

The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 3.

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Number 28.

POOL HALLS TO LEAVE THE COUNTY

The vote Saturday on ousting the pool halls from Lubbock County resulted in a tremendous majority in favor of the ouster. The vote in Lubbock was 219 against pool halls and 100 for them. In Benton's box the vote was 8 against, and in the Acuff box it was 10 against. In Slaton very little interest was taken in the election, the vote being 16 against pool halls and 17 for.

The election does not in any way affect the pool tables in the Santa Fe Reading Room, as they are reserved for the employees only and carry no charge for playing. The law is intended only for public pool halls.

The wording of the ballots was a little confusing to the voters and made them think the second time before voting. The result of the vote is a two to one expression of the people against public pool halls.

R. A. SOWDER ANNOUNCES FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Atty. R. A. Sowder makes announcement this week as a candidate for the office of district attorney, subject to the action of the Democratic primary in July.

Mr. Sowder was born in Texas and educated in Texas schools. He was admitted to the bar in 1901, and practiced law at Canyon for seven years and then at Lubbock for nearly five years, and served as county attorney of Lubbock County for nearly three years, or until he voluntarily resigned in January, 1914. His record as county attorney is probably the equal of any other record of such office on the Plains, and his record in civil cases is one that he can be proud of. A search of the records will reveal that he has won about seventy five per cent. of the contested civil cases in the trial courts, and even better than that in the appellate courts. In his work he has met practically all the best legal talent on the Plains.

The office which Mr. Sowder seeks is one of the most important public offices for the citizens of the state to consider in voting. The District Attorney is the arm of the law in enforcing laws and protecting life and property against unlawful depredations, and its business should be administered without fear, favor, or enmity. There are none so poor and distraught but that they should feel the aid of the law, and not one so situated by pomp and circumstances that he may, with impunity, ignore its mandates.

Mr. Sowder is and always has been a Democrat. He asks you to consider carefully his claims to your candidacy, and it is his aim that should he be elected your confidence in him will be verified in the proper discharge of his official duties.

KODAK—Developing, prints, finishing. First class work at reasonable prices.

M. M. Hoffman, Slaton, Tex.

Railroad King!

We have just received from the R. L. McDonald Co., of St. Joe, Mo., a shipment of **Red Seal Railroad King Overalls and Jumpers**

We have them in the regular and high apron back and have your size

Sweet Orr We also handle the best line of the Sweet Orr Overalls and Jumpers. We have a suit of either brand for every man. Come in and get yours.

PROCTOR & OLIVE, PROPRIETORS

SLATON SANITARY GROCERY

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

"The SANITARY Way is the Only Way."

Don't fail to read our ad on last page.

The Stokes-Moore Prairie Dog Extermination Corporation reports splendid success with their work on the T Bar ranch, and think that it will not be necessary to go over the ground more than once. They scatter the poisoned grain near the hole and let the dogs hunt for it instead of putting the dope in a little pile. In this way one dog will not eat the whole allotment, and if there are several dogs inhabiting one hole there will be enough for all, even if some do not come out for a week to look for something to eat. This is making the extermination wholesale, and the sight of dogs in every throe of death is a wonder. Some of the dogs do not get back to their hole before the poison kills them, and a person standing in one place over the poisoned era could count two hundred and fifty of the dogs dead away from their holes. The dogs were so thick in that pasture that there is absolutely no grass left. Hugh Moore and his son, D. C. Stokes, Chas Whalen, and Matt Howell compose the party that is doing the work. Guy Nix is taking Mr. Stokes' place while the latter is in Arkansas.

A MEMORIAL TO TEXAS BUILDER

The \$10,000 prize award of the Texas Industrial Congress for best net profits in farming divided among its prize-winning contestants in 1913 was the gift of Mrs. May D. Exall and Henry Exall Jr., widow and son of the late Colonel Henry Exall. Following his death the executive committee met at Dallas to take action towards caring for all the obligations of the Congress and assume the total outstanding obligations and prepare to raise the money.

However a statement came before the committee that Mrs. Exall wished to pay the prize awards as a tribute to her husband's memory. The committee was averse to having any part of the expense borne by the family, since Colonel Exall had already given more money to the work of the Congress than any other contributor, to say nothing of his time and strength. A committee was sent to call on Mrs. Exall and consult her. If she

proposed to pay the prize awards as discharging a moral obligation that Colonel Exall had incurred, members of the executive committee were unanimously of the opinion that the Congress should raise the money; if she wished to do it of her own motion as a splendid act in keeping with the Colonel's great unselfish work, and fitly honoring it, the committee considered that it ought not to stand in the way. The matter was placed before Mrs. Exall, and she made it clear that she and her son wished to pay this money. The committee accordingly acceded to her wishes, and this gift, which should be an inspiration to the people of the State, supplemented the greater gift of Colonel Exall's service "For a Greater Texas" in the work of promoting better farming.

The Ladies Aid Society will meet at the Baptist Church on March 16th, at three o'clock p. m. Lesson Subject; from 13 to 36 Chapter of Numbers.

The Ladies extend a hearty welcome to all who will attend these meetings.

PASCHALL CROP GETS EIGHTH PLACE

Slatonite readers will recall a previous article in this paper in September telling of the prize kaffir corn crop raised by C. O. Paschall, who lived nine miles northeast of Slaton, and the statement that he had entered as a contender for cash prizes offered by the Texas Industrial Congress for the biggest yields of kaffir corn grown on two acres by the dry farming method. We are pleased to be able to say that Mr. Paschall got in with the prize winners. He was awarded eighth place which carried a cash prize of \$50.00 in class D, competing against 3,000 other farmers in that class. His kaffir was raised under ordinary farming conditions, and without irrigation, the yield being 14,122 pounds of headed grain with the stems cut one and one-half inches.

Last fall Mr. Paschall stated to the Slatonite that the total cost of raising this two acres of crop was \$18.00; this included teams, feed, labor, and all incidentals. The value of the crop when gathered was \$119.00. This represented a profit of \$101, or \$50.50 an acre,—about three times the value of unimproved land that far from town.

CONCERT COMPANY GREETED CROWDED HOUSE IN SLATON

The Porter-Veatch Concert Company Reading Room Entertainment given by the Santa Fe in Slaton last Thursday night for the special benefit of their employees drew another big crowd that filled the school auditorium, and the program was highly enjoyed. Nearly every number was encored, and some of the numbers were encored the fourth and even the fifth time. The members of the concert company were especially courteous in responding to the calls of the audience.

The pianologues given by Helenary Porter made her plainly the favorite of the audience, and her Spanish dances were heartily encored as well. As a reader she is a bewitching entertainer who can appeal to the sentiment of the audience and carry her hearers with her all the time.

The violin solos by Esther Marie Watts were captivating and were of the higher class which showed earnest study under the masters. They were a real treat to music lovers.

The soprano solos by Nina Wheeler Veatch were given in a clear, musical voice of extraordinary tone; her singing was of a rare quality and the kind that is appreciated and understood by a mixed audience.

May Wheeler Porter's readings made a decided hit with the audience, and Carleton C. Veatch manager of the Company, completed the personnel with the cello in charming low music.

The next number of the Santa Fe Reading Room course will be given Saturday night, March 14th.

MILLINERY

Opening Monday, March 16th

We will have our complete line of millinery goods on display Monday, March 16th, and will hold our spring opening on that date. We will have all the latest 1914 creations in millinery, and invite the ladies of Slaton and vicinity to attend our opening. First choice is always preferred.

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

JNO. R. MCGEE
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.

E. S. BROOKS
 PAINTER AND
 PAPER HANGER

See me, or W. E. Olive at Sani-
 tary Grocery.

J. G. WADSWORTH
Notary Public
 INSURANCE and RENTALS

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

Office at FIRST STATE BANK
 Slaton -:- Texas

**SLATON WINS
 TWO GAMES**

The Post City High School baseball team came up to Slaton Saturday to do to the Slaton team what the city team from the Post Toastie namesake didn't do. The School nine is a good bunch of players all right, and in the opinion of the Slaton fans is a better team than the city team there. The Slaton team played better ball, too. Two games were played.

In the first game Post put over 3 scores in the second, three in the fourth, and six in the seventh, but only earned six runs, the rest being due to errors on Slaton's part. Slaton secured two runs in the first, four in the third, and three in the seventh, going into the ninth with a score of 12 to 9 against them. In the ninth DeLong and Eckert got on bases by clean hitting. E. R. Martin went in as pinch hitter and took the lid off with a three bagger. He came home then on a sacrifice hit by Paul, another pinch hitter. This tied the score. Duckworth for

Post got a hit in the tenth but sat on third and watched the three men following him strike out. In Slaton's half an error and a base hit and a sacrifice put over the winning score by a little inside baseball. Kuykendall struck out. Robertson went to first on a fielding error and was sent to third by a hit by Alex DeLong, who went to second. Johnson sacrificed and Robertson came home. Post made the play to home and Robertson was declared safe on a close decision. The Post boys started to argue the question and while they were arguing DeLong came in and scored. So whether Robertson was tagged out or not Slaton won anyway.

Eckert pitching for Slaton struck out 18, walked two, and allowed nine hits. Shaw for Post struck out 10, walked one and allowed eight hits. Each side made seven errors.

The second game was for five innings and at the end of the fifth was a tie, also, seven and seven. Slaton scored in the sixth and Post failed to register, giving Slaton both games in the extra inning. It is seldom that Slaton fans get a chance to see the home team win two games in one afternoon, and both in the extra innings, so the hilarity of the fans can better be imagined than described.

Slaton line-up: Kuykendall, ss; Robertson, 1; Alex DeLong, c; Johnson, m; Eckert, p; McReynolds, 3; P. DeLong, 2; Stacy, 1; Guinn, r. The line-up had various changes during the two games. Hurd caught the last game. Martin and Paul were pinch hitters and substitute players.

A. P. Doddridge umpired the first game, and a brakeman the second.

Slaton plays at Post City Saturday.

The big freights pulling thru Slaton over the Cutoff to California present a pleasing appearance. When they come at the rate of twelve or fifteen a day it will look like business has really opened.

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

W. N. Lazenby shipped six cars of silage fed cattle from the Deuce of Hearts ranch the first of the week.

Seed sweet potatoes for sale at the Sanitary Grocery.

**Now is the Time
 To Make
 Piano Votes Count**

SIMMONS & ROBERTSON

Dry Goods Department

You ought to be a subscriber to your home paper.

"Hello, Sledge. Want you to go to the canyon and pull that auto out. I'll get a rig from you next time—something I can depend on."

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.

Crowded With Values



Syrup of Figs, and in a the constipated waste undigested, etc.

Until March 14th

--to induce as many as possible to order their spring suits early--

We will give with each Suit Order a \$1.25 Shirt and a 50c Tie.

This will enable you to be prepared for the early Easter at a big saving. We will also PRESS THIS SUIT in nice shape on delivery, free of charge.

Compare our prices with our competitor's and you will be proud of the fact that you have the best for the money and a suit from the LEADING TAILORS of America. We represent

International, Lamm & Company and King Pin

Three of the leading houses of our country. DON'T FAIL TO COME IN AND SEE US.

PROCTOR & OLIVE
 Gents Furnishing Goods

SLATON PLANING MILL

R. H. TUDOR, Proprietor

Contracting and Building

Estimates furnished on short notice. All work given careful and prompt attention. Give us a trial. North Side of the Square

WRITE.....

R. J. Murray & Co.

SLATON, TEXAS

For Information

About the City of SLATON and the Surrounding Country

**Howerton
 Frames Pictures**

and Handles a Full Line of Furniture

UNDERTAKING

SLATON, TEXAS

Slaton Livery Barn

G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor

Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations.

We have for sale at all times—

**Hay, Grain and Feed, Chicken Feed
 Ground Oyster Shells, etc.**

Slaton Auto Supply Co.

BRIGGS ROBERTSON, Manager

GASOLINE, OILS, AND GREASES

Auto Supplies and Accessories

We are here for your convenience and solicit your business

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

HOLD SOIL MOISTURE

Stir Surface and Prevent Packing to Accomplish Purpose.

Universally Known That Loose Soil Well Stirred, Retains Water Far More Successfully Than When Packed by Rains.

Every year there is some addition made to the sum total of the experience that farmers over the country have had in the matter of treating corn in the way that is the most successful in a season of severe drought.

This knowledge of the general subject of cultivating crops in seasons of drought prompts up-to-date farmers to keep the surface of the soil constantly stirred up and loose, as long as the weather continues dry, says a Kansas writer in the Farm Progress.

It is now universally known that the soil with the surface kept loose and well stirred, retains moisture far more successfully than where it is packed solid by the beating of rains or other cause. If anyone has never had a demonstration of how the moisture escapes from the earth by evaporation will take a strong magnifying glass and look at the dry, hard earth, where a piece is broken off and shows a fresh surface, he will see the fine, little "capillaries," or tubes, through which the water escapes from the earth to the air, when the earth is drying rapidly.

So long as the capillaries are open from where they start at varying depths down in the soil up to the surface, the moisture will continue to pass up through and escape. But if the surface is broken up in any way, say by plowing or harrowing, and all the capillaries are broken off the moisture that starts from below will be stopped near the surface where the capillaries are broken off.

This is the simple explanation of the "earth mulch," which is universally known as a conservator of moisture. And it explains why the hard-packed surface are always the driest.

When rainfall is abundant, no special care need be taken to conserve the moisture in the soil for the use of the crops; but as soon as it seems imminent that there will be serious drought, if it has not been already done, the cultivated surfaces in all crops where it can be done, ought to be thoroughly stirred, but not to a greater depth than two or three inches. And it should be turned over as little as possible.

That is the top surface, already moderately dried out, should remain on top to keep the moisture in the layer below it as it is, as long as possible. This is a simple thing to do; but it has been found to save crops that would otherwise have been dried up entirely without this precaution.

This method of conserving moisture, which constitutes the basic principle of profitable farming in the semi-arid region, has not had as much attention in the humid parts of the country as it deserves. As a rule, the farmers who grow general crops, and besides small grain and grass, raise corn, potatoes and tobacco, have never, as a rule, seemed to be much impressed with any scheme to conserve moisture.

Cultivation has been done mainly to keep the soil loose and keep down the weeds and grass. But many are using this method now mainly for the purpose of keeping the moisture within reach of the plants' roots.

When any hoed crop is kept clean and the soil stirred sufficiently to preserve what moisture is needed to keep it in vigorous condition till rain comes, it is quite often the case that all the vigor of the plant is then thrown into the fruiting and the yield of grain will be more than was expected, and far more than growth of stalk seems to justify the hope of.

SETTING TREES ALONG ROADS

Windbreak Should Be Placed at Least 125 Feet From Buildings—Avoid Drifting of Snow.

(By C. C. CARPENTER, Colorado Agricultural College.)

Every set of ranch buildings should be protected by a shelterbelt or windbreak; but of what ever the protection consists, it should not be close to building paths or roads used in winter since the drifts of snow forming to the leeward of such protection will be a great nuisance during the seasons when there is heavy snow-fall.

The windbreak should be placed at least 125 feet from roads or buildings and if shade is desired single trees should be grown where wanted. If a shady roadway is wanted, a single row of trees will answer the purpose and there is slight danger from drifts in this kind of a planting.

Young trees heeled in over winter should be in a location where water cannot collect and stand about the roots.

BIG EATERS HAVE BAD KIDNEYS AND BACKACHE

Take a Glass of Salts at Once if Your Back Is Hurting or Kidneys and Bladder Trouble You.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.—Adv.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"Father," said Robert, "you were awfully good when you were a boy, weren't you?"

"What makes you think so, my son?" asked his father.

"Why, every time I do anything grandma doesn't like, she always says: 'I never knew my George to do things like that.' So I think you must have been good. But, father, you know I can't help but feel sorry for you."

"Why so, Robert?" inquired his father.

"Because you were so good you must have missed a lot of fun."

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

She Made Up a Mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to Bring Back Color, Gloss, Thickness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy. Adv.

Pat's Whereabouts.

An English mill manager one day missing one of his workmen who chanced to be an Irishman, searched his yard, but in vain. After some time Pat returned, and, being accused of his absence by the manager, who said he had searched the four corners of the yard for him, Pat replied: "Ah, sir, sure 'twas in the center I was."

IN MISERY WITH ECZEMA

Franklinton, La.—"About four years ago my face broke out in little red pimples. At first the eczema did not bother, but finally the pimples began itching and burning and then there came little raised places. I suffered untold misery. I scratched them until they bled and I could not sleep at night. I was ashamed of my face and I could not bear to touch it.

"I tried different remedies without result until I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in six weeks they completely cured my face. That was nine months ago, and no sign has appeared since." (Signed) Mrs. Leola Stennett, Dec. 14, 1912.

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

Many a man has grasped an opportunity that was too hot for him to handle.

You'll wake up with a good taste in your mouth

if you chew this after every meal.

The refreshing digestion aiding mint leaf juice does it.



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT PEPSIN GUM

This clean, pure, healthful gum purifies your mouth—sweetens your breath. It's a pleasant, inexpensive, beneficial pastime. It brightens teeth besides.

BUY IT BY THE BOX
at most dealers for 85 cents

Each box contains twenty 5 cent packages

Chew it after every meal
It stays fresh until used

Plutocrat vs. Nobleman.
A prominent society matron, apropos of an international marriage that had ended badly, said:

"This scoundrelly foreigner ought to have been treated at the start as old Gobsa Golde treated the Vicomte l'Oignon.

"The Vicomte l'Oignon, presenting himself at Golde's cream-colored palace in Fifth avenue, demanded the hand of Miss Lotta.

"Old Gobsa Golde shook his head and pursed his lips. Then, with a kindly smile, drawing out his wallet, he said:

"Oh, no; I can't give you my daughter. That is asking too much. Here, however, are half a dozen soup tickets."

Scant.
"There's one thing about these new styles."

"Shoot."

"The women have stopped complaining that they haven't much to wear."

Philadelphia has established a new city bureau to care for transportation matters and projects.

Never apologize for having been born. It wasn't your fault.

The Next Thing.
"Appearances are against you."
"Then tell me quickly what it is that fronts me."

Putnam Fadeless Dyes are the easiest to use. Adv.

Vigo, Spain, has 43,000 inhabitants, who depend largely on fisheries.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic
Take Grove's
The Old Standard
Grove's Tasteless
chill Tonic

Is Equally Valuable as a General Strengthening Tonic, Because It Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds Up the Whole System.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic, as the formula is printed on every label, showing that it contains the well-known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, General Debility and Loss of Appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. A True Tonic and Sure Appetizer. For grown people and children. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

EYE ACHES **Pettit's Eye Salve**
W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 7-1914.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If You're Suffering or Weak, use **RENOVIN**. Made by Van Vleet-Manfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

GAS, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" settles sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes—Time It!

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it. Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; its harmlessness; its certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any dealer and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eructations of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.—Adv.

Women in the World.

According to statistics married school teachers do better work than those who are unmarried.

Savannah, Ga., has more women motorcyclists than any other city of her size in the United States.

Miss Mary T. Wilson will probably be appointed as head of the woman prison board in Indiana.

Mrs. Susan Jones of Benson, N. C., has just celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday by cutting a new set of teeth.

Glasgow, Scotland, is to have female police if the women's association there can have their way about it.

Harriet Freebery, a woman lawyer, has been engaged by J. S. Kinney, a millionaire of Menominee, Mich., to defend him in a \$500,000 breach of promise suit against him.

Mrs. Frederick W. Lehmann, wife of the former solicitor general under President Taft, is the latest addition to the "matron class" at Washington university.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Beautify Your Hair! Make it Soft, Fluffy and Luxuriant—Try the Moist Cloth.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all. Adv.

Have to Stay In.

Yeast—This paper says that the Civic federation in Boston would have rug beating in the back yard stopped. Crimsonbeak—Too bad. Those Boston husbands won't be able to "beat it" over the back fence at night now.

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 *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Out, Damned Spot!

He—Have you read "Freckles?" She (quickly)—Oh, no! That's my veil!—O. S. U. Sun Dial.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy. Adv.

Most of these mother-in-law jokes are concocted by men who never enjoy a blessing.

before a fall, and it the bumps any at that.

MATERIALS ARE MANY

COATS AND WRAPS ARE MADE UP IN ALL KINDS.

Best Point in Most of Them is That They May Be Successfully Washed—Taffeta for Spring Seems a Certainty.

There are tailored coat and skirt suits and also separate coats of duvety in white, mustard, beige, old red and green. Many of the little wraps of duvety in white or colors have collars and cuffs of skunk or some of the dark furs. These wraps are serviceable and warm.

Embroidery and Lace.

For cool days separate coats of goldfine or corduroy, ample and flaring, will be found most serviceable. These coats may even be washed in water, provided they are not trimmed with unwashable materials, and will look quite new, if carefully done.



Woolen materials are now successfully imitated in cotton and cotton duvety, cotton velvet, cotton colete, cotton brocade, and cotton plaids are also obtainable in all the latest colorings. In addition to these are cotton chevrots. The Scotch wool plaids so popular in dark blue and green combinations, have been so successfully copied in cotton that at first glance one cannot tell them from woolen fabrics.

woolen fabrics.

Sheer wool and cotton crepes and eponges are shown again in all the mohair shades. Many of the frocks made up in these materials are trimmed with embroidery in self-tone or in colors.

One of the frocks seen recently is made of pink crepe embroidered on bodice and upper tunic, with panels embroidered in white. There is a vest and neck frill of net and net frills finish the sleeves. The blouse is loose fitting and is gathered into a girde of peacock blue ribbon.

Coat of White Gofine.

Another frock of cotton eponge is made with blouse and short tunic. The collar and deep girde are of corded velour, the vest and sleeves of embroidered net.

The taffetas seem predestined to spring popularity. Not only are evening frocks fashioned of this material, but afternoon and bridge frocks as well. There are changeable taffetas, striped taffetas, and flowered taffetas. The soft, changeable taffetas are shown in a wide variety of colors. Those with white ground printed in delicate shades of pink and touches of faint green are really lovely.

In one of the New York shops is shown a taffeta evening gown in changeable tones. The skirt is looped up at the left side and ornamented with a chiffon rose and green leaves. There is a high girde into which is gathered draped bands of white chiffon, which are draped over the shoulders, forming the upper part of the bodice. A deep lace band, which extends above the bust, encircles the bodice underneath the chiffon drapery, forming the lower part of the bodice.

First Aid to Laces.

Use a mixture of gasolene and flour when cleaning delicate fabrics, laces, ribbons, plumes, etc. Dip the articles into the mixture and rub them thoroughly.

Torn lace can be repaired by first placing a piece of paper under the hole and then stitching on the machine back and forth until the hole is completely filled. Very fine thread should be used and the paper carefully picked out after the material is removed from the machine.

Laces that have been stained with perspiration should first be washed with cold water and soap. After the stain has been removed rinse in warm water.

A little white sugar in hot water, say two lumps to a basinful, is a sufficient stiffening for delicate laces.

HOLDS THE SEWING UTILS

Grasswork Basket Easily Fashioned for Both Convenience and Ornament to Living Room.

Sweetgrass baskets of shallow, circular shape may be charmingly fitted up for holding sewing utensils with the aid of a little ingenuity and a few pieces of celluloid. The basket need not be lined, but it should be faced to the depth of two inches from the top edge with pale blue or whatever may be the chosen shade of ribbon, and from this band may be hung the various conveniences for sewing. One of these conveniences is the tiny needle book of ribbon-covered cashmere, another is the emery of cashmere worked with colored floss, and a third is the pin cushion fitted into a celluloid basket that swings by its own slender handle. The stock of embroidery needles may be kept in a



tiny tube of celluloid that can be fitted into a holder of narrow ribbon stitched to the facing strip, while the bodkins and stilletos can go into almost flat loops of the same sort.

The sweetgrass basket of the shallow, circular type sets evenly upon any planed surface. But if two wide bands of ribbon starting from opposite sides of the edge are drawn together—under a huge bow—are added, it may be safely suspended from a wall hook and, thus equipped, makes a very ornamental living room convenience.

WHEN BUYING SILK STOCKINGS

Easy for Purchaser to Assure Herself She is Getting Real Article—Imitations on the Market.

There is no doubt about silk stockings being the chosen hosiery of the well dressed woman. The wise shopkeeper, however, selects a good quality of silk stockings, for she knows well that a cheap grade cannot wear any length of time. Among the cheap grades of silk stockings there are many which are not really silk at all, tussah silk, spun silk and even wood fiber, for instance, being sold under the stamp of pure silk. One can distinguish stockings of wood fiber by a hard feeling in the stockings, as if they had been knitted from a tightly twisted yarn.

Vegetable silk is made from wood fiber or from raw cotton. Artificial or vegetable silk burns like cotton—that is, with practically no ash—while silk resembles the wool fiber, boiling up or bubbling, forming a lumpy sort and giving forth the odor of burned hair. By pulling a few threads from the top of a stocking, one can determine whether she is receiving the silk she is paying for or cheap substitute.

PROTECT THE DELICATE SKIN

Beauty Gloves a Most Useful Toilet Adjunct—Change in Coiffures Important Point.

Beauty gloves are useful adjuncts to the toilet, especially in the winter when delicate skins are likely to chap and roughen. One sort is made of rubber and by simply keeping in the natural oils and moisture of the skin which would otherwise evaporate and be rubbed off, whitens and softens the skin. Another sort is to wear with a medicated cream. This sort is made of kid, in elbow and wrist length, and can be worn while shopping and walking as well as while resting and sleeping.

You know the fashion does not call for a knot just above the forehead, where it was when the high coiffures were in fashion before; it calls for it further back, just at the point where it is most difficult for a woman to have a pyramid and still retain a good outline of her features.

Glove Cuffs.

White glace kid gloves with narrow scalloped turnback cuffs of colored kid—green, yellow, pink, blue or lavender. The gloves are long wristed and are cut diagonally at the end where the cuffs are fastened on. Three glass buttons, colored like the cuffs, are sewed on the white kid in a line from the cuffs to the wrists.



CALUMET BAKING POWDER



The cook is happy, the other members of the family are happy—appetites sharpen, things brighten up generally. And Calumet Baking Powder is responsible for it all.

For Calumet never fails. Its wonderful leavening qualities insure perfectly shortened, faultlessly raised bakings.

Cannot be compared with other baking powders, which promise without performing.

Even a beginner in cooking gets delightful results with this never-failing Calumet Baking Powder. Your grocer knows. Ask him.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

Its Drawback.

Jinks—"You don't mean to say your wife wants to sell that prize toy terrier you bought for her?" Binks—"Yes, she does." "Why, I thought that dog was said to be the smallest dog in the world!" "That's the trouble. It's so small she keeps mistaking it for a mouse!"

"CASCARETS" FOR A BILIOUS LIVER

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

Between Friends.

Alice—Somehow, Jack cannot seem to get up courage to propose. Marie—Perhaps he's afraid you'd say "yes."

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 for trial box of Tablets—Dr. Pierce's Invaluable Hotel & Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. You can have Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advisor of 1000 Pages for 50c.

35 BUSHELS PER ACRE
was the yield of WHEAT

160 ACRES
FARM
WESTERN
CANADA
FREE

on many farms in Western Canada in 1913, some yields being reported as high as 50 bushels per acre. As high as 100 bushels were recorded in some districts for oats, 50 bushels for barley and from 10 to 20 bus. for flax.

J. Keys arrived in the country 5 years ago from Denmark with very little means. He homesteaded, worked hard, is now the owner of 320 acres of land, in 1913 had a crop of 200 acres, which will realize him about \$4,000. His wheat weighed 68 lbs. to the bushel and averaged over 35 bushels to the acre.

Thousands of similar instances might be related of the homesteaders in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The crop of 1913 was an abundant one everywhere in Western Canada.

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

G. A. COOK,
125 W. 9th STREET, KANSAS CITY, MO.
Canadian Government Agent

CHILD'S GIANT SUMMER COSMOS

is positively the most superb and beautiful garden flower known. Blooms profusely from June to Nov., each plant producing thousands of flowers, larger and more exquisite than the full Cosmos, white, blush, pink, rose, crimson, etc. Twelve varieties—Best cut flower for vase, etc. Mailed for 10 cts. per pkt., including postage and handling charges. Free for trial, viz.: 4 rego P'ink, largest and finest of all colors.

Pansy, Orchid-Id, superb new orchid colors.

Primrose, New Giant White, Petunia, Brilliant Honey, Snowball Tomato, new (white)

All these Six Seed Novelties for only 10 cts., together with Notes on Culture, Catalogue, Floral Hints, etc. Our Big Catalogue of Flower and Veg. Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and rare new Fruit FREE to all who apply. We are the largest growers in the world of Gladiolus, Cannas, Dahlias, Lilacs, Iris, etc., and our stocks are best and cheapest.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

Wanted at Once—Responsible parties throughout your state to represent us, spare time only if preferred. Opportunities of recognized value. Write immediately to Coggins Barbee Co., 15 State St., Canton, Mo.



LOCAL GOSSIP

J. T. Able went to New Boston, Texas, Sunday to close up business matters there.

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

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. C. Hoffman is building quite a nice residence property on Panhandle Avenue by adding to the house, putting up a windmill, and making other improvements.

J. S. Edwards was in Clovis, N. M., over Sunday.

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

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

F. V. Williams sold his fourteen-acre tract of Slaton suburban land to A. H. Grantham last week. Mr. Grantham will move his house to the land and otherwise prove it.

W. R. Luther and R. G. Shankle have rented the L. R. Brasfield farm and will try crop raising this year. Mr. Luther is a brother of O. L. Luther and he came here recently from Big Springs.

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

BARGAINS FOR SALE.

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

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

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

Respectfully,

C. C. HOFFMAN, SLATON, TEXAS

For Piano Sheet Music see Clarence W. Olive.

Seed sweet potatoes for sale at the Sanitary Grocery.

D. C. Stokes was called to Arkansas Friday by the death of his father. It has only been four months since Mr. Stokes was called to the same place by the death of his mother.

R. A. Baldwin, F. V. Williams, G. L. Sledge, and L. P. Loomis went to Crosbyton overland Tuesday afternoon to exemplify the secret and degree work of the Odd Fellows Lodge for the new Lodge just organized at Crosbyton. They report a big time. Bill Guinn went along to keep tab on the bunch. The Crosbyton Lodge is starting out with a big membership and very bright prospects.

Our Specialties:

Hardware

and

Furniture

We want to serve you and our prices are low

FORREST HARDWARE

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

Seed sweet potatoes for sale at the Sanitary Grocery.

Miss Aleene White of Coleman is the guest of Mrs. Briggs Robertson.

New Oliver No. 5 typewriter for sale cheap or trade for cow. F. V. Williams.

P. E. Jordan went to Paducah Sunday to the bedside of his mother who was very sick.

J. T. Able has purchased the Norman Wilson farm south of Slaton from Avery Turner, and will make his home on the place.

C. C. Hoffman purchased the T. J. Bellomy residence property in Slaton Tuesday from Jno. Lewis of Dublin, a recent purchaser of the property and who was visiting in Slaton last week.

Alex DeLong went down to Post City last Saturday to witness the baseball games between Lubbock and Post. Lubbock won the Friday game 5 to 3. Post City won two games Saturday, getting each game by the margin of one score. Mr. DeLong umpired the Saturday games.

Five Hundred Club.

Mrs. J. H. Paul was the charming hostess to the "500" club last Wednesday afternoon.

A most enjoyable afternoon was spent and at the conclusion of the games a delicious course luncheon was served to the following named guests: Mmes. Howerton, Brannon, Page, Hudgens, Simmons, Campbell, Twaddle, Brockman, and Robertson; the Misses Myrtle Dunscomb, Talley, and Twaddle.

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

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

Friday the 13th

Do not let this happen to you.

A few days ago a man came to our office and asked that we install him a telephone at once.

We told him it was our service rules to charge three months rental in advance.

He said he wanted to pay ONE YEAR in advance because the night before he had ruined a horse worth \$150.00 in racing for a doctor which could have been saved if he had had a telephone in the house.

THE WESTERN TELEPHONE COMPANY

Subscribe for the Slatonite.

The Slaton Slatonite

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

SUBSCRIPTION, A YEAR \$1.00

Entered as second-class mail matter September 15, 1911, at the post office at Slaton, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SLATON PROCRASTINATES; THE ROADS GET WORSE

What are we going to do about those public roads into Slaton? Are we going to get them or are we going to drive the farmers trade away from us? The road across the canyon near the Hancock place was a good road in its day and served its purpose well, but that day has passed. The road is washed out now until it is hardly safe for vehicles of any kind. As a result this road is used so seldom by farmers traveling to Slaton to trade that it has practically gone into disuse.

There is a growing farmers trade across the canyon from this road, a settlement surrounding the Wortham irrigation wells. We will never get a farmer in that community to trade at Slaton unless we get busy and open a public road from Slaton to that place. These farmers are nearer to Slaton by several miles than any other town but we are sleeping on our rights and letting them go to other towns. Is that town building? Yes, building other towns.

Let's open that public road so the county will grade a decent road across the canyon. Everybody's business is nobody's business, and it is unreasonable to presume that even public spirited men are going to spend their time and money to the extent required for improving the canyon road.

This is all true of the road to the Fiddler Robertson neighborhood, also. It is a wonder that the good people of that community brave the difficulties encountered in coming to Slaton. Do we want it to go into disuse also?

Do we want this farmers trade, or are we going to turn them away from us? This is no passing sentiment, but is vital to the town's interests.

This is the best time of the year to kill the prairie dogs. Remember the prairie dog extermination law voted in last fall for Lubbock county and avoid a penalty by killing the dogs on your land.

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

Vyola Talley.

Quite a lot of city and farm property transfers are made in Slaton every week. This shows that Slaton property has a decided property value on the market.

Briggs Robertson is in Fort Worth this week.

J. G. WADSWORTH Notary Public

INSURANCE and RENTALS

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

Office at FIRST STATE BANK
Slaton - Texas

JNO. R. MCGEE ATTORNEY AT LAW

LUBBOCK, TEXAS
Practice in all State Courts

PRISONER SKIPS IN AUTO.

TAHOKA, Texas, March 6.—Excitement was caused here yesterday evening about 3:40 o'clock when "Kid" Allen, a Montague boy, made his escape from the authorities. It seems that Sheriff J. H. Edwards took the boy in charge the first of the week for the authorities of Montague County on a charge of receiving and hiding stolen goods.

Having no jail here, our prisoners are in the custody of an officer until they either make bond or are remanded to jail, in which instance they are sent to a neighboring town. The sheriff gave the boy the liberty of the streets on his word not to run.

The boy secured a car and driver and made a dash for New Mexico about 3 o'clock. His get-away was not discovered until about 4:40. The sheriff's department immediately got busy, and in a few minutes learned which way he went and how, and how long he had been gone. Phone messages were sent to towns west to intercept Allen and hold him, and within a very short time after the get-away was discovered J. H. Edwards was hot on the trail in another car.

Allen was arrested at Gomez, 42 miles west of here, and J. A. Gsmble, driver of the car, was stopped at Plains, 30 miles farther toward the new Mexico line. Both will be returned to Tahoka.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Olive, Mrs. I. W. Hudgens, Dr. S. H. Adams, A. C. Benton, and J. C. Stewart were Lubbock visitors Monday.

Wall Paper and Paint Brushes

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

E. S. BROOKS PAINTER AND PAPER HANGER

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

BANK STATEMENT.

Official statement of the financial condition of the FIRST STATE BANK at Slaton, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 4th day of March, 1914, published in the Slatonite, a newspaper printed and published at Slaton, State of Texas, on the 13rd day of March, 1914.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$26,014.85
Loans, real estate	2,460.00
Overdrafts	134.61
Real Estate (banking house)	3,600.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,400.00
Due from Approved Reserve Agric., net	\$18,986.13
Cash Items	553.60
Currency	3,597.00
Specie	341.10
Interest in Depositors Guarantee Fund	458.44
Other Resources as follows:	
Assessment for Guarantee Fund	49.02
Total	\$57,594.75

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in	\$15,000.00
Surplus Fund	500.00
Undivided profits, net	1,115.73
Individual Deposits, subject to check	37,539.10
Time Certificates of Deposit	3,200.00
Cashier's Checks	239.92
Total	\$57,594.75

State of Texas, County of Lubbock.

We, J. S. Edwards, as president, and P. E. Jordan, as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

J. S. EDWARDS, President.
P. E. JORDAN, Cashier.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 10th day of March, A. D. nineteen hundred and fourteen.

Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.

J. G. WADSWORTH,
Notary Public.

CORRECT—ATTEST:
O. L. SLATON
E. SHOPPELL } Directors.
J. S. EDWARDS }

Announcements

POLITICAL.

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

For District Attorney 72nd Judicial District:

R. A. SOWDER of Lubbock.

For County and District Clerk of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

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

For County Treasurer of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

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

For Sheriff and Tax Collector of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

W. H. FLYNN of Lubbock, 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.

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies

We are pleased to announce that we have secured the agency for the popular Eastman line of

Kodaks, Films Post Cards Developers, etc.

In fact we have anything you want for taking, developing, and printing pictures. Films of all sizes.

We have the No. 2 Brownie Camera at \$2.00.

Premoette Junior No. 1 at \$5.00.

Vest Pocket Kodak 1 5-8x2 1-2 at \$6.00.

No. 2A Folding Pocket Brownie Camera at \$7.00.

Red Cross Pharmacy

R. L. BLANTON, Proprietor

Eastman Agency



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

SANTA FE SYSTEM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BROADWAY JONES

BY EDWARD MARSHALL
FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

COPYRIGHT, 1915, 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 \$50,000 left him by his father is at his disposal. Broadway makes record time in heading for his favorite street in New York. With his New York friend, Robert Wallace, Broadway creates a sensation by his extravagance on the White Way. Four years pass and Broadway suddenly discovers that he is not only broke, but heavily in debt. He applies to his uncle for a loan and receives a package of chewing gum with the advice to chew it and forget his troubles. He quietly seeks work without success. Broadway gives what is intended to be a farewell supper to his New York friends, and before it is over becomes engaged to Mrs. Gerard, and ancient widow, wealthy and very giddy.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Having performed this sacred rite of friendship he regained the center of the room, looked about him as if curiously, and then went unsteadily to the grand piano, upon which he placed his elbow with a nestling search for comfort which seemed to indicate a firm decision to lean against the instrument and go to sleep without delay. This would never do, for when his slumber became deep he would be sure to lose his balance. Rankin saw the deep necessity for rousing him from his intention.

"Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones," he urged, tapping him upon the shoulder.

Jackson looked up, sleepily, as if astonished at the interruption of his slumbers. "Hello," he said good naturedly, "who's there?"

"It's Rankin, sir," said Rankin.

"Who's Rankin, sir?" The tone was that of tolerant curiosity to learn a total stranger's unimportant identity.

"I'm the butler, sir."

"Butler?"

"Yes, Mr. Jones; the butler." This seemed to rouse his master and he looked him over with some show of interest. "A butler!" he exclaimed in tones of deep reproach. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? When you were a little boy your mother had great hopes of you—thought you were going to be president of the United States, or something like that."

Rankin bowed impassively; he did not deny it.

"Now," said his employer with the deepest of reproach, you've disappointed everybody. You've turned out to be nothing but a butler. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Rankin was not offended; instead his air was that of triumph. "Ah, but see who's butler I am, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Who's butler are you?" inquired Broadway, apparently with idlest curiosity.

"I'm your butler, sir."

"Oh, you're my butler?" This seemed

Rankin listened with respect and close attention. His curiosity was almost painful.

But his master did not satisfy it. "Now I'll bid you good-night, Rankin. Nightie, nightie!" Genially he waved his hand at him, laughed, whistled another bar or two and elaborately made the starboard tack toward the door of his bedroom.

Rankin made no protest; he knew better. "When do you wish to be called, sir?"

"Oh, that's so, I must be called," his master granted after a second's deep and serious thought. Then, in a deep study: "Now, let me see—when do I wish to be called? What day is it, Rankin?"

"It's Thursday, sir."

"Thursday? Well, I tell you what you do, Rankin. You call me on Saturday."

After this entirely unexpected suggestion to the little butler whom he loved, he found a devious course into his bedroom and Rankin, after he had watched the door close, heard the key turn in the lock. He sank into a chair, even his composure utterly destroyed.

In the distance a church-clock chimed. Rankin counted the slow strokes. "Five o'clock in the morning!" he said helplessly.

CHAPTER V.

Wallace was a mid-morning visitor. He came in briskly, inquiring of the very much puzzled butler for the very elegant apartment's master.

"He's not yet up, sir."

This apparently had not the least deterrent effect on the young caller. He urged his firm athletic frame through the short hall into the dim illumination of the flat's reception room. It was evident enough that he had no intention of departing, simply because the master of the house had not yet risen. Rankin understood that and did not gainsay him. Wallace had his privileges as the best friend of the tenant of the flat.

"Shall I tell him you are here?"

"Yes," said Wallace firmly, "and tell him that I want to see him right away. It's very important. Do you understand?"

Rankin had already read the morning's papers which were lying in a neat pile on the table. He longed for fuller news than theirs.

"Yes, sir." But he hesitated slightly. Broadway was an indulgent master—still, strange things were happening; he was doubtful. "He said he didn't wish to be disturbed till Saturday, sir."

Wallace was not impressed. "That doesn't make any difference. You tell him I want to see him."

"Yes, sir." But the perfect servant still hesitated, filled with curiosity about the previous night. Wallace might enlighten him. "He didn't get home until five o'clock this morning. He attended some big dinner-party. I believe."

"Yes; I was there—I was there! Go on and call him! Tell him I am waiting. I'm going to have a heart to heart talk with that young man."

"Yes, sir," said the butler without hastening, for he saw that Wallace had picked up a paper from the neat pile he had made of all of them upon the table.

"Great Scott!" Wallace cried, dismayed. "Here it is on the front page?"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Wallace, but is it all true, sir?"

"What?"

"The story in the morning papers, sir, about—er—his engagement?"

"I don't know. Someone rang me up and told me of it. It's what brought me here. I want to find out if it's true. I left the dinner at 12:30. The engagement, I am told, was announced shortly after I had left. Were you up when he got home this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he talk of it at all?"

"He—couldn't talk so very much, sir."

"Topsy?"

Rankin nodded very solemnly.

"Stewed, sir."

"Did he come home alone?"

"He came in here alone, but a crowd was serenading him upon the sidewalk for ten minutes after he arrived. It was the wedding march they tried to sing. I couldn't understand why they chose that until I read the morning's papers, sir."

"Well, what do you think of it, Rankin?"

Rankin shrugged his shoulders, but did not reply. His instinctive loyalty to his employer, his perfect knowledge of his own properties prevented that.

"Oh, come on," Wallace urged. "You can tell me. Just between us now."

"She's old enough to be his mother, sir," Rankin said with lowered voice.

"She's old enough to be his mother's mother!" Wallace cried explosively. Then, with determination: "Go on and tell him that I want to see him. Hurry up!"

Rankin yielded.

These were the headlines of the Item Wallace had perused with such dismay upon the first page of the newspaper. There were columns of it.

"MRS. JAMES GERARD'S ENGAGEMENT."

"The Three Times Widow to Share Her Millions With Broadway's Own Jackson Jones."

"This Announcement, Which Surprised New York, Was Made Last Night at a Dinner-Party Given by the Young Spendthrift in Honor of the Wealthy Widow."

Wallace dropped the paper and looked at it as it lay upon the floor with discontent apparent in his countenance. "That's the biggest laugh New York has had in years," he groaned. "I'd like to—"

Upon a nearby table the telephone buzzed busily. He went to it.

"Hello," said he. "Yes. . . . No; this is Mr. Wallace speaking. No; not Mr. Jones. I am a friend of his. . . . No; he can't come to the phone. He's dressing. . . . I can't make an appointment for you. What's the name? . . . Yes; I have it; Peter Pembroke. You must see him today? . . . Very well, I'll tell him. Say you'll call? . . . All right. I'll tell him. . . . Good-by."

He returned from the phone as Rankin reappeared. "Wake him, did you?"

"Yes, sir. He'll be dressed in about ten minutes." He bustled about the room, gathering up the newspapers. "I told him I had just read of his engagement and I congratulated him."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing, sir; just asked for the papers and a whisky sour. He says be sure and wait."

"Oh, I'll wait, all right!"

There was something stronger than mere acquiescence in the young man's voice. There was determination in it; the determination of a man who has a plan in mind. Thus might a fond, but angry father speak, who held a rod in pickle for the erring son for whom he waited.

Fiercely he paced the room until his steps, half way to the outer hall, were arrested by the buzzing of the doorbell. Rankin, who had started with the whisky sour and newspapers for his master's door, turned back and put them on a table.

"Another early caller!" he complained. The situation had begun to get on his nerves.

"If it's a newspaper reporter tell him Mr. Jones is out of town."

"Yes, sir."

Wallace felt his nerves rasp as he heard the voice which greeted Rankin in the hall. It was not that of a journalist, but that of the fair and ancient widow to whom Jackson was alleged to be affianced. For a moment he considered flight, but he was made of sterner stuff and held himself in check. The lady swept into the room.

It was evident that she was just a bit nonplussed at seeing him, but she recovered quickly; she had had much experience with the emergencies of life.

"Good morning, Mr. Wallace," she said sweetly.

Her age, he noted, showed more plainly in the daytime, despite the arts which she invoked to hide it. He had not seen her previously, save by artificial light.

He was shocked. She made him think of the unpleasant mother of an unpleasant boyhood schoolmate. He had hated all of them. Exactly as this old woman now was smiling that old woman of his early youth had smiled when she with diabolical ingenuity had been devising comprehensive plans for spoiling a day's fishing.

His greeting of Mrs. Gerard was very formal, but she did not seem to mind.

"Where is Mr. Jones?" she asked Rankin.

"He's dressing, ma'am."

"Well, tell him I am here and waiting to take him for a spin through the park. Say to him that it's a glorious morning."

There was an unctious in her tones, a hint of triumph and proprietorship which maddened Wallace. Could it be possible that his good friend was to be linked in wedlock with this—er—this—

He was instinctively a courteous man and his thoughts refused to form a word to suit his wild emotions.

She turned to him. "Won't you join us, Mr. Wallace?" Her voice was honeyed, though he saw that she was sure of his antagonism and reciprocated it.

"No," he snapped. It was as an afterthought he added: "Thanks!"

"You went away early last night," she ventured, still with the honeyed smile.

"Yes."

"You didn't wait for the announcement."

"No."

"Were you surprised when you heard it?"

"Staggered."

The smile deepened. She was most offensive in her victory. "I thought you would be. What do you think of it all?"

As he thus apologized, disgusted, worried, even frightened by the muddle in which his friend had so involved himself, entirely ignorant of the sorry cause which had led Broadway to the fatal step, that young man entered from the hall, having effaced as many traces as he could of the wild night, and rightly clothed himself for morning callers. As he advanced he hummed a stanza from some cabaret favorite which ran, monotonously: "I love you; oh, I love you!"

She looked at him with natural indignation.

"You'll pardon me, Mrs. Gerard," he said apologetically, "but I was thinking of something funny."

"Something that just happened?" she said suspiciously.

"No," he replied earnestly, "something that happened years ago."

"For a moment I thought you were laughing at me," she admitted.

"Oh, Mrs. Gerard—how could you?"

She was pacified. Taking herself with perfect seriousness she did not fail to credit others with the same intention. "I know I'm horribly touchy in some respects." She would gaily, almost babyishly, "Mother always calls me a silly child."

His astonishment was genuine. "Your mother! Is your mother still living?"

"Why, yes; of course. And what a mother!" she cried enthusiastically. "What a wonderful mother! Sixty-five!"

As she had herself at least reached that age, he felt himself pardonable for interpreting her meaning as he did. "Sixty-five children? Really!"

"No, no!"

"No, of course not," he admitted. "What am I thinking of?"

"Ten children," said the ancient sweetheart of his friend. "Five boys, five girls. 'The baby,' they always call me."

He was literally withered by the bold effrontery of this. It seemed incredible even to the bald complacency of this extraordinary dame. But he was young and rapid of recovery. "I suppose," he suggested with mild eye and an inquiring air, "that most of the boys are still going to school?"

"Why, of course not!" She seemed to be taking him quite seriously, to be pleased, in fact. "They all married?"

"Foolish youngsters!"

"Oh, I don't know. I married my first husband when I was eighteen. Her eyes grew reminiscent. When she spoke it was as if she made concession of unwelcome truth to him because he was a friend—a confidential friend. "That's twenty years ago!"

He was losing patience with the woman. "Do you mean to tell me that you're—"

"Sh!" she cautioned playfully. "I don't tell my age to everyone!"

"I can readily understand that."

"How old are you, Mr. Wallace?" she asked sweetly, evidently pleased at the establishment of confidential relations with this, Broadway's most intimate friend.

"I'll be twelve in October," he replied with a calm smile.

"Twelve!" She paused and then burst into her small cackle of artificial laughter. "Oh, I see; you want me to add about twenty to that!"

"Yes," he exclaimed ungallantly, disgustedly, "and add about thirty more to your own."

"What!" She was instantly indignant, not unnaturally.

"Oh, come, now, Mrs. Gerard!" he urged. "You don't expect me to believe that you—"

She was thoroughly indignant. "How dare you, sir! Do you know what you're saying?"

"I know what I'd like to say," he confessed, looking steadfastly at her.

"About what?"

"About your engagement to young

Mr. Jones. Why, you're not taking the chap seriously, are you?"

Her anger grew. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," he answered firmly. "That it's all wrong. It's impossible. The idea of a woman of your age imagining for a moment that this boy is fool enough to think of such a thing! Do you stop to think what people will say? Don't you realize that it can't be? That it's simply preposterous? Why—"

"Are you trying to insult me, sir?"

"No," he answered earnestly. "I'm trying to save you from being humiliated and laughed at. Deny the story at once. Say it was all a joke. Say anything, but for heaven's sake don't let it go any further!"

She gazed at him in speechless wrath while he nervously paced the room.

"Surely," he said whirling, "you don't think he seriously considers marrying you?"

"And why not?" Her icy tone was full of outraged dignity.

"Because it would be a ridiculous match. Give it serious thought. You're a sensible woman, figure it out for yourself. Why, you're more than twice his age!"

"Sir!"

"Why, he's only twenty-five—not that, yet."

She gazed at him in speechless rage for twenty seconds, then said, explosively: "You—brute!"

"I'm your friend," he urged. "I'm trying to help you. I'm trying to save you from being made the laughing stock of the town."

"Do you mean to insinuate that Jackson doesn't love me?"

"Jackson doesn't love anyone except a good time. Why, he doesn't take anything seriously, especially women. To my knowledge he's been engaged to thirty since he's been here in New York."

He made no reply, merely casting at her a malevolent, sidelong glance.

"I say what do you think of it all?"

"What do you think of it, yourself?"

"I am as happy as a little birdy in a tree-top," she replied, assuming airs reserved for maidens of sixteen.

Against his will, indeed, to his astonishment, he burst into a roar of laughter.

"I—don't—believe you!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Very well; go ahead; it's no affair of mine."

She agreed with this. "You'll do

well to remember that. Attend to your own business, Mr. Wallace."

"Excuse me," he said apologetically. "I'm sorry I spoke."

At sight of Mrs. Gerard he brightened and sprang toward her eagerly. He was not the one to go back on a bargain, or to make a wry face over necessary medicine.

"Beatrice; My Beatrice!" he cried. Wallace eyed them with disgust as they flew into each other's arms.

Having released his "Beatrice, my Beatrice," he turned to Wallace with a calm which Wallace could not but admire. The youngster certainly was game! "Good morning, Bob."

Wallace scorned him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mrs. Lapsling Explains.

"We're always careful about these contagious diseases," said Mrs. Lapsling. "When Johnny had got well of the measles we bought some sulphur candles and disconcerted the house from top to bottom."—Chicago Tribune



"But See Who's Butler I Am, Sir!"

not to be especially astonishing, though deeply interesting to the master of the house.

"Yes, sir."

Broadway looked at him with a glad smile, then with an earnest and enthusiastic gravity. He warmly shook his hand. "I congratulate you, Rankin. I'm very fond of my butler." His sentiment rose higher and he patted Rankin on the cheek. "I love my little butler. You must come out with me some night, Rankin."

"I should like to, sir," said Rankin truthfully.

Broadway became gay, mysterious.

He looked at Rankin slyly and himself essayed to whistle some bars of the wedding march. "I know something you don't know," he cried irreverently.



"You Don't Think He Seriously Considers Marrying You?"

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MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs"

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

His Finances.

"Say, Jack, lend me an X."
"That's an unknown quantity with me, dear boy."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day, Cures Grip in Two Days. 2c.

Love does not always wait for poverty to enter the door before it flies out of the window.

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

Little Rock, Ark., citizens the other day caught a wandering alligator in a street near his home.

THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS

Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Baltimore, Md. — "I am more than glad to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I suffered dreadful pains and was very irregular. I became alarmed and sent for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it regularly until I was without a cramp or pain and felt like another person, and it has now been six months since I took any medicine at all. I hope my little note will assist you in helping other women. I now feel perfectly well and in the best of health." — Mrs. AUGUST W. KONDNER, 1632 Hollins Street, Baltimore, Md.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

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

Be Vigorous and Ambitious

Drive the poisonous waste from your clogged-up bowels, and start your liver to working perfectly with gentle, blissful HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS.

They purify the blood, put an edge on the appetite and put vigor and ambition into people who lack energy.

Take them, and headache, nervousness, sleeplessness and dizziness will vanish. They are simply fine, especially for women and elderly people.

Cut out calomel and other makeshifts. Take little chocolate coated HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS for a week, and notice the complexion clear up, and pimples vanish. All druggists, 25 cents. Free sample from Hot Springs Chemical Co., Hot Springs, Ark.

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.

WHY IRISH BUTTER IS GOOD.

Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland.—What the city woman needs is butter that is standardized and always of a uniform excellence—butter which comes as fresh and comes as straight as may be from the cow on the farm to the table in the city dining room. With the husband singing in her ears the song of high cost of living—and what husband is not driven to such songs in these days of high prices—she feels that she must get butter that can be bought at something less than the fancy prices charged in the exclusive delicatessen shops to which she is driven in her efforts to insure her family a good grade of butter. Ask her and she will tell you that if co-operation will enable her to get good butter at a price made somewhat less by the elimination of excessive distribution charges then she is heartily for co-operation.

The city man of course, wants a good butter to eat. The farmer wants to make money from his dairy. They have been telling us in America that direct co-operative marketing will give each what he wants; that co-operation has repeatedly accomplished these results where it has been tried in Ireland, in Holland, in Denmark and in Germany. If co-operation will do this, it is well to look into it for good butter is important—and financial profits are worth while. So some of us are over here in Ireland to see if co-operation really is a benefit both to the city eater and to the rural producer.

The co-operative creamery here is turning out good butter—none better anywhere. We think we have found why Irish butter is good, why it brings to the farmer a good price in this city. The butter is good because co-operative creameries use good methods of butter making; because their patrons get good milk from good cows, take good care of it, and deliver it in good condition to the creamery; and lastly because when once made it is hurried off to a consumer before it can get stale. They get a good price for it because it is good butter.

On the other hand, the city gets it at a reasonable price because co-operative marketing in Ireland is direct marketing; because the butter comes quickly and directly from the creamery to the city home with little added expense for much handling by many middlemen.

Why Farm Butter Is Sometimes Bad.
The writer remembers summer butter made from cream skimmed from uncooled milk and kept on the warm pantry shelf during the long hot days until churning time. It was hardly butter—it was in fact commercially ranked "grease." It brought six cents per pound, and as butter was worth less.

Failure to make good butter was inevitable. Nor were the tired farmers' wives to be criticised for the poor results obtained. They had no facilities for keeping the milk and cream clean and cool, no facilities for making butter, no facilities for keeping it.

Co-Operation Lightens Labor.

What the woman on the farm most needs is to be free from the burden of the endless handling of milk, cream and butter, from skimming the milk, and churning the cream and from salting and working and molding the butter—from all the labor entailed in the production of home-made, hand-made butter. She needs it if she is to have any life outside the kitchen and the milk room.

The laborious weariness of the uneventful existence of the farmer's wife has produced many candidates for the insane asylums. More than one worn out unfortunate has been taken into custody because her household duties have chained her to a maddening monotony unrelieved by opportunity for intercourse, and have made impossible any thought above the churn and the cook stove. One Wisconsin farmer's wife was adjudicated by the county judge to be afflicted with insanity. When the judge announced the decision to the husband he was incredulous. "It can't be she's got insanity or anything else," he said. "She's had no chance to catch it. She hasn't set a foot off the farm for 14 years and no neighbor has stayed at our house long enough to give her anything."

If co-operation in the production and marketing of butter will take off even a small part of the burden of the farmer's wife, if it will give her time to straighten up from her work at table and tub and leave her free to remember that she is a human being with a head and a soul, if it will permit her

to get off the farm oftener than once in 14 years—if co-operation will do this or help by ever so little to do it, the woman on the farm is for co-operation.

An Ungallant Irishman.

We have found one man here in Ireland who is opposed to co-operation. Walking along a country road near Omagh we came upon a shrewd faced Irishman who was very ready to talk about co-operation. He was evidently a man of some intelligence and, judging from his manner and address, a man of some experience and success in business. So we engaged him in conversation about co-operation and its effects.

"I am against it," he said. "There is no sense in it." And he gave us in forcible and picturesque language the story of how he had been personally injured in his business by co-operation. It developed that he had been a buyer of farm produce—a commission merchant in a small way. "Now there is no money in it," he said, "since the margin between what the city man pays and what the farmer receives is cut down. The farmer sells through the co-operative organization directly to the city merchant." Reluctantly he admitted that maybe it was better for the farmer and better for the city consumer who had little with which to buy food. "But it's hard on us commission men. It's putting us on the rocks. I am not buying butter at all any more. The co-operative creamery here has run me out."

We asked him if co-operative butter making did not make the work of the farmer's wife and daughter easier. "Of course it does," he said. "And little good it is doing them. They don't have to skim the milk and churn and mold and salt the butter now and so they go galavanting over the roads on their bicycles. They don't stay home at all any more. They're worse about gadding than city women," and he shook his head with misgivings.

So, if it be true, as our Irish friend in his self pity proclaimed, that co-operative butter making and butter marketing is going to make it cost the consumer less and net the farmer more, we suggest that both maker and eater will be for it, the ex-commission merchant to the contrary notwithstanding. They will both in city and country be interested in seeing co-operation accomplished. Certainly the country woman who feels the burden of butter making will welcome a process by which she is to get an opportunity to see something besides the top of the cook stove and the inside of the big churn. And we do not believe that the ordinary American farmer will object to co-operation even if it does give his wife and daughter time to get out upon the road in buggy or on bicycles.

The Omagh Creamery.

When we learned that the Omagh Co-operative Creamery system of marketing was cutting down the margin of price between farmer and consumer—was both raising the price to the farmer and lowering the price to the consumer, we concluded that it was a concern worth considering. Even the accusation that made it possible for the farmer's wife and daughter to get out on their bicycles occasionally did not unduly prejudice us against it. The Omagh creamery is capitalized by contributions from 600 members who invested from five dollars, up to \$250 each. But the voting is not by shares. It is on the one man one vote plan. The five-dollar man votes just as often and as forcibly as the \$250-dollar man.

The members voting thus elect a board of directors. These in turn have the best man they can get as manager. But he must be more than a butter maker. He must be a good business man and an expert in marketing. No matter how much money is made, it must all go back to the members in proportion to the butter fat delivered to the creamery after a dividend not exceeding five per cent. is paid to the stockholders. Five per cent. is the limit of profit to shareholders. This is the rule in all co-operative enterprises in Ireland. It is organized primarily that profits may go to the man who brings in the cream. It is not ranked as a particularly fine investment for the shareholder.

Differs From American Creameries.

We find the mechanical processes of butter making much the same as those in the best up-to-date American butter factories. We do find, however, that this co-operative association has had an output that is of more uniform ex-

cellence than that of the American factory. Here each member seems to realize more fully than does the American farmer that the utmost vigilance must be exercised in keeping the milk and cream fresh and free from all impurities, that keeping up the quality of the butter is as much his business as the butter-maker's. Therefore he breeds and feeds and cares for his cows and handles his milk on scientific lines suggested by co-operative instructors and inspectors. The farmer is saving his own interests, of course, for a falling off of quality and reputation means a falling off in the price obtained for butter. The creamery tests carefully, not only for butter fat but for freshness and flavor.

Supervision and Inspection.

Then, too, the Irish Agricultural Organization society, which is the central federation of all co-operative societies, inspects the creamery and its output frequently, points out defects and helps to remedy them. The business side is not neglected. The organization society has complete business supervision of the creameries, which must keep their accounts and records in the way and on forms prescribed by this central body. The creameries report to the organization society and their books and accounts are periodically audited by the organization society's auditor.

Co-Operation Does the Work.

In short, the butter is good because of co-operation. The members co-operate with each other and with the Omagh creamery; the Irish Agricultural Organization society co-operates with the Omagh creamery; the Omagh creamery is federated with hundreds of other creameries and is federated with and co-operates with the Irish Wholesale society through which the butter is marketed. It is co-operation everywhere and the object of it all is to produce good butter, to market it in good shape and to get a fair price for it.

Quality and Brands.

But quality after all is the whole thing. If butter is not good no system of marketing, no business methods, no exercise of federated strength, no co-operative endeavor can do anything for it. The Omagh creamery makes good butter and for years has made good butter. It has a well established reputation for good butter which is worth at least one cent for every pound that it makes. In order to be able to collect this cent on each pound it must mark each pound that it sends out.

And printed upon the wrappers and stamped upon the cases is the guaranty of quality: "Guaranteed Pure Centrifugal Creamery Butter, Finest Quality."

Butter Central Label.

But more important still is the authorized label of the Irish Agricultural Organization society issued from its headquarters at the Plunkett house in Dublin. It goes upon only the best of butter. It goes not upon a case or cake or cover, but upon the butter itself. The label is printed upon thin tissue paper. When it is placed upon the butter it is stamped with a die that fixes the label firmly upon and in the butter and tears the paper so that it cannot be removed and used again. This label is guaranteed as carefully as are the coins of the realm. Each has a series number and can be traced to the creamery to which it was delivered. If by any chance it is found upon a poor quality of butter, the butter is at once sent back to the creamery to which the use of that particular label was entrusted.

What We Need in America.

We have plenty of creameries in the United States. Some of them are owned co-operatively by the farmers. But the farmers stop just short of the highest success. The marketing is generally haphazard. The different creameries do not co-operate in selling. Often good butter goes bad before it is sold. No one knows where the demand is greatest today, when the butter should be sent tomorrow. The quality is seldom uniform. Many a good butter maker with good butter making equipment turns out poor butter because the patrons bring in poor cream. The farmers do not co-operatively work for quality. The creamery does not always discriminate between the best fresh cream and cream that is a trifle stale and old. Butter buyers cannot know what they are getting. The name of the creamery upon a package carries no guaranty of quality. It is put on good and bad butter alike.

A Definite Prescription.

What is needed in the United States is, first, creameries supported by farmers working together co-operatively to produce an absolutely uniform high grade product; second, a brand that is authoritatively fixed only on butter of the highest quality after official tests and grading; and third, a central association or federation of creameries that will perform the functions of the Irish Wholesale society and of the Irish Agricultural Organization society. This central federation should control the branding of butter, possibly under state supervision; it should respect and audit and advise with each separate creamery; it should aid in marketing the butter intelligently and economically.

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In Winter Pe-ru-na CATARRH TONIC For COUGHS & COLDS

MR. Samuel McKinley, 1215 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., writes: "I can honestly say that I owe my life to Peruna. Traveling from town to town, and having to go into all kinds of badly heated buildings, plying my trade as auctioneer, it is only natural that I had colds frequently."

"Last December I contracted a severe cold which, through neglect on my part, settled on my chest. I heard of Peruna. It cured me, so I cannot praise it too highly."

Those who prefer tablets to liquid medicines can now procure Peruna in tablet form.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Head-ache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



Warranted

BUILT ON GREAT ORE BANK

Site of Minnesota City Will Be Moved So That Riches Underneath May Be Mined.

One billion dollars of value is concentrated within the six miles square of a single township in the Minnesota iron region. Stuntz township, containing the cities of Hibbing and Chisholm, is an almost continuous mass of high-grade ore, about five hundred feet in depth. The value of the score of big properties—including the two greatest iron-ore producers in the world—is not less than one billion dollars. But Hibbing, sitting on a mine, is not happy. It has to move. The property was acquired subject to mineral rights (says the World's Work). The mining pits, opened by steam shovels from one to five miles in three directions and converging at the city limits, show that the city's 10,000 inhabitants dwell on a great bank of solid ore. The fee and leaseholders express a desire to be liberal and to pay generous damages to property-owners; but the city must change its base. It is moving along on the installment plan, and soon a brand-new Hibbing will appear nearby, with schools, churches, banks, parks, and libraries.

Never Goes.

"I understand he's an osteopath."
"I don't know, but if he is, I'll tell you one thing—he never goes to church."

Appetite Finds Ready Satisfaction

In a bowl of

Post Toasties

and Cream.

Thin, crisp bits of Indian Corn—cooked and toasted so that they have a delicious flavour—

Wholesome Nourishing Easy to Serve

—sold by Grocers everywhere.