

THE SLATON SLATONITE

ESTABLISHED SEPT. 8, 1911

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: AUGUST 18, 1916.

FIFTH YEAR

Wiring New Santa Fe Station for Electricity

A. B. Young, chief electrician for the Santa Fe, arrived in Slaton last week from his office at Albuquerque, with his force of men to wire the new station and office building for electricity. The work will be completed in short time. A big arc light is placed on a thirty-four foot pole between the station and the Harvey House, and this will light up the entire station grounds.

Swift & Company, wholesale packers of Chicago, announce their intention of opening a poultry plant in Amarillo to purchase all poultry available in this portion of the southwest. They will handle creamery and poultry products. The poultry will be dressed at Amarillo and shipped in cold storage cars to the eastern cities. It is the intention of the company to later erect a building with every modern facility for feeding, dressing and shipping poultry. This new enterprise for Amarillo should mean much for the poultry industry on the Plains. With a market close at hand to pay cash for all poultry offered, the farmers will take a new interest in poultry raising. The Plains is the healthiest place on earth to raise poultry, and all that is needed to stimulate the industry is a market near where fowls will sell for cash.

Up to this time there are thirteen candidates announced for governor of Texas in 1918. There are eight antis and five pros. The antis are Louis J. Wortham, W. P. Hobby, Henry B. Terrell, Jim Edwards, W. A. Hanger, C. C. McDonald, Claude B. Hudspeth, and B. Y. Cummings. The pros are B. F. Looney, Earl B. Mayfield, Tom B. Love, Dr. S. P. Brooks and C. H. Morris.

Reports of good crops of maize almost ready to harvest are coming in. Clem Kitten has a nice field, the heads weighing five ounces each. This will make a good crop.

Government Blackleg Vaccine Distributed From Fort Worth

Stock owners generally, in Texas, will be interested in the decision of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture to make its local office at Fort Worth a distributing station for blackleg vaccine. The loss of young cattle from this disease in the State of Texas is considerable. It is being reduced to a minimum by those progressive stock owners who regularly vaccinate.

To secure the Government vaccine stock owners should make request for application blanks to Dr. L. J. Allen, 217 Live Stock Exchange Building, Fort Worth, Texas. Vaccine will be sent on request made on blanks prepared for the purpose, but only to actual stock owners for their cattle alone.

The Bureau of Animal Industry, through its Fort Worth office, is co-operating with the Live Stock Sanitary Commission of Texas, County Commissioners' Courts, and stock owners in the eradication of the cattle tick which transmits Texas or Splenic Fever. About 40 per cent of the original area quarantined in the United States for these ticks has been cleaned up under such co-operative efforts, and released for quarantine. Systematic dipping is the only method used. A great volume of this work is being done in Texas. Three quarters of a million head of cattle, in some twenty counties in Texas, are being dipped at regular intervals for tick eradication, in approximately 900 vats, most of which have been built since January 1.

The Slatonite office printed a nice invoice of stationery last week for Dr. S. M. Henry of Southland, both professionally and for his mercantile business. The doctor recently purchased a general merchandise stock in Southland, and he reports a satisfactory business in the store. Mr. Henry has built a good residence in that town, and between looking after a growing medical practice and keeping his eye on the store he is a busy man.

Second Primary Is Called for Aug. 26

Whereas, at the State Democratic Primary Election held for the nomination of all offices, including United States Senators, on the 22nd day of July, 1916, no candidate for United States Senator received a majority of the votes for that office.

And whereas, Hon. O. B. Colquitt and Hon. Chas. A. Culberson were the two candidates who received the largest number of the votes at the Democratic Primary Election held on July 22nd, 1916.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the duty imposed upon me, I, Paul Waples, Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee of Texas, do hereby call a Second Primary for the purpose of determining the choice of the Democratic Party as between Hon. O. B. Colquitt and Hon. Chas. A. Culberson, the two candidates receiving the largest number of votes at the First Primary Election; same to be held on the fourth Saturday in August, same being the 26th day of August, A. D. 1916.

At such Primary only the two candidates, viz: Hon. O. B. Colquitt and Hon. Chas. A. Culberson, who received the highest number of votes in the Primary Election held on July 22nd, 1916, shall be voted upon.

(Signed) PAUL WAPLES,
Chairman, State Democratic Executive Committee.

Attest:
(Signed) CHAS. J. KIRK,
Secretary, State Democratic Executive Committee.

Snyder Will Establish Abattoir

On Saturday, August 26th, the Scurry County Institute will assemble in called session at Snyder specifically for the purpose of discussing the establishment in Snyder of a Municipal Abattoir, says the Signal.

An Abattoir is a cold storage and rendering plant of meats, and governs the methods of slaughtering animals for table use, under the jurisdiction of the city government. The city usually, however, has nothing to do with the purchase of any meats but merely slaughters under sanitary conditions.

Constable C. S. Sipe apprehended a runaway couple from Plainview Thursday last week, and held them until their folks came after them and took them home. The boy was sixteen years of age and the girl fourteen, and on account of their tender years they had not found a county clerk with authority enough in his hands to issue them a marriage license. The folks started to talk with them in a car, and it was understood in Slaton that they were to be married in Lubbock.

The completed vote on district judge shows that Spencer received 1,938 votes and Robinson 1,833. For district attorney Lockhart polled 2,202 votes and Green 1,481. For representative Bledsoe received 2,841 and Boren 2,247.

The Helen Temple Ranch, near Plainview, held an auction sale of registered Duroc Jersey hogs on August 5th. Thirty-eight hogs were sold, but the prices were only fair. There are yet five hundred registered hogs on the farm.

Iceless Refrigerators in \$3 and \$4 sizes. Made by Morgan & Petty, Slaton, Texas.

Harvey House Installing New and Larger Steam Heating Plant

A new and larger boiler is to be installed in the Harvey House and in addition to heating the Harvey House it will supply steam heat for the new station, both upstairs and downstairs. Pipe lines will be run to the tracks, and all passenger coaches will be warmed with steam heat.

Panhandle State Fair

In another column we publish announcement of the Fourth Annual Exhibit of this Fair, at Amarillo, September 12th to 16th, inclusive. It is conducted this year under the management and direction of the same well known men who have made the Fair a success from its beginning in 1913. There has been considerable enlargement of the scope of each department and the list of premiums largely increased. Those who have not received a catalog should send for one, addressing Panhandle State Fair Association, Amarillo, Texas.

Old Settlers' Day at the Panhandle State Fair will be Wednesday, September 13th. The officers greatly desire to secure the co-operation of every man and woman who has been a resident of the Panhandle for twenty five years or more. An interesting collection of early records and relics will be shown at the Fair.

Many interesting exhibits of products from different counties will be shown at the Fair. In the cattle division the total premiums are \$7,000, and of this amount \$3,000 is offered in special prizes by different live stock associations and private individuals.

Attractive entertainment features will be provided at the Fair. Besides the race program there will be on each of the five days, beginning on the 12th, balloon and parachute races in the afternoon and in the evening a grand display of fireworks by an expert from the Wiegand Fireworks Co., of Chicago, with change of program each night. There will also be carnival attractions of extra merit and the usual entertainment features on the ground.

Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Adams and their daughters returned Saturday from Plainview where Mrs. Adams and the girls had been for some time at the bedside of her father, W. Y. Price, who was severely injured on July 18th by being struck by lightning. The lightning struck his hat in pieces, and gave two gashes on his head. It went down the back of his neck, over his shoulder, across his breast, and to his left leg, where it left his body. He was in a serious condition for several days, but he has been slowly recovering from the stroke.

Fred W. Davis, State Commissioner of Agriculture, announced the appointment of Harry Hampton Williams to the position of statistician. Mr. Williams is a popular newspaper man, well known among country weekly publishers, and is considered a vigorous and brilliant writer.

Vernon Vaughn and Alex De-Long played ball with the Lorenzo team at Crosbyton last Thursday. Lorenzo was playing a return series with Spur. Vaughn pitched and won the game. Vaughn pitched and won a 3 to 1 game for Lubbock against Vernon during the series in Lubbock auto race meet week.

SOME OF OUR NEW ARRIVALS JUST UNPACKED

MEN'S SUITS

One of the most complete lines to be found anywhere. We can fit you fat or slim. Priced from \$15.00 to \$35.00

MEN'S SHOES

A beautiful line to pick from. Any shape or size you want. Priced from \$3.00 to \$7.50

SUIT CASES. HAND GRIPS

Any style and price to your taste \$1.25 to \$18.50

LACES. EMBROIDERY. FUR TRIMMINGS

We have just unpacked a beautiful line of Laces and Embroidery, also a full line of Fur Trimmings, in Blacks, Whites and Browns.

LADIES SHOES, COAT SUITS, COATS, etc.

Our Ladies' Shoes, Coat Suits, Coats, etc., will begin to arrive this week. Watch our windows for advance showing.

BOTH PHONES 100

DRY GOODS CLOTHING
ROBERTSON'S
BOOTS SHOES
YOUR HEADQUARTERS
SLATON AND SOUTHLAND

Wilks-Moore Wedding

Mr. Turner Wilks of Amarillo and Mrs. Ruby Moore of Slaton were married at the residence of J. W. Wallace in this city on Tuesday night, August 15th, 1916, at 8 o'clock p. m. Brother Cole Jackson, who is conducting the revival services for the Church of Christ, pronounced the wedding ceremony. Only the relatives and a few immediate friends witnessed the marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilks went to Amarillo on the train Wednesday morning, and have already gone to housekeeping in that city. Mr. Wilks is a painter and decorator, and Mrs. Wilks is a daughter of F. M. Vermillion of Slaton. The Slatonite joins their friends in congratulations and best wishes.

Bob Belcher of Post and Miss Malone Bennett of Ralls are two young folks who resolved to get married, despite all difficulties. The parents objected, and on August 5th while on a short pleasure trip in an auto with friends, they turned the car toward the west and drove to Clovis, N. M., where they arrived the next day, secured a license and were united in marriage. They immediately started home. The distance from Post to Clovis is only a mere trifle of 160 miles, a nice little jaunt to find a county clerk whose heart is attuned to Cupid's lyrics.

School Apportionment \$7

The State Board of Education at Austin has fixed the annual scholastic population of 1,246,896 and estimated receipts for the available school fund, \$8,800,000.

This is a heavy apportionment and particularly so in view of the large increase in the number of scholastics, having been 117,665 over last year. The apparently abnormal increase is due to the change in the law raising the scholastic age one year.

Heretofore it has embraced children from 6 to 16 years of age, while under the new law it is from 6 to 17 years of age, inclusive. That change included probably 80,000 children not otherwise enumerated and, with the natural increase of about 40,000, the number of school children went to the record point in Texas.

Dr. W. W. Sands, a dentist of Dallas, Texas, located at Slaton last week and has opened an office at the Singleton Hotel. The doctor is a pleasant appearing gentleman and he has had several years of experience in the dental profession. He has an ad. in the Slatonite this week soliciting your patronage.

The Italians introduced an innovation in the capture of Gorizia. They tunneled thru a fortified mountain, carried their cannon thru the tunnel, and proceeded to decimate the Austrian fort from the rear.

"The Iron Claw" Nineth Episode Monday Night

Four Big Reels
Every Night
at the
Movie Theater



Let A
De Laval
pay your
expenses
Ask us to show you this Best
of all Cream Separators.
**FORREST
HARDWARE**
Hardware and Furniture

K C BAKING POWDER

Passed by the Board of Censors

- 1st—The manufacturer with the rigid tests of the laboratory and factory.
- 2nd—The wholesale grocer with his high standing and desire to handle only reliable goods.
- 3rd—The retail grocer who desires to handle only those brands he knows will please his customers.
- 4th—The food officials with their rigid laws for the purity and wholesomeness of food products.
- 5th—And most important, you, the housewife with your desire for purity, efficiency and perfect satisfaction.

ASK YOUR GROCER — HE SELLS IT

25 Ounces for 25¢
(More than a pound and a half for a quarter)

CASTLE HEIGHTS for BOYS

For \$260 you can give your son a year's schooling in the best equipped boys' school in the South; ten buildings with library, gymnasium, scientific laboratory, armory, etc. Individual attention to every boy daily. Character-building, clean sport and good scholarship, school ideals. Certificate admits to leading universities North and South. Non-military discipline coupled with daily military drill offers students exceptional advantages. For handsome illustrated catalog address L. L. RICE, Ph. D., Head Master Box X, Lebanon, Tenn.

ALL KINDS OF PROVISIONS RETAIN CONTROL OF SELF

Truthful Traveler Explains How Sailors Were Enabled to Alleviate the Pangs of Hunger.

He was describing the privations of a voyage from which he had just returned. "Then," he said, "I went down to the cabin to lunch." "Lunch!" exclaimed one of his hearers. "But you told us there was nothing to eat left on board. What did you have for lunch?" "Oh!" was the reply, "it was a very modest affair—beef, wine and an egg." "Beef?" Where did you get the beef from?" "Oh!" was the reply, "that came from the bulwarks." "And the wine—how about that?" "Oh, that came from the porthole!" "Oh, oh!" laughed the listener. "Good, very good! But tell me where did you get the egg?" "Oh, that was the simplest of all!" came the reply. "The captain gave orders for the ship to 'lay to,' and he gave me one."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Other Side of It.

The Lady—Why do they call the class of men you belong to tramps? The Hobo—I guess it's 'cause we refuse to do a 50-cent job for a 15-cent handout, ma'am.

Sir Francis Elliot, the British minister to Greece, was a great oarsman in his day.

Without That It Is Unreasonable to Think One Has the Ability to Control Others.

The other day a man who makes his living by fighting was struck by an undersized man, and instead of returning the blow he walked away from his diminutive assailant. This man exhibited much more self-control than the majority of people. Men who class themselves as being on a higher plane than this fighting man would have mixed immediately with the hot-headed individual. What would you have done? The chances are that you would have rushed at the fellow with all your might; you would have permitted your savage instincts to rule you. This proves that you have not as much power as you should have over your impulses. You may boss other people, but you are not boss of yourself. Maybe you wonder why others are forging ahead of you as leaders of men. It is because they have a check rein on themselves. They have schooled themselves that they may be able to guide others. Self-control is the attribute of a leader.—Chicago American.

It is awfully risky for a pretty girl to go into a dark hall with a man—and that may be why she likes to do so.

LIFE IS SAVED BY DREAM GIRL

Man Warned in Vision in Frozen Alaska and Turns Back.

COMPANIONS ARE LOST

Wealthy Mining Engineer Writes Syracuse, N. Y., Girl of Remarkable Experience in North—Dream Girl Tells Name.

Syracuse, N. Y.—A dream which appeared to him and saved him from death in the wilds of Alaska was the introduction Donald Mack of Juneau, Alaska, wealthy mining engineer, gave himself in a letter to Miss Ethel Williams, a prominent Syracuse university society girl. Miss Williams, who resides with her father and sister, received a picture of a dog team and the following words penned in a masculine hand: "If you will write to this address I will tell you why I have sent this card."

Girl Receives Story.

Miss Williams received the following story from the man in the north after the ice had sufficiently broken up to permit the transportation of mails: "I am a mining engineer and my work has taken me far into the interior of the country. Ordinarily I finish my work and reach the settlements before the lakes and rivers close and am unable to make the trip by boat and canoe. Last fall I delayed too long and was obliged to come out by sled, a distance of 700 miles.

"Shortly before I reached Lake Tash I fell in with three Indians and a Frenchman on the trail. We started to cross the lake, stopping midway on a small island to rest and sleep. While I slept I dreamed. I saw a young girl dressed in light summer clothing standing in the deep snow around me. Dream Girl Tells Name.

"It was so real to me that I asked her who she was and why she was there. She told me her name was Ethel Williams and her home in Syracuse, N. Y. She said she knew it was my intention to keep on the direct route over the lake, but that disaster lay in that direction, as there was open water covered by drifting snow. To be



"I Followed the Instructions of the Dream Girl."

safe I should go about 25 miles up the river, where I would find safe crossing. "At this point I was awakened by the howling of dogs and the shouts of the Indians. It was three o'clock in the morning. They were making ready to go. I told them of my dream and they laughed at me. But I did not go on with them.

"I followed the instructions of the dream girl, and when I reached Juneau the Indians and Frenchman had not been seen. I headed for a searching party down the lake to the point where they should have reached the mainland. We found the canoes and their sleeping bags and other camp outfit floating in the open water. "So Miss Williams, I consider that you saved my life, and mailed the card to you from Juneau."

SENTENCE IN INSTALLMENTS

Theatrical Management Places Clothes on a Poster Woman at Superior, Wis.

Superior, Wis.—Because the authorities objected to a poster used by a theater to advertise the appearance of a film play the management of the theater caused the figure of the woman on the poster to be draped in overalls. On the large poster full sized overalls were required, on the smaller sheets children's sizes were utilized.

The figure, which has been draped "in Anthony Comstock," is that of a nude woman lung on a rack. Most of the form is hidden by the rack, but the poster was deemed sufficiently risqué to warrant exercising the strong hand of censorship—hence the overalls.

It was explained by the theater management that the figure on the poster was allegorical and did not represent an actual scene from the film.

SAVE A DOCTOR'S BILL by keeping Mississippi Diarrhoea Cordial handy for all stomach complaints. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

What's in a Name? Bacon—I see they are advertising now Zeppelin socks. Egbert—Isn't there danger of their coming down at the wrong time?

IF YOU OR ANY FRIEND Suffer with Rheumatism or Neuritis, acute or chronic, write for my FREE BOOK on Rheumatism—Its Cause and Cure. Most wonderful book ever written. It's absolutely FREE. Jesse A. Case, Dept. C. W., Brockton, Mass.—Adv.

No, Maude, people who pay their money at the gate are not given gate receipts.

WHY SUFFER SKIN TROUBLES

When a Postcard Will Bring Free Samples of Cuticura?

Which give quick relief for all itching, burning, disfiguring skin troubles. Bathe with the Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry and apply Cuticura Ointment to the affected part. They stop itching instantly and point to speedy healing often when all else fails. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Instead of harvesting his crop of wild oats a wise man reforms and they go to seed.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzled, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

Judge David Moylan of Cleveland has no arms, and writes with his pen between his teeth.

DON'T GAMBLE

That your heart's all right. Make sure. Take "Renovine"—a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

King Victor Emanuel of Italy spends most of his time at the war front with his soldiers.

To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System Take The Old Standard GROVE'S CASTLELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is genuine and free in a tasteless form. The genuine drives out malaria, the iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

Some men rob widows and orphans and then try to square themselves by giving 10 per cent to the Lord.

Most particular women use Red Cross Ball Blue. American made. Sure to please. At all good grocers. Adv.

And those chaps who think that they ought to get pay for being good probably wouldn't draw much of a salary at that.

Spartan Women Suffered Untold Torture but who wants to be a Spartan? Take "Femmina" for all female disorders. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Sixty-five members of congress have served as newspaper men in one capacity or another.

HIGH GRADE PIANO CHEAP.

Within the next few days we will have for sale in this vicinity a high-grade piano at a very special price for cash or to responsible party will make most reasonable terms. Write or phone Frederickson-Kroh Music Co., Oklahoma City, immediately for particulars. Adv.

Surprising. Patience—And you have had that girl four years, you say? Patrice—Yes; and do you know our crockery is not all broken yet.

UGH! CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK! CLEAN LIVER AND BOWELS MY WAY!

Just Once! Try "Dodson's Liver Tone" When Bilious, Constipated, Headachy—Don't Lose a Day's Work.

Liven up your sluggish liver! Feel fine and cheerful; make your work a pleasure; be vigorous and full of ambition. But take no nasty, dangerous calomel, because it makes you sick and you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver, which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

Listen to me! If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning, because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children. Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.—Adv.

It's hard for most of us to be good when we have a chance to be.

WHOOPIING COUGH

For whooping cough and its after effects there is no better medicine than Lung-Vita. Here is what Mr. G. W. Head, 2108 23d Ave., N. Nashville, Tenn., says about it: "My boy had whooping cough and typhoid fever, which left him with a severe cough. This cough stayed with him for several years and was frequently so bad that we had to prop him up so that he could get his breath. We used Lung-Vita and he has not been bothered with this cough since."

Lung-Vita is recommended for consumption, asthma, colds, whooping cough, croup and grippe. At your dealer or direct, Price \$1.75. Booklet upon request. Nashville Medicine Co., Room 161, Stager Building, Nashville, Tenn. Adv.

If a man has no show at home it is up to him to patronize a circus.

SWAMP-ROOT STOPS SERIOUS BACKACHE

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, remember it is needless to suffer—go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases. This prescription was used by Dr. Kilmer in his private practice and was so very effective that it has been placed on sale everywhere. Get a bottle, 50c and \$1.00, at your nearest druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Many a self-made man tries to blame the job on his wife.

Always use Red Cross Ball Blue. Delights the laundress. At all good grocers. Adv.

Aleppo employs 8,000 ropemakers.

He Threw Calomel Away

Wm. S. Prince of Birmingham, Ala., writes—"I was suffering with indigestion, biliousness and kidney trouble. I tried calomel and the doctors, for about a month. Finally I tried Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup and the first bottle relieved me very much. I am sound and well, can eat anything." Thousands of others suffering from liver, kidney, stomach and bowel trouble have been quickly relieved by this wonderful remedy which builds up the entire system. Sold at all druggists, 50c and \$1 per bottle. Made by THACHER MEDICINE COMPANY, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

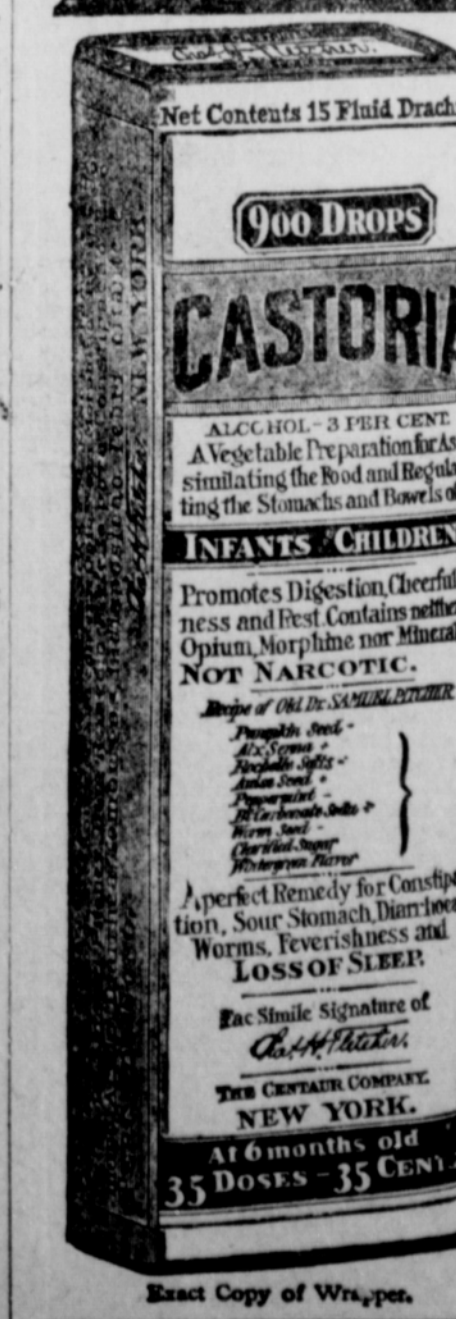
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



For Ten

A package of New Post Toasties provides savings for ten people—a delicious breakfast dish—corn flakes with new form and new flavour.

New Post Toasties are known by tiny bubbles raised on each flake by the quick, intense heat of the new process of manufacture.

They bear the full, true flavour of prime, white Indian corn, not found in corn flakes of the past; and they are not "chaffy" in the package; and they don't mush down when milk or cream is added, like ordinary corn flakes.

Try some dry—a good way to test the flavour, but they are usually served with rich milk or cream—

New Post Toasties

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

NEW AMERICAN COUNTESS

The new countess of Sandwich, formerly Miss Alberta Sturges, the daughter of a Chicago banker and a stepdaughter of the late Francis H. Leggett of New York, is scarcely known in her native country. Her mother, Mrs. Leggett, went to Europe to live many years ago, and Miss Sturges was educated in Paris and made her debut in London 15 years ago, when her mother became one of the lavish hostesses in the American colony who inaugurated the brilliant regime of King Edward as soon as he ascended the throne.



The late earl of Sandwich and his nephew, the new earl, had a serious disagreement about the inclusion of the American girl into the family. The bridegroom's father, Rear Admiral Victor Montagu, who died last January, and his wife, a daughter of the earl of Hardwicke, fully approved of the marriage. Yet even they could not win over the old earl. Sixty-six years old and a widower of two marriages when George Charles Montagu made Miss Sturges his bride, Lord Sandwich vowed that, although he had never had any children, he would take unto himself a new wife at once and defeat Miss Sturges' plans of becoming countess of Sandwich by bringing up a family. He plunged at once into the gayeties of society, accepted invitations right and left, but soon found this to be a bore, while his new niece-in-law succeeded in impressing him with the fact that she had married her husband for love and was, after all, a charming lady.

RUSSIA'S LATEST HERO



Gen. A. A. Brusiloff, commander of the Russian offensive against the Austrians and latest hero of the czar's realm, is sixty-four years old and looks forty-five. Brusiloff lives by nerves, strenuous work and a sense of duty. He eats very little. He regards dinner as a necessary evil and it is finished in not more than 20 minutes. Immediately after, he goes to the work-room of his head of the staff and they are occupied together till late at night.

The soldiers worship him. He never courts popularity among them. He walks to them seldom and then with a matter-of-fact abruptness, but in his few words lies a knowledge of the soldiers' soul; a skill in finding the direct road to the soldiers' heart, which could never be taught, but which must be deeply rooted in the man himself.

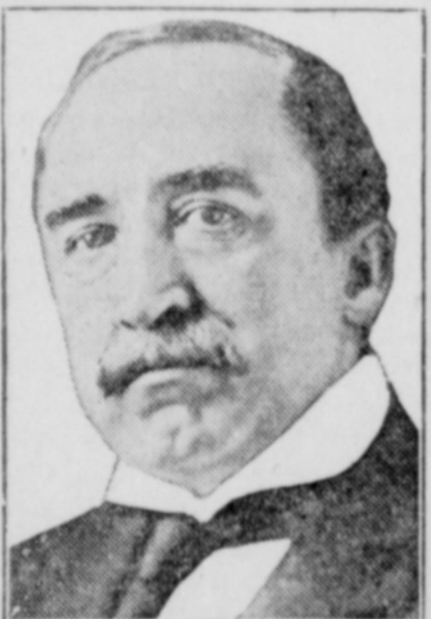
Brusiloff's physical endurance at sixty-four is said to be amazing. Even now one of the best cavalymen in Europe, he can outdistance expert and youthful horsemen. Weather does not exist for him.

He is noted for his laconic orders. "Hold out, whatever happens!" And they hold out. No frenzied attacks, no tempestuous cannonade will drive them back when such an order has been given. There is in currency the following soldier's remark:

"What, retreat? Impossible! We are Brusiloff's!"

HUGHES' CAMPAIGN LEADER

William Russell Willcox, the new chairman of the Republican national committee, who was chosen by Mr. Hughes personally to manage his campaign, is an entirely self-made man. He was born on an upstate New York farm, never saw a city till he was seventeen, went to New York 30 years ago and immediately took an active interest in politics. He has held three important offices, in each of which he distinguished himself as an energetic and capable public servant.



He was park commissioner under Mayor Seth Low in 1902. Two years later President Roosevelt appointed him postmaster of New York, and on the creation of the public service commission in 1907 he was selected by Governor Hughes as its first chairman. He retired at the expiration of his five-year term on February 1, 1913, after having virtually completed the contracts for the new subways which are now being built. It was during his administration of the department of parks that Mr. Willcox, who is always a most forbearing man, proved that it was not impossible to prod him out of a state of courtesy. One of the subway contractors had squatted in Bryant park and despite Mr. Willcox's most engaging smiles and politest requests refused to move. One day the commissioner of parks appeared on the scene with 30 husky laborers, a strong police escort and a number of wagons, and without further parley proceeded to tear up and cart away all the obstructions.

CENSOR OF ARMY NEWS



Maj. Douglas MacArthur, who has been appointed military aid to the secretary of war and military "censor" of the war department, is a born executive and one of the recognized military experts of the general staff.

Major MacArthur comes from a military family. His father, Lieutenant General MacArthur, made a name that will go down in military history.

In 1899 a competitive examination was held at Milwaukee to fill a vacancy in West Point. MacArthur was one of the candidates. He outdistanced his competitors and won the appointment. When he was graduated from the military academy, in 1903, he was number one in a class of 100. He was sent to the Philippines as second lieutenant of engineers and participated in a number of campaigns in the islands.

In 1904 he was sent as military observer during the Russo-Japanese war, later traveling through China, Indo-China, Java and India. As captain of engineers he participated in the first mobilization of troops on the Mexican border in 1911. He went with General Funston's troops and participated in the occupation of Vera Cruz. In 1913 he was assigned to duty as a member of the general staff corps on duty at the war department and was reassigned to that duty in April of this year.

FOR HOT WEATHER

SIMPLICITY IN CLOTHES IS NOW MUCH IN DEMAND.

And Here is Where the One-Piece Frock Justifies Its Continued Popularity—May Be Made at Home at Small Cost.

The woman who searches anxiously for clothes that can be slipped into easily in summer weather, avoiding the tedious accessories that are demanded by the usual method of mid-summer dressing, finds the one-piece gown a joy, for it is built on one lining, and that of coarse white net which not only washes but is cool. She can slip the thing over the shoulders, adjust the girdle, and life is simplified. Only the inordinately vain or fastidious woman would imperil her nervous system by exhausting herself in the trifes of dress when the thermometer is making things unpleasant in the morning. Life may demand otherwise for certain hours and occasions, but in the house and before the afternoon, surely then, if at any time, woman should be free from the fret of adjusting a multitude of clothes on her person.

Another choice of hot weather frocks which is to be commended as it shows a normal attitude of mind as to what fabrics go with what temperatures, is for two-piece frocks of wash silk in narrow stripes. Blue, yellow, green and lavender against a white background are the selected colors.

The smart dressmakers are asking \$75 for these costumes, including a belt of the material elaborated with pearl buttons, which seem to have suddenly found favor with those whom fashion clothes because France sent over a black satin coat with a cream lace skirt, the sides outlined with two rows of these white ornaments; but it is not even necessary for a woman to have an especially good seamstress to accomplish one of the "seventy-fives" at a third the price.

The blouse is cut like a mannish skirt with plaits in front and back, the sleeves ending in broad turnover cuffs of white silk; the shirt is slight-

ly full at the waist, and laid in broad horizontal tucks around the figure; the hem clears the floor by so many inches that one wonders if we are to



White Voile With Embroidered Serge Vest.

wait until autumn is established by the calendar before we see the return of the heralded long even skirt. The collar is a sweeping affair of white silk that rolls well down over the chest.

These gowns have taken the place of the ever popular jersey cloth in the wardrobe of several women who have monotony in the wearying repetition of the same fabric, usually made up in the same manner. And an excellent quality of wash silk is one of the materials which never leave regrets.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

TAKE PROPER CARE OF EYES

No Woman Can Be Really Beautiful Who Neglects This Most Important of Duties.

Most of us neglect our eyes until they are in such a dangerous state that we must care for them. How many read in poor light, sleep with the light streaming in on the eyes

or strain them in the sunlight when bathing at the seashore or motoring! How many of you bathe the eyes daily?

The daily eye bath is one of the most important and essential parts of every person's life. None would live in a house with unwashed windows. But we will go year after year without washing the windows of the soul.

When one considers how a clear, sparkling eye adds to the attractiveness of a face, one realizes that the best of care should be given this sensitive organ.

I am told by physicians that indigestion, nervousness, headache and other ailments are often the result of weak, strained or tired eyes. Many women do not know their eyes are not normal; many are too vain to wear glasses. They prefer to disrupt and upset the entire system rather than wear a pair of glasses because they look better without them. If the trouble is taken in time the glasses need never be worn in public.

The eye bath should be taken in the morning and before retiring. The eye cup fits over the open eye and the water will wash it out. Soft or distilled water should be used. A pinch of salt thoroughly diluted strengthens the eye and rests it. Or boric acid is also a good eye wash. The cup must be well cleansed before using on either eye. Sometimes one eye will be infected while the other is quite well and the eye cup will carry the infection. Under no conditions should more than one person use the cup. If one can spare the time after washing the eyes it is wise to lay a damp cloth over them and lie down for ten minutes.

When reading one should always sit so that the light comes from the back or over the left shoulder. The book or paper should be held about two feet away. If one must hold the book nearer or farther away to read with comfort an eye specialist should be visited.

I want to remind you of the danger for those who rub the eye with the hands or fingers or handkerchief. Many causes of eye trouble can be traced to them.—Chicago News.

PETER PAN HAT



The model is a charming one in a combination of straw and velvet. The lower part of the high crown is of velvet. The upper part is of fine-woven straw. Two ribbon feathers are jauntily slipped into slits on either side of the hat.

STYLES CALL FOR SIMPLICITY

Elaborate Hair Ornaments Have Passed Completely From the Ken of the Modern Woman.

Very elaborate hair ornaments are no longer in vogue. Simplicity rules, a fact which is appreciated by the woman who has really pretty hair. Fillets or tiaras or sets of jeweled pins and combs are not needed when the coiffure is beautiful in itself. A simple hair ornament which is in vogue at the moment is a poignard of jet. Jet is very effective in the hair, especially of blond or red-brown locks. One poignard seen recently was of jet and rhinestones combined and set in alternate lines.

Boudoir jackets and caps are fainter than ever just now, but all these stuffy prettinesses for the bed-

room must be washable to be practical. Cleaning is costly, and the laundry must suffice for the woman of average means, so that is the reason one well-dressed girl has chosen Neptune satin for her boudoir. "Not only can it be washed," she says, "but it may even be boiled." Hers is of bird's-egg blue and is trimmed with lace and tassels and work over a petticoat of flounces of lace.

For Young Girls. In the evening the more diaphanous the dresses of the young girls, the more becoming they are, and scarves of tulle of every color are twisted round the figure and neck, just as a pretty woman knows so well how to adjust them with the most satisfactory results.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Today is your day and mine; The only day we have; The day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great world we may not understand. But we are here to play it, and now is our time.

—David Starr Jordan.

SALAD COMBINATIONS.

When combining vegetables in a salad it is a good plan to arrange each vegetable separately upon the serving dish, pour the dressing over all and toss and mix or toss each in the dressing and keep each separate upon the serving dish.

Using lettuce as a background, tomatoes cut in halves and sprinkled with chopped onion or chives.

Lettuce, molded spinach and finely chopped beets.

Lettuce and pepper grass. Lettuce, shredded onion and freshly roasted peanuts, crushed with a rolling pin until like coarse crumbs, served with French dressing. Lettuce, sweet red pepper, sliced pecans or almonds.

Lettuce with tomato stuffed with chopped cucumber and onion.

Lettuce with tomatoes stuffed with peas or string beans and finely chopped chives.

Lettuce shredded tomatoes and shredded green peppers.

Shredded lettuce, walnuts, and almonds or cooked chestnuts sliced.

Lettuce, cream cheese in slices, with chopped pimentos.

Lettuce with cottage cheese and boiled dressing, sprinkled with chopped chives.

Lettuce, with cauliflower, string beans, and shredded pimentos.

Lettuce and cress, artichoke slices and tarragon, finely chopped.

Shredded cabbage, nuts and green peppers.

Shredded lettuce, Brussels sprouts and chopped pepper.

Watercress, peppergrass and French dressing.

Cucumbers sliced with new onions.

Watercress, diced, boiled beets and olives.

Cauliflower with string beans and beets in fancy shapes. Arrange each vegetable by itself, breaking the cauliflower into flowerets, surround with lettuce.

Radishes, sliced in paper-thin slices, cucumbers and onions served with French dressing on lettuce.

When making French dressing have a small piece of two of ice in the salad bowl as you mix the dressing, this insures a thick rich dressing. The addition of tomato sauce, tabasco or Worcestershire sauce, add variety.

Head lettuce sprinkled with Roquefort and served with French dressing makes a most tasty salad.

The worlds in which we live are two—The world I am and the world I do.

The world in which we live at heart are one.

The world I am, the fruit of I have done

And underneath these worlds of flower and fruit,

The world I love, the only living root.

—Henry Van Dyke.

LOBSTER DISHES.

First get your lobster. The canned variety will do very well but the freshly cooked is vastly better, which is true of most foods.

Hawaiian Lobster Curry—Grate a coconut and set it aside to soak an hour in a pint of milk. Sauté half an onion and a clove of garlic, finely minced, in one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter; add one and a half table-

spoonfuls of cornstarch, and the same amount of curry powder; when well mixed, add the milk strained from the coconut gradually, and when it boils up once the meat from a two-pound lobster. Salt and pepper to taste.

Lobster a la Bechamel.—Cut the meat from two lobsters or dice as preferred. Make a sauce using butter flour seasonings and a cupful each of cream and stock. Add the lobster and when well heated, add the yolks of four eggs, mixed with a little of the sauce. Use four tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, a grating of nutmeg and salt and pepper to taste. Add the lobster and when hot serve at once.

Lobster a la Poulette.—Make a sauce, a third of a cupful of butter, a third of a cupful of flour, a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of paprika and a fourth of a teaspoonful of white pepper, a cupful of cream and a cupful of well seasoned chicken stock. When all are well blended add the juice of half a lemon, very slowly. Add a pint of lobster meat and two hard boiled eggs, cut the whites in rings and put the yolks through a sieve, using them as a garnish. Serve the lobster on bits of buttered toast or thin crackers, with the circles of white and the powdered yolks sprinkled over the dish.

Plain Lobster.—Pour three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice over the meat of a lobster, season with salt and pepper. Put three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, when hot add the lobster. Serve when hot.

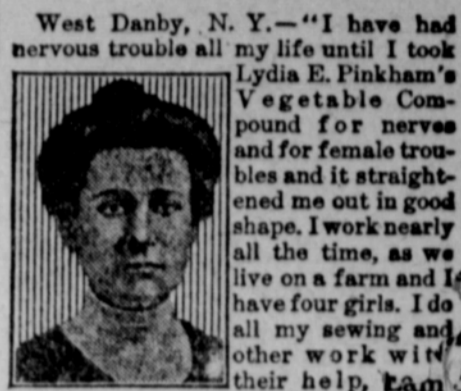
Plain Lobster.—Pour three table-

spoonfuls of lemon juice over the meat of a lobster, season with salt and pepper. Put three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, when hot add the lobster. Serve when hot.

Nellie Maxwell

WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.



West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help. I am

shows that I stand it real well. Openly the Compound when my daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SINCEBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, backache, headaches, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, abstract and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Kills all house flies, stable flies, and all other flies. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers order at express paid for \$1.00. HAROLD SOMERS, 120 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE HIGH QUALITY SEWING MACHINE NEW HOME

NOT SOLD UNDER ANY OTHER NAME. Write for free booklet "Points to be considered before purchasing a Sewing Machine." Learn the facts. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS.

HE HAD MADE NO PROMISES

Substitute Was Not Asked If He "Could" Play the Game, but Only if He "Would."

Although he will not get many opportunities of playing in cricket matches this year, George Robey will help to keep himself fit by practicing at the nets at Lord's.

The famous comedian has a great love for the summer game, and he tells an amusing story of one of those off days, when everything goes wrong, which once befell him. He was watching a game when one of the captains came up to him, explained that he was "a man short," and asked him if he would play.

"Certainly," agreed Robey. He went out to field, and chiefly distinguished himself by missing two catches, fumbling the ball, and so on. Not content with that, he made a duck when he went in to bat.

The captain who had got him to play took things badly.

"Why, you can't play at all!" he said sneeringly.

"Sir," replied George Robey majestically, "when you asked me to play you asked me if I would, not if I could. And so that's that."—Pearson's Weekly.

Explained.

"Dick, what were the trenchers they talk about that they had in Shakespeare's day?"

"Why, the people who went into the trenches, of course, you boob."

Grape-Nuts

embodies the full, rich nutriment of whole wheat combined with malted barley. This combination gives it a distinctive, delicious flavor unknown to foods made from wheat alone.

Only selected grain is used in making Grape-Nuts and through skillful processing it comes from the package fresh, crisp, untouched by hand, and ready to eat.

Through long baking, the energy producing starches of the grain are made wonderfully easy of digestion.

A daily ration of this splendid food yields a marvelous return of health and comfort.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere

CLASSIFIED LOCALS

Slatonite want-ads get results.

WANTED—Tent 9x9, 3 foot wall; kodak 7x5. G. H. Branham, Slaton.

90 ACRE CROP of maize and cotton for sale.—J. T. Farnsworth.

FOR RENT—Rooms for light housekeeping. Cannon Rooming House.

ROW BINDER for sale. Recently overhauled and guaranteed in good running condition.—B. O. Bailey.

FOR SALE—Two room house and three lots, all fenced. For sale at a low price. Inquire at Slatonite office.

FOUND, a ring on the streets of Slaton. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this notice.

FOR SALE, boy's \$5 Erector Set, very cheap. Inquire at Slatonite office. Nothing better for a small boy with a mechanical turn.

FOR SALE—A scholarship in the Tyler Commercial College. We can save you money on a business course.—Slatonite office.

WANTED, to hear from those who have hay, straw, oats, or sorghum cane to bale. See me, six miles south of town, or address, Sam Hoffman, Box 541, Slaton.

Make your credit gilt edge by taking care of your obligations. Pay your coal bill today. The winter is over.—Houston Lumber Company.

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Local and Long Distance

Speedy and Sure

We Write All Kinds of Insurance
Fire, Lightning, Tornado, Hail, Automobile, Life, Sick, and Accident

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION Call on or
R. J. Murray & Co.
Agricultural Lands. City Property. Slaton, Texas

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Ad day is Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Little moved to Abilene Tuesday. They may return to Slaton in the fall.

W. T. Knight was called to Clovis, N. M., Sunday to see his sister, Miss Mary Knight, who was sick.

Pay your coal bill and make the coal man happy. We want to close our coal books on the winter's business.—Houston Lumber Company.

G. W. Guinn qualified on snake stories last week by killing sixteen rattlers in one place. He is drilling wells in the New Home community and he found the den of snakes near one of the wells.

Mrs. Kate Hallan of Taylor, Texas, is in Slaton having improvements put on her land, the Willard place west of town, and arranging to move here. She is having a house of six rooms built on the farm.

G. M. Harlan of Goree, Texas, is on his farm near Slaton, the T. B. Walling section two miles south of town, building a nice house of seven rooms, a large barn, and a garage, and making other improvements. Mr. Harlan will move to the place this fall, and put all the land under cultivation.

The Slatonite editor and family spent an enjoyable day Sunday at the hospitable home of Chas. Acker on the plateau one mile west of Slaton. This farm home is located on the prettiest building site on the South Plains, and since Mr. Acker sold it he is in a quandry as to where he will find a location that suits him as well. The entire town of Wilson, ten miles distant, is readily discernible from the Acker house. Mrs. Acker served a bountiful dinner of home grown South Plains products prepared in a faultless style and very appetizing manner. She established a reputation with the Slatonite family, as her husband can readily attest. Mr. Acker has a nice garden and his crops are in good shape. The corn has already made, and he says the crop will yield fully as heavily as last year's crop. The hot most prominent with us, and what prompted us to tell of this Sunday visit, was the life that can be enjoyed on a good South Plains farm where the surroundings can be made so attractive and the garden, the orchard and the fields will produce so abundantly for the home table.

Iceless Refrigerators—we manufacture them. Morgan & Petty.

Ed Shopbell is building a nice residence in South Slaton. It is located just north of C. W. Olive's property.

Mrs. Mary E. Horton and her daughter, Mrs. L. C. Neal, left Slaton Wednesday for their home at San Augustine, Texas, after an extended visit in this city with Mrs. Horton's daughter, Mrs. J. W. Richey.

The Amarillo Trade Boosters' Excursion was in Slaton Thursday last week to take dinner at the Harvey House. They had a good dinner, and serenaded those who were at the station with some good band music.

Police court has been busy this week. A couple wanted at Plainview was arrested Tuesday and fined for disorderly conduct. Sheriff W. H. Flynn then came down and took them to Lubbock to await the sheriff from Hale County.

500 BUSHELS TURKEY RED seed wheat for sale. Raised on the A. B. Robertson ranch near Slaton and made over 20 bushels per acre and tested high, with the dry summer this year. The most profitable crop is 1916. Buy your seed now. Supply is limited.—Slaton Grain and Coal Company.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hampton returned home Sunday from an extended auto trip to Waco and other places in that part of Texas. Mr. Hampton says that everywhere they went they found a drouthy condition, and that nowhere were crops in as good shape as they are on the South Plains. He is more than satisfied that the plains country is just a little the best of any place on the globe.

Safety at Railroad Crossings.

Although many people are beginning to think that the man who meets disaster by racing a railway train to a crossing is worthy of little sympathy, still there are enough genuine accidents to stimulate suggestions for increasing safety at these points. One apparently effective plan recently proposed is to turn the road at a right angle near the track and continue it parallel with the tracks for a short distance before crossing the same by another right angle turn. This would compel an automobile to slow down before crossing the tracks, and should insure the safety of the average driver. Unfortunately there are very many places where such an arrangement is impossible.—Scientific American.

Not Up on Art.

Wife—Did you attend the big picture sale up in town?
Hubby—Yes, Susan, and I saw Rembrandt knocked down for a mere song.
Wife—Gracious, what brutality! And was the poor man's singing so bad that it caused the crowd to knock him down, Henry?

Notice for Bids

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Trustees of the Slaton Independent School District of Lubbock County, Texas, will on the 30th day of August, 1916, receive sealed bids for the custody of the funds of the said School District for the period of one year from the date of acceptance of any bid. Such bids shall state the rate per cent that the bidder will pay on the daily balances to said School District for the privilege of being made the depository of said funds. All bids should be in the hands of the Secretary not later than 10 o'clock a. m. on August 30th, 1916. The successful bidder will be required to give bond as required by law and to comply with all other provisions of the law relating to same. The privilege of rejecting any and all bids is retained by the Board.
S. H. Adams, President.

Attest:
J. G. Wadsworth, Secretary.

IN THE FIRST PLACE

Everything we have to offer bears testimony of our Superior Buying Ability.

In the Second Place

everything you buy from us will testify to Your Good Judgment in selecting our store as Headquarters for Groceries.

Telephone 19
Slaton Sanitary Grocery

W. E. SMART, Proprietor

HAS EARNED HIGH POSITION

American Who Accomplished Wonders in the Internal Development of Chinese Empire.

George Bronson Rea, the American engineer and journalist, who has been awarded the grand prize for the best program for a national system of railroads by the Chinese government, is not a railroad man himself, despite the distinct railroad flavor of his name. He is the publisher of the Far Eastern Review, and has made what amounts to a lifelong study of the peculiar economic, social, and physical conditions prevailing in China, which affect the problem of transportation between the widely separated parts of that great country. He was one of the first to realize the importance of an adequate solution of the problems involved, and the measure of his integrity, in the minds of the Chinese, may be judged from the fact that although he was the right-hand man of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, after Sun was exiled for revolutionary activities by his successor as president of the Chinese republic, Yuan Shi-Kai, Yuan insisted upon retaining Mr. Rea as technical secretary of the ministry of communications at Peking.

Men who have been acquainted with Mr. Rea's career say that he won the confidence of the Chinese by his command of his favorite subject and the steadiness of his efforts in working for a greater measure of fair play for China in the financial and other agreements with American and European capitalists and builders, as well as by his strict insistence upon adherence to the letter of the "open-door policy."

In other words, they say, Rea has not fought the fight of the Westerners, but of the Chinese. And the Chinese have rewarded him by giving him honors and confidence beyond those accorded any other American since the commission to Anson Burlingame, to whom was entrusted forty-eight years ago, the adjusting of China's future relation with the western world.

Turkish Greeks.

The Turks have definite names for the Greeks who inhabit Ottoman territory and for those who are their own masters. The latter are Yunan and their country Yunanistan—names derived from "Ionia"; while the Greeks and Turks are Rum. By origin this is simply "Romans," and is an inheritance from the Byzantine days, when the inhabitants of Constantinople, the new Rome, were called Romaloi, while the provincials were known as Helladikoi. "Rum" was the conquering Turks' name for the Byzantine empire. It survives in Rumelia, while the popular Greek language of the present day is still known as Romaic. But every Greek, in Greece or in Turkey, calls himself a Hellene.

The Diagnosis.

Doctor—What's the patient's mean temperature?
Nurse—From what his relatives tell me, I don't think he has any other kind.

Large Order for Fruit Cars.
The Northern Pacific railroad has ordered 2,000 cars especially for handling fruit. Cost, \$3,500,000.

Woman's Missionary Society

The program for the Missionary Society next Monday will be:
Leader, Mrs. Adams.
Hymn. Prayer.
Gleanings from Panama Conference. Mrs. W. E. Olive.
Duet, Mrs. Knight and Miss Edna Wadsworth.
Opportunity for Mexicans in the United States. Mrs. Brewer.
Question box arranged by leader.
Song. Benediction.

Slaton grows every day.

S. H. ADAMS

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Office at Red Cross Pharmacy
Residence Phone 26
Office Phone 3

Dr. Luther Wall

Physician and Surgeon
Eye Tested and Glasses Fitted. Piles and Rectal Diseases Cured Without the Knife. Auto Service to Answer Calls.
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Office in Talley Building
Northwest Corner Square, Slaton

Panhandle State Fair

AMARILLO, TEXAS

September 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 -- 1916

FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBIT

The One Great Event of the Year in the Panhandle and Plains Country

Increased List of Premiums in All Departments. Many Special Premiums
Special Display of Fireworks Every Day. Change of Program Each Night

Old Settlers Day, Wednesday, Sept. 13th

Balloon and Parachute Races Every Day. Reduced Rates on All Railroads
Many Attractive Entertainment Features Provided. Catalog Sent on Request

Splendid Race Program

Remember the Dates and Come

PANHANDLE STATE FAIR ASSOCIATION
AMARILLO, TEXAS

WITH EVERY SWALLOW



comes a keener appreciation of the superiority of our soda. The real fruity flavor, the icy coldness, the bubbling life of the water itself combine to make a beverage which when once tasted lingers pleasantly in the memory. Don't miss having a glass TO-DAY.

RED CROSS PHARMACY

BOTH SIDES OF THE RAILROAD MEN'S EIGHT-HOUR DAY

Discussed by JOHN L. ANDREWS

Introduction

My purpose is to place before the public, as I see it, the real sermion of the large section of country covered by me as a traveling salesman, as that sentiment refers to the controversy now pending between the railroads on the one side and their train service employees on the other. It is not my purpose to predict the outcome, but to lay the matter in an unbiased light before the public, fully convinced that once the public knows the issue and conditions that it will reach the correct verdict, whether that verdict suits me or not. If I can succeed in this I will not feel my efforts have been in vain.

The Issue

The two parties to the issue are the railroads on the one side and the "orders" on the other. The "orders" as they are termed are the organizations of the engineers, conductors, firemen, and brakemen, and it is agreed that these number approximately 350,000 men. Furthermore it is agreed that only those men who are employed in "yards" (switching) and on trains that do not move at speed of 12 1/2 miles per hour will be affected by the change asked for. The point of difference is, the roads contend the men are seeking increased wages, while the men insist they do not want more money for the service performed but merely want the privilege of doing the same work in less time. In other words, the men say they can work faster and get through sooner if permitted to do so.

Mr. Butt-In-Ski

On June 22, 1916, Senator Newlands of Nevada introduced at Washington "Joint Senate Resolution No. 445," directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate and report to Congress on matters pertaining to this controversy. This resolution was proposed and is the creation of "The Chamber of Commerce of the United States," not Senator Newlands, and that body was at that time composed of 981 members from various portions of the United States. We know nothing of the personnel of the remainder of this body, but so far as the writer has been able to ascertain the Texas part of it is none other than those who represent the same interests that were outlawed and compelled to quit business in Texas a few months ago as the Texas Commercial Secretaries Association after they had failed in their efforts both to discredit and bluff Attorney General Looney, and I am persuaded once the public understands who is behind this resolution they will be slow indeed to follow the lead of the interests just outlawed under another name.

The Railroad's Statement

Some time ago, when arbitrating with their men, these same roads proved that 78 per cent of their freight trains moved at a speed of 12 1/2 miles per hour or more. If 7 per cent of the men of these orders are employed in passenger train service this only leaves 15 per cent of the 350,000 or 52,500 men who will be affected by the change, and yet the roads claim it will cost \$100,000,000 to grant these concessions. Let us see, 52,500 men to receive \$100,000,000 means that each on the average would receive \$1,904 increase per year, while the roads only claim to pay the 350,000 men \$400,000,000 or an average of \$1,143 per year now, hence the trainmen who are to receive the raise would receive \$1,143 plus \$1,904 or \$3,047 per year while the 297,500 who do not participate in the raise continue to receive on an average of \$1,143. If this is true the

roads are today manned by 297,500 harmless lunatics and 52,500 heartless grafters who are absolutely void of appreciation. Unreasonable as this may seem the roads' statement is even worse, for they admit these runs to be now manned by "seniority men," and one operating officer of the Katy cites the "De Leon-Waco Local" as an instance where men made \$197.85 per month in Oct. 1915. If this man receives his part of the increase, he would according to their claim receive \$4,062 while the 297,500 harmless lunatics would receive their little \$1,143 per year.

Another View

An appeal to prejudice is conceded to be evidence of the knowledge of the weakness of one's case, yet in all this controversy only two things have been urged by the roads and each of these were based on prejudice. The first was an attempt to prejudice 82 per cent of the employees of the roads against 18 per cent by showing that the engineers, conductors, firemen, and brakemen, while constituting but 18 per cent of the employees received 28 per cent of the wages. Is it possible that men who are at the head of the great railroad systems do not understand that men holding responsible positions as do these men are expected to draw more pay than those in the less responsible positions? Mr. E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fe system, draws \$100,000 per year salary, for what? Undoubtedly not for the time he gives to the management of the business, for he has only 24 hours in his day just as his section hands have, neither is it for the oversight he gives the management, for the writer has in his possession sworn statements of Mr. Ripley which would seem to preclude this. To be exact, the writer has in his possession the sworn statement of Mr. E. P. Ripley that he has never received a report from any official or employe concerning the explosion which occurred at Ardmore, Okla., on Sept. 27, 1915, although that explosion caused 47 deaths and cost the Santa Fe, in round numbers, \$1,000,000. If Mr. Ripley does not draw this \$100,000 per year salary to at least bear, officially, of such occurrences as this, for what does he receive it? But if we admit that men should and do receive pay, not only for their time, but for their knowledge or ability to do certain service, then there is no other motive these officials could have for urging this 18 per cent in number receiving 28 per cent of the pay, pure prejudice.

Second Appeal to Prejudice

In the second place they attempt to prejudice the public against these men by saying the change "will cost \$100,000,000, which the public will have to pay." It seems to never have occurred to them that a reduction of the salaries of such men as Mr. Ripley could be resorted to instead of a raise in freight rates. But first let us see what would become of this \$100,000,000 if the public did pay it. The roads are howling because that 45 per cent of what they take in goes to labor. Taking their own statement then that 55 per cent, or \$55,000,000 of this \$100,000,000 would go to capital under ordinary conditions, but what about this case? According to their own statement only \$12,600,000, or 28 per cent of the \$45,000,000 would go to the men in their 40 concessions. But this is not all, for only 28 per cent of these men are involved, hence 28 per cent of the \$12,600,000, or \$3,722,000, is the most that it could possibly cost the roads in wages, therefore the remainder, \$9,228,000, would go to the roads themselves. But some one will ask, "Why all this row, if they will thereby receive \$97,772,000 extra?" That's the milk in the cocoanut; the row isn't to keep from paying the increase, the row is to make Congress get into the matter either through the Interstate Commerce Commission or through arbitration, so that they will have a basis for a demand for increased freight rates. Once the Interstate Commerce Commission or an arbitration board appointed by Congress or the President agrees that the men should have their request granted, if the roads have made a holler for \$100,000,000 before the decision, it will justify the in-

terstate Commerce Commission in raising the rates to meet, not the real increased expense, if there is such increase, which the men deny, but the \$100,000,000 which the roads say it will require. Not only this, but this will remain a continual income to the road, this \$97,772,000 per year, and will, in 11 years, amount to more than one billion dollars clear "velvet," hence we can see "method in their madness" and can understand why the roads are determined to force Congress to act, even if they must needs force a strike which will tie up every road in America in order to gain their end.

The Evidence

As I write I have before me a book issued by the Association of Western Railroads, purporting to give the editorial opinion of the press of America. In large letters on the first outside cover it proclaims "Public Demands Settlement of Railway Issue by the Interstate Commerce Commission or by Arbitration." Of the 108 so-called "editorials" only six appeared prior to June 16 and only one prior to June 13, while only four appeared as late as June 24, and only one later than June 27. The writer has read 6,391 editorials published between June 27 and July 25 in papers issued from Boston to San Francisco and from Seattle to Jacksonville, Fla., and has seen but one editorial on this subject in all this number, and this one was a wail from the New Orleans Times-Picayune of July 18th bewailing the fact that Congress and the President had not seen fit to get worked up over their editorial of June 17th. However, on the night of July 25th the writer, in a public address in Dallas, Texas, called attention to the fact that while this book of editorials saw fit to publish editorials which had appeared in the Dallas News and the Galveston News (both papers being published by the same publishers and each editorial being used twice in this book of editorials) that neither of these papers had seen fit to say anything later on the subject and suggested that undoubtedly they had gone "half-cooked," or else they were paid to print the editorial, and this seems to have struck a responsive chord or else it waked some up, for forthwith the News and the Journal, each of which are issued from the same office, got busy and "fotch" out an editorial on the subject. We have not seen the Galveston News, but presume she "got busy" also.

An Analysis

This book contains three editorials from the Chicago Tribune, but these 3 are made over and used eight times. This should have satisfied these reproducers of "so-called editorial slush," but not so. The Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph, the Baton Rouge (La.) Times, and the Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger each based an editorial, apparently, on the "starvation" clause of the Tribune's editorial and these three are also used repeatedly until 16 of the 108 can be traced directly to the Tribune editorial. These are not referred to to prejudice the public against editorials, nor to belittle the importance of a subject of sufficient importance to call for editorial comment, but to show the desperation of the roads' editorial poverty. With approximately 100,000 publications from which to quote and with months in which to gather editorials, these roads have had to resort to the subterfuge of revamping and reprinting not only editorials, but "comments on editorials," in order to secure even 108 favorable mentions of their appeal for federal intervention. But another thing remarkably strange is that two of these editorials, one appearing in the Aberdeen (S. D.) American, and the other in the Bay City (Mich.) Tribune, are word for word and comma for comma the same; that one sentence and three words of another sentence are omitted in one editorial. Either great minds run in the same channel, or these so-called editorials were canned and sent out, we ask the public which? But why this great burst of editorial eloquence (?) immediately preceding the 22nd of June? Is it possible that Senator Newlands refused to present the "new born babe" of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States to Congress unless a show of public demand could be made, and if so, is it possible that that outburst of editorial gush was another child of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and that the child was foreordained and predestinated before its birth to be a foundation for its brother, "Senate Joint Resolution No. 145." Some have said "Truth is stranger than fiction;" we will not deny it.

Going Back to the Dollar

But to revert to the corporations' standard, the Dollar. A number of roads have seen fit to issue statements on the best local runs and in order to show that men seek these longer runs they have stated that these runs were held by virtue of seniority of choice. These runs only vary practically a fraction of a cent per hour throughout the Southwest, hence in using the exact figures of the M., K. & T. I am fairly representing all the lines. Mr. C. G. Elliott, Assistant to Chief Operating Officer of the M., K. & T. in the Dallas News of June 13th, showed the average crew wage for the local runs three ways out of Waco to be \$2.32 per hour. Mr. W. A. Webb, his superior officer, and Mr. F. G. Pettibone, General Manager of the Santa Fe, confirmed this in statements on practically every local run under their jurisdiction, and it is safe to say this is a fair estimate. If we add \$2.68 per hour for fuel, water and oil consumed, we will have a net average cost per hour of \$5.00 on local runs. We have already shown there were 15 per cent, or 52,500 of these men, in slow run service, which gives 8,750 crews of six men each—engineers, firemen, conductors and brakemen—and if, as the roads sometimes say, there are 22 per cent, or 77,000 men, in this service, it only makes it worse for the road, for there would be 12,833 crews instead of 8,750. But if an average of one hour per day was saved, it would mean 8,750 hours per day or 2,725,000 hours in fifty-two weeks of six days each, and these at \$5.00 per hour would be \$13,625,000, whereas 28 per cent of the \$45,000,000 the roads themselves claim is paid out for labor out of each \$100,000,000 collected would amount to but \$12,600,000. Hence, there would be a surplus of \$1,045,000 if the rates are not changed but if these trains were speeded up an average of one hour per day, and all persons familiar with the management of roads know this can and will

be done if a penalty of time and one-half is to be paid for overtime after eight hours.

The Men's Side

So far we have dealt only with evidence given by the roads themselves, and yet if I were an employe I would be willing to risk my case here, but there are some contentions of the men that should be noticed. The first is, how can this hour be saved? There are several ways; for instance the rule that a conductor must check his train to see he has all his cars before leaving a terminal could be abolished when trains are made up by yard crews. No conductor checks the contents of a car to see if all the merchandise is in it when he starts. He checks it as he puts it out, and the responsibility of it being there rests on the one who should have put it there. Then, why not apply this rule to cars in a train, instead of having a conductor walk from caboose to engine and return to the yard office for orders, then go back to the engine to give the orders to the engineer, when a little consecrated common sense would save this trouble? Some roads have adopted this rule, and as soon as these crews are to be paid time and one-half for overtime after eight hours, this practice will be abolished by all roads.

The second thing is, that more attention should be given to slow trains by dispatchers. Let us say that it is ten miles from A to B, and will take 35 minutes to run it with a local and 25 minutes with a fast freight. The local is ready to leave, but have only 30 minutes to make it in; nine times in ten, instead of holding the fast freight at A for 5 minutes, the local is held 55 minutes—30 minutes before the fast train reaches B and the 25 minutes it takes it to run from B to A. This is not all the trouble, for before the 55 minutes is up, probably another fast freight or passenger train has repeated the dose, if not the section foreman, bridge crews, or work train has decided the local, being behind, will probably not come at all, and has proceeded to ball things up for them. This may seem foolish to the uninitiated, but practical railroad men know that these are not only actual daily occurrences but that more than a dozen other things that would produce the same result could be mentioned. In other words, like the foolish man who seems to take the letters of the alphabet which no one else cares for and makes himself a name from them, so the local must take the time no one else wants and get over the road on it. I do not over mean they should be given right over fast trains, but I do mean they should be protected in their rights and not be pigeon-holed on a blind siding by every dispatcher; and when these are granted time and a half for overtime after eight hours, General Managers will see that they, like other trains, get over a division at a speed of 12 1/2 miles per hour, instead of using sixteen hours on 100 miles. This is why the men are asking a penalty of time and a half for overtime after eight hours—not that they may receive more wages, but that they may be permitted to make 12 1/2 miles per hour.

The third thing is, "Station Order Loading." At terminals, certain portions of the outgoing warehouse is assigned to each station to which freight moves and it is placed there and loaded in station order, but when a local stops at the average way-station the freight it is to receive is scattered probably all over the warehouse and platform, wherever it happens to suit the shipper's convenience to deposit it. Many times it must be moved to make room for the freight that is being unloaded, and when the loading starts a dozen shipments are in one conglomerated mess, instead of twelve piles as they should be. The result is, a checker must check through the twelve waybills and hold trucks until he finds what they have on their trucks, or they must chase over the whole warehouse, looking for what the checker wants next. The average way-station warehouse resembles a junk pile more than an orderly kept place of business. Correct this one error—teach the station men to store their shipments so they can be quickly handled and loaded in station order, and hours will be saved in this one item alone. But why multiply words? All practical railroad men know these and other reforms can and will be inaugurated if the men are granted time and one-half for overtime after eight hours.

It seems that the average time on local trains is about 14 1/2 hours per day. This, at \$2.32 per hour, is \$33.64 for the full crew. If this was reduced to eleven hours by the charge of time and one-half for overtime after eight hours the eleven hours at these rates would only amount to \$33.54. There would also be the saving of fuel on 8,750 locomotives for three hours each day, which would be at least \$10 on each

NOTE: When it first became imminent that the Railway Companies would not grant the request of the Trainmen for an Eight Hour Law, the editor of the SLATONITE knew that the question would become a national one. There are two sides to every question. Our desk was loaded with literature from both the Associated Railways and from the Trainmen. We freely acknowledged that we were not sufficiently informed on any part of railroad business nor work to comprehend the mass of statistics presented without a thorough review of the entire subject—a thing not practical for a country newspaper man. We honestly endeavored to maintain an impartial attitude. The Associated Railways have used the advertising columns of hundreds of publications urging against a strike. The Trainmen want to give to the public their reasons for asking for an Eight Hour Law, and have taken space in the SLATONITE for this article from the pen of Mr. Andrews. As we understand it, this article is a matter merely of stating the things the railroad boys are asking for in the present controversy.

locomotive, or \$87,500. But this does not tell the whole tale. One of the biggest troubles is that an engine in service 14 1/2 hours per day has no time to be cooled and worked on and she goes to rack, when, with these 3 1/2 hours in the shop instead of on the road, she could be kept in shape to make at least 10 per cent better speed, which would, of itself, on a ten-hour Division, make the one hour we started out to find.

The Reason

But someone will ask, "Why has this not been done, if it can be done?" It is because that railroad management is a conglomeration of patch-work, worse than an old woman's crazy quilt, rather than a systematic whole. The head of each department is required to hold the expense of that department at a minimum, regardless of the effect upon other departments. For the lack of a 15c per hour section hand, a \$2.32 per hour train crew, with an engine consuming the rest of a five dollar bill per hour in fuel, is held out and that crew in turn holds out ten other crews for an hour each, and \$50 is lost; but the Roadmaster shows he has saved \$1.35 that day as compared with the same day one year before. An engine failure lays out nine other trains for two hours each, and \$100 is gone; she wouldn't have failed with two cars less, but the train sheet would have shown she did not have her full tonnage and the Chief Dispatcher would have gotten a jacking-up, but as it is, no one seems to be to blame. If these two cars contain 50 tons, the road would have received \$36.45 for the 100 miles at the average ton mile basis, but as it is, it is hauled at a \$100 cost, but everyone is in the clear; it is nobody's fault—just an accident.

The Moral Issue

A train crew is required to report for duty 30 minutes before leaving time. Returning to the DeLeon-Waco local cited by Mr. Elliott, we have his statement that trainmen worked 13 hours, 55 minutes, and engine men 14 hours and 5 minutes on an average for the month of October, 1915. This would be a total average of just 14 hours. Let us look into these men's homes; the wife gets up at 4:30 a. m., that she may have breakfast at 5:15. If it takes her husband 45 minutes to eat and get to the yard office, it is 6 o'clock, which will let him out at 6:30, when Mr. Elliott says he begins 14 hours' work; therefore, he is relieved at 8:30 p. m. If it takes him 45 minutes to wash up and get home, and 15 minutes to eat his supper, and if it takes his wife 30 minutes to clear the table and clean the dining room, it is 10 o'clock before she can retire, and yet she must begin this same grind at 4:30 the next morning. And yet Mr. Elliott would insist that these men are not sincere when they say that they want shorter hours, but insists that it is more pay that they are striving for.

The census report shows that out of the 350,000 engineers, firemen and brakemen, only 57,000 are men who are 44 years old, or more. Let us remember that this 57,000 does not represent the remnant of 350,000, but the remnant of more than 8,000,000 men who have held similar positions in times past.

The Real Issue

Do these men desire shorter hours? No thinking man can deny it. Will the roads give it to them without being forced to do so? We know they will not. They were caught and admitted violating the Federal Sixteen Hour Law, 61,247 times in 1915, 137,439 times in 1914, and 270,827 times in 1913. How many times were they not caught no one knows, and no one can know save the men who are imposed upon. When will they cease to do this? Only when it becomes unprofitable; therefore, these employes are asking, not for more wages, but for an automatic punishment—one that can't be dodged, because the injured party, the one compelled to work, receives and collects his own fine. Hence, it would be impossible for them to violate this rule and not pay the penalty.

The Political Side

The wise politician, National and State, has his ear to the ground. Women are more susceptible to an appeal for justice than are men. Almost

every state where women vote will be a real battlefield next November. Eight Governors, including the Governor of Texas, have already decided unequivocally for the eight hour day for these men. The little bunch of overworked Editorials has not set Congress to the job, as the roads hoped they would. With the Missouri Pacific refusing to arbitrate with their maintenance of way employes, and the Santa Fe refusing to arbitrate with their engine employes, and with the Southern Pacific refusing for months, since the board of arbitration rendered its decision in the engineers' case, to abide by that decision, and with the "Mail Pay Bill" defeated in Congress by the Roads, after having been agreed upon in Committee, the roads do not seem to know what to do, so they merely howl, but it will do no good. The State Railroad Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the State Legislatures, nor the National Congress have any real knowledge as such of railroading. Two classes and only two classes know—the men who issue the orders and those who execute them. The roads know they will have to meet the demand; they are not adverse to meeting these demands, for, as we have shown, they can save as much as it will cost, by they see a chance to pluck the public for \$100,000,000 per annum, hence they suggest that the Interstate Commerce Commission should be empowered to investigate this, knowing full well that when their rights have been made clear, these railroad employes will be granted the eight hours and that the penalty will be a tax for its violation, but they also realize that this will not, at most, cost, as we have shown, \$2,772,000, but they realize that if they have made the public believe that it will cost \$100,000,000 they can pocket their \$97,000,000 per annum from increased freight rates.

A Practical Demonstration

In view of the fact that the roads contend that these concessions cannot be made except at a great expense and that the 4 Orders of Railway men contend just as strongly that the time saved will equal the extra expense, if extra overtime is required in some instances, why would it not be well for the Government to make an experiment by permitting the heads of these four Orders to suggest a Chief Operating Officer to operate some road now in the hands of a receiver and then demonstrate whether these reforms could really be made without extra expense? Would the Parcel Post or the Rural Free Delivery either be a success if placed in the hands of their enemy? Is it not possible for the roads to be operated under the men who do not want these reforms inaugurated in such way as to demonstrate the impossibility of these reforms being instituted except at great expense? Undoubtedly Messrs. Garretson, Stone, Carter and Lee, as heads of these four orders, are competent to suggest to a receiver a Chief Operating Officer in sympathy with their contentions, while the Receiver himself would be in a position to see that the rights of the Government and the stockholders were not trespassed upon.

I am not a railroad man, but a traveling salesman. My interest in the matter arises purely from a knowledge of the fact that these transportation issues must be settled once and for all, and after having for several years given special attention to transportation problems, I am thoroughly convinced that the interests not only of the men and the roads, but of the public as well, can be best served by having men relieved at the end of eight hours of such arduous work as these men are required to perform.

In the State of Texas a Telegraph Operator who handles train orders can not be worked longer than nine hours. But on many of the roads where the telephone is used for transmitting orders, conductors are permitted to take their own train orders and then execute them up to the last minute before the 16-hour Federal Law prohibits them from doing so. I am not in favor of repealing the law concerning the telegraph operator, but anyone can see the foolishness of this law, so long as the train service employes may be worked 16 hours.

—Adv.

LISTEN!

The business belongs to the man who goes after it and takes proper care of his trade. The rewards are measured by the desire and the ability to do the thing and do it right. This has proven the basis of our success.

Slaton Lumber Company

NOTICE:

I have bought the Slaton Insurance Company from Mr. G. H. Jones and am prepared to write your insurance at lowest rates. When you want insurance come to see me.

J. H. BREWER, Agent
At First State Bank

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

SLATON SLATONITE

Slaton, Lubbock County, Texas

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

SUBSCRIPTION, THE YEAR \$1.00

Entered as second class mail matter at the post office at Slaton, Texas, on Sept. 15, 1911, under the act of March 3, 1897.

The watermelon crop at Slaton is a good one and the farmers are hauling them to market by the wagon load.

The compulsory school attendance law goes into effect this fall, and the boy who doesn't like school books had better reconcile himself to school days.

If grocery prices keep on climbing we Americans may have to appeal to Germany to feed us. Germany says that the food supply over there is sufficient to last that nation two more years. The way prices keep climbing here we would think that there is a supply in the United States to last only about three months.

Peter Radford is a firm believer in unions, and he organized another farmer's union last week while in Houston. He and Mrs. Annie Bruner of Fort Worth were the charter members and the stock was all preferred and non-assessable. They were married Wednesday. Radford is joint commissioner of the State Warehouse and Marketing department.

With two new fifty-foot front brick buildings under way, a new two-story passenger depot and railway office building nearing completion, several good residence houses under construction, and new farms opening every week, Slaton has nothing to complain of, thank you. The weather is very dry, it is true, but we have had a season so much better than have other sections and our crops are so much more advanced than in other places, that we are fortunate.

The entire Plains country shakes hands with Amarillo on the new statesman the city has

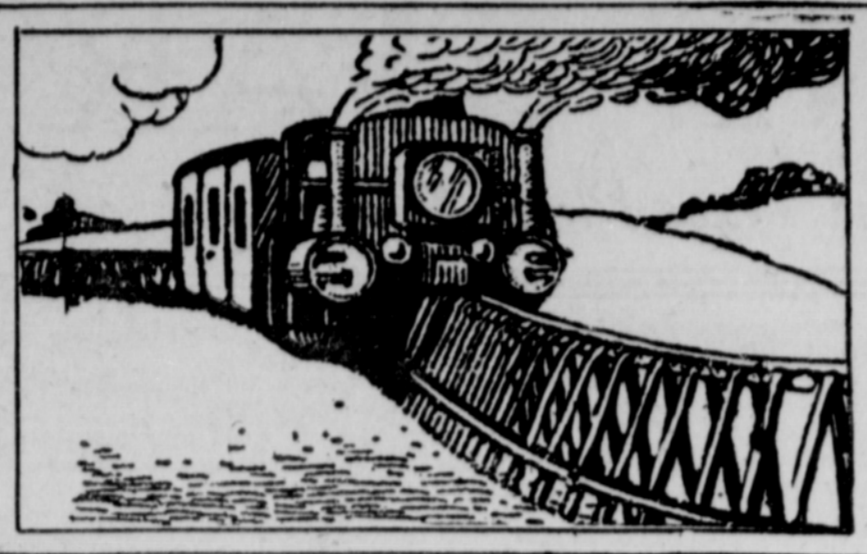
made. Marvin Jones, the new congressman, has electrified the west with his successful campaign. He is a shrewd and successful lawyer, a good citizen, and a splendid fellow. As an orator he can respond on any occasion. We congratulate the Plains marvel, Mr. Marvin Jones. But we can't restrain a feeling that he goes to congress under a big handicap. It's a much harder task living up to a reputation than it is to make that reputation.

J. Pluvius turned not the crank that operates his water tank. He watched the baking earth below and heard the people wail and woe, but not a bit did he relent; he didn't seem to care a cent. Old Vulcan heard the people's wails, where he was making horseshoe nails, and said, "Say, Pluve, turn on the drink; those fellows below are on the blink." But Pluve replied, "Gee whiz! You teach me how to run my biz? I tell you, Vulc, those mortal men must have a lesson now and then. For many years I've sent them rain, and crops have grown on every plain. Prosperity was at their door where now the wolf of famines roar. And while I kept their planet wet, there was a carnival of debt. Men blew their substance wild and free as though it grew upon a tree. Their stock of luxuries enlarged, they bought fool things and had them charged. Men threw their money at the stars, and traded homes for chug chug cars, and rioted at every chance, like drunken sailors at a dance. And so I cooked their blamed old earth, to teach them what good fortune's worth. When they have lived on husks a while they'll learn to save their little pile."—Walt Mason.

Local rains fell over the Slaton country Wednesday night. In town the fall amounted to only one fourth of an inch. A heavy rain is reported north of the canyon, and also east of Southland.

Richard Flannigan, a faithful employee of the Santa Fe, has been transferred to Slaton to work with Agent W. H. Smith.—Glazier Review.

PECULIAR IRISH "MONO-RAIL"



VARIOUS QUAINT LINES

FRENCH RAILROADS BUILT TO OVERCOME OBSTACLES.

Ireland Has One of the Most Remarkable Rail Routes—"Rack" System Has Been Found a Necessity in Switzerland.

Of the various quaint railroads in the world one is not so very far away, although you have perhaps never heard of it, much less traveled along its eccentric line, remarks London Answers.

This is the Lartigue railroad, at Ballybunion, in Ireland, some idea of which you can glean from the picture. This strange train, you will observe, is in duplicate, the engine and carriages being double, while the line consists of a central rail, which passes down the center of the train. To add to the humor of the thing, passengers are sometimes requested to change their seats from one side of the train to the other, so that a proper balance may be maintained.

Other out-of-the-way railroads are sometimes used in order to negotiate any very steep ascents or descents where the ordinary train would come to grief. In this connection we find what are known as "rack" railroads, more than one of which is used in Switzerland.

The rack railroad, instead of having ordinary smooth lines only, has a rack-rail in the center of the track, this rail being cut into a series of teeth, which jut out rather like the teeth of a saw held upside down. Under the engine of the train itself there is fixed a cogwheel, which grips the teeth of the rack-rail, and so prevents the train from slipping back along the ordinary rails that lie on either side of the rack-rail.

Cars fitted thus are able to ascend and descend mountains on which an ordinary train would quickly meet with disaster.

Another form of mountain railroad is that run by means of cables. The cable principle is roughly this: The cables wind round drums at the top and bottom of the slope. Then, as one train descends the other climbs up the hill, the process being reversed

for the return journeys.

A sensational train, which we may yet see in everyday work, is the Brennan monorail, demonstrations of which were given by its inventor a few years ago. The peculiarities of this train are that it has only one rail, being balanced by means of a couple of gyroscopes.

There is also a moving-platform railroad, which has been actually used in New York, and which somewhat resembles the moving staircases now in use in parts of London. In this case the first platform is stationary, but beside it there is another platform which moves forward at the rate of three miles an hour. Next to this comes a third platform, moving at six miles per hour, while the fourth and last moves at nine miles per hour.

The idea is, of course, that passengers shall step from platform to platform, according to the pace at which they wish to travel; it being in their power always to return to the stationary platform when they so desire. In leaving one platform for another, moreover, they are never changing their rate of progress by more than three miles. On each platform, also, there are a number of posts and handrails to which passengers can cling, if nervous. Believers in this method of travel prophesy a great future for the invention; but whether their beliefs are justified or not remains to be seen.

Erie R. R. Started 80 Years Ago.

Residents of Deposit, N. Y., joined with officials of the Erie railroad in celebrating the eightieth anniversary of the beginning of the building of the road. The first spadeful of earth in the construction of the Erie was turned here 80 years ago. Houses were decorated and there was a parade, followed by addresses by railroad officials.

Long Railroad Tunnel Planned.

The Russian government plans the longest railroad tunnel in the world, with a length of 15 miles, to save an 816-mile detour.

Wrong Again.

"Do you see that fellow talking to the girl in blue?"

"Yes."

"He writes two moving picture scenarios every week."

"I'm a poor judge of character. I had him sized up as a deep thinker."

GOODRICH BLACK "BAREFOOT" TIRES

Are the finished product of 47 years of experience in Rubber Working. Their popularity is best attested by their sales record for 1915. The B. F. Goodrich Company made 3,000,000 tires in 1915, and the tremendous production allows them to make the BEST Fabric Tires that skill, experience and good faith can build. This heavy production enables the company to sell this ultra quality tire at a moderate price.

We have these popular "Barefoot" Tires and can supply you in any of the regular sizes.

Call on our stock whenever you need any supplies or accessories. When your car needs repairing we will put it in good running condition and guarantee our work.

Slaton Garage

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Lee Green and Son. A. K. Green, Manager

Comfortable Summer Clothing

It's time to finish your Summer Outfit, We'd like a chance to add to your comfort during this warm weather.

The New Light Weight Hot Weather Fabrics, the Tropical Open Weaves

Either in plain or fancy colorings and patterns are particularly desirable.

Seekers After the Best Can Always Find It Here; The Price Is Not Considered

We want to sell them while there is still a whole season in which to use them.

Chris Harwell & Gents Furnisher
Lubbock, Texas

We Will Make Right That Which is Not Right

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Read their messages and govern yourself accordingly when making purchase. Mention seeing the ad in this paper.

You Are Cordially Invited to the Revival Meetings at the Methodist Church

of Slaton

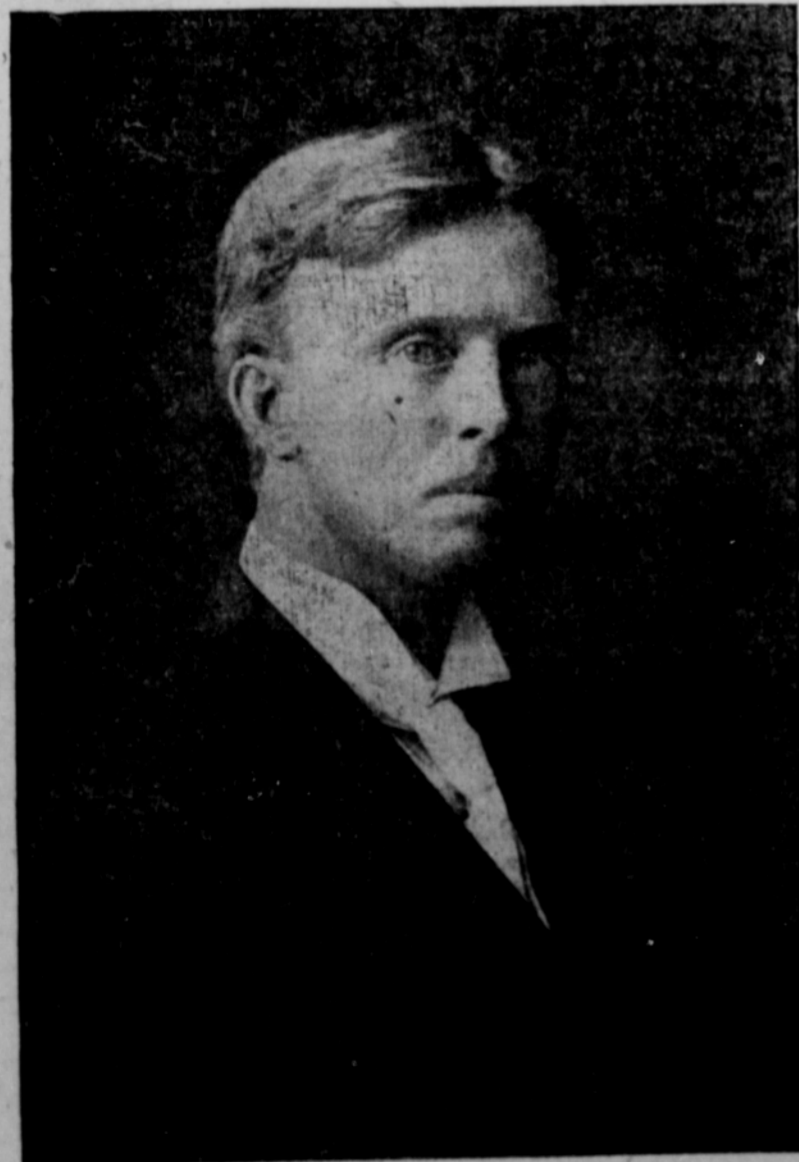
Aug. 20th to Sept. 3rd
Services at 10.30 a. m. and 8.30 p. m.

The Services will be Conducted by the
REV. GEO. W. SHEARER

Pastor of the M. E. Church at Tulia, Texas
Reverend Shearer is a successful Evangelist of several years of experience, and he is a forceful speaker.

The Singing will be under the leadership of Wylie Fort. Brother Fort is a singer who knows how to lead large choirs. A special choir will be organized for these Revival Services.

Come to the Meetings and help with the saving of souls and receive untold blessings for yourself.



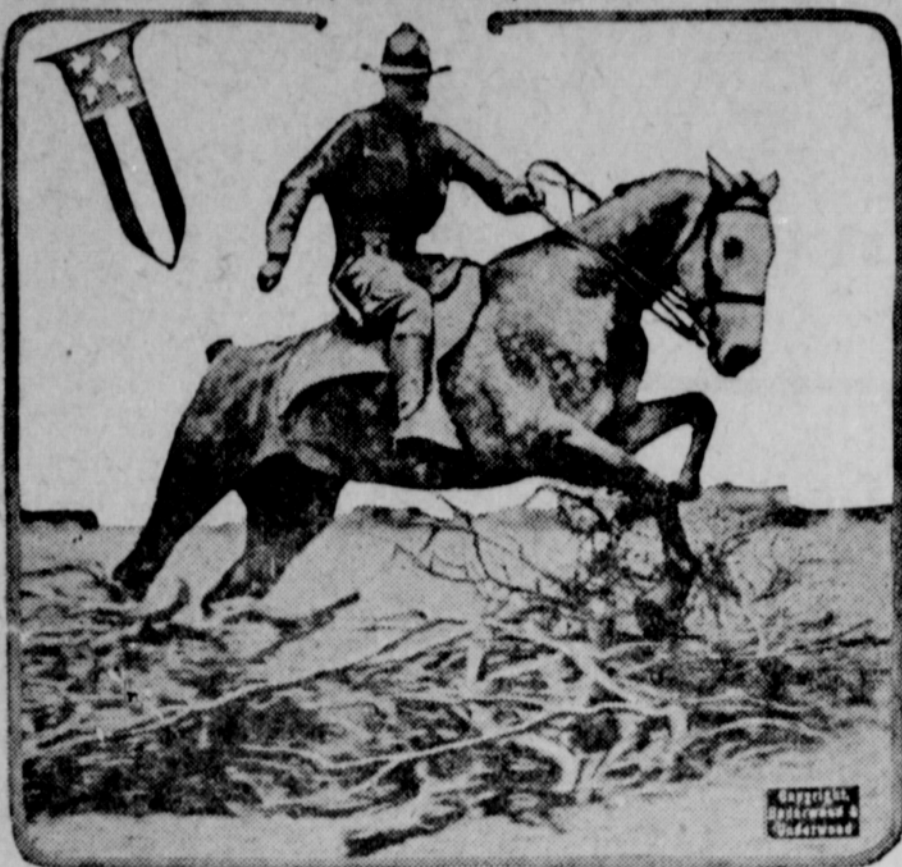
Rev. Geo. W. Shearer, Evangelist



WYLIE FORT
Singer and Choir Leader

T. C. Willett, Pastor.

MAJOR HINES, CENSOR, TAKES A JUMP



Maj. John L. Hines, censor with Pershing's forces in Mexico, is a busy man, but finds time to get a little exercise. He has a very good mount and daily is seen taking a ride around the camp.

ARMY AVIATORS MUST STUDY LONG

French Give Men Most Thorough Training Before License Is Issued

TARGET PRACTICE IMPORTANT

Science is Now So Highly Specialized That a Series of Schools is Necessary—Course Takes About Five Months.

Paris.—There was a time when an aviator was expected to become an air fighter in much the same way as a boy is taught to swim by being thrown into deep water and expected to strike out to save himself from drowning. So the pilot had a quick firer placed on his aeroplane and was turned loose into the air with the expectation that he would get as near as he could to an enemy avion (an avion is a military aeroplane) and shoot him down before being shot down himself.

The training that army pilots now undergo lasts some five months, and the many Americans who have taken it or are taking it will, if they survive the war, form a valuable asset to the American nation if "preparedness" is carried out to the extent of forming aviation corps, as, it needs hardly to be added, it evidently should be.

Schools Becoming Specialized.

It was soon found necessary to specialize aviation schools and devote each to some particular work. Four or five are solely for learners, where they begin, as on "penguins," rollers which do not rise into the air, on which they run in straight lines for half a mile. As soon as they can run with the tail of the machine in the air they pass to a three-cylinder Bleriot, which leaves the ground, rising about a couple of

MISS SYDNEY BURLESON



HARRIS & EWING

This is a new photograph of Miss Sydney Burleson, daughter of the postmaster general. "Wal, who Mrs. Burleson and Miss Sydney mind givin' Burleson are both expert tennis pack?" Duane lifted like informal visits, entertain, and entertained informally, and still time to do much of their own ng, constructing dainty summer es and often even making their hats.

yards. On this machine pupils learn to leave the ground, to control their motors, regulate the gas, etc., and then pass to a six-cylinder Bleriot, which can rise 12 to 20 yards, on which they practice landing. Landing is the most difficult part of the work, so that it is during this stage that most "wood is broken," as French fliers say of smashing machines.

A 45-horsepower Bleriot, which mounts to between 150 and 300 feet, then enables the learner to make "virages" (turns) to the right and left and trace out figure-eights and circles. He is then promoted to a 50-horsepower Bleriot (600 to 900 feet altitude), when he learns to shut off his motor at the highest point and descend to 400 feet and then to restart the motor. He also learns to make a quarter spiral, a half spiral and full spiral with his motor shut off.

He is then ready for his official tests for his license. He has to make an official spiral with a barograph attached to his back to record his descent from 1,500 feet. The barograph will show a straight line for a perfect spiral, but an irregular one for a badly made descent. He then takes a voyage machine, 60 horsepower, on which he makes two trips, 60 miles and 90 miles. Then on an 80-horsepower voyage machine he makes a triangular flight of 150 miles, during which he has to land once to take on a new supply of gasoline. An 80-horsepower or parasol machine is used for two height tests above 6,000 feet, with a barograph to register the altitude.

Having successfully negotiated these tests, he is awarded his "brevet," or pilot's license, if he has put in at least 25 hours actual flying during his training.

"Finishing Off" Schools Also.

The newly licensed pilot is then sent to the finishing off school at Pau. He has now said good-by to slow machines and will start to perfect his skill in landing, probably on a three-cylinder Morane, as the Morane has the same kind of landing fittings as the Nieuport and it is much cheaper in case of "smashing wood." He is promoted to six-cylinder and ten-cylinder Moranes until he has made ten perfect landings. He then mounts a 23-meter (75-foot spread) Nieuport as a passenger with a monitor, who shows him what a Nieuport can do. Then he tackles this Nieuport alone and when he has made 20 perfect landings on it he is allowed to mount a 60-foot Nieuport, a smaller but more powerful machine. On this he makes spirals and a test altitude flight of 6,000 feet.

At this school at the present time are about eighty graduates, almost all officers, a few noncommissioned officers and a few Americans, who are treated by the army officials as if they were officers, whatever rank they may have, even if they are merely privates.

The pilot who has sufficient aptitude then passes to the "ecole de combat," or fighting school. Others are sent into bombarding work or signaling. But those fit to fly scout machines or "avions de chasse" (for hunting down the enemy) take the further course.

Here on fast Nieuports pupils learn to maneuver in escadrille formation.

To become a perfect Nieuport flier an aviator has to master many machines, chiefly to acquire the art of landing at a speed of from 30 to 50 miles an hour. He will train with 25-horsepower, 45-horsepower, 60-horsepower and 80-horsepower Bleriot monoplanes, then with Moranes and then with Nieuports of decreasing size until he reaches the celebrated "Baby Nieuport," only 39 feet spread, with perhaps a 110-horsepower engine.

BRITISH WORKERS PROSPER

Coal Miners, Woollen Operatives and Engineers Gets Raise in Wages.

London.—Employment throughout the United Kingdom continues at a very high level in all industries directly affected by the war, says the Board of Trade Labor Gazette. During May 370,000 workpeople received increased wages amounting to £31,000 a week, coal miners, woollen operatives and engineers being chiefly affected.

GIVES PART OF LEG TO ANOTHER

Heroic French Soldier Calmly Helps Maimed Fellow Hero.

EACH WOUNDED IN THE LEG

Surgeons Are Watching a Remarkable Operation in Great Hospital in Paris—Bound Like Siamese Twins.

Paris.—One of the most remarkable surgical operations on record is now being performed at the Grand Palais, the massive building usually used for the annual Salon, but now transformed into a vast hospital. Here two soldiers lie side by side, bound together like Siamese twins, while a large portion of the leg of one of them is being slowly transferred into the leg of the other one.

Noted surgeons gather about, watching the slow progress, which they regard as marvelous both from a surgical standpoint and from the sentimental, one soldier calmly giving day by day part of his body to a fellow hero.

Lie on Operating Table.

The two men lie on their backs on a large operating table. They lie in opposite directions, the head of one near the feet of the other, like the figures on playing cards. They are among the most seriously wounded of the more youthful soldiers—one is twenty-six and the other twenty-three years old.

The younger, Rousselot, was wounded in the leg at the battle of Morhange in the early days of the war. He was taken a prisoner to Germany, where the surgeons say he did not receive intelligent attention. Brought back here last September, it was necessary to perform a second operation to lengthen his leg 14 centimeters (about five and a half inches). But after the extension was performed, there was still a lack of bony matter between the two portions of the broken femur.

Surgeons Get an Idea.

The other soldier, Tillette, an artillery man, was seriously wounded in the leg two months ago in the desperate fight over Fort Douaumont. In a field operation his leg was amputated above the knee. Later it was found that a second operation was necessary in order to shorten the leg by some centimeters.

It was at this point that the surgeons concluded that the one who needed the shortened leg could give up this portion to the soldier who needed the longer leg. Now, after some weeks, the two soldiers lie there on their backs, the right thigh of Rousselot against the left thigh of Tillette, bound together with the same surgical bandages so as to prevent the slightest shifting of the operated parts, until the phenomenon of transferring one leg to the other is accomplished.

MEXICO'S REPRESENTATIVE



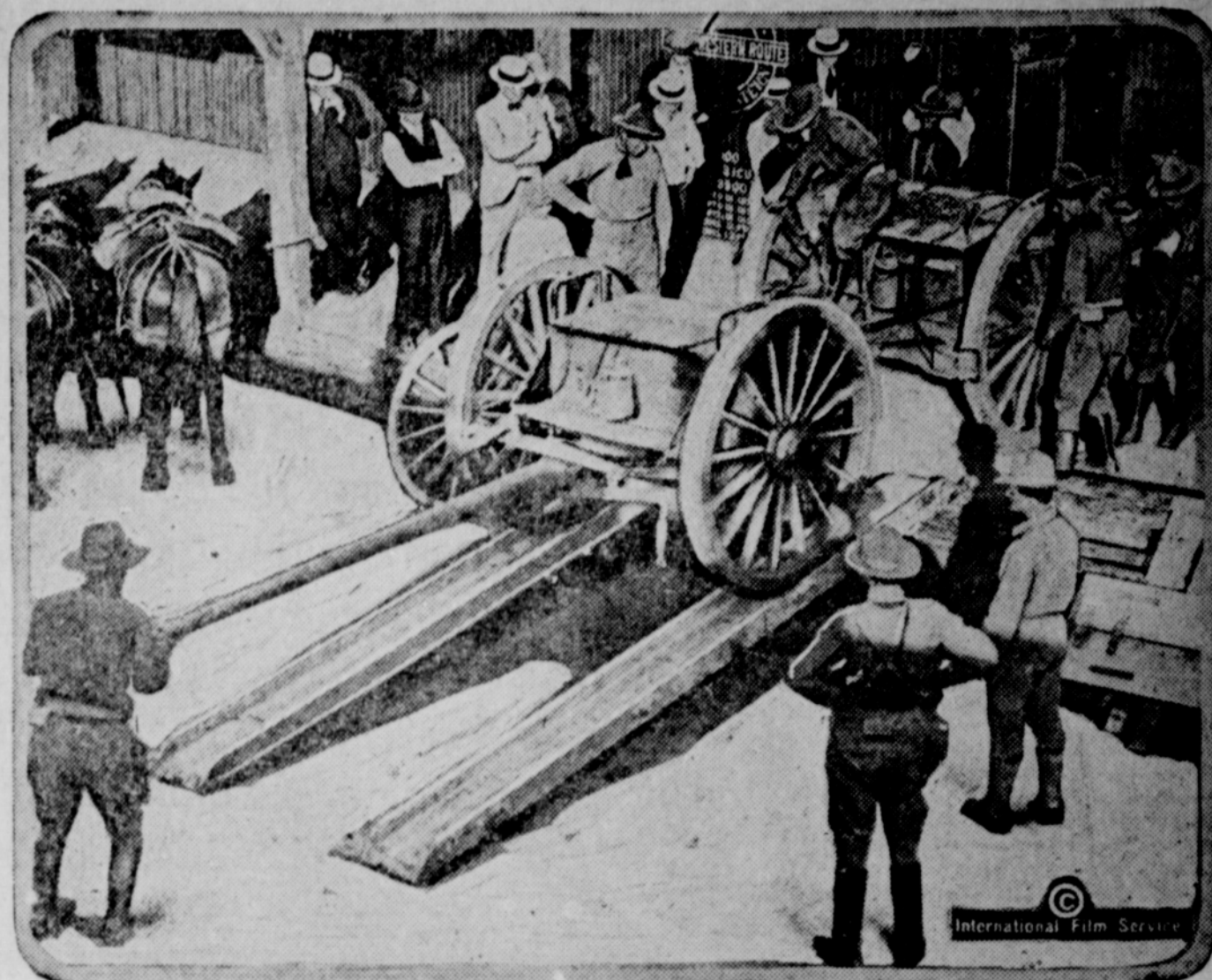
HARRIS & EWING

Eliseo Arredondo, the ambassador designate of Mexico to the United States, is not as familiar a figure in Washington as his prominence in recent news stories would indicate. Frequently, instead of presenting diplomatic notes to Secretary Lansing, he sends them by messenger to a clerk in the state department. He is a hard worker, and spends most of his time within the embassy.

Find Mummified Cat.

Merrill, Wis.—Plumbers tearing out a partition in a residence have found the desiccated body of a cat. The mummy had probably been there for years. The cat is supposed to have gone into the aperture after a mouse and become entangled so it could not get out.

ARTILLERY DETRAINING AT EL PASO



United States artillery detrainning at El Paso to strengthen General Bliss' command at Fort Bliss.

CREW OF THE SUBMARINE DEUTSCHLAND



This is the crew of the Deutschland, the German submarine merchantman which made the trip from Bremen to Baltimore. In the center, wearing gloves, is Capt. Paul Koinig.

GENERAL CARSON



General Carson, who is a Canadian, is one of the British commanders who are most active in the big drive against the Germans in the Somme region.

Erie Indians.

The Iroquois, or Six Nations, Indians, were originally composed of five tribes or nations, but later the league became composed of the following: Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas and Tuscaroras. Besides the nations mentioned, the Neutral nation, Erie, Conestoga, Nottoway, Meherria and Cherokee were the most important tribes of the stock. When what is now Ohio was discovered by Europeans, late in the first half of the seventeenth century, the territory included within that district was mainly a battleground of numerous Indian tribes, and the fixed abode of none except the Eries, who occupied a strip along the border of Lake Erie.

INSPECTION OF ARMS AT CAMP COTTON



Lieut. T. K. Spencer inspecting the rifles of Company D, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., at Camp Cotton, near El Paso.

SCOUTING WITH AN AUTO TRUCK



Scouting expeditions are sent out from the base camp in Mexico for various purposes. It may be to get the location of foraging bandits in the vicinity of the camp, or to verify rumors of the movements of the Mexican troops. It is not often that a scouting expedition has the convenience of having an auto truck with it.

THE LONE STAR RANGER

This is a story about the Texas Plains People

By ZANE GREY

This is a rushing story of the wild border days in Texas in the early seventies, with their desperate contests between outlaws and rangers. Incident after incident crowd upon another—hairbreadth escapes, deeds of thrilling adventures, manly chivalry, and devoted love. The hero is a murderer; a man-killer not by choice but by necessity. His deeds in a wild country rival the deeds of Scotch Highland chiefs which Sir Walter Scott has given us in his great romances. You'll want to follow the fortunes of Buck Duane in "The Lone Star Ranger."

CHAPTER I.

So it was in him, then—an inherited fighting instinct, a driving intensity to kill. He was the last of the Duanes, that old fighting stock of Texas. But not the memory of his dead father, nor the pleading of his soft-voiced mother, nor the warning of this uncle who stood before him now, had brought to Buckley Duane so much realization of the dark, passionate strain in his blood. It was the recurrence, a hundredfold increased in power, of a strange emotion that for the last three years had arisen in him.

"Yes, Cal Bain's in town, full of bad whisky an' huntin' for you," repeated the elder man, gravely.

"But what's he want me for?" demanded Duane. "To insult me again? I don't stand that twice."

"He's got a fever that's rampant in Texas these days, my boy. He wants gun-play. If he meets you he'll try to kill you."

Here it stirred in Duane again, that bursting gush of blood, like a wind of flame shaking all his inner being, and subsiding to leave him strangely chilled.

"Kill me! What for?" he asked.

"Lord knows there ain't any reason. But what's that to do with most of the shootin' these days? Didn't five cowboys over to Everall's kill one another dead all because they got to jerkin' at a quilt among themselves? An' Cal has no reason to love you. His girl was sweet on you."

"I quit when I found out she was his girl."

"I reckon she ain't quit. But never mind her or reasons. Cal's here, just drunk enough to be ugly. He's achin' to kill somebody. He's one of them four-flush gun-fighters. There's a lot of wild cowboys who're ambitious for a reputation. They laugh at the sheriffs an' brag about how they'd fix the rangers. Cal's sure not much for you to bother with, if you only keep out of his way."

"You mean for me to run?" asked Duane, in scorn.

"I reckon I wouldn't put it that way."



"I'd Never Hang."

Just avoid him. Buck, I'm not afraid Cal would get you. What I'm most afraid of is that you'll kill Bain."

Duane was silent, letting his uncle's earnest words sink in, trying to realize their significance.

"Buck," went on the uncle, "you're twenty-three now, an' a powerful sight of a fine fellow, barrin' your temper. You've a chance in life. But if you go gun-fightin', if you kill a man, you're ruined. The rangers would make you an outlaw. This even-break business doesn't work with them. If you resist arrest they'll kill you. If you submit to arrest, then you go to jail, an' mebbe you hang."

"I'd never hang," muttered Duane, darkly.

"I reckon you wouldn't," replied the old man. "You'd be like your father. He was ever ready to draw—too ready. In times like these, with the Texas rangers enforcin' the law, your dad would have been driven to the river. He was killed in a street-fight. An' it

was told of him that he shot twice after a bullet had passed through his heart. Think of the terrible nature of a man, to be able to do that. If you have any such blood in you, never give it a chance."

"What you say is all very well, uncle," returned Duane, "but the only way out for me is to run, and I won't do it. Cal Bain and his outfit have already made me look like a coward."

"Well, then, what're you goin' to do?" inquired the elder man.

"I haven't decided—yet."

"No, but you're comin' to it mighty fast. That terrible spell is workin' in you. You're gettin' cool an' quiet, an' you think deep, an' I don't like the light in your eye. It reminds me of your father."

"I wonder what dad would say to me today if he were alive and here," said Duane.

"What do you think? What could you expect of a man who never wore a glove on his right hand for twenty years?"

"Well, he'd hardly have said much. Dad never talked. But he would have done a lot. And I guess I'll go downtown and let Cal Bain find me."

Then followed a long silence, during which Duane sat with downcast eyes, and the uncle appeared lost in sad thought of the future. Presently he turned to Duane with an expression that denoted resignation, and yet a spirit which showed wherein they were of the same blood.

"You've got a fast horse—the fastest I know of in this country. After you meet Bain hurry back home. I'll have a saddlebag packed for you and the horse ready."

With that he turned on his heel and went into the house, leaving Duane to revolve in his mind his singular speech. That hour of Duane's life was like years of actual living, and in it he became a thoughtful man.

He went into the house and inspected his belt and gun. The gun was a Colt .45, six-shot, and heavy, with an ivory handle. He had packed it, on and off, for five years. Before that it had been used by his father. There were a number of notches filed in the bulge of the ivory handle. This gun was the one his father had fired twice after being shot through the heart, and his hand had stiffened so tightly upon it in the death-grip that his fingers had to be pried open. It had never been drawn upon any man since it had come into Duane's possession. But the cold, bright polish of the weapon showed how it had been used. Duane could draw it with inconceivable rapidity, and at twenty feet he could split a card pointing edgewise toward him.

Duane wished to avoid meeting his mother. Fortunately, as he thought, she was away from home. He went out and down the path toward the gate. The air was full of the fragrance of blossoms and the melody of birds. Outside in the road a neighbor woman stood talking to a countryman in a wagon; they spoke to him; and he heard, but did not reply. Then he began to stride down the road toward the town.

Wellston was a small town, but important in that unsettled part of the great state because it was the trading center of several hundred miles of territory. On the main street there were perhaps fifty buildings, some brick, some frame, mostly adobe, and one-third of the lot, and by far the most prosperous, were saloons. Duane's eye ranged down the street, taking in all at a glance. By the time he reached Sol White's place, which was the first saloon, he was walking slowly. Several people spoke to him and turned to look back after they had passed. He paused at the door of White's saloon, took a sharp survey of the interior, then stepped inside.

The saloon was large and cool, full of men and noise and smoke. The noise ceased upon his entrance, and the silence ensuing presently broke to the clink of Mexican silver dollars at a monte table. All eyes except those of the Mexican gamblers were turned upon Duane. Several of the cowboys and ranchers present exchanged glances. Duane had been weighed by unerring Texas instinct, by men who all packed guns. The boy was the son of his father. Whereupon they drinked him and returned to their games and cards. Sol White stood with his big, red hands out upon the bar; he was a tall, rawboned Texan, with a long mustache waxed to sharp points.

"Howdy, Buck," was his greeting to Duane. He spoke carelessly and averted his dark gaze for an instant.

"Howdy, Sol," replied Duane, slowly.

"Say, Sol, I hear there's a gent in town looking for me bad."

"Reckon there is, Buck," replied White. "He came in here about an hour ago. Shore he was some riled an' a-roarin' for gore. Told me confidential a certain party had given you a white silk scarf, an' he was hell-bent on wearin' it home spotted red."

"Anybody with him?" queried Duane.

"Burt an' Sam Outcalt an' a little cowpuncher I never seen before. They all was comin' him to leave town. But he's looked on the frownin' glass, Buck, an' he's head for keeps."

"Why doesn't Sheriff Oaks lock him up if he's that bad?"

"Oaks went away with the rangers. There's been another raid at Flesher's ranch. The King Fisher gang, likely. An' so the town's shore wide open."

Duane stalked outdoors and faced down the street. He walked the whole length of the long block, meeting many people—farmers, ranchers, clerks, merchants, Mexicans, cowboys and women. It was a singular fact that when he turned to retrace his steps the street was almost empty. If it was an instinct for Texans to fight, it was also instinctive for them to sense with remarkable quickness the signs of a coming gun-play. Rumor could not fly so swiftly. In less than ten minutes everybody who had been on the street or in the shops knew that Buck Duane had come forth to meet his enemy.

Duane walked on. When he came to within fifty paces of a saloon he swerved out into the middle of the street, stood there for a moment, then went ahead and back to the sidewalk. He passed on in this way the length of the block. Sol White was standing in the door of his saloon.

"Buck, I'm a-tippin' you off," he said, quick and low-voiced. "Cal Bain's over at Everall's. If he's a-huntin' you bad, as he brags, he'll show there."

Duane crossed the street and started down. Notwithstanding White's statement, Duane was wary and slow at every door. Nothing happened, and he traversed almost the whole length of the block without seeing a person. Everall's place was on the corner.

Duane knew himself to be cold, steady. He was conscious of a strange fury that made him want to leap ahead. He seemed to long for this encounter more than anything he had ever wanted. But, vivid as were his sensations, he felt as if in a dream.

Before he reached Everall's he heard loud voices, one of which was raised high. Then the short door swung outward as if impelled by a vigorous hand. A bowlegged cowboy wearing woolly chaps burst out upon the sidewalk. At sight of Duane he seemed to bound into the air, and he uttered a savage roar.

Duane stopped in his tracks at the outer edge of the sidewalk, perhaps a dozen rods from Everall's door.

If Bain was drunk he did not show it in his movement. He swaggered forward, rapidly closing up the gap. Red, sweaty, disheveled and hatless, his face distorted and expressive of the most malignant intent, he was a wild and sinister figure. He had already killed a man, and this showed in his demeanor. His hands were extended before him, the right hand a little lower than the left. At every step he bellowed his rancor in speech mostly curses. Gradually he slowed his walk, then halted. A good twenty-five paces separated the men.

"Won't nothin' make you draw, you son-of-a-bitch?" he shouted fiercely.

"I'm waitin' on you, Cal," replied Duane.

Bain's right hand stiffened—moved. Duane threw his gun as a boy throws a ball underhand—a droll his father had taught him. He pulled twice, his shots almost as one. Bain's big Colt boomed while it was pointed downward and he was falling. His bullet scattered dust and gravel at Duane's feet. He fell loosely, without contention.

In a flash all was reality for Duane. He went forward and held his gun ready for the slightest movement on the part of Bain. But Bain lay upon his back, and all that moved were his breast and his eyes. How strangely the red had left his face—and also the distortion! The devil that had showed in Bain was gone. He was sober and conscious. He tried to speak, but failed. His eyes expressed something pitifully human. They changed—rolled—set blankly.

Duane drew a deep breath and sheathed his gun. He felt calm and cool, glad the fray was over. One violent expression burst from him. "The fool!"

When he looked up there were men around him.

"Plumb center," said one.

Another, a cowboy who evidently had just left the gaming table, leaned down and pulled open Bain's shirt. He had the ace of spades in his hand. He laid it on Bain's breast, and the black figure on the card covered the two bullet holes just over Bain's heart.

Duane wheeled and hurried away. He heard another man say:

"Reckon Cal got what he deserved. Buck Duane's first gun-play. Like father like son!"

CHAPTER II.

When Duane came to the gate of his home and saw his uncle there with a mettlesome horse, saddled, with canteen, rope and bags all in place, a subtle shock pervaded his spirit. It had slipped his mind—the consequence of his act. But sight of the horse and the look of his uncle recalled the fact that he must now become a fugitive. An unreasonable anger took hold of him.

"That d—d fool!" he exclaimed hotly. "Meeting Bain wasn't much, Uncle Jim. He dusted my boots, that's

all. And for that I've got to go on the dodge."

"Son, you killed him—then?" asked the uncle, huskily.

"Yes. I stood over him—watched him die. I did as I would have been done by."

"I knew it. Long ago I saw it comin'. But now we can't stop to cry over split blood. You've got to leave town an' this part of the country."

"Mother!" exclaimed Duane.

"She's away from home. You can wait. I'll break it to her—what she always feared."

Suddenly Duane sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"My God! Uncle, what have I done?" His broad shoulders shook.

"Listen, son, an' remember what I say," replied the elder man, earnestly. "Don't ever forget. You're not to



His Bullet Scattered Dust and Gravel at Duane's Feet.

blame. I'm glad to see you take it this way, because maybe you'll never grow hard an' callous. You're not to blame. This is Texas. You're your father's son. These are wild times. The law as the rangers are laying it down now can't change life all in a minute."

"I'm a murderer," said Duane, shuddering.

"No, son, you're not. An' you never will be. But you've got to be an outlaw till time makes it safe for you to come home."

"An outlaw?"

"I said it. If we had money an' influence, we'd risk a trial. But we've neither. Strike for the wild country, an' wherever you go an' whatever you do—be a man. You can't come home. When this thing is lived down, if that time ever comes, I'll get word into the unsettled country. It'll reach you some day. That's all. Remember, be a man. Good-by."

Duane, with blurred sight and contracting throat, gripped his uncle's hand and bade him a wordless farewell. Then he leaped astride the black and rode out of town.

As swiftly as was consistent with a care for his steed, Duane put a distance of fifteen or eighteen miles behind him. He passed several ranches, and was seen by men. This did not suit him, and he took an old trail across country. It was a flat region with a poor growth of mesquite and prickly-pear cactus. Occasionally he caught a glimpse of low hills in the distance. He had hunted often in that section, and knew where to find grass and water. When he reached this higher ground he did not, however, halt at the first favorable camping spot, but went on and on.

At last he found a secluded spot, under cover of thick mesquites and oaks, at a goodly distance from the old trail. He took saddle and pack off the horse, made a small fire, prepared and ate his supper. This done, ending the work of that day, he sat down and filled his pipe. When night set in and the place seemed all the more isolated and lonely for that Duane had a sense of relief.

It dawned upon him all at once that he was nervous, watchful, sleepless. The fact caused him surprise, and he began to think back, to take note of his late actions and their motives. The change one day had wrought amazed him. He who had always been free, easy, happy, especially when out alone in the open, had become in a few short hours bound, serious, preoccupied. He felt tired, yet had no inclination to rest. He intended to be off by dawn, heading toward the southwest. Had he a destination? It was vague as his knowledge of that great waste of mesquite and rock bordering the Rio Grande. Somewhere out there was a refuge. For he was a fugitive from justice, an outlaw.

This being an outlaw then meant eternal vigilance. No home, no rest, no sleep, no content, no life worth the living! He must be a lone wolf or he must herd among men obnoxious to him. If he worked for an honest liv-

ing, he still must hide his identity and take risks of detection. If he did not work on some distant, outlying ranch, how was he to live? The idea of stealing was repugnant to him. The future seemed gray and somber enough. And he was twenty-three years old.

But what was the matter with the light of his campfire? It had taken on a strange green luster and seemed to be waving off into the outer shadows. Duane heard no step, saw no movement; nevertheless, there was another present at that campfire vigil. Duane saw him. He lay there in the middle of the green brightness, prostrate, motionless, dying. Cal Bain!

That haunting visitation left Duane sitting there in a cold sweat, a remorse gnawing at his vitals, realizing the curse that was on him. He divined that never would he be able to keep off that phantom. He remembered how his father had been eternally pursued by furies of accusing guilt, how he had never been able to forget in work or in sleep those men he had killed.

The hour was late when Duane's mind let him sleep, and then dreams troubled him. In the morning he bestirred himself so early that in the gray gloom he had difficulty in finding his horse. Day had just broken when he struck the old trail again.

He rode hard all morning and halted in a shady spot to rest and graze his horse. In the afternoon he took to the trail at an easy trot. The country grew wilder. Bald, rugged mountains broke the level of the monotonous horizon. About three in the afternoon he came to a little river which marked the boundary line of his hunting territory and followed it upstream.

In this kind of travel and camping he spent three more days, during which he crossed a number of trails, and one where cattle—stolen cattle, probably—had recently passed. He followed the road until a late hour, when, striking the willow brakes again and hence the neighborhood of the river, he picketed his horse and lay down to rest. But he did not sleep. His mind bitterly revolved the fate that had come upon him. He made efforts to think of other things, but in vain. Every moment he expected the chill, the sense of loneliness that yet was ominous of a strange visitation, the peculiarly imagined lights and shades of the night—these things that presaged the coming of Cal Bain. Doggedly Duane fought against the insidious phantom. He kept telling himself that it was just imagination, that it would wear off in time. Still in his heart he did not believe what he hoped. But he would not give up; he would not accept the ghost of his victim as a reality.

Gray dawn found him in the saddle again, headed for the river. Half an hour of riding brought him to the dense chaparral and willow thickets. These he threaded to come at length to the ford. Once upon the opposite shore, he reined in his horse and looked darkly back. This action marked his acknowledgment of his situation; he had voluntarily sought the refuge of the outlaws; he was beyond the pale.

The trail led into a road which was hard packed and smooth from the tracks of cattle. He doubted not that he had come across one of the roads used by border raiders. He headed into it, and had scarcely traveled a mile when, turning a curve, he came point-blank upon a single horseman riding toward him. Both riders wheeled their mounts sharply and were ready to run and shoot back. Not more than a hundred paces separated them. They stood then for a moment watching each other.

"Maw'nin', stranger," called the man, dropping his gun to his hip.

"Howdy," replied Duane shortly.

They rode toward each other, closing half the gap, then they halted again.

"I seen you ain't no ranger," called the rider, "an' shore I ain't none."

He laughed loudly, as if he had made a joke.

"How'd you know I wasn't a ranger?" asked Duane curiously. Somehow he had instantly divined that this horseman was no officer, or even a rancher trailing stolen stock.

"Wal," said the fellow, starting his horse forward at a walk, "a ranger'd never git ready to run the other way from one man."

He laughed again. He was small and wiry, slouchy of attire, and armed to the teeth, and he bestrode a fine bay horse. He had quick, dancing brown eyes, at once frank and bold, and a coarse, bronzed face. Evidently he was a good-natured ruffian.

Duane acknowledged the truth of the assertion, and turned over in his mind how shrewdly the fellow had guessed him to be a hunted man.

"My name's Luke Stevens, an' I hail from the river. Who're you?" said this stranger.

Duane was silent.

"I reckon you're Buck Duane," went on Stevens. "I heard you was a bad man with a gun."

This time Duane laughed, not at the doubtful compliment, but at the idea that the first outlaw he met should know him. Here was proof of how swiftly facts about gun-play traveled on the Texas border.

"Wal, Buck," said Stevens, in a friendly manner, "I ain't presumin' on your time or company. I see you're headin' fer the river. But will you stop long enough to stake a feller to a bite of grub?"

"I'm out of grub and pretty hungry myself," admitted Duane.

"Been pushin' your hoss, I see. Wal, I reckon you'd better stock up before you hit that stretch of country."

He made a wide sweep of his right arm, indicating the southwest, and there was that in his action which seemed significant of a vast and barren region.

"Stock up?" queried Duane, thoughtfully.

"Shore. A feller has jest got to eat. I can rustle along without whisky, but not without grub. That's what makes it so embarrassin' travelin' these parts dodgin' your shadow. Now, I'm on my way to Mercer. It's a little two-bit town up the river a ways. I'm goin' to pack out some grub."

Stevens' tone was inviting. Evidently he would welcome Duane's companionship, but he did not openly say so. Duane kept silence, however, and then Stevens went on.

"Stranger, in this here country two's a crowd. It's safer. I never was much on this lone-wolf dodgin', though I've done it of necessity. It takes a mighty good man to travel alone any length of time. Why, I've been the sick I was jest achin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a pardner any day. Now, mebbe you're not that kind of a feller, an' I'm shore not presumin' to ask. But I jest declares myself sufficient."

"You mean you'd like me to go with you?" asked Duane.

Stevens grinned. "Wal, I should smile. I'd be particular proud to be braced with a man of your reputation."

"See here, my good fellow, that's all nonsense," declared Duane, in some haste.

"Shore I think modesty becomin' to a youngster," replied Stevens. "I hate a brag, Buck, I don't know much about you. But every man who's lived along the Texas border remembers a lot about your dad. I jest heerd that you was lightnin' on the draw, an' when you cut loose with a gun, why the finger on the ace of spades would cover your cluster of bullet holes. That's the word that's gone down the border. Now, Buck, I'm not a spring chicken, an' I've been long on the dodge. Mebbe a little of my society won't hurt you none. You'll need to learn the country."

There was something sincere and likable about this outlaw.

"I dare say you're right," replied Duane, quietly. "An' I'll go to Mercer with you."

Next moment he was riding down the road with Stevens. Duane had



Both Riders Wheeled Their Horses Sharply.

never been much of a talker, and now he found speech difficult. But his companion did not seem to mind that. He was a jocular, voluble fellow, probably glad now to hear the sound of his own voice. Duane listened, and sometimes he thought with a pang of the distinction of name and heritage of blood his father had left to him.

CHAPTER III.

Late that day, a couple of hours before sunset, Duane and Stevens, having rested their horses in the shade of some mesquites near the town of Mercer, saddled up and prepared to move.

Do you believe that Buck did the wrong thing by running away from home? Doesn't it seem that he could have proved self-defense and saved himself from the outlaw life?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)