shape in form of small apples, roll in flour, egg and crumbs, fry in deep fat and drain on brown paper. Insert a clove at both stem and blossom end of each apple.—Janesville Gazette.

Fruit Rolls.

Two cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons butter, two-thirds cup milk, one-third cup stoned raisins chopped fine, two tablespoons citron chopped fine, two tablespoons sugar, one-third teaspoon cinnamon. Mix flour, baking powder and salt. Sift twice. Work in butter with tips of the fingers. Add gradually the liquid, mixing with a knife to the consistency of soft dough. Toss on floured board, roll to one-fourth inch in thickness. Brush over with melted butter, sprinkle with the fruit, sugar and cinnamon and roll up like jelly roll. Cut into slices three-fourths inch in thickness and bake in quick oven 15 minutes.

Uses for Ammonia.

For taking out blood stains ammonia has no equal. Even if the stains are old and dark, strong ammonia water will dissolve them very quickly. For burns, it is a good remedy; it will be both cooling and soothing, and if used in time will prevent the formation of a blister. For the bites of mosquitoes and other poisonous insects, it is equally efficacious, and for restoring color to cloth, cotton, linen or even woollens, there is nothing better.

Meat and Pastry Rolls.

These are nice for luncheon or supper. Small quantities of cold ham, chicken or other meat may be utilized for these. Chop the meat fine, add enough savory fat or butter to "shape" well. Season well and roll into shapes of finer length. Make a short dough of one pint of flour, two tablespoonfuls lard, one teaspoon baking powder, salt, and milk enough to mix. Roll thin, cut into strips, fold about the meat rolls, care being taken to keep the shape. Bake in quick oven until delicately brown and serve hot.

New Suit-Pressing Idea.

When pressing a suit, rub it well with a dustless dust cloth. The amount of lint and dust coat come off will be surprising. It also takes the shine from serge.—Home Department, National Magazine.

Brunswick Stew.

Two pounds neck beef, cut into two-inch pieces, three potatoes pared and sliced, can of corn, one can of tomatoes, and one pint of water; salt and pepper to taste; cook two hours. It is fine.

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEYS OR BACK HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Clean Kidneys If Bladder Bothers You—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

Historic Tree Cut Down.

The old "Court" tree on Kingsborough hill, in the center of the Isle of Sheppey, has been cut down. For hundreds of years courts were held under the tree every Whit Monday, only being discontinued in 1856, when the King's ferry was replaced by a bridge. From time immemorial the "annual general court and law day in the king's name" was held before the steward of Kingsborough, and the homage was there sworn for the choice of the constable, who held jurisdiction over the Island of Sheppey. The election of ferry warden and ferry-men took place under the old tree, and matters relating to the ferry between Sheppey and the mainland were here discussed. It is believed that courts were held at the very spot on Kingsborough hill from the earliest Saxon times.—London Mail.

HOW TO TREAT PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the skin.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Death's Sudden Visitation.

An English minister named Butler is said to have witnessed the following: "In the town of Everdon ten harvesters had sought refuge under a hedge during a storm. Lightning struck and killed four, who were left as petrified. One was found holding in his fingers the snuff which he was about to take. Another had a little dead dog on his knees and had one hand on the animal's head, while holding in the other hand some bread with which he had been feeding it. A third was sitting with his eyes open and his head turned toward the storm."

Unfortunate Man.

"I once had a comfortable home, ma'am."
"Poor man; how did you lose it?"
"We wife lost her job, ma'am."

The Remedy.

"My foot's asleep. What shall I do?"
"Make a noise."

Experience is man's best teacher, but she keeps his pants frazzled out at the heels hustling around to pay the tuition fees.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. Adv.

The Ruling Passion.

American Heiress—What is your favorite flower, Count Butinski?
Count Butinski—Marigold.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

It's all right to have plenty of go, but staying qualities should not be overlooked.

MAKING USE OF WATER

Requirements Reduced by Thorough Cultivation of Soil.

Deep and Frequent Plowing So That Weathering of Winter May be Felt to Great Depths and Strongly Is of Importance.

(By W. C. PALMER, North Dakota Agricultural College.)

One of the limiting factors in crop production in the dry farming region is water. How to make it go as far as possible is fully as important as getting it into the soil and keeping it there. Dr. Widtsoe of Utah prepared a paper for the Dry Farming Congress entitled, "How to Reduce the Water Requirements of Plants." It was in one sense epoch making. He opened with the statement that it required from 300 to 3000 pounds of water to produce one pound of dry matter. He quoted the experiment of Pagnous of France who found that on poor soil it required 1109 pounds of water to produce one pound of dry matter, while on fertile soil it required but 574. Experiments in Utah brought out similar results—for instance corn grown on a naturally fertile piece of land required 908 pounds of water to produce one pound of dry matter. When manured it required but 612, adding some sodium nitrate in addition to the manure reduced it to 585. In another experiment corn grown on sandy loam not cultivated required 603 pounds of water. When cultivated it was reduced to 252. On clay loam not cultivated 535 pounds were required. Cultivating reduced it to 428. On clay soil not cultivated 753 pounds was the requirement—when cultivated this was reduced to 582.

The significance of these figures is not easy to estimate. In most sections even in humid and irrigated ones but especially in the dry farming regions water is the limiting factor in crop production. By having the soil well provided with available plant food the plant can make more growth with a given amount of water—just as one would have to eat more soup if it were thin than if thick to supply a given amount of food. Manuring by putting more plant food in the soil increases production without increasing the moisture requirements. Cultivating by keeping the moisture from evaporating makes ideal conditions for germs to work on the inert plant food, making it available and so a larger plant growth. Part of the value of the summer-fallow comes from the plant food made available and not alone from saving up moisture.

He sums up as follows: "At the present time the only means possessed by the farmer for controlling transpiration and making possible maximum crops with the minimum amount of water in a properly tilled soil is to keep the soil as fertile as possible. In the light of this principle the practice usually recommended for the storing of water and for the prevention of the direct evaporation of water from the soil are emphasized. Deep and frequent plowing, preferably in the fall, so that the weathering of the winter may be felt to great depths and strongly, is of the first importance in liberating plant food. Cultivation which has been recommended for the prevention of the direct evaporation of water is of itself an effective factor in setting free plant food and thus in reducing the amount of water required by plants.

The experiments at the Utah station referred to bring out most strikingly the value of cultivation in reducing transpiration.

Sheep on Short Pastures.

Sheep eat more closely than cattle and can do well on shorter pasture. Where the grazing is plentiful sheep can feed upon what is most palatable to them, and the cattle eat what they relish most.

Disinfectants Necessary.

In no other place on the farm are disinfectants so necessary as in the hog houses and yards. Whitewash should be used about the house at least once during the year. Every two or three weeks the houses, feeding floors and troughs should be sprayed with a disinfectant. The tar disinfectants are the most convenient to employ. These should be used in not less than two per cent. water solutions. An occasional spraying or dipping of the hogs in a one per cent. water solution should be practiced.

Clipping Fowls' Wings.

Some poultrymen do not believe in cutting a fowl's wings by clipping off the quills, as it makes them look unsightly. Instead they spread out the wing and cut the feather portion from the quill. This leaves bare quills, and when the wing is closed, it rarely shows that the wing has been tampered with. Only the one wing is thus cut.

Seville, Spain, annually harvests more than 50,000 tons of oranges.

Better Biscuits Baked With

You never tasted daintier, lighter, fluffier biscuits than those baked with Calumet. They're always good—delicious. For Calumet insures perfect baking.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois.

Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.



English Prudence.

Mrs. Briggs—So there's not going to be a postal strike, after all, Mrs. Johnson.

Mrs. Johnson (remembering the coal strike)—Well, you never can tell but what it may come at any moment; so I shall lay in a good stock of stamps now.—Punch.

She Was Nearer the Truth.

"I love you for all I'm worth," protested the count.

"I rather think it's for all I'm worth," replied the heiress.

The Cough is what hurts, but the tickle is to blame. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop the tickle—5c at good Druggists.

And many a raw deal is synonymous with a close shave.

CONSTIPATION VANISHES

One little chocolate coated HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTON to-night means joyful satisfaction in the morning. They are wonderful, willing workers, and the way they tone up a torpid liver and drive foul secretions from the bowels is a blessing.

They are fine for upset stomach, too, and lack of appetite, also for nervousness, biliousness and dizziness. If you will take one a night for a week you'll know what ambition and energy really are.

You'll look better, too; your skin will be clearer; pimples will start to disappear and eyes will brighten with the supreme joy of living.

A box for 25 cents at all druggists and money back if they aren't just the best for constipation you ever tried. For free sample write Hot Springs Chemical Co., Hot Springs, Ark.