

The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 3.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: JUNE 26, 1914.

Number 43.

EL DORADO FOUND BY THIS TRAVELER

In talking with a gentleman who recently came to Slaton from central Texas, the Slatonite editor was interested to hear of the attitude taken in regard to our splendid section of country by the people down east who know nothing about the South Plains, and it is with liberality that we pardon their attitude which is due we suppose to a lack of authentic information and to the prevalent idea of the West. We are amused at their timorous feelings towards us, and are sorry for them when we think that they are missing so much of the solid comfort of real living. This gentleman said that he along with his neighbors considered that anyone who came out here left hope behind, and he was making quite a martyr of himself to brave the wild and woolly west. The prevalent opinion of this country is that it is a desolate, lonely, dreary waste land, settled by man-killing cowboys and real estate men. That the winters are accompanied by killing blizzards, and the summers by hot winds; that sand storms that fairly peel the hide off prevail, while all the disagreeable climatic features combine to make life miserable. That centipedes, rattlesnakes, and buzzards continually harrass a person into a hysterical existence.

It requires no imagination on our part to appreciate this gentlemen's awakening when he got off the train at Slaton. He rubbed his eyes to see if he were awake, and looked again at a little city whose buildings would put to shame any town of equal size "down east." He looked at the magnificent landscape which nature had painted so green. He looked around for the ferocious natives and deceptive soil sellers. He met instead a people cultured and refined, with a far higher per cent of up-to-dateness than those down in the sticks. He came in touch with a spirit of progressiveness not found back home, and admired gardens that would take prizes away from those of the wet countries. He admired the fields and marvelled at the evidences of agricultural prosperity. In fact he looked and wondered so much at the good things he had been missing by not coming to the Plains sooner that he had to go to putting his hat down over his eyes to save them. It is all so different from what he was told that he would find.

He breathed the fresh bracing ozone, drank the cool, sparkling water, ate until the table dishes were all empty, and slept in the morning just from the very joy of living until he had to be routed out so the bed could be made. Then he just walked around all day to absorb real life and pinch himself occasionally to see whether it is true or not. No chills, no fevers, no agues; just lots of room and air of the kind that puts red blood into a man. No sand storms or drouths. This is not an overdrawn picture; it is an actual experience told to the Slatonite. "Why," this gentle

man said, "I have been looking all my life for such an ideal country as this to live in; where there is a productive soil and a pleasant climate, and where the very elements combine to make life enjoyable. Now I am an old man and don't care to dig and produce, and I have just found that country I have been looking for." Continuing he said: "People down east won't believe the stories they hear of this land; I wouldn't myself. If there were only some way to get them out here to see this country they would all come and buy land here. They would build homes here and come to this all the year health resort to retire on their income, and buy farms for their children to cultivate and start out in life for themselves. But they laugh at the very idea of there being such a land."

This is all very true, and it will take years to overcome this adverse opinion of the Plains, but the time is coming when the Slaton land will be selling at a constantly increasing premium. In the meantime we can only feel charitably towards the uninformed people who innocently slander the best country under the sun.

J. Kitten told the Slatonite man Tuesday that the rain Sunday at his farm amounted to five inches—the heaviest rain that has fallen at one time since he moved to his place. The fields could not be in a finer condition. The Kitten boys have two hundred acres cropped this year to feed stuff, and they will undoubtedly secure a heavy yield, as the prospects could not be more promising. They also have five acres of alfalfa on which they will make the first cutting in a few days. This alfalfa was an experiment, being planted and having grown without irrigation, and the boys are so well satisfied with it that they are going to plant more. It is the only field of its kind near Slaton.

Under the Houston Plan of Taxation which has been in operation there for three years the City Council has adopted the custom of assessing land at about 70 per cent of its value and building improvements and merchants stocks of goods at about 25 per cent. Personal property of every other description including "credits" is ignored and nothing else appears on the assessment rolls, except the franchise values of public service corporations. Nine-tenths of the tax payers favor the plan.

In writing to the editor of the Slatonite, the Rev. Joseph Reisdorff sends best regards to all his Slaton friends. He is at Claremore, Okla., and says that he is recovering his health altho very slowly. He will be at Claremore for about four months longer. Slaton people will be glad to hear from Father Reisdorff.

The meetings at the Baptist Church closed Sunday. The rain coming up in the afternoon necessitated the cancelling of the afternoon and night services.

TEA HOT OR ICED

WHICH FLAVOR DO YOU FAVOR?



WE RECOMMEND FOR
Lovers - Propinqui-TEA
The wedded - Fidefi-TEA
Americans - Liber-TEA
Business men - Integri-TEA
Maidens - Modes-TEA
Preachers - Divini-TEA
The proud - Humili-TEA
Servants - Civili-TEA
The solemn - Jolli-TEA
The candidate - Majori-TEA
Bankers - Securi-TEA

FOR EVERYBODY—
FOLGER'S
GOLDEN GATE TEA

The best TEA the world produces, packed in aroma tight cartons.

We Sell Golden Gate Tea.

Slaton Sanitary Grocery

Proctor & Olive, Proprietors

Sanitary Way is the Only Way. You Only Pay for
What You Buy and at Lower Prices.

CONDUCT RESPONSIBLE FOR INSULT

A young lady, her cheeks flushed with indignation and her eyes flashing fire, burst in upon her parents and demanded in no uncertain terms that papa immediately go and lick a certain "smart" young man in this town.

"Why papa, he flirted with me; he asked me 'which way, little one', and offered to follow me. I want him whipped. Oh, if I were only a man!"

Mamma naturally got dad's hat and told him where the old six shooter lay hidden away. But papa didn't take the hint.

"Daughter," he said, calling the girl to his side, "no one on earth is more interested in you than your old dad. No one quicker to rise to your defense. But listen. This very interest has led me to study you, and this is what I have learned.

"You go down the street very scantily dressed. You deliberately expose as much of your person as is necessary to appeal to the carnal instinct in man. Your lovely neck, a large portion of your well developed breast, your arms, and—by means of a slit skirt and transparent hose—a goodly share of your lower limbs are exposed to view. The portion of your body that is covered is clothed in such a way that every curve and angle is brought out in bold relief.

"Then, when you pass a man or a group of men, you giggle, toss your head, and perhaps remark to your girl companion that this

town is the slowest old town you ever saw. And if some man accepts your challenge, you want him shot.

"The man who accosted you is a stranger here, and daughter, as I said before I have studied you and your ways."—Manchester Journal.

Jim Foster came in Saturday from West Pasture where he and his crew are now winding up the dog killing business for the Spur Farm Lands management. During the past four years this work has been in progress, and when complete the Spur Farm Lands will be totally free of the prairie dog pest. This work has been conducted at an enormous expense, totaling nearly forty thousand dollars, and will be a great factor in the future development and progress of the country.—Texas Spur.

Lake Plainview is boasting the best glee club in west Texas. There are twenty-four members of the club, and we suppose they all sing bass, at least they are all bullfrogs. They were secured at New Rhodes, La., and expressed to Plainview to rid the lake of mosquitoes and other insects. Lake Plainview is the largest body of water in Texas maintained from a well. It covers thirty acres of land.

It is said that a new Santa Fe time table will be issued Sept. 1st, but what effect this will have on the Slaton trains has not been made public yet.

THE MAN WHO DELIVERS THE GOODS

"There's a man in the world who is never turned down, wherever he chances to stray; he gets the glad hand in the populous town, or out where the farmers make hay. He's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand, and deep in the aisles of the woods. Wherever he goes there's a welcoming hand—he's the man who delivers the goods.

"The failures of life sit 'round and complain—the gods haven't treated them white; they've lost their umbrellas whenever there's rain, and they haven't their lanterns at night. Men tire of the failures who fill with their sighs the air of their neighborhood. There's a man who is greeted with love-lighted eyes—he's the man who delivers the goods.

"One fellow is lazy, and watches the clock, and waits for the whistle to blow; one has a hammer, with which he will knock, and one tells the story of woe. And one, requested to travel a mile, will measure the perches and roods; but one does his stunt with a whistle or smile—he's the man who delivers the goods.

"One man is afraid he'll labor too hard—the world isn't yearning for such; and one man is ever alert, on his guard, lest he put in a minute too much. One has a grouch of a temper that's bad, and one is a creature of moods, so it's hey for the joyous and rollicking lad—for the one who delivers the goods."

The trees on the city square have made such a splendid growth this year that they became topheavy, and four were blown over in the big rain Sunday. The trees were trimmed back in the spring and branches nearly five feet in length have been put out already this year. They were cut back again this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Doddridge returned Tuesday from an extended trip away from Slaton. They were called to Ohio three months ago by the death of a brother of Mrs. Doddridge. Mr. Doddridge, conductor on the Santa Fe, was back on his train yesterday.

J. S. Edwards and family returned last Friday from Clovis, N. M., after spending the week there. J. W. Wilkinson accompanied them to Slaton and spent a day or two here looking after business interests.

W. B. Snodgrass of Brownfield, mule raiser, has contracted his 1914 colts at \$60.00 per head fall delivery. He expects to have 84 head to deliver. \$5040.00 worth of mule colts is a pretty fair "crop."

The Riley case came before the district court this week. The work of selecting a jury began Monday.

R. M. Moore has located at Lamesa where he will run a confectionary.

ORDINANCE No. 10.

An Ordinance Regulating the Running at Large of Dogs Within the Town of Slaton, Fixing an Annual Tax on Same, Requiring Owners to Tag Dogs with Registry Tag, and Providing for the Destruction of Dogs on Which Tax is not Paid.

Be it Ordained by the Town Council of the Town of Slaton, Texas:

Section 1. That hereafter it shall be unlawful for the owner or keeper of any dog or bitch to permit such dog or bitch to run at large within the limits of the Town of Slaton, except under such conditions as are herein after provided.

Section 2. There is hereby levied upon each dog or bitch owned or kept or permitted to be within the limits of the Town of Slaton an annual tax of one dollar for each dog, and an annual tax of five dollars for each bitch. Said tax shall be paid on or before the first day of July, 1914, and on or before the first day of July of each and every year thereafter, to the town marshal, by the owner or keeper of such dog or bitch.

Section 3. Upon the payment of the tax required by the preceding section, the town marshal shall deliver to the person paying such tax, a brass or metal tag, on which shall be a number corresponding with the registry number of such dog or bitch on which the tax has been paid; and it shall be the duty of the owner

or keeper of such dog or bitch to cause said tag to be securely fastened on a collar and placed around the neck of the dog or bitch on which the tax has been paid, before such dog or bitch shall be permitted to run at large within the limits of the Town of Slaton.

Section 4: It shall be the duty of the town marshal to take up and impound any dog or bitch found running at large within the limits of the town of Slaton and on which there is no legal tag; and he shall retain such dog or bitch in his custody for at least three days, and if before the expiration of such time any person shall claim said dog or bitch, the town marshal shall deliver the same up on payment of an impounding fee of one dollar; if such dog or bitch be not claimed within three days, it shall be destroyed and buried by the town marshal, or under his direction, and for each dog or bitch destroyed the town marshal shall receive a fee of fifty cents out of any moneys in the town treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be paid as other bills are paid.

Section 5. It shall be the duty of the town marshal to keep a registry book, in which he shall keep a brief record of all moneys collected by him as taxes under this ordinance, which record shall show: 1. The name of the owner or keeper of such dog or bitch on which the tax has been paid. 2. The registry number of the animal. 3. A brief description of the dog or bitch on which the tax has been paid. 4. The amount of the tax collected. 5. The date of payment.

Section 6. The town marshal shall be permitted to retain as his fees twenty per cent of all taxes collected under the provis-

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Our Grocery Department offers the best the market affords.

Our Dry Goods Department is now in a better position than ever to serve you.

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Office West Side of Square
Slaton, Texas

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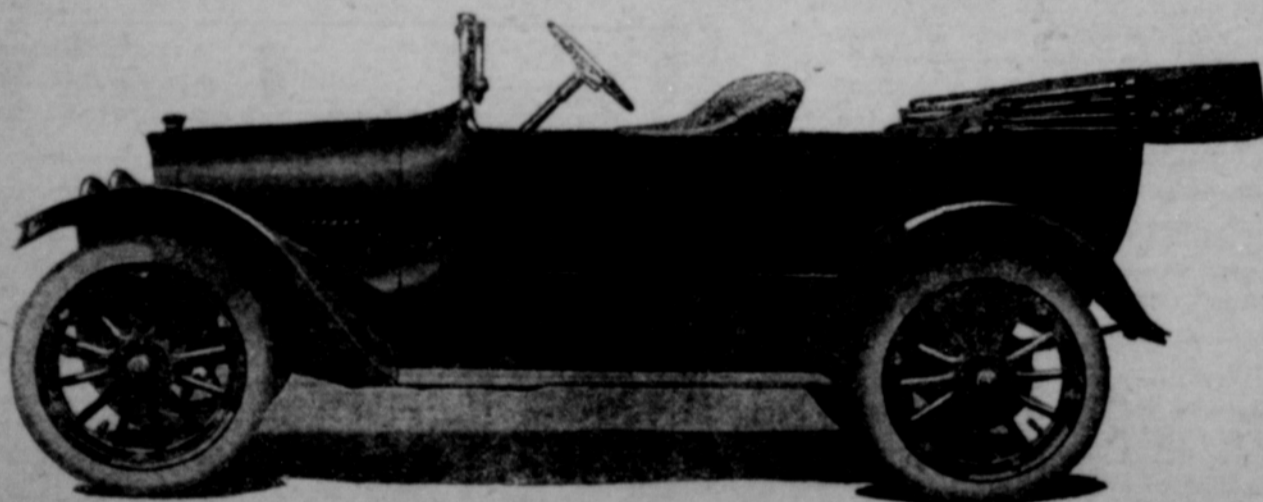


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See the New Model of "The Last Word in Car Building."

SLATON AUTO SUPPLY COMPANY, Agents

ions of this ordinance, and he shall, at the end of each month, or as soon thereafter as practicable, turn over to the town treasurer the remaining eighty per cent of such moneys, and take the treasurer's receipt therefor.

Section 7. The town marshal is hereby authorized to purchase not less than one hundred tags as provided for herein, of such design and shape as may be deemed most convenient and proper, numbered consecutively, to be paid for out of any funds in the town treasury not otherwise appropriated, which tags shall be securely kept by him, and he shall not be permitted to issue any duplicate tag for any dog or bitch on which the tax has been paid, except upon the payment by the person applying for such duplicate of fifty per cent of the original tax, in which case such dog or bitch shall be registered anew, showing the proper registry number, and such entry shall be marked "Duplicate."

Section 8. It shall be unlawful for any bitch, whether the tax has been paid or not, to run at large within the limits of the town of Slaton while she is proud or in heat, and it shall be the duty of the town marshal to take up and impound all such, and if such bitch be not claimed within ten days after being impounded, she shall be destroyed. And no bitch, after being impounded,

If There's a Woman In It...



You won't need to be up in the air about what you are going to wear or how you are going to look.

Come to us. An order placed here carries with it an absolute guarantee of perfection in fashion, finish, and fit. If you're looking for satisfaction, this is the place. And write this down also: We save you money.

PROCTOR & OLIVE GENTS' FURNISHING STORE

SLATON, TEXAS

shall be belivered up except upon payment to the town marshal of an impounding fee of three dollars.

Section 9. Any person who shall forcibly and with intent to avoid the payment of any fees that may be due for impounding, release or take out of the pound any dog or bitch which has been impounded, or shall in any way wilfully interfere with or hinder the town marshal from performing any of his duties herein required, or any of his deputies, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by fine in any sum not exceeding twenty five dollars.

Section 10. This ordinance shall take effect and be in full force, after its passage and publication as required by law, on and after the first day of July, A. D. 1914.

Passed and approved this 3rd day of June, A. D. 1914.

R. J. MURRAY, Mayor.

Attest:
C. C. HOFFMAN, Town Secretary.
(Corporation Seal.)

There are 25 furniture factories in Texas.

There are 67 tobacco and cigar factories in Texas.

Texas has 127 steam laundries.

There are 253 central electric light and power plants in Texas.

We have 228 cotton-seed oil mills in Texas that manufacture \$30,000,000 of products annually.

Fifteen years ago Texas was without a rice mill. We now have 19 of these establishments.

Texas is the second state in the Union in the manufacture of rice.

The Texas rice mills turn out \$8,142,000 of products annually.

There are 372,000,000 pounds of rough rice milled by the Texas plants each year.

The refining of petroleum ranks fifth among other Texas industries and Texas ranks fourth with other states in this respect.

We have 12 malt liquor establishments in Texas that are valued at \$7,027,000.

The annual output of the Texas breweries is valued at \$6,464,000.

The first ice factory ever built in the United States was at Jefferson, Texas.

The cold storage capacity of Texas is 2,500 cars.

There are 182 ice factories in Texas.

There are 143 foundry and machine shops in Texas.

There are 385 bakeries in Texas.

There are 13 cotton mills in Texas

RAISE BEANS ON DRY FARM

Thousands of Acres of Land in Semi-Arid Southwest Adapted to Crop—Its Food Value.

It is the year 1917. A lady is shopping in a large city grocery store. "Have you any canned baked beans?" she asks the salesman. "The best made, and two cents cheaper, too," he replies, producing a can. The striking label on the can catches the lady's eye immediately and she takes it for a closer examination. "Arizona baked beans," she reads over a picturesque lithograph of an Indian dressed in full regalia. "Grown by the Papago Indians in Arizona for hundreds of years—a real American product." "This isn't the old Boston brand that I have been buying, but I will try it," she says. Two days later she orders a dozen cans.

This scene multiplied several thousand fold will take place in many parts of the United States in 1917, if the predictions of Prof. C. F. Freeman, plant breeder of the Arizona Agricultural Experiment Station, are realized. Thousands of acres of dry-farming land are adapted to the profitable production of this native bean which promises to become one of the staple crops of Arizona. The farmers of the semi-arid Southwest will not realize the full worth of the Tepary bean until its excellent food value is more widely known. Being a dry-land bean it naturally is somewhat harder, heavier and requires a little longer to cook than the ordinary pink bean. On the other hand, in cooking, it swells more so that in the end it is just as light and mealy as the navy. A given weight of teparies will produce 40 per cent more cooked beans than the same weight of either Michigan or New York grown product. Two pounds of teparies will therefore go about as far as three pounds of other sorts in filling cans or hungry mouths. This more than offsets the slightly greater length of time required to soak them.

GOOD TILLAGE IN ORCHARDS

It Will Maintain Sufficient Supply of Moisture and Will Make Plant Food Available.

(By C. I. LEWIS, Oregon Experiment Station.)

Some of the reasons for tillage in an orchard are: To maintain a sufficient supply of moisture and to make available the plant food there is in the soil, so that trees can obtain this food; by pulverizing the soil a much greater feeding area is presented for the rootlets of the trees; by pulverizing this soil deeply in the spring of the year we also get additional root-holding area for the plants. Tillage also has considerable to do with the moisture content of the orchard soils. By the spring plowing and harrowing of the ground we are apt to have less extremes of temperature, the ground is apt to become warmer, and is placed in such condition that the roots can begin their activity and top growth begin early. For this reason at times one should not practise too early tillage with fruits that are apt to be caught by frosts. The stone fruits especially should not be given too early tillage.

Tillage in the spring of the year increases the water-holding capacity of the soil. It places the soil in such condition that it can catch the spring rains and hold them for tree growth. Later on in the summer the frequent shallow cultivations will check the rapid evaporation of moisture from the soil.

Tillage promotes nitrification; it places the available element in such condition that the trees can use it. It aids in hastening decomposition of all humus and organic matter there is in the soil and tends to set plant foods of all kinds free so that they will dissolve and in that form or solution can enter the roots of the trees.

Advantage of Pit Silo.

The round pit silo has many advantages for the dry-land farmer. Every one can afford it. It costs, with cemented walls, about one-tenth as much as a silo of the same capacity built above ground. Built without cement, it costs labor only. It does not blow down. The silage never freezes and it comes warm from the silo. A cutter costs less because no blower is needed, and it takes less power to run a cutter for a pit silo because the green material falls down instead of having to be elevated.

Keeping Live Stock.

A beginner on western prairie should be careful to keep the kind of stock that will make the best use of the wild feed and easiest grown fodders. Sheep and cattle will beat hogs at this, and generally sheep will beat cattle, as they make better use of weeds and grasses found growing than any other animal.

Plant Feterita.

Plant feterita, at least a little, for early feed. It is adapted to poor soils.

REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."



Mrs. JOSIE HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

PROVED TRUTH OF ADAGE

Story Seems to Show Fact That "Prophet is Without Honor in His Own Country."

William Phelps Eno, who devised the system of traffic regulations now practised in New York, and who has been called the "father of street traffic regulation," had a hard time at first impressing his ideas on public officials. Foreign cities appreciated them more than American cities. Paris, threatened with a strike of the cab drivers unless the system of Eno were put in effect, adopted it. Then Buenos Ayres sent for Mr. Eno, asked him to work out a plan for its traffic, and agreed to every suggestion he made.

A year or two later Mr. Eno was introduced, as a traffic regulation authority, to a much-traveled resident of Washington.

The globe-trotter shook hands with him, and then said in a rather patronizing manner:

"If you want to know what's what in a street-traffic system, Mr. Eno, you ought to see the way they do the trick in Buenos Ayres."

A Nice Baby.

"I understand that you have a very fine new baby brother," said the minister.

"Yes, sir," replied young Percy. "He is a nice baby."

"And," continued the minister, "I hope he is a good baby."

"Oh, I guess he is," said Percy dubiously. "He don't smoke or drink any, but sometimes he seems to me to swear some."

Queer Cusses.

Stranger—How odd. Why are all these men walking about with cuspidors hanging around their necks?

Citizen—Well, you see, we have started the "city beautiful" movement and it's against the law to expectorate upon the streets.

Important to Mothers

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

Bears the Signature of *W. D. F. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Oil in Somaliland.

Mineral oil has been discovered in Somaliland, and the British government is investigating the extent of the discovery.

Keep Hanford's Balsam in your stable. Adv.

It doesn't take an athlete to jump from the frying pan into the fire.

ALL HAD TO BE IDENTIFIED

Conscientious Philippine Judge Would Have No Doubt as to Ownership of Clothes.

An officer of the war department who has seen service in the Philippines, tells a curious story as to the native ideas of justice in those islands.

An American had come home one day just in time to witness a thief in the act of climbing out of a window with the better part of the American's wardrobe. The latter gave chase so earnestly that the thief was finally obliged to drop the clothing so that he might run the faster. He soon disappeared from sight. The American gathered up his belongings. Just then along came a native policeman who proceeded to place the American under arrest, since he acted in a most suspicious manner.

To the local magistrate before whom he was haled the American told his story very plainly and emphatically. When he had concluded the Filipino judge said: "You are dismissed, but you may leave the clothes here."

"Why?" demanded the American.

"For this reason," answered the magistrate, with the air of a sage, "that it is uncertain that you speak the truth. When the thief returns to identify these clothes as the ones he stole, you may have them."—The Green Bag.

"Carmen Gold."

Carmen Sylva, queen of Roumania, who is now a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, visited Ireland thirty years ago. On landing at Kingstown, her majesty was met by the famous newsvendor, Davy Stephens, who greeted her with, "All hail, Carmen Sylva! Sure, there never was a country in the world where your majesty could meet a finer lot of boys of your Christian name."

The queen smiled, accepted a copy of his biography, and gave him half a sovereign. Whereupon Davy, turning to the cab rank, joyfully exclaimed, "It's a mistake, boys. Sure it's Carmen Gold she should be called."

Honest.

A story is told on a young man who was married recently to the daughter of a wealthy merchant. The bridegroom did not have a cent, but he made up for lack of wealth in honesty. He was so very honest that he would not even prevaricate in the marriage ceremony.

He was repeating what the minister read: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

"With all thy worldly goods I me endow," repeated the young man. Maybe it was a slip of the tongue, still it would be hard for honesty to go much further.—New York Times.

Love of the Forest.

The only way to love the forest is to stay in it, until you have learned its pathless travel, growth and inhabitants as you know the fields. You must begin at the gate and find your way slowly, else you will not hear the great secret and see the compelling vision. There are trees you never before have seen, flowers and vines the botanists fail to mention, and such music as your ears cannot hear elsewhere.—Gene Stratton Porter.

Proof Positive.

The young husband laid down his piece of cake and looked across the table at his wife.

"Do you know, dear," he said, "I think something is wrong with the cake you made. It really doesn't taste very good."

"Ah, that's your imagination," said his wife, with a triumphant smile, "for it says in the cookbook that it's delicious."—Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung.

A Headline.

Squibbs—Old man Jones has just bought a whole hoghead of brains.

Gibbs—He must be crazy. He can't eat them all in six months.

Squibbs—Oh, there were not so many. He bought an entire hog and the brains came in its head.

Never Had So Much.

Norris—Can you break a twenty for me?

Nocoyne—If I could I should break a record.—Boston Transcript.

No Longer Secrets.

"She says that she never has any secrets."

"That's right. She tells them."

Red Cross Ball Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

Wrinkles are little ruts made by the wheels of time.

BUILT TO SUIT THE EYES

Professor Gives Several Hints, Worth Consideration, on Conservation of Vision.

The first consideration of the builders of schools, churches, factories and theaters should be for the eyes and eyesight of the persons who will use these buildings, according to Dr. Clarence Loeb of St. Louis, who spoke recently on "The Conservation of Vision." Doctor Loeb, assistant professor of ophthalmology in St. Louis university, gave this lecture as one of a series under the auspices of the American Medical association, which is carrying on an educational campaign now.

One person out of every 1,000 is blind and five per cent of these cases of blindness are hereditary, according to Doctor Loeb. It has been found by statistics that 58 per cent of the children of parents afflicted with cataract of the eye are also afflicted. Besides cataract, there are 11 other diseases of the eye that are hereditary.

A common means of carrying eye infection, according to Doctor Loeb, is the roller towel. Books also are transmitters of infection.

Industrial accidents to the eye are common, such as injuries likely to happen to the eye of lye workers, glass blowers, stone workers, masons and steel and iron workers. These workers should be made to wear goggles or put a screen between their work and their eyes, the speaker said.—University Missourian.

DISFIGURED WITH PIMPLES

R. F. D. No. 2, Box 46, Matthews, Ga.—"For three years or more I was troubled with pimples and blackheads. At first my face would itch and burn and then the pimples would break out. They looked almost as if I had measles, causing great disfigurement. They would make my face very red and sore. Then they festered and came to a head and large boils would come on my chin and nose.

"I also had dandruff which caused my scalp to itch and burn. It itched and burned so that I had to scratch it until it was irritated. The dandruff scaled off and showed plainly in my hair. It also caused my hair to break off and become very thin. I used several remedies which did not cure and gave but little relief. After I received a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment I began using them according to directions. I secured two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, which cured me perfectly." (Signed) Miss Willie M. Walker, July 31, 1912.

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

A Great Triumph.

"Cholly looks triumphant these days."

"Yes; he was the first man in town to appear in a straw hat."

Not Stolen.

Madge—Did he steal a kiss from you?

Marjorie—He thought he did.—Puck.

Some men are capable of neither putting up a job nor holding one down.

Get it to the bottom of the affected part. Adv.

A quick way to get through a crowd is to go around it.

A Bunny Story. Fond Father—I fear our boy is not doing much at college. He writes that his head is full of Belgian hares. Doting Mother—Bulging hairs? I guess he means that he's joined the football team.

The easiest way to convince a woman is to agree with her.

For thrush use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Inspiration is a hunch that happens to turn out right.

AFTER HUNGER IS SATISFIED—

Then what? Is there a feeling of heaviness, of Bloating, Heartburn, Nausea? Something remains undigested, ferments and disturbs the entire system. Such cases can be materially benefited by use of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

YOU SHOULD KEEP A BOTTLE HANDY FOR EMERGENCY

Why Scratch?



"Hunt's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded WITHOUT QUESTION if Hunt's Cure fails to cure Itch, Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm or any other Skin Disease. 50c at your druggist's, or by mail direct if he hasn't it. Manufactured only by A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Texas

SAVE YOUR MONEY.

One box of Tutt's Pills save many dollars in doctor's bills. A remedy for diseases of the liver, sick headache, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, a million people endorse

Tutt's Pills

BLACK LEG LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutt's Bleeding Pills. Laxative, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other medicines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose package, Bleeding Pills \$1.50. 25-dose package, Bleeding Pills \$4.50. The only injector, but Cutt's best.

The superiority of Cutt's products is due to over 12 years of specialising in medicine and surgery only. Insist on Cutt's. If unavailable, order direct, The Cutt Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

IF YOU FEEL "OUT OF SORTS" "WORN DOWN" "NOT THE BLUES" "SICK FROM KIDNEY, BLADDER, URINARY, BOWEL, CHRONIC WEAKNESS, GLEET, SKIN Eruptions, PILES," WRITE FOR FREE CLOTH BOUND MEDICAL BOOK OF THESE DISEASES AND WOODRUFF'S CURE, OFFERED BY THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 and Guide for yourself if it is THERAPION. THE REMEDY FOR YOUR OWN ailment. Absolutely FREE. No follow up circulars. No obligations. DR. LACROIX, MED. CO., HAYSTACK RD., HAYSTACK, ENGLAND. SEND US WHAT YOU WANT TO PROVE THERAPION WILL COME TOO.

FOR EYE DISEASES Pettitts Eye Salve

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 22-1914.

Nervous Women advertisement. Are troubled with the "blues"—anxiety—sleeplessness—and warnings of pain and distress are sent by the nerves like flying messengers throughout body and limbs. Such feeling may or may not be accompanied by backache or headache or bearing down. The local disorders and inflammation, if there is any, should be treated with Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets. Then the nervous system and the entire womanly make-up feels the tonic effect of DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription. Take this in liquid or tablet form and be a well woman!

COLT DISTEMPER advertisement. Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others become stable, no matter how long they have been suffering from the disease, by using COLT'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give one to the bottle, or in feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper, best remedy ever known for mares in foal. One bottle guarantees to cure one mare. Be sure it is a bottle, it is not a dose of druggists and harness dealers, or men's express paid by manufacturer. Cut always here to position through. Our free booklet gives everything. Local agents wanted. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—twelve years.

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, 51.00, retail.

Schoolboys say there are too many switches along the road to knowledge.

Made since 1846—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

The name of a Russian nobleman is seldom a pronounced success.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color in cold water. Adv.

It requires lots of time for a lazy man to do nothing.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes, use Red Cross Ball Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

Most men who are good at guessing conundrums are not much good at anything else.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation. Adv.

On His Way.

Bore—Well, old chapple, what's going on?

Old Chapple—I am!—London Tit-Bits.

Stick to Your Intentions.

Don't put off getting Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh until something happens. Get it now and be prepared for accidents. You will find frequent use for it in your home and in your stable for cuts, burns, bruises and any sore, any lameness. Adv.

A Man of Letters.

Miss Sally—I suppose that in your many travels you have learned the Arabic letters.

Traveler—No, but I am familiar with the Caribbean C.

What Letters Stand For.

"What do those letters stand for?" asked a curious wife of her husband, as she looked at his Masonic seal.

"Well, really, my love," he replied, encouragingly, "I presume it is because they can't sit down."

The Mischief of It.

Irving Bacheller, at the one hundred and eighth annual dinner of the New England society, said of literary refinement:

"There is another unfortunate class of writers whose point of view is too refined, too lofty, for the general public to understand. It is the fate of these poor chaps to starve in garrets."

"A case, you see, of the prophet who is without honor in his own country—and the mischief of it is with such prophets that they never have the money to go abroad."

Notable Difference.

A good story is told of Signor Mattei, the composer, whose death was announced the other day.

Of one of his valses Mattei used to tell the yarn how he played it through at a soiree in a certain London drawing room, when his hostess approached him with the request that he would play it.

Mattei, of course, explained as tactfully as possible that he had already just played it. The hostess, quite unmoved, then said:—

"Oh! but that is not the real 'Mattei Valse.' My daughter plays that, and it is not a bit like what you just played."

Toastie Flavour A Winner

Every day many are finding out that

Post Toasties

are different from other "ready to eat" foods. It's in the making.

Toasties are carefully cooked bits of choicest Indian corn toasted to an appetizing, golden-brown crispness.

Care and time in toasting and the delicate flavoring make this crisp corn-food delightful.

Post Toasties—ready to eat direct from the sealed package, with cream and sugar to taste.

—sold by Grocers.

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.

(Copyright, 1914, Western Newspaper Union.)

WHY CO-OPERATION SOMETIMES FAILS

Copenhagen, Denmark.—Co-operation is not foolproof, consequently it does not always succeed. Inexperience, incompetence, and dishonesty will wreck any private business and they will, of course, wreck any co-operative business. It is necessary therefore, for enthusiasts to remember that there is no mystic virtue in co-operation which enables it to triumph at all times. Those of us who are trying to record what we have seen of co-operative business at home and in Europe, would not be treating the public fairly if we left the impression that there are no failures among co-operative enterprises.

Both at home and abroad there have been many failures. Certainly those interested are entitled to know as much about its failures as about its successes. They are entitled to know also what causes have led to co-operative failure.

Failures in America.

Many co-operative stores organized with much promise have failed. Generally speaking gross incompetence has wrecked them. They are like other mercantile establishments in that they demand, as a condition precedent to success, skilled management, good business methods, good accounting, cautious extension of credit, as well as some special knowledge of the goods dealt in. If these qualities are absent failure is inevitable. As the average co-operative store in America is organized its members are seldom bound by any agreement to do all their trading at the co-operative concern. They patronize it when it is to their interest so to do. If the goods offered are poor, or if bad management advances the price unduly, or if frequent minor mistakes occur, the members abandon the venture like a sinking ship.

As I have said, co-operative stores in order to succeed must have skilled management, good business methods, good accounting systems, and must extend credit cautiously, all in addition to the special knowledge essential in every such enterprise. So far as I can discover, however, the stores which have failed have not only lacked one or two of these essentials of success but they seem often to have lacked all of them. More than once it has happened that a co-operative store company is formed because some storekeeper has lost all his money in an unsuccessful mercantile venture and can secure capital for a new venture only in this way. Sometimes an ambitious farmer has organized a company in order that a son who has been away to business college and feels above farming may have a chance to earn a living without working upon the farm. It is characteristic also of co-operative American stores—and of other co-operative concerns in America also—that they have seldom been willing to pay a salary sufficient to secure men of experience and skill as managers.

When a co-operative store managed by a man who has a history of nothing but business failures behind him, or by a youthful and inexperienced business college graduate, or by any other man of the low grade implied in the low salaries paid, comes into competition with a competent, up-to-date, American storekeeper of the aggressive vigorous type often found in even the smaller towns, the mere word "co-operative" upon the sign in front of the store is not going to avert failure. It isn't fair to expect too much of co-operation.

Co-operative Fruit Failures.

Seldom, too, have so-called American co-operative companies been co-operative in the true sense of the word. I have in mind one co-operative fruit marketing society which failed largely because it was organized on the joint stock basis and administered as are other non-co-operative corporations. A few of the larger shareholders controlled it. The interests of the minority were ignored. They became jealous and suspicious and accused those in control of dishonesty. Finally they demanded that the officers give a full report of all their financial transactions and that an auditing committee be appointed. The officers foolishly and arbitrarily refused to concede even an audit unless they themselves selected the committee. Then these smaller storekeepers demanded that the one man vote principle be applied so that for the future they might protect their own interests.

The general consensus of German opinion seems to have been that two causes contributed to the failure; first, state aid, which seldom really helps a co-operative society, ruined these projects by encouraging the construction of warehouses which were either not needed or which were bigger than needed; second, the members sought to make money out of them instead of using them simply to prevent waste in shipping.

This also was denied them. The only course possible seemed to be a separation and the smaller stockholders withdrew, the larger stockholders buying out those who did not care to stay in the concern. While this society did not fall from a financial standpoint, its record is of course to be cited as that of a co-operative concern which did not succeed in the best sense of the term.

The small shareholders of this society later formed another co-operative society, organizing and administering it, you may be sure, upon a purely co-operative basis, adopting the one man vote plan, and providing that no dividends be declared upon shares but that all the profits go to those who grew the fruit in proportion to the amount furnished to the company by each.

Greedy Causes Another Failure.

The experience of a Minnesota co-operative warehouse elevator was somewhat different. As originally organized and managed by the farmers it was a success, all the profits were distributed back to the producers as an additional price upon the grain delivered and the farmers loyally supported it. Later, however, the shares of stock became centered in a few business men who were not grain growers. These men held a majority of the stock and were in full control. They began squeezing down the prices to the producer until they were paying him no more than the privately owned elevator companies paid.

The trustful farmers continued to deliver their grain for a time and the business men in control received a forty per cent dividend. At the end of the year, however, the farmers realized that they were being imposed upon and the next year abandoned the project, and hauled their grain elsewhere. As a result this co-operative effort which had been at first an exceedingly profitable venture became so absolute a failure that it was with difficulty that the shareholders disposed of their building and equipment.

European Failures.

There have been failures in European co-operation also. You cannot talk co-operation in Germany long with anyone familiar with the general situation without having your attention called to the fact that co-operation has received one black eye. Years ago the government, anxious to aid in the marketing of grain, devoted a considerable amount of money to the erection of elevators or "corn houses," loaning the money to local co-operative concerns whose organization it fostered and supervising the erection in each case of a rather imposing structure. It would seem that the government generously tempted the promoters to unreasoning extravagance. "How could you expect our people to calculate closely when they had this heap of unearned money forced upon them?" one man remarked. Everything was done on a costly scale. The storehouses were too big. They were not carefully located. Into these concerns crept, also a desire to speculate, to corner the grain supply, to do in Germany what Letter was reported to have done in America,—to capture the grain market.

Everyone persuaded himself, it is said, that he was going to grow rich by appropriating by degrees the wealth thus to be gained. They had heard that there were great corners in the United States, and by buying and storing grain men had made enormous fortunes. There was to be gold for everyone who wanted it. A careful study of the situation has revealed the absurdity of the situation. Those who controlled the warehouses could not control to exceed one-twentieth of the supply of grain grown in Germany alone.

The general consensus of German opinion seems to have been that two causes contributed to the failure; first, state aid, which seldom really helps a co-operative society, ruined these projects by encouraging the construction of warehouses which were either not needed or which were bigger than needed; second, the members sought to make money out of them instead of using them simply to prevent waste in shipping.

Bank at Nieder Mabu.

In 1874 at a German village of some 620 inhabitants local tradesmen formed a loan and savings bank. From

the very first they forgot that co-operative credit banks are primarily formed to lend money only to those local members who will use it for local purposes. They were too anxious to get rich quick. By a promise of exceedingly high rates of interest they attracted patrons from the most remote points until there was on deposit in this little village co-operative bank almost \$1,000,000. Such an amount of money was of course far in excess of any needs which the members themselves might have as borrowers. Consequently the bank began to do business with outsiders. Funds were so plentiful and the demands relatively so small that it granted to its debtors extensive credits. It became known that credit could easily be obtained at that village bank and speculators far and near flocked to it. It risked its money in financial schemes outside the limits of the village.

The cashier, who had no particular fitness for the position, also had charge of church funds and other public funds. Besides this, he was conducting a large business in a hotel. There seems to have been no one on the board of managers of any particular business judgment or ability. Even integrity was not present, for the cashier ended his year with forgery and was sent to prison. It was not surprising, therefore, that in December, 1911, the Nieder Mabu Loans and Savings bank was declared insolvent, the natural results of undue greed, of the spirit of speculation, of incompetence, and of dishonesty.

Co-operative Bank at Darmsted.

More recently the co-operative agricultural bank at Darmsted, formed in 1882, reached a point where it was unable to meet its obligations. Its situation was almost the same as that of the Nieder Mabu bank, although it operated upon a much larger scale. In connection with this bank there was also either gross incompetency or dishonesty. In one case, for example, over a million dollars was invested in a mine that could not be worked. Other equally hazardous enterprises were financed by this concern contrary to all principles of co-operative credit and equally contrary to all rules of sound finance. "Co-operative banks are not foolproof," and of course the co-operative bank at Darmsted failed.

Co-operation may fail even in Denmark, the country in all Europe most completely organized for rural business. There a brilliant public man got in the good graces of those interested in co-operation and promoted a scheme for uniting many co-operative societies in one big concern. Here there was not so much incompetence as dishonesty, and the venture ended in financial failure for the members—and in imprisonment for the dishonest promoter.

Causes of Failures in America.

Co-operative failures so far as America is concerned are traceable largely to these causes:

In the first place it has always been difficult for the American to comprehend the fact that co-operative concerns are not money making, dividend declaring, profit producing concerns. They do not seem to realize that the sole excuse for the existence of the co-operative organization as a middleman is in order that a middleman's function may be performed without waste and without profit.

In the second place the spirit of the American farmer is not sufficiently unselfish. He has been operating for so long on the competitive basis that it is difficult for him to acquire a spirit of unselfish loyalty to the spirit of the organization to which he belongs. If an opportunity presents itself under which he can net a profit by abandoning the co-operative society and dealing with a private dealer, he embraces it at once, without realizing that in the end this will ruin his co-operative concern and leave him in the hands of the privately owned dealer who has been for generations working him for large profits.

In the third place, practically all the American concerns which have failed have been organized on the joint stock plan. With the voting power distributed in proportion to the capital invested it has often occurred that the interests of those who were in control of the majority of the stock were antagonistic to the interests of the smaller stockholders, who contributed to the success by bringing in a large part of the produce handled by the concern. As a result the policy of the co-operative concern has often ignored the interests of the producer if the concern was a marketing one, or the interests of the distributee if the concern was a distributing organization.

In the fourth place, the American farmers have not yet had a sufficiently far-seeing vision to realize that it often pays to invest a considerable salary in a skilled manager. They hesitate to pay a salary which would demand the attention of anyone who had sufficient experience and skill successfully to manage the business. As a result, co-operation has suffered from ignorance and mismanagement.

Clothes are expensive
—rubbing wears them out quickly—stop rubbing—use RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPHTHA SOAP. "Carbo" kills germs. "Naptha" cleans instantly. Saves clothes—saves money—saves you.



RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPHTHA SOAP should also be used to wash the finest fabric. It purifies the linens. Makes it sweet and sanitary. It does not need hot water.

Carbo Disinfects Naptha Cleans
RUB-NO-MORE RUB-NO-MORE
Carbo Naptha Soap Washing Powder

Five Cents—All Grocers

The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Finest Quality Largest Variety



GILT EDGE the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Blacks and polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing. 25c. "French Gloss," 10c.

STAR combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of racket or tennis shoes. 10c. "Dart" size 25c.

"QUICK WHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes. 10c and 25c.

BABY ELITE combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A1. Restores color and lustre to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth, 10c. "Elite" size 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for a full size package. Charge paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.
20-26 Albany St. Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

1913 RECORD Magnificent Crops in all Western Canada

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

Apply for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to G. A. COOK, 125 W. 9th Street, Kansas City, Mo. Canadian Government Agent

W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's \$2.00 \$2.50 \$3.00
Women's \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50
Misses, Boys, Children \$1.50 \$1.75 \$2.00 \$2.50 \$3.00

Began business in 1879; now the largest maker of \$2, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, and \$5 shoes in the world.

\$1,006,270 INCREASE in the sales of W. L. Douglas shoes in 1913 over 1912.

This is the reason we give you the same values for \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50. You will then be convinced of the enormous increase in the cost of leather. Our standards have not been lowered and the price to you remains the same.

Ask your dealer to show you the kind of W. L. Douglas shoes he is selling for \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50. You will then be convinced that for style, comfort and service they are absolutely as good as other makes sold at higher prices. The only difference is the price.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name stamped on the bottom. If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Shoes for every member of the family at all prices. Postage free. Write for illustrated catalog showing how to order by mail. W. L. DOUGLAS, 210 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all house flies, mosquitoes, and other annoying insects. Lasts all season. Made of natural, non-toxic material, over will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or send express paid for 50¢.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Soda Fountain

Soda Fountain: We have made up ready for prompt shipment 6, 8, 10, 12 and 20 ft. front system, pump service outside, new and slightly used, at a big saving in price on easy monthly payments. The Groomer Co., Inc., Dallas, Tex.

LOCAL GOSSIP

Some good reels at the People's Theatre tomorrow night.

The Monograms beat a picked-up team Saturday in a practice game 23 to 0.

The Robertson well is now down about 160 feet. The work has been slow on account of drilling thru rock.

R. M. Winegar and Tom Overby started for the Pacific coast country Wednesday on their annual vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Jordan went up to Plainview Monday to attend the annual meeting of the Panhandle Bankers Association.

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.
G. E. LOCKHART of Tahoka.

For County and District Clerk of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

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

For County Treasurer of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

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

For Sheriff and Tax Collector of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

W. H. FLYNN of Lubbock.
J. T. INMON of Lubbock.

For Tax Assessor of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

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

For County Judge of Lubbock and Attached Counties:

E. R. HAYNES of Lubbock.

For Representative 122 District:

H. B. MURRAY of Post City.

For County Commissioner Precinct No. 2, Lubbock County:

C. A. JOPLIN of Slaton.

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

Plan to see the moving pictures at the People's Theatre tomorrow night.

Have the man you buy your car from, compare it with the new Reo.

Hatton Perry of Spur visited Lester Berry from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. Plumley went to Kansas Monday in answer to a telegram stating the serious illness of her grandfather.

J. F. Berry came home Saturday from Peacock, where he is working for W. R. Hampton, remaining in Slaton until Monday.

G. W. Dudley was called to Lamesa Saturday by the serious illness of his father who is visiting there. G. W. returned Monday, his father having partially recovered.

J. S. Edwards, president of the First State Bank of Slaton, was in Plainview the first of the week attending the annual meeting of the Panhandle Bankers Association.

Just to hold up the good record started for this year rain fell at Slaton Sunday afternoon to the amount of almost three inches. "Now, that's certainly going some," as orator Jim Ferguson says.

E. S. Brooks came home Saturday from the John B. Slaughter ranch eleven miles southwest of Post City where he had been working for several weeks painting the Slaughter residence. This ranch has some nice buildings on it.

Mrs. C. P. Spetter of Amarillo came to Slaton Wednesday to join her husband here. Mr. Spetter now has a regular run out of Slaton as fireman, and he and wife will make their home with Mrs. J. F. Spetter and Miss Mary Spetter.

E. S. DeLoach returned home Sunday from the Santa Fe hospital at Mulvane, Kansas, having recovered from the accident of three weeks ago in which he lost the forefinger of his right hand. He says that the wheat fields of Kansas are immense.

The case of J. B. Turner, who was charged with the theft of cattle, was tried before the district court in Lubbock last week, and resulted in a conviction. Turner was given two years in the penitentiary. The cattle were stolen near the New Mexico line.

J. O. Webb arrived in Slaton the first of the week to spend a few weeks with his mother, Mrs. H. D. Wood, on the farm. Mr. Webb graduated last week from the Southwestern University at Georgetown, and has the position of superintendent of the Somerville, Tex., schools for the 1914-15 term. This is Mr. Webb's second visit to Slaton, as he spent the Christmas holidays in 1912 at the Wood home.

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

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

754

FIRST STATE BANK OF SLATON

We are prepared to take care of Farmers for reasonable amounts on approved security.

Woodmen of the World! Attend the meeting next Friday night. Business of importance.

R. H. Tudor, J. C. Stewart, and W. J. Bellomy are in Wilson this week building a residence house.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Simmons of Spur visited Mrs. Simmons' parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Berry, in Slaton from Saturday until Monday.

The Riley trial was continued Tuesday until the next term of the district court. Four jurors had been selected, when the defense asked for a continuance on account of the illness of the defendant's wife.

There are quite often incidents in town and on the farms that do not come under the title of news and yet which make better reading than many news items. The Slatonite wants all such. Anything unusual or freakish makes a good item, and is often educational. Any time you happen to know of anything like this tell us about it.

Ferguson's mud slinging campaign in attacking Ball's character will be a boomerang to him. The people will have plenty of time before they vote to learn that these things are not true. Ball has been before the public life of Texas many years, and never before has he been assailed in the way that Ferguson is campaigning. Ferguson is not as strong now as he was two weeks ago. The small attendance at his Fort Worth rally was just what was needed to take the ginger out of his campaign.

Capt. J. T. Lynn, founder and manager of the Orphans Refuge at Dallas, Texas, requests the Slatonite to give notice of his work. Mr. Lynn says: "My mission is to place orphan children, dependent or abandoned babies into private Christian homes free of charge of parties concerned. My work is non-sectarian, yet only approved Christian homes considered. I will take a baby to a home anywhere in the state or go after one. Anyone seeing this notice who might wish to take a baby to raise should send me their application with the pastor's signature as reference, and I will do the rest. Address with stamp, Capt. J. T. Lynn, Orphans Refuge, Box 1187, Dallas, Texas."

Mothers Day.

Program for Mothers' Day, Sunday, June 28th, at the Methodist Church, at 11 o'clock a. m. Song by choir. Instrumental duet, Messrs. Arnfield and Higbee. Paper, "Mother".—Mrs. Joe Smith. Solo, A. E. Arnfield. Select reading, Mrs. Weaver. Quartette, Messrs. Olive and Blanton, Mesdames Olive and Blanton.

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

WHEAT.

Texas ranks seventeenth in wheat production, but compares more favorably in the prices paid and the yield per acre.

In Texas the yield from one acre of wheat is worth \$2.16 more than the average acre's yield of this cereal in the principal wheat states.

There are 7,000 wheat planters in Texas located principally in the Panhandle section of the state.

The average wheat production per farm, in Texas is 1,545 bushels.

The average mortgage debt of a Texas farm is \$1,548; the average equity \$4,619.

Texas has more large farms than any state in the Union.

The wheat acreage of Texas is 780,000 acres, from which 13,650,000 bushels were produced in 1913 and sold for \$12,831,000.

Texas has 238 flour mills, which employ 2,000 persons.

During the past decade the population of Texas has increased 27 per cent, while the wheat production shows a gain of 30 per cent.

The Perfect Food Preserver!

Herrick Dry Air Refrigerator

Odorless, Economical, None Other Like it or As Good!
You Will Buy No Other After Looking at the Herrick.

"Quick Meal" Oil Stoves

An Innovation in Oil Stoves
A Summer Necessity

FORREST HARDWARE

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.

TWO BARGAINS for SALE or TRADE

I am offering for a few days a dandy tract containing SIX acres ready for cultivation, with good two room house, practically adjoining the town of Slaton on the west, easy distance of the school and business section. Price, \$500.00. Terms of \$50.00 cash or its equivalent. Balance to suit you.

Also a four room house and lot in the Original Town, east front, feed shed, coal shed and chicken house, etc., very convenient for railroad employee. Price, \$450.00. Terms, \$25.00 cash, balance \$10.00 per month, might accept vacant lot as first payment.

If interested in a home, don't delay, see or address,

C. C. HOFFMAN, CITY

"Reo the Fifth." Detroit "32"

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Auto Livery Service, Local and Long Distance.
Lubricants, Accessories, Gasoline.
The new Lee Puncture Proof Pneumatic Tires. It will pay you to look at these.

We cater to local trips and will meet any train for you.

Slaton Auto Supply Co. Phone 14

The Slaton Slatonite

L. P. Loomis.....Editor and Manager

SUBSCRIPTION, A YEAR \$1.00

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

THE TWO LAND PLANKS.

The difference between Ferguson's land plank and the one in Ball's platform is enough to elect Ball by a tremendous majority. Ferguson believes in tenantry—in one man owning lots of land and making it produce thru tenants. His low rent law scheme would tend to destroy the ambition of renters to own land.

Ball's plan is to help the tenant become a farm owner by loaning him state money to buy land with and at a low rate of interest. The state money to be secured thru the sale of state land.

Cullen F. Thomas says: "We turn a page of Roman history and Pliny tells us that the great estates destroyed Italy. We thumb a page of French history and learn that just before the tragedy of the French Revolution one per cent of the people owned all the lands in France. In Great Britain not so long ago eighteen hundred men owned England; two thousand men owned Scotland; one thousand men owned Ireland, four hundred of whom sat in the House of Lords. In revolution-stricken Mexico we are told that two hundred families own one-half and six thousand own all its lands. A more equitable distribution of the land was the goal of Madero, the dreamer and martyr; while the war-cry of Carranza is, 'The opportunity of the common people to acquire lands in small acreage so that they may become independent and self-supporting.'"

"The voice of Democracy cries out against these conditions, whether called serfdom in Russia, peasantry in Ireland, peonage in Mexico or tenantry in Texas.

"Again Texas has more than 200,000 tenant farmers; Texas has more than 100,000,000 of idle acres never tickled by hoe nor plow; Texas has enough unutilized land, under proper distribution, for every tenant farmer to own 500 acres; Texas has only one-sixth of all its land in cultivation. Some sections of the State are sparsely populated and developing slowly; other sections are becoming congested in the scramble for good lands. Thirty of the best counties in East Texas show an increase of less than one per cent annually in population in the decade from 1900 to 1910, while in Fannin, Grayson, Hunt, Collin, Ellis and other populous back-land counties, two thirds of the farms are run by tenants.

"The chasm between Ferguson and Ball is wide and deep. Ferguson stands for a tenantry; Ball stands for a home owning citizenship. Ferguson's plan preserves tenantry; Ball's plan is to reduce tenantry. Ferguson seems to see no evil in tenantry. He would only regulate the abuses of the system; Ball acknowledges the economic wrong in tenantry. He advocates a policy designed to abolish the system. Ferguson's propaganda is empty of promise for making the tenant a home owner; Ball's platform holds out the hope to every industrious tenant of becoming a home owner. Ferguson's plank, however effective, would leave the tenant to walk as in a treadmill—he gets nowhere; Ball takes a forward step, cau-

tious and conservative, but a step in the right direction—that leads somewhere. Ferguson is content to have the tenant remain a tenant, provided he is not made to pay more than a third and fourth of all he makes as rent. Ball wants to aid and encourage the tenant to own the land he works and pay nobody any part of the fruit of his toil as rent."

Tom Ball men will hold a big rally at Dallas on July 2, at which time Colonel Ball will speak, and other state wide platform men will address the voters. Excursion rates will be secured over all railroads. All democrats opposed to the open saloon and its corruption of politics are invited to take part in the big rally.

Oh, tradesman, in thine hour of eee,

If on this paper you should ccc, Take our advice and now be yyy, Go straight ahead and advert iii. You'll find the project of some

uuu, Neglect can offer no x qqq; Be wise at once, prolong your daaa;

A silent business soon d kkk. —June Fisco.

It will be only a question of time until Villa and Carranza come to a parting of the ways. Carranza is stalling for time with Villa now, hoping to eliminate Huerta first.

AS TO RELIGION.

Editor J. M. Adams of the Plainview News still contends that Billy Sunday's religion is detrimental to mankind and to the cause of Christianity. He says that "the person who goes into the church in the wrong manner—is scared, brow beaten, or hypnotized—all of which methods are used by sensational evangelists—has no foundation, and almost invariably soon falls away."

It is not for us to judge our fellowman, nor doubt when he professes religion. It is not for us to say whether his way of getting into the church is the right way or the wrong way. An agnostic would say that all religion is brow beating, hell scaring, or hypnotism. To draw a just distinction between persons, showing that this one is truly contrite in heart and that one is hysterical only, is withheld from human agency. To conform the thousands of different human temperaments to one defined groove is an impossibility, and religion is not revealed to one person in the same manner as to another.

To follow Adams into a dogmatic discussion of opinionated theories concerning religion is hardly appropriate for country newspaper repartee. If only one soul (just one of the hundreds and even thousands that profess religion at each meeting) remains steadfast then Sunday's work is not in vain.

In support of his theorizing Adams says: "The world needs more old-fashioned real gospel preaching and less of the professional sensational evangelist's kind." The first disciples were evangelists, and their works were indeed sensational to the unenlightened. We don't know just what Adam's idea of old fashioned real gospel preaching is, but the conception of the general public as to what that kind of preaching was supports us in the statement that when Adams made his conclusion with the above quotation in this paragraph he tumbled into his own pitfall.

It always rains at the right time on the South Plains.

Jim Ferguson didn't render any cash whatever in his rendition of property January 1st to the tax assessor of Bell county for 1914 but when he announced for Governor in November, 1913, he announced that he had set aside \$30,000 in cash to spend on the campaign. Wherefore the whichness?

It is only now and then that you will find a man stronger than his party. Lindsay of Denver is one, Folk of St. Louis is another, and Ball of Houston is another. That is the reason why Bailey, Ousley, Johnson and other antis are supporting him. They recognize him as a really big man. For six years he served the people of his district in congress, and his public life was known and read by the nation.

An article given to the press of Texas on the booming city of Lubbock says that the town was first established in 1892 as a trading post; that the first train entered the place in 1910, and that now the population has swelled to the 4,000 mark, while three more steam lines have been built thru Lubbock. Working along the same hypothesis it is safe to say that Lubbock will have 10,000 population by Christmas and at least four more railroads built "thru" the town, making fourteen lines in all entering the place.

WRITE

R. J. MURRAY & COMPANY SLATON, TEXAS

For Information About the City of
Slaton and the Surrounding Country

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.

Texas has 150,000 miles of public highways.

We have a half mile of highway to every square mile of area.

The public road area of Texas is larger than the State of Delaware.

The public highways of Texas will reach around the world five times.

A large per cent of the highways of Texas are in first class condition.

Texas has one of the most active Good Roads Associations in America.

Fifty-one Texas communities, by issuing bonds, appropriated \$7,276,000 for highway maintenance and construction last year.

Last year the people of Texas spent \$40,000 per day building public roads.

It costs 43 cents to haul a ton of freight one mile over Texas roads.

The longest reinforced concrete viaduct in the world is in Dallas, Texas.

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

4-Way Division Santa Fe System



SLATON LOCATION

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

Advantages and Improvements

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

BUSINESS SECTION AND RESIDENCES BUILT

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

SURROUNDED BY A FINE, PRODUCTIVE LAND

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

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

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

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

CANADA'S PLACE AS A PRODUCER

Canada Is Getting a Great Many Americans.

"Three young provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta," says a New York financial journal, "have already made Winnipeg one of the greatest primary wheat markets of the world. In 1904 they raised 58,000,000 bushels of wheat. Five years later they produced 150,000,000 bushels. In 1913 the crop approximated 200,000,000 bushels. At the present rate of progress Canada must soon pass France and India, and stand third in the line of wheat producers. Ultimately it will dispute with Russia and the United States for the first position. Wheat has been the pioneer of our development. Undoubtedly it will prove the same with Canada. In the last calendar year our trade with Canada amounted to 497 million dollars. Only with two countries—the United Kingdom and Germany—is our trade greater. No vivid imagination is needed to see what the future development of Canada means to the people of the United States.

The influx of American settlers to the Canadian prairies is now in full swing. Within the past few days over 80 of those arrived at Bassano carrying with them effects and capital to the value of \$100,000. Fifty settlers from Oregon arrived in Alberta a few days ago; while 15 families of settlers from the state of Colorado arrived at Calgary on their journey northwards. The goods and personal effects of this party filled 20 box cars. Of live stock alone they had 175 horses, 15 cows and 2,000 head of poultry. Another class of settler has arrived at Peers, 110 miles west of Edmonton, where no fewer than 200 German farmers have taken up land. These are from good farming families and brought with them a large amount of capital.

Then in South Western Saskatchewan, there are large numbers settling, these from the United States predominating, while in the northern and central portions of all these provinces, the settlement of new people is going on steadily. Early in April, Peter Goertz arrived in Cardiff after a six-day journey from McPherson, Kansas. Mr. Goertz who had purchased land here was in charge of a party of 38 people from the same part of Kansas and they came through with a special train which included all their stock and implements. The equipment was all Rock Island cars, and was the first full immigrant train ever sent out by that railroad. The farms purchased by the members of the party are amongst the best in the district.

When the Panama exposition opens next year any of the three transcontinental lines in Canada will make convenient means of transport for those going to visit, and in doing so agricultural districts of Western Canada can be seen, and ocular demonstration given those who have heard but not before seen, of that which has attracted so many hundreds of thousands of American settlers.—Advertisement.

Prudent Youth.

A young society woman was having a chat one evening with a young man whom she had just met. They were in the conservatory.

"Which do you admire the greater," inquired the young belle, "black eyes or blue?"

"Well, really, replied the young fellow, slowly, "the light is so dim here I can't say just now."—Monthly Magazine.

Results Wanted.

"Who is that young man that calls on you, daughter?"

"A budding poet, father."

"Well, tell him to come around when he has blossomed and is able to show the fruit of his labors."

Cigar-Box Heroes.

The Leading Opinion Molder (tearing his hair)—I can't for the life of me remember the name of that latest Mexican bandit! What in the world is it?

The Smart Office Boy—Say, th' foreman has got a lot o' slugs in old cigar boxes in de composin' room. I'll just run up an' copy a few names from de boxes for you.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Appearance.

"The craze for the stage is what makes all the trouble," said Mr. Growcher.

"That's a rather general statement."

"It's true. The sorrows of the human race started in the Garden of Eden when Eve undertook to give a performance as a snake charmer."

Plumed.

Neighbor—Tommy, how is your little brother?
Tommy—He's been ostracized.
Neighbor—Ostracized?
Tommy—Yes, mam, he went to the zoo Sunday and an ostrich pecked him.

CAKES FOR AFTERNOON TEA

Most Welcome Additions to Function That is Every Day Becoming More Popular.

Hot buttered currant cakes have become an essential to the properly served afternoon tea. Some say the custom is of French origin, but England holds out that it is strictly British, in that the currant cakes are typical of Yorkshire and Cumberland, where the best of them are made. To serve the cake hot it is split and placed upon a grill, warmed quite through and then well buttered. Here is a recipe that will reflect credit on any one who follows it accurately:

Cumberland Hot Cakes—One pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, four ounces of clotted cream, six ounces currants, two tablespoonfuls castor sugar, one ounce finely shredded lemon peel, a grate of nutmeg, one egg, a little milk and a pinch of salt.

Sift together the flour, baking powder and sugar. Add the salt and nutmeg. Rub the cream well in. Add the currants and lemon peel and mix thoroughly. Beat the egg in a little milk, and with it work the other ingredients to a fairly stiff paste. Roll out, cut into oblong cakes, bake on a griddle or buttered baking sheet; split open, butter lightly, place together as before and serve hot from the griddle, piling them neatly upon a dolly-covered plate.

GOOD WAYS TO SERVE RICE

Something Different from the Ordinary Methods, and All Well Worth a Trial.

(1) Take two cupfuls of cold rice; butter a baking dish, arrange in the bottom a layer of rice, then a layer of grated cheese. Continue until the dish is nearly full, with cheese on top. Pour over this enough milk to cover well, sprinkle the top with pepper and salt and dot with little pieces of butter. Bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

(2) In a fry pan brown one cupful of finely chopped beef in one tablespoonful of melted butter; to this add one cupful of tomatoes that have been put through a sieve. Then add two cupfuls of cold rice, season highly with salt and pepper and serve very hot.

(3) One cupful of cold rice, one cupful of finely chopped beef or ham. Salt and pepper to taste. Beat one egg and add to it one tablespoonful of milk. Pour this over the meat and rice to bind them together. If too dry, add a little milk. Dip out a spoonful of the mixture at a time, roll in cracker crumbs and fry in enough lard and butter mixed to crisp on both sides.

Beans for Two.

Soak two cupfuls of California pea beans in two quarts of water, say the night before using. Next morning have your beanpot ready; first put into the bottom half teaspoonful of mustard and a big tablespoonful of molasses. If you like brown sugar better, why use that instead and slice of onion if liked. Pour your beans into the pot, fill up with warm water, then add your quarter of a pound to three-quarters of salt pork. Cover over and set in oven for six hours. You will have to look at them once in a while to see if water has given out.

Peach Bread Pudding.

On a pint of stale breadcrumbs pour boiling water to moisten and stir in a tablespoonful of butter, add two well-beaten eggs and half a cupful of sugar. Butter a pudding dish, then put a layer of butter and a layer of fresh or canned peaches and sprinkle with pulverized sugar, and so on until the dish is full, batter on top. Bake in good oven for about an hour and serve with sweetened cream or any other plain sauce.

A Sad State.

"No; I am not altogether happy now that I am rich."

"Why not?"

"Being rich, of course I cannot go into the kitchen as I once did. Yet servants are still careless."

"Well?"

"So I spend many sleepless nights worrying about the drip pan under the refrigerator."

"Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, but it isn't so cheap."

Spanish Potatoes.

This dish is achieved by adding cream, butter and seasoning to mashed potatoes and then mixing with some canned pimientos cut small and forced through a puree strainer. The whole should be well blended then reheated and piled on serving dish.

No Change.

Freddy—I say, old chap, what's the trouble?

Reggy—I've just discovered that the love of some women is indeed touch ing.—Ohio Sun Dial.

SMART OUTING COATS

HANDSOME GARMENTS DEVISED FOR COMING SUMMER.

Sketch Shows Idea That May Be Taken as Representative—Informally Always the Chief Object in the Cut.

Judging from advance models, the separate coats of the sporting type designed for the summer are to be even smarter and more attractive than those which were so successfully launched last year. They will be made up in all the same bright colors and practically the same materials as last year's models, but the new ones are possessed of a clever cut and grace of line that make them quite the nicest sort of a serviceable summer wrap.

Of course, they are designed primarily to wear with white tailored skirts and blouses or with white serge frocks, for, as a general rule, they are made up in such bright colors that



Warm Weather Outing Coats Are Smarter Than Ever.

they could hardly be worn with anything but white. Emerald green, mustard color, navy or Columbia blue, cerise, magenta and scarlet are the

SPECIAL COVER FOR FROCK

Best Method of Protecting the "Party Gown" When It is Hanging in the Wardrobe.

Nearly every girl realizes that the average party gown gets more hard usage when hanging in the crowded wardrobe than while it is being actually worn. And as most girls have far less wardrobe space than they need, the best means of protecting the party frock from contact with the workaday garments is to make a special cover for it of lawn, dimity, muslin, cheese-cloth or a similar material. Having measured the length of the gown from shoulders to skirt hem, take two full widths of the chosen covering material and shape an end of each one of them into shoulders and the half of a neck. The shoulders and the long, straight sides of the cover are then seamed together, the bottom is hemmed, the neck is neatly bound with ribbon bowed in front at the top of two short silken cords from which depend two small square or oval sachets. When the gown is adjusted to its individual hanger and the muslin cover drawn smoothly over its folds and draperies it is in a condition to be as nicely kept as it is possible to keep any unboxed garment.

Hats for Shopping.

Pretty shopping hats are of the sailor variety with narrow brims and soft crowns. Some of these crowns, which just fit the head, widen out until at the top, where the stiff crown band of ribbon terminates, they are almost of the same circumference as the brims.

shades that are most used, while there are any number of pure white ones just as there were last year. The striped blazer cloths will not be used at all.

Today's sketch shows a coat that is representative of the new designs. It can be made in any color desired and is of velour de laine or a lightweight polo weave.

The sleeves have very wide armholes and are cut in one with the body. A very deep cuff is fitted to the forearm and flares at top and bottom under a row of cloth-covered buttons. The body of the coat is cut with some fullness that is disposed of in naturally hanging folds held in place under an easily tacked-on belt, which knots loosely in front. A row of buttons set closely along one side of the front is the only trimming aside from the tasseled sash ends.

Most of the sporting coats reach well below the hips, are unlined and have their seams bound with silk lute-string. Of course, such coats are always most informal. But now that they have lost that slouchiness that used to characterize outing garments and are instead graceful of line and trig looking with a certain dash about them, they are altogether useful, in fact, almost indispensable adjuncts to a well regulated spring and fall outfit.

TULLE USED IN MILLINERY

One of the Most Effective of the Hat Trimmings That Are Just Now Popular.

Tulle as a hat trimming is growing in favor and wonderful things can be done with it. It is placed on straw, taffeta, satin or on any material that goes to make a hat. It is used to drape the crown, folded into most fantastic shapes, and it can be twisted into spirals that resemble the tendrils of a feather, or clipped to look like pompons. It is not as perishable as it looks, as there are moistproof tulle which may be exposed to dampness and even rain without becoming limp. Lace is also used in high-wired effects and in artistic drapings.

The new flowers are works of art. There is a great variety of stick-up motifs, in wing and quill effects, and fantastic ornaments made entirely of thickly clustering small flowers, in color schemes that are truly wonderful in their beauty. Fine ferns, grasses and moss are used to subdue too brilliant coloring.

Dainty pompons are made of forget-me-nots, lilacs and other small flowers, mounted on slender branchlike stems. Delightful little clusters of flowers are composed of a silk rosebud, two fuchsias and a sprig of mimonette, placed on the brim of a hat. Berries are either worn as bunches, or else in trails right round the hat, often being mixed with flower buds.

Cotton volles strewn with small flower motifs and tulle printed in the same effect are made up into smart hats with the addition of a small quantity of fine straw braid, lace or embroidered edging and small flowers or fruit, and are elaborate enough to be worn with the daintiest summer frock.

New Blue-Vermilion Tone.

Ultra-fashionables take up the richer shades of red, as seen in the ripe currant, or the flame of a wood fire. There is also a blue-vermilion tone, which is more like a half-ripe plum than anything else in nature.

NEW OUTING HAT



Model of black and white checked tagai straw with crown and brim of satin.

Fine Frilling.

A touch of handwork on net ruffling is distinctive. The objection to embroidering net is that the wrong side usually displays all rough defects, and stray threads may be seen through its sheerness on the right side. But with buttonholing the wrong side may be made to look quite as neat as the right side, says the Philadelphia North American. The net may be edged with buttonholing of any color that is desired. Buttonhole-edge it with silk or mercerized cotton.

FAILS TO SECURE RECOGNITION

Lady's Own Friends Assert Could Not Recognize Her When Brought Face to Face.

Arritts, Va.—Mrs. D. J. Bowen, of this town, makes the following statement: "For 20 years I suffered with womanly troubles, and although I tried different treatments, I did not get any relief.

I was unable to look after any of my work, and my friends thought I could not get well.

Finally, I began to take Cardul, the woman's tonic, and I hadn't taken one-third of the first bottle, before I could notice its good effects.

Now I can do all my work, feel like I'm not more than 16 years old, but am really 49. My own friends say I look so well, they don't recognize me when we meet in the road.

My daughter is using Cardul, and she says it is a fine medicine. I also have a number of lady friends taking it, since they found out how it helped me.

Whenever I feel a little fatigued after a day's extra hard work, I just take a dose of Cardul and am all right.

I can't say too much for Cardul." Thousands of women who now suffer from womanly troubles, could be relieved and benefited, by following Mrs. Bowen's example.

Are you of this number? If so, try Cardul today. It cannot harm you, and is almost sure to do you good.

At the nearest drug store.—Adv.

Any insurance is good so long as it is not needed.

For wire cuts use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Most men also possess the sense of injustice.

You can always flatter a man by asking his advice, but you don't have to act on it.

The girl who accepts her first suitor misses a whole lot of valuable experience.

The man who gives himself away can't expect the world to value him very highly.

Old Warship Found.

The Moskva, one of Peter the Great's squadron, which founded in 1758, has been found near Libau.

"Peace of Paris."

One hundred years ago the negotiations for the definite treaty of peace between France and the allies were practically concluded. Two days later the treaty, which is known in history as the Peace of Paris, was ratified by the powers. The king of Prussia and the emperors of Russia and Austria took part personally in the negotiations, which Lord Castlereagh was present as the representative of the English sovereign. The treaty of Paris did little more than ratify the peace following the abdication of Napoleon and provide for the restoration of the French frontiers to the limits of 1792. The great European questions as to the new formation of states lately conquered or dismembered by Napoleon, were mostly referred to the congress which was soon to meet in Vienna.

DID THE WORK

Grew Strong on Right Food.

You can't grow strong by merely exercising. You must have food—the kind you can digest and assimilate.

Unless the food you eat is digested it adds to the burden the digestive organs have naturally to carry. This often means a nervous breakdown.

"About a year ago," writes a Mass. lady, "I had quite a serious nervous breakdown caused, as I believed, by overwork and worry. I also suffered untold misery from dyspepsia.

"First I gave up my position, then I tried to find a remedy for my troubles, something that would make me well and strong, something to rest my tired stomach and build up my worn-out nerves and brain.

"I tried one kind of medicine after another, but nothing seemed to help me.

"Finally a friend suggested change of food and recommended Grape-Nuts. With little or no faith in it, I tried a package. That was eight months ago and I have never been without it since.

"Grape-Nuts did the work. It helped me grow strong and well. Grape-Nuts put new life into me, built up my whole system and made another woman of me!"

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

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

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

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

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey.)

SYNOPSIS.

Bud Hooker and Phil DeLancey are forced, owing to the revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Gadsden Hooker meets Henry Kruger, a wealthy miner, who hints of a big mining proposition in Mexico that he wants Hooker to take charge of.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"That's the rock," he said. "She runs four hundred dollars to the ton, and the ledge is eight inches wide between the walls. Nice ore, eh? And she lays between shale and porphyry." His eyes sparkled as he carefully replaced the specimen, and then he looked up at Bud.

"I'll let you in on that," he said, "half and half—or I'll pay two hundred dollars a month and a bonus. You alone. Now how about it?"

For a moment Hooker looked at him as if to read his thoughts, then he shook his head and exhaled his smoke regretfully.

"Nope," he said. "Me and Phil are partners. We work together."

"I'll give you three hundred!" cried Kruger, half rising in his chair.

"Nope," grunted Bud, "we're partners."

"Huh!" snorted the mining man, and flung away in disgust. But as he neared the door a new thought struck him and he came as quickly back.

"You can do what you please about your partner," he said. "I'm talking to you! Now—will you think about it?"

"Sure!" returned Hooker.

"Well, then," snapped Kruger, "meet me at the Waldorf in an hour!"

CHAPTER III.

On the untrammelled frontier, where most men are willing to pass for what they are without keeping up any "front," much of the private business, as well as the general devilment, is transacted in the back rooms of saloons. The Waldorf was nicely furnished in this regard.

After a drink at the bar, in which De Lancy and Hooker joined, Henry Kruger led the way casually to the rear, and in a few moments they were safely cloaked.

"Now," began Kruger, as he took a seat by the table and faced them with snapping eyes, "the first thing I want to make plain to you gentlemen is, if I make any deal today it's to be with Mr. Hooker. If you boys are partners you can talk it over together, but I deal with one man, and that's Hooker."

"All right?" he inquired, glancing at De Lancy, and that young man nodded indulgently.

"Very well, then," resumed Kruger, "now to get down to business. This mine that I'm talking about is located down here in Sonora within three hours' ride of a big American camp. It isn't any old Spanish mine, or lost padre layout; it's a well-defined ledge running three or four hundred dollars to the ton—and I know right where it is, too."

"What I want to do is to establish the title to it now, while this revolution is going on, and make a bonanza out of it afterward. Of course, if you boys don't want to go back into Mexico, that settles it; but if you do go, and I let you in on the deal, you've got to see it through or I'll lose the whole thing. So make up your minds, and if you say you'll go, I want you to stick to it!"

"We'll go, all right," spoke up De Lancy, "if it's rich enough."

"How about you?" inquired Kruger, turning impatiently on Bud; "will you go?"

"Yes, I'll go," answered Bud sullenly. "But I ain't stuck on the job," he added. "Just about get it opened up when a bunch of rebels will jump in and take everything we've got."

"Well, you get a title to it and pay your taxes and you can come out, then," conceded Henry Kruger.

"No," grumbled Hooker, "if I go I'll stay with it." He glanced at his partner at this, but he, for one, did not seem to be worried.

"I'll try anything—once!" he observed with a sprightly air, and Bud

grinned sardonically at the well-worn phrase.

"Well," said Kruger, gazing inquiringly from one to the other, "is it a go? Will you shake hands on it?"

"What's the proposition?" broke in De Lancy eagerly.

"The deal is between me and Hooker," corrected Kruger. "I'll give him three hundred a month, or an equal share in the mine, expenses to be shared between us."

"Make it equal shares," said Hooker, holding out his hand, "and I'll give half of mine to Phil."

"All right, my boy!" cried the old man, suddenly clapping him on the shoulder, "I'll go you—and you'll never regret it," he added significantly. Then, throwing off the air of guarded secrecy which had characterized his actions so far, he sat down and began to talk.

"Boys," he said, "I'm feeling lucky today or I'd never have closed this deal. I'm letting you in on one of the biggest things that's ever been found in Sonora. Just to show you how good it is, here's my smelter receipts for eight hundred pounds of picked ore—one thousand and twenty-two dollars! That's the first and last ore that's ever been shipped from the old Eagle Tail. I dug it out myself, and sacked it and shipped it; and then some of them crooked Mexican officials tried to beat me out of my title and I blew up the whole works with dynamite!

"Yes, sir, clean as a whistle! I had my powder stored away in the drift, and the minute I found out I was eucked I laid a fuse to it and brought the whole mountain down. That was ten years ago, and old Aragon and the agente mineral have had the land located ever since."

"I bet they've spent five thousand pesos trying to find that lead, but being nothing but a bunch of ignorant Mexicans, of course they never found nothing. Then Francisco Madero comes in and fires the agente mineral off his job and old Aragon lets the land revert for taxes. I've got a Mexican that keeps me posted, and ever since he sent me word that the title had lapsed I've been crazy to relocate that claim."

"Well, now, that don't look so bad, does it?" he asked, beaming paternally at Bud. "There ain't a man in town that wouldn't have jumped at the chance, if I was where I could talk about it, but that's just what I couldn't do. I had to find some stranger that wouldn't sense what mine I was talking about and then git him to go in on it blind."

"Now here's the way I'm fixed, boys," he exclaimed, brushing his unkempt beard and smiling craftily. "When I dynamited the Eagle Tail it was mine by rights, but Cipriano Aragon—he's the big Mexican down at old Fortuna—and Morales, the mineral agent, had buncoed me out of the title."

"So, according to law, I blew up their mine, and if I ever showed up down there I reckon they'd throw me into jail. And if at any time they find out that you're working for me, why, we're ditched—that's all! They'll put you out of business. So, after we've made our agreement and I've told you what to do, I don't want to hear a word out of you—I don't want you to come near me, nor even write me a letter—just go ahead the best you can until you win out or go broke."

"It ain't a hard proposition," he continued, "if you keep your mouth shut, but if they tumble, it'll be a fight to a finish. I'm not saying this for you, Hooker, because I know you're safe; I'm saying it for your partner here. You talk too much, Mr. De Lancy," he chided, eying him with sudden severity. "I'm afraid of ye!"

"All right," broke in Hooker good-naturedly, "I reckon we understand. Now go ahead and tell us where this mine is and who there is down there to look out for."

"The man to look out for," answered Kruger with venom, "is Cipriano Aragon. He's the man that bilked me out of the mine once, and he'll do it again if he can. When I went down there—it was ten years and more ago—I wasn't on to those Spanish ways of his, and he was so dog-goned polite and friendly I thought I could trust him anywhere."

"He owns a big ranch and mescol still, runs cattle, works a few placers, sends out pack-trains, and has every Mexican and Indian in the country in debt to him through his store, so if he happens to want any rough work done there's always somebody to do it."

"Well, just to show you how he did me, I got to nosing round those old Spanish workings east of Fortuna and finally I run across the ledge that I'm telling you about, not far from an abandoned shaft. But the Mexican mining laws are different from ours, and an American has lots of trouble anyway, so I made a trade with old Aragon that he should locate the claim for me under a power of attorney. Didn't know him then like I do now. The papers had to be sent to Moctezuma and Hermosillo, and to the City of Mexico and back, and while I was waiting around I dug in on this lead and opened up the prettiest vein of quartz you ever saw in your life."

Here's a sample of it, and it's sure rich."

He handed De Lancy the familiar piece of quartz and proceeded with his story.

"That ore looked so good to me that I couldn't wait—I shipped it before I got my title. And right there I made my mistake. When Aragon saw the gold in that rock he just quietly recorded the concession in his own name and told me to go to blazes. That's the greaser of it! So I blew the whole mine up and hit for the border. That's the Dutch of it, I reckon," he added grimly. "Anyway, my old man was Dutch."

He paused, smiling over the memory of his misplaced credulity, and Hooker and De Lancy joined in a hearty laugh. From the town bum that he had first seemed this shabby little man had changed in their eyes until now he was a border Croesus, the mere recital of whose adventures conjured up in their minds visions of gold and hidden treasure.

The rugged face of Bud Hooker, which had been set in grim lines from the first, relaxed as the tale proceeded and his honest eyes glowed with admiration as he heard the well-planned scheme. As for De Lancy, he could hardly restrain his enthusiasm, and, drawn on by the contagion, Henry Kruger made maps and answered questions until every detail was settled.

After the location had been marked, and the lost tunnel charted from the corner monuments, he bade them remember it well and destroyed every vestige of paper. Then, as a final admonition, he said:

"Now go in there quietly, boys—don't hurry. Prospect around a little and the Mexicans will all come to you and try to sell you lost mines. Cruz Mendez is the man you're looking for—he's honest, and he'll take you to the Eagle Tail. After that you can use your own judgment. So good-by"—he took them by the hands—"and don't talk!"

He held up a warning finger as they parted, and Bud nodded briefly in reply. Silence was a habit with him, desert-bred, and he nodded his head for two.

CHAPTER IV.

From the times of David and Jonathan down to the present day the world has been full of young men sworn to friendship and seeking adventure in pairs. "Partners," they call them in the west, and though the word has not crept into the dictionary yet, it is as different from "partner" as a friend is from a business associate.

They travel together, these partners of the West, and whether they be cowboys or "Cousin Jacks," the boss who fires one of them fires both of them, and they go share and share in everything.

Bud Hooker and Philip De Lancy had met by chance in El Paso when the revolution was just beginning to boil and the city was swarming with adventurers. The agents of the rebels were everywhere, urging Americans to join their cause. Military preferment, cash payments, and grants of land were the baits they used, but Hooker stood out from the first and took De Lancy with him. A Mexican promise did not pass current where he was born and they went to the mines instead.

Then the war broke out and, while fugitives streamed out of stricken Chihuahua, they finally struck out against the tide, fighting their way to a certain mine far back in the Sierra Madre, where they could dig the gold on shares.

Behind them the battle waged; Casas Grandes was taken and retaken; Juarez, Agua Negra and Chihuahua fell; Don Porfirio, the Old Man of Mexico, went out and Madero took his place; and still they worked for their stake.

Then new arms and ammunition flowed in from across the border; Orozco and his rebel chiefs went out, and the breath of war fanned higher against the hills. At last the first broken band of rebels came straggling by, and, reading hate and envy in their lawless eyes, the Americans dug up their gold at sundown and rode all the night for their lives.

And now, welded together by all that toil and danger, they were partners, cherishing no delusions as to each other's strength or weaknesses, but joined together for better or worse.

It was the last thing that either of them expected, but three days after they fled out of Mexico, and with all their money unspent, the hand of fate seized upon them and sent them back to another adventure.

It was early morning again, with crowds along the street, and as they ambled slowly along toward the line the men on the corners stared at them. The bunch of cowboys gazed at Bud, who sported a new pair of high-heeled boots, and knew him by the way he rode; and the mining men looked searchingly at De Lancy, as if to guess the secret of his quest.

A squad of mounted troopers, riding out on border patrol, gazed after them questioningly, but Bud and Phil rode on soberly, leading their pack, and

headed for Agua Negra across the line.

It was a grim place to look at, this border town of Agua Negra, for the war had swept it twice. A broad waste of level land lay between it and the prosperous American city, and across this swath, where the Mausers and machine guns had twice mowed, lay the huddle of low houses which marked the domain of Mexico.

Fussy little customs officials, lurking like spiders in their cooped-up guardhouses, rushed out as they crossed the deep trench and demanded their permit to bear arms. The moment they crossed the line the air seemed to be pervaded with Latin excitability and Indian jealousy, but De Lancy replied in florid Spanish and before his polite assurances and fulsome compliments it was dissipated in a moment.

"Good! Pass on, amigos," cried the beady-eyed little jefe, pasting a label on their pack. "Adios, señor," he added, returning Phil's salute with a military flourish, and with a scornful glance at Bud he observed that the gentleman was muy caballero.

"Huh!" remarked Bud, as they rode on through the town, "we're in Mexico all right, all right. Talk with both hands and get busy with your eyebrows—and holy Joe, look at them pelones!"

The pelones referred to were a squad of Mexican federal soldiers, so-called from their heads being shaved, and they were marching doggedly to and fro through the thorny mesquit bushes in response to shouted orders from an officer. Being from Zacatecas, where the breed is short, they stood about as high as their guns; and their crumpled linen suits and flapping sandale detracted sadly from the soldierly effect.

Big and hulking, and swelling with the pride of his kind, Hooker looked them over slowly, and spoke his hidden thought.

"I wonder," he said, turning to Phil, "how many of them I could lick with one hand?"

"Well, they're nothing but a lot of petty convicts, anyway," answered De Lancy, "but here's some boys ahead that I'll bet could hold you, man for man, husky as you are, old fellow."

They were riding past a store, now serving as an improvised barracks, and romping about in the streets were a pair of tall Yaqui Indians, each decorated with a cartridge-belt about his hips in token of his military service. And a group of others, sunning themselves against the wall, looked up at the Americans with eyes as fearless as mountain eagles.

"Yes, that's right," admitted Bud, returning their friendly greeting, "but we'll never have no trouble with them."

"Well, these Nacionales are not so bad," defended Phil, as they passed the state soldiers of Sonora on the street, "but they're just as friendly as the Yaquis."

"Sure," jeered Bud, "when they're sober! But you get a bunch of 'em drunk and ask 'em what they think of the gringos! No, you got to show me—I've seen too much of 'em."

"You haven't seen as much of 'em as I have, yet," retorted De Lancy quickly. "I've been all over the republic, except right here in Sonora, and I swear these Sonorans here look good to me. There's no use holding a grudge against them, Bud—they haven't done us any dirt."

"No, they never had no chance," grumbled Bud, gazing grimly to the south. "But wait till the hot weather comes and the revoltosos come out of their holes; wait till them Chihuahua greasers thaw out up in the Sierras and come down to get some fresh mounts. Well, I'll tell 'em one thing," he ended, reaching down to pat his horse, "they'll never get old Copper Bottom here—nor unless they steal him at night. It's all right to be cheerful about this, Phil, and you keep right on being glad, but I got a low-down hunch that we're going to get in bad."

"Well, I've got just as good a hunch," came back De Lancy, "that we're going to make a killing."

"Yes, and speaking about killings," said Bud, "you don't want to overlook that."

He pointed at a group of dismantled adobe buildings standing out on the edge of the town and flanked by a segment of whitewashed wall all spattered and breached with bullet-holes.

"There's where these prize Mexicans of yours pulled off the biggest killing in Sonora. I was over here yesterday with that old prospector and he told me that that wall is the bull-ring. After the first big fight they gathered up three hundred and fifty men, more or less, and threw 'em in a trench along by the wall—then they blowed it over on 'em with a few sticks of dynamite and let 'em pass for buried. No crosses or nothing. Excuse me, if they ever break loose like that—we might get planted with the rest!"

"By Jove, old top," exclaimed De Lancy, laughing teasingly, "you've certainly got the blues today. Here, take something out of this bottle and see if it won't help."

He brought out a quart bottle from his saddle-bags and Bud drank, and shuddered at the bite of it.

"All right," he said, as he passed it back, "and while we're talking, what's the matter with cutting it out on booze for this trip?"

"What are you going to drink, then?" cried De Lancy in feigned alarm, "water?"

"Well, something like that," admitted Bud. "Come on—what do you say? We might get lit up and tell something."

"Now look here, Bud," clamored Phil, who had had a few drinks already, "you don't mean to insinuate, do you? Next thing I know you'll be asking me to cut it out on the hay—might talk in my sleep, you know, and give the whole snap away!"

"No, you're a good boy when you're asleep, Phil," responded Bud, "but when you get about half shot it's different. Come on, now—I'll quit if you will. That's fair, ain't it?"

"What? No little toots around town? No serenading the señoritas and giving the rurales the hotfoot? Well, what's the use of living, Bud, if you can't have a little fun? Drinking don't make any difference, as long as we stick together. What's the use of swearing off—going on record in advance? We may find some fellow that we can't work any other way—we may have to go on a drunk with him in order to get his goat! But will you stick? That's the point!"

Bud glanced at him and grunted, and for a long time he rode on in silence. Before them lay a rolling plain, dipping by broad gulches and dwindling ridges to the lower levels of Old Mexico, and on the skyline, thin and blue, stood the knifelike edges of the Fortunas miles away.

With desert-trained eyes he noted the landmarks, San Juan mountain to the right, Old Niggerhead to the left, and the feather-edge of mountains far below; and as he looked he stored it away in his mind in case he should come back on the run some night.

It was not a foreboding, but the training of his kind, to note the lay of the ground, and he planned just where he would ride to keep under cover if he ever made a dash for the line. But all the time his partner was talking of friendship and of the necessity of their sticking together.

"I'll tell you, Bud," he said at last, his voice trembling with sentiment, "whether we win or lose, I won't have a single regret as long as I know we've been true to one another. You may know Texas and Arizona, Bud, but I know Old Mexico, the land of manana and broken promises. I know the country, Bud—and the climate—and the women!"

"They play the devil with the best of us, Bud, these dark-eyed señoritas! That's what makes all the trouble down here between man and man, it's these women and their ways. They're not satisfied to win a man's heart—they want him to kill somebody to show that he really loves them. By Jove, they're a fickle lot, and nothing pleases 'em more than setting man against man, one partner against another."

"We never had any trouble yet," observed Bud sentimentally.

"No, but we're likely to," protested De Lancy. "These Indian women up in the Sierras wouldn't turn anybody's head, but we're going down into the hot country now, where the girls are pretty, ta-ra, ta-ra, and we talk through the windows at midnight."

"Well, if you'll cut out the booze," said Hooker shortly, "you can have 'em all, for all of me."

"Sure, that's what you say, but wait till you see them! Oh, la, la, la"—he kissed his fingers ecstatically—"I'll be glad to see 'em myself! But listen, Bud, here's the proposition, let's take an oath right now, while we're starting out, that whatever comes up we'll always be true to each other. If one of us is wounded, the other stays with him; if he's in prison, he gets him out; if he's killed, he avenges his—"

"Say," broke in Bud, jostling him rudely as he reached into the saddle-bags, "let me carry that bottle for a while."

He took a big drink out of it to prevent De Lancy from getting it all and shoved it inside his overalls.

"All right, partner," he continued, with a mocking smile, "anything you say. I never use oaths myself much, but anything to oblige."

"No, but I mean it, Bud!" cried De Lancy. "Here's the proposition now. Whatever happens, we stay with each other till this deal is finished; on all scratch cases we match money to see who's it; and if we tangle over some girl the best man wins and the other one stays away. We leave it to the girl which one wins. Will you shake hands on that?"

"Don't need to," responded Bud; "I'll do it anyway."

"Well, shake on it, then!" insisted De Lancy, holding out his hand.

"Oh, Sally!" burst out Bud, hanging his head in embarrassment, "what's the use of getting mushy?"

But a moment later he leaned over in his saddle and locked hands with a steelike grip.

"My old man told me not to make no such promises," he muttered, "but I'll do it, being's it's you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)