

THE SLATON SLATONITE

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: MARCH 26, 1915.

Number 29.

LARGE AUDIENCE GREET CHICAGO UNIVERSITY CHOIR

The male choir from the University of Chicago entertained a large audience at the high school auditorium last Friday night. This was a Santa Fe Reading Room entertainment, and the program consisted mostly of sacred songs in chorus. These young men treated the Slaton music lovers to some of the highest class chorus work that it has been our good fortune to hear, and won many compliments from the audience. Their voices are well trained to execute the most difficult music, and the solos were exceptionally pleasing. It is not often that an audience is treated with a program of sacred music from such a talented troupe of entertainers.

South Plains the Best

Our farmer friend J. J. Riney who recently moved to his Slaton farm from Taylor county says that he sent that item in the Slatonite comparing Slaton cotton crops to Taylor county yields to friends down at his old home to show them what kind of a change he had made in coming to this section of the West, a section that is pictured in their minds as being a sun dried, wind swept, limitless waste. The item compared a 90-bale cotton crop. It took 160 acres of land in Taylor county in 1914 to raise 90 bales of cotton, and the papers featured the crop as a premier yield. The best Slaton crop in 1914 was 90 bales on 60 acres, 266 per cent better than the Taylor county crop. We asked Mr. Riney what his 1914 crop down in old Taylor amounted to. He said that he farmed 235 acres, and ninety acres in cotton produced a total of five bales, and the rest in wheat yielded nine bushels per acre. It is little wonder that Mr. Riney decided to come to the Slaton country, but the peculiar part of the comparison is that the market value of land in Taylor county is much higher than that in the Slaton country. There are no fields here that produced less than three-fourths of a bale of cotton per acre in 1914 and very few that produced less than a bale. If the crops at Slaton were as poor as those in Taylor county our land would have no market value. In the face of these facts it is strange indeed why people hold their prejudice against this section and remain in an inferior country.

They are coming to Slaton.



TABLE SUPPLIES HEADQUARTERS

You always go to headquarters to get the best, the choicest, and the freshest food supplies. Let the Sanitary Grocery be your headquarters for table delicacies. We cater to your needs. Fresh vegetables in season, fruit, cured meats, a standard brand of flour, a guaranteed coffee, jams, jellies, condiments and all staple groceries of a brand that assures satisfied customers, you get from our store. We respectfully solicit your trade.

THE SLATON SANITARY GROCERY

PROCTOR & OLIVE, Proprietors

REV. JOS. REISDOSFF RE- TURNS TO CATHOLIC CHURCH

The Rev. Jos. Reisdorff returned to Slaton Thursday last week after an absence of over a year spent in eastern Oklahoma, and reports that he has recovered his health. He is glad to get back to the Plains and this splendid climate, and back to his duties as Priest of the Catholic Church. He will be here permanently now. Father Reisdorff established the Catholic colony at Slaton in 1911 and has been in charge of the church ever since except when away on account of his health, having had a severe attack of eczema. His Slaton friends welcome his return.

Post Wins First Game

The baseball opener in Slaton Saturday was a defeat for the Monograms, the Postex team from Post City winning from them 8 to 4. The weather was too cold for very good baseball, and the visiting team had had more spring training than the home boys. Errors contributed largely to Slaton's defeat. The line up of the home team was: Diamond 3, Johnston m. De Long 1, Ashley c, Petty 1, Pool Robertson s, B. Robertson r, McReynolds 2, and E. Naylor, p. Naylor pitched a good game and demonstrated that he will show the Slaton fans some classy work this year. With an even break in luck the home boys should have won the game. Ashley, catcher and a new face in the Slaton line up, played a fine game and showed that he will be a tower of strength to the 1915 team. Post City has its old team on the field.

E. S. Brooks and J. C. Stewart threshed a sod crop of maize this week that made a pretty fair yield. The land was broke on May 15 last year and the crop planted on June 15. The crop was gathered in the fall and stood in the shock exposed to the weather and the ravages of the birds until threshed this week. The amount threshed was 1,000 bushels off of 25 acres.

Geo. G. Koehler unloaded a farm tractor at the Slaton depot one day last week and drove it out to his farm southwest of town. The tractor was brought thru the business district and it was quite an object of curiosity to all. There are several of these gasoline tractors being brought to this country to supplant the mule power.

Five Hundred Club

The Harvey House was the scene of much pleasure on Wednesday afternoon, March 17th, when Mrs. H. D. Hollingsworth entertained the members of the 500 Club in her usual pleasing manner.

The time being St. Patrick's Day, the color scheme was green, the living room and the lunch room being artistically decorated with ferns and growing plants. The score cards were very dainty, being hand painted lady heads. During the games the ladies were served with fancy candies, and these also were in green.

Mesdames E. N. Twaddle and Briggs Robertson were the fortunate winners of high score. At 5 o'clock the hostess escorted the ladies to the lunch room where a very tempting three course luncheon awaited them.

Those who partook of Mrs. Hollingsworth's hospitality on this occasion were: Mesdames E. N. Twaddle, Briggs Robertson, J. H. Paul, Gus Robertson, A. E. Howerton, G. E. Marriott, and A. L. Brannon.—A. Guest.

CARAVAN OF WAGONS IN SLATON BUYING LUMBER

"I should think they are coming to Slaton," said a Slatonite to ye editor Saturday. "Come here and see for yourself." We went and the parade consisted of twelve farmers wagons that had come to Slaton for lumber. They came a distance of about twenty miles, from close to another good town, brought their dinners and horse feed, and camped at the lumber yard for the noon hour. They are coming to Slaton—Slaton, Queen of the South Plains!

County Assessor R. C. Burns was down from Lubbock Wednesday making arrangements to assess the property. The fifty some odd thousand dollars that several financiers like the editor of the Slatonite keep on time deposit at the bank never shows up in the assessor's reports.

L. A. Hitchcock, civil engineer, was down from Lubbock yesterday running survey lines over the city so the work of grading and draining the streets can be perfected. He found that by the running of just a few ditches the water from the rains will be carried off from the business and residence districts of town.

FOR SALE.—Section land 2 miles south of Slaton, priced EXCEPTIONALLY LOW, good title. Be sure to see me before buying.—Andy Caldwell, Owner, Slaton, Texas.

They are coming to Slaton.

Sidewalk Work Starts

The work started this week on concrete crossings for the business streets of Slaton, and ordinances are being prepared requiring twelve-foot concrete walks along all lots from the Singleton Hotel along the north side of the Square to the depot. The walk to the school house is considered very favorably, and also a walk to the shops from the business blocks.

The city council will not act on the petition presented them to call an election for water works bonds as it is only a few days until the annual election of city officers, and the petition will be handed over to the next city council. The two disastrous fires that have nearly erased the town of Claude from the Panhandle map is a most striking lesson of the necessity of water works for fire protection.

Dr. G. H. Branham threshed his 1914 crop of kafir, maize, and feterita last week, getting 1,200 bushels off of 25 acres.

Dependable Hardware
at Reasonable Prices

A. L. BRANNON

The Best Aid for the Dairy Farmer is the
DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATOR

Absolutely Reliable, Gets All the Butter Fat
Saves Labor, Makes Dairying a Pleasure

Call and Examine the De Laval at Our Store

We would be pleased to show it.

FORREST HARDWARE

Ten for One Votes on

Perfumes and Toilet Articles

March 15th to 20th

HOWERTON

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

L I S T E N !

The "Rent Habit" is a habit hard to break, but don't let it break you.

BUILD YOU A HOME.

Slaton Lumber Company

LUMBER DEALERS

NOTICE!

We will appreciate your orders for groceries, and are able to serve you with the best the market affords. Remember the new location and the new name

The Central Grocery

J. M. SIMMONS, Manager



Men's New Fashions

This is an advance showing of men's styles for the new season.

We are ready with a most comprehensive showing of

New Spring Goods

New Spring Woolens in Our Merchants Tailoring Department.

Chris Harwell
Gents Furnisher
Lubbock, Texas

"We Will Make Right That Which Is No~ Right"

Local and Personal.

F. W. Denham was up from Seminole this week visiting the Adams families.

To double and treble your money in Slaton residence lots C. C. Hoffman.

Miss Pearl Dunscomb was called to Campbell, Mo., last Friday to attend the funeral of her father who died very suddenly.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hoffman Tuesday but the little one lived only a few hours. The funeral was held from the home Wednesday afternoon and interment made in the Slaton cemetery. The sympathy of the good people of Slaton is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman in their sorrow.

Very pleasant indeed was the last meeting of the Needle Club, Friday afternoon, Mar. 12, with Mrs. J. G. Wadsworth as hostess, at her cozy home in South Slaton. After a time spent in the pleasures of tatting, crocheting, and embroidering, two interesting contests were introduced to break the monotony. At 5 o'clock Mrs. Wadsworth, assisted by Mrs. L. P. Loomis, served a delicious course of fruit and gelatine with whipped cream, assorted cake, and coffee with whipped cream. A large per cent of the members and several guests enjoyed the afternoon with this charming hostess.

The sidewalk to the school house idea met with popular favor among the citizens of Slaton, and everybody seems to recognize the need of the walk. Several are boosting for the walk to go in. A painter who has very little property here said he would be glad to donate \$5.00 cash to the laying of a good concrete walk, and some of the property owners have volunteered to put a walk along their property. This is a splendid move, and just needs a little boosting to get the walk. Hand the idea along to the next fellow and get the walk really under way. Urge the council to get busy on it.

L. C. Robertson Writes to Friends

El Paso, Tex., March 9th. Slaton Slatonite:

I believe my last article closed about the Rio Grande passing through a deep gorge between the Warlupe Mountain on the south and Mount Franklin on the north. The gorge extends east to the midway of the city, and then the river enters a beautiful valley several miles wide. This valley has been partially irrigated ever since it was discovered centuries ago, and the city is dependent on it for vegetables and fruit.

But now the great Elephant Butte dam across the river 90 miles west of this city will soon be finished (water is filling it now) and will irrigate this valley this year. The large irrigation canal is already finished down the valley as far as the water will go, and the laterals and the private ditches are now being constructed. The diverting dam for this part of the valley is located at the western edge of the city and is made of concrete, with a canal on the Mexican side and one on the Texas side.

The mining interests of this section are immense. All west and northwest is mining, and in old Mexico, too. This brings business to El Paso. The cattle business is large, also. There is being constructed here one of the largest stockyards south and west of Kansas City. The Morris interests are building a large exchange building at the stockyards where all the commission firms representing the large packing houses of the north and east will have their headquarters. The cattle are here, the rail facilities are here, the water will soon be here (then hogs can be raised here,) the money is here, and the men who will back these propositions will be here, —so watch El Paso grow.

My next article will be a contrast between this country and the Plains.

L. C. Robertson.

Built With the Town...

On strong, clean business principles and a fairness that has never been questioned. Here thru the dull times, as contented as we are today, always pulling for a better Slaton, always cooperative in home industry.

Now that our long tried desire is developing rays of hope, and a better future is in sight for our fair city, we respectfully solicit a maintenance of your valued patronage.

And to the new settlers in town and in the surrounding country, let us, thru these columns, extend to you a hearty welcome to this town and this store. We want to meet you, and wish to assure you one and all of our anxiety to serve you. Our well selected and modernized stock is at your convenience.

We feature Quality, Service, and Price. We are receiving shipments daily, and if you haven't been in since yesterday let us urge you to drop in today. Come and look whether you buy or not.

'Twill be a pleasure to show you.



THE PIONEER OF SLATON

Slaton

and

Southland

320 Acres Adjoin- ing Slaton for \$25 Per Acre

This land adjoins Slaton on the south and is the biggest bargain ever offered on the South Plains

We Have Also Six Ten-Acre Blocks

Adjoining Slaton for Sale

BRANHAM & BRANHAM, Owners, Slaton, Texas

A Choice Buy

160 Acres Good Land 5 1-2 Miles South of Slaton. Price, \$2,200 bonus on liberal terms. Balance of \$2 per acre due the state runs 30 years at 3 per cent interest.

H. D. TALLEY, SLATON, TEXAS

Slaton Livery Barn

G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor

Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations.

We have for sale at all times—

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

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

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

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

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

No Censor There.

An American who was attached to the embassy at Paris tells of a Parisian journalist who holds a strong objection to the notebook, dear to most of his associates.

This newspaper man wears large white cuffs, and on these he jots down such events as appear to him, with suggestions for his subsequent articles. At first his laundress was much puzzled by these hieroglyphics, but as the time went on she became able to read them and apparently derived much benefit and pleasure therefrom.

One day the journalist received with his laundered garments a slip of paper on which was written:

"Your last washing was very interesting, but we should be glad to have you give us more war news."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

The Fan in Egypt.

The fan was a royal emblem in Egypt and signified authority, happiness and repose. The fan bearers were generally persons of royal birth and were initiated into their office with elaborate ceremony. Frescoes on an ancient palace of Thebes represent fan bearers carrying a semi-circular screen attached to a long handle. The Grecian ladies preferred fans made of peacock feathers, as the peacock was the bird of Juno and symbolized splendor and luxury. As the Romans were chiefly engaged in conquests of a military nature art industries did not flourish as in times of peace.

The Honor of the Boy Scout.

The most important scout virtue is that of honor. Indeed, that is the basis of all scout virtues and is closely allied to that of self-respect. When a scout promises to do a thing on his honor, he is bound to do it. The honor of a scout will not permit of anything but the highest and the best and the manliest. The honor of a scout is a sacred thing, and cannot be lightly set aside or trampled on.—From the Boy Scout Handbook.

A stitch in time is worth two needles in a haystack.

The counterfeiter makes money dishonestly, but there are others.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Agrees With Him About Food.

A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts food that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients."

"It is delicate and pleasing to the palate (an essential in food for the sick) and can be adapted to all ages, being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged when deficiency of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find Grape-Nuts and albumen water very nourishing and refreshing."

"This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice for flavoring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress."

"My husband is a physician and he uses Grape-Nuts himself and orders it many times for his patients."

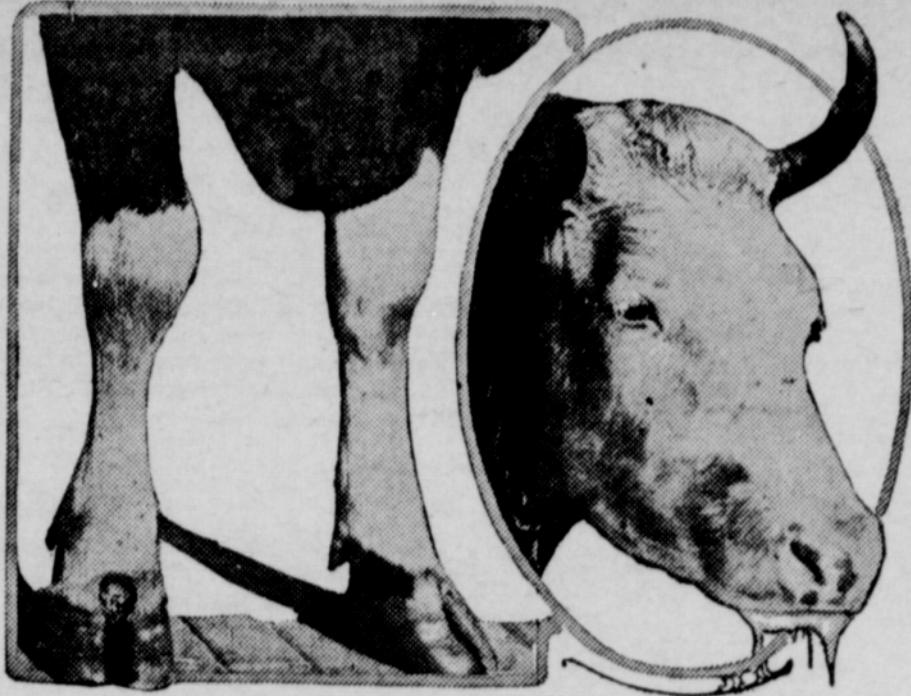
"Personally I regard a dish of Grape-Nuts with fresh or stewed fruit as the ideal breakfast for anyone—well or sick."

In stomach trouble, nervous prostration, etc., a 10-day trial of Grape-Nuts will usually work wonders toward nourishing and rebuilding and in this way end the trouble. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE IN EUROPE



Typical Lesions in the Feet.

Ropy Saliva Hanging From the Mouth of a Stricken Animal—A Characteristic Symptom.

Because of the prevalence of foot-and-mouth disease in Europe and South America, importations of live stock are now limited practically to shipments from Great Britain, Ireland and the Channel Isles. Even with these countries trade has been interrupted several times in recent years, for the government does not permit the importation of animals from countries where the disease exists, and there have been several outbreaks in Great Britain lately.

Up to November, 1906, American ports were open to Belgium and Holland. In that month, however, some sheep were taken into Belgium from France, where the disease was quite prevalent, and brought the pestilence with them. By the end of the year every province in Belgium was affected, and Holland as well. Since that time both of these countries have been fighting the disease, but have not yet succeeded in eradicating it.

In Italy, France, Switzerland, Germany and Russia the plague has existed so long and has gained such a foothold that it is economically impossible to fight it with the American methods of slaughter and disinfection, for to do so would be to kill a large percentage of the live stock in these countries. In consequence, the authorities appear to be making little or no progress in their campaign. The outbreak, for example, which appeared in Germany in 1888 increased steadily until 1892, when it diminished gradually for a few years, but again reached great proportions in 1899. Thereafter it continued to exist to a greater or less extent until in 1911 it attained a virulence unequalled before. In that year 3,366,369 cattle, 1,602,927 sheep, 2,555,371 hogs, and 53,674 goats were affected. At that time the total number of cattle, sheep, swine and goats in Germany was only 51,319,000, while there were in the United States 172,575,000, or between three and four times as many. It can readily be imagined, therefore, what it would mean to the United States if the disease were to gain the foothold here that it had in Germany where, as these figures show, approximately one out of seven of the animals susceptible to the disease was affected.

Since the mortality in the disease is comparatively low, ranging from only three per cent in mild form to thirty or forty per cent in malignant cases, the havoc caused by the pestilence is sometimes underestimated. From the work of various scientists, however, who have endeavored to ascertain the decrease in value of an animal which recovers from an attack, it may be said that on an average this amounts in Germany to \$7 and in Holland to \$10. In this country, with its higher prices, the loss is

correspondingly greater. If these figures be accepted, it is obvious that the amount of money spent in eradicating the disease becomes insignificant in comparison with the loss it causes when left to itself.

The German government, of course, has not left the disease to itself. The more recent outbreaks it attempted to control by the American method of slaughter, but the pestilence had gained too much headway and was too firmly established in too many portions of the country for this method to succeed, and the slaughter of the infected herds had to be abandoned. It now appears that there is no hope of getting rid of it until the virus has worn itself out. At present it seems that as soon as the animal's period of acquired immunity is over and favorable conditions present themselves, the contagion breaks out with renewed virulence so that the authorities have practically abandoned all hope of controlling it by means of quarantines. One scientist indeed has asserted that unless all the infected farms were absolutely isolated and the movement not only of live stock but of persons absolutely prohibited, the disease could not be stamped out. Such a quarantine is, of course, utterly impossible to enforce. In certain portions of Germany, indeed, the farmers, realizing that the disease is inevitable, make haste to be done with it by exposing their stock deliberately to mild cases in the hope that this will result in an immediate mild attack and immunity for several years thereafter.

Great Britain and Norway and Sweden, on account of their comparatively isolated positions, have been more successful in keeping out the disease. The outbreaks in these countries have been more sporadic, and by resorting to immediate slaughter the authorities have been able to stamp them out. In the outbreak near Dublin in 1912, indeed, measures were adopted which were more stringent than any used in this country. As soon as the existence of the disease became definitely known, so-called "stand-still" restrictions were imposed on the affected district. Not only was the movement of live stock into or out of the district absolutely forbidden, but no cattle, sheep, goats or swine could move along or even across any highway or thoroughfare.

Balanced Ration.

Alfalfa with corn silage makes a practically balanced ration. With these cheap and easily procured feeds there is little need of purchasing expensive protein concentrates.

Keep all drafts off your horses. A draft is pneumonia's friend.

scrawny, weighing forty or sixty pounds.

Susceptible to Faking.

A good many graduate veterinarians are about as competent to treat hog cholera as their patients are to read Latin. This "graduate" business is certainly susceptible to great faking.

Suffering Stock.

No man with a lively conscience can sit contentedly by a hot stove if he knows that his live stock is suffering for lack of shelter.

Introduce New Blood.

Don't neglect to introduce new blood into your poultry flock this spring by a change of cock.

Avoid All Bad Food.

Musty food, moldy food and tainted food of any kind should not be fed.

Never allow sheep in a yard with cattle or colts.

Hiccoughing in the pigs is caused by a derangement of the stomach.

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.

Live 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.



Watch Your Colts

For Coughs, Colds and Distemper, and at the first symptoms of any such ailment, give small doses of that wonderful remedy, now the most used in existence.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND
50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 the dozen of any druggist, harness dealer, or delivered by SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Taking Precautions.

"Mother," said little Bob, who is devoted to his tender maternal comrade but strong in his individual tastes and fancies, "I like everything you cook except spinach."

"But, dear," smiled mother, "I never do cook spinach."

"I know it, mother," the little lad smiled back quaintly, "but I just said it so you never will."

Never Had.

A saloon keeper who has a reputation for being a "tight-wad" was recently tried for selling liquor illegally. Among the witnesses was a former patrolman of that particular district, who would know if similar charges had ever been preferred against the prisoner.

"When you were on the force," asked the lawyer, "did you ever have anything on Mr. Schmidt?"

"Never," answered the witness earnestly, "not even a beer."

All the blood in a man's body passes through his heart once in every two minutes.

They stop the tickle. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop coughs quickly. A pleasant remedy—5c at all good Druggists.

It doesn't pay to do things by halves, such, for instance, as saying the right thing at the wrong time.

IMPORTANT THAT PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW ABOUT GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY.

The testimonial I am to give you comes unsolicited. I have been suffering from lumbago for ten years and at times was unable to stand erect. A Mr. Dean of this city, saw me in my condition (bent over) and inquired the cause. I told him that I had the lumbago. He replied, "If you get what I tell you to, you need not have it." I said I would take anything for ease. He said, "You get two bottles of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and take it, and if it does not fix you O. K. I will pay for the medicine myself." I did so and am a well man. For five months I have been as well as could be. Before I took your Swamp-Root was in constant pain day and night. This may look like advertising, but it seems to me most important that the public should be made familiar with this treatment as it is the only one I know which is an absolute cure. I owe a great deal to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and am anxious that others situated as I was should know and take advantage of it. Hoping that this testimonial may be of benefit to some one, I am,

J. A. HOWLAND,
1734 Humboldt St.
Denver, Colo.

State of Colorado
City and County of Denver } ss.

Personally appeared before me, a Notary Public in and for the city and county of Denver in the State of Colorado, J. A. Howland, known to me as the person whose name is subscribed to the above statement and upon his oath declares that it is a true and correct statement.

DANIEL H. DRAPER,
Notary Public.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores. Adv.

"A woman thinks all men are alike," remarked the Man on the Car, "until she marries one of them."



A real guarantee on roofing!
A useless risk is to buy roofing not guaranteed by a responsible concern. When you buy our roofing you get the written guarantee of the world's largest manufacturers of roofing and building papers.

Buy materials that last

Certain-teed

Roofing

—our leading product—is guaranteed 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply and 15 years for 3-ply. We also make lower priced roofing, slate surfaced shingles, building papers, wall boards, out-door paints, plastic cement, etc.

Ask your dealer for products made by us. They are reasonable in price and we stand behind them.

General Roofing Manufacturing Co.
World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City Boston Chicago Pittsburgh
Philadelphia Atlanta Cleveland Detroit
St. Louis Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis
San Francisco Seattle London Hamburg Sydney

DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

\$1,000 WILL BUY MY WELL LOCATED 5 r. hce., outbdgs., 4 lots, 50x150 each, in this thriving town, G. B. Knapp, Earlboro, Okla.

BUY GOOD SUMMEROUR'S CUT ACREAGE COTTON SEED THIS YEAR INCREASE CROP DECREASE COST

SUMMEROUR'S HALF & HALF COTTON
50% Lint, 50% Seed. The most wonderful cotton the world has ever seen. In addition to high lint yield it will produce 50% more seed cotton than other varieties if you BUY THE NEWEST IMPROVED SEED DIRECT FROM ME

It is extremely important that the cotton grower plant during the year 1915 only the best seed he can buy. It means economy. You grow a larger crop, a better crop on less acreage, which means more money and less expense.

Summerour's Half and Half Cotton is hardy; resists worst weather, is storm proof and develops in spite of boll weevil. Easiest of any cotton to pick. Have thousands of convincing testimonials from progressive planters all over cotton belt. Write for catalog.

This cotton created a sensation and has maintained its reputation throughout the cotton belt. It has established itself as standard in the minds of progressive planters everywhere who have tested it and are now among my best yearly customers. They know that its yield of seed cotton in comparison with all other highly improved varieties is as superior as its wonderful high per cent of lint.

Write today for free catalog of highest class testimonials which also gives reasons why it produces these wonderful results and brings top market prices.

H. H. SUMMEROUR, Box 45, Duluth, Ga.

The CALL of the CUMBERLANDS

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
OF SCENES IN THE PLAY

CHAPTER I.

Close to the serrated backbone of the Cumberland ridge through a sky of mountain clarity, the sun seemed hesitating before its descent to the horizon. The sugar-loaf cone that towered above a creek called Misery was pointed and edged with emerald tracery where the loftiest timber thrust up its crest plumes into the sun. On the hillsides it would be light for more than an hour yet, but below, where the waters tossed themselves along in a chorus of tiny cascades, the light was already thickening into a cathedral gloom. Down there the "furriner" would have seen only the rough course of the creek between moss-velveted and shaded boulders of titanic proportions. The native would have recognized the country road in these tortuous twistings. A great block of sandstone, to whose summit a man standing in his saddle could scarcely reach his fingertips, towered above the stream, with a gnarled scrub oak clinging tenaciously to its apex. Loftily on both sides climbed the mountains cloaked in laurel and timber.

Suddenly the leafage was thrust aside from above by a cautious hand, and a shy, half-wild girl appeared in the opening. For an instant she halted, with her brown fingers holding back the brushwood, and raised her face as though listening. As she stood with the toes of one bare foot twisting in the gratefully cool moss she laughed with the sheer exhilaration of life and youth, and started out on the table top of the huge rock. But there she halted suddenly with a startled exclamation and drew instinctively back. What she saw might well have astonished her, for it was a thing she had never seen before and of which she had never heard. Finally, reassured by the silence, she slipped across the broad face of the flat rock for a distance of twenty-five feet and paused again to listen.

At the far edge lay a pair of saddlebags, such as form the only practical equipment for mountain travelers. Near them lay a tin box, littered with small and unfamiliar-looking tubes of soft metal, all grotesquely twisted and stained, and beside the box was a strangely shaped plaque of wood smeared with a dozen hues. That this plaque was a painter's sketching palette was a thing which she could not know, since the ways of artists had to do with a world as remote from her own as the life of the moon or stars. It was one of those vague mysteries that made up the wonderful life of "down below." Why had these things been left here in such confusion? If there was a man about who owned them he would doubtless return to claim them. She crept over, eyes and ears alert, and slipped around to the front of the queer tripod, with all her muscles poised in readiness for flight.

A half-rapturous and utterly astonished cry broke from her lips. She stared a moment, then dropped to the moss-covered rock, leaning back on her brown hands and gazing intently. "Hit's purty!" she approved, in a low, musical murmur. "Hit's plumb, dead beautiful!"

Of course it was not a finished picture—merely a study of what lay before her—but the hand that had placed these brush strokes on the academy board was the sure, deft hand of a master of landscape, who had caught the splendid spirit of the thing and fixed it immutably in true and glowing appreciation. Who he was; where he had gone; why his work stood there unfinished and abandoned, were details which for the moment this half-savage child-woman forgot to question. She was conscious only of a sense of revelation and awe. Then she saw other boards, like those upon the easel, piled near the paint box. These were dry, and represented the work of other days; but they were all pictures of her own mountains, and in each of them, as in this one, was something that made her heart leap.

To her own people these steep hillsides and "coves" and valleys were a matter of course. In their stony soil they labored by day, and in their shadows slept when work was done. Yet someone had discovered that they held a picturesque and rugged beauty; that they were not merely steep fields where the plow was useless and the hoe must be used. She must tell Samson—Samson, whom she held in an artless exaltation of hero worship; Samson, who was so "smart" that he thought about things beyond her un-

derstanding; Samson, who could not only read and write, but speculate on problematical matters.

Suddenly she came to her feet with a swift-darting impulse of alarm. Her ear had caught a sound. She cast searching glances about her, but the tangle was empty of humanity. The water still murmured over the rocks undisturbed. There was no sign of human presence, other than herself, that her eyes could discover—and yet to her ears came the sound again, and this time more distinctly. It was the sound of a man's voice, and it was moaning as if in pain. She rose and searched vainly through the bushes of the hillside where the rock ran out from the woods. She lifted her skirts and splashed her feet in the shallow creek water, wading persistently up and down. Her shyness was forgotten. The groan was a groan of a human creature in distress, and she must find and succor the person from whom it came.

Certain sounds are baffling as to direction. A voice from overhead or broken by echoing obstacles does not readily betray its source. Finally she stood up and listened once more intently—her attitude full of tense earnestness.

"I'm shore a fool," she announced, half aloud. "I'm shore a plumb fool." Then she turned and disappeared in the deep cleft between the gigantic boulder upon which she had been sitting and another—small only by comparison. There, ten feet down, in a narrow alley littered with ragged stones, lay the crumpled body of a man. It lay with the left arm doubled under it, and from a gash in the forehead trickled a thin stream of blood. Also, it was the body of such a man as she had not seen before.

Although from the man came a low groan mingled with his breathing, it was not such a sound as comes from fully conscious lips, but rather that of a brain dulled into coma.

Freed from her fettering excess of shyness by his condition, the girl stepped surely from foothold to foothold until she reached his side. She stood for a moment with one hand on the dripping walls of rock, looking down while her hair fell about her face. Then, dropping to her knees, she shifted the doubled body into a leaning posture, straightened the limbs, and began exploring with efficient fingers for broken bones.

She had found the left arm limp above the wrist, and her fingers had diagnosed a broken bone. But unconsciousness must have come from the blow on the head, where a bruise was already blackening, and a gash still trickled blood.

She lifted her skirt and tore a long strip of cotton from her single petticoat. Then she picked her bare-footed way swiftly to the creek bed, where she drenched the cloth for bathing and bandaging the wound. When she had done what she could by way of first aid she sat supporting the man's shoulders and shook her head dubiously.

Finally the man's lids fluttered and his lips moved. Then he opened his eyes.

"Hello!" said the stranger, vaguely. "I seem to have—" He broke off, and his lips smiled. It was a friendly, understanding smile, and the girl, fighting hard the shy impulse to drop his shoulders and flee into the kind masking of the bushes, was in a measure reassured.

"You must hev fell offen the rock," she enlightened.

"I think I might have fallen into worse circumstances," replied the unknown.

"I reckon you kin set up after a little."

"Yes, of course." The man suddenly realized that although he was quite comfortable as he was he could scarcely expect to remain permanently in the support of her bent arm. He attempted to prop himself on his hurt hand and relaxed with a twinge of extreme pain. The color, which had begun to creep back into his cheeks, left them again, and his lips compressed themselves tightly to bite off an exclamation of suffering.

"That air left arm air busted," announced the young woman, quietly. "Ye've got ter be heedful."

Had one of her own men hurt himself and behaved stolidly it would have been mere matter of course; but her eyes mirrored a pleased surprise at the stranger's good-natured nod and his quiet refusal to give expression to pain. It relieved her of the necessity for contempt.

"I'm afraid," apologized the painter, "that I've been a great deal of trouble to you."

Her lips and eyes were sober as she replied.

"I reckon that's all right." "And what's worse, I've got to be more trouble. Did you see anything of a brown mule?"

She shook her head. "He must have wandered off. May I ask to whom I am indebted for this first aid to the injured?"

"I don't know what ye means." She had propped him against the rocks and sat near by, looking into his face with almost disconcerting steadiness; her solemn-pupiled eyes were unblinking, unsmiling.

"Why, I mean who are you?" he laughed.

"I hain't nobody much. I jest lives over yon."

"But," insisted the man, "surely you have a name."

She nodded.

"Hit's Sally."

"Then, Miss Sally, I want to thank you."

Once more she nodded, and, for the first time, let her eyes drop, while she sat nursing her knees. Finally she glanced up and asked with plucked-up courage:

"Stranger, what mout yore name be?"

"Lescott—George Lescott."

"How'd ye git hurt?"

He shook his head.

"I was painting—up there," he said; "and I guess I got too absorbed in the work. I stepped backward to look at the canvas and forgot where the edge was. I stepped too far."

The man rose to his feet, but he tottered and reeled against the wall of ragged stone. The blow on his head had left him faint and dizzy. He sat down again.

"I'm afraid," he ruefully admitted, "that I'm not quite ready for discharge from your hospital."

"You jest set where yer at." The girl rose and pointed up the mountain-side. "I'll light out across the hill and fetch Samson an' his mule."

"Who and where is Samson?" he inquired. He realized that the bottom of the valley would shortly thicken into darkness, and that the way out, unguided, would become impossible. "It sounds like the name of a strong man."

"I means Sameon South," she enlightened, as though further description of one so celebrated would be redundant. "He's over thar 'bout three-quarters."

"Three-quarters of a mile?"

She nodded. "What else could three-quarters mean?"

"How long will it take you?" he asked.

She deliberated. "Samson's hoe'n' corn in the fur hill field. He'll hev ter catch his mule. Hit mout tek a half-hour."

"You can't do it in a half-hour, can you?"

"I'll jest take my foot in my hand, an' light out." She turned, and with a nod was gone.

At last she came to a point where a clearing rose on the mountainside above her. The forest blanket was stripped off to make way for a fenced-in and crazily tilting field of young corn. High up and beyond, close to the bald shoulders of sandstone which threw themselves against the sky, was the figure of a man. As the girl halted at the foot of the field, at last, panting from her exertions, he was sitting on the rail fence, looking absently down on the outstretched panorama below him.

Samson South was not, strictly speaking, a man. His age was perhaps twenty. He sat loose-jointed and indolent on the top rail of the fence, his hands hanging over his knees, his hoe forgotten. Near by, propped against the rails, rested a repeating rifle, though the people would have told you that the truce in the "South-Hollman war" had been unbroken for two years, and that no clansman need in these halcyon days go armed afield.

CHAPTER II.

Sally clambered lightly over the fence and started on the last stage of her journey, the climb across the young corn rows. It was a field stood on end, and the hoed ground was uneven; but with no seeming of weariness her red dress flashed steadfastly across the green spears, and her voice was raised to shout: "Hello, Samson!"

The young man looked up and waved a languid greeting. He did not remove his hat or descend from his place of rest, and Sally, who expected no such attention, came smilingly on. Samson was her hero. Slow of utterance and diffident with the stranger, words now came fast and fluently as she told her story of the man who lay hurt at the foot of the rock.

"Hit hain't long now tell sundown," she urged. "Hurry, Samson, an' git yore mule. I've done give him my promise ter fetch ye right straight back."

Samson took off his hat, and tossed the heavy lock upward from his forehead. His brow wrinkled with doubts.

"What sort of lookin' feller air he?"

While Sally sketched a description, the young man's doubt grew graver.

"This hain't no fit time ter be takin' in folks what we hain't acquainted with," he objected. In the mountains any time is the time to take in strangers unless there are secrets to be guarded from outside eyes.

"Why hain't it?" demanded the girl. "He's hurt. We kaint leave him layin' thar, kin we?"

Suddenly her eyes caught sight of the rifle leaning near by, and straightway they filled with apprehension. Her militant love would have turned to hate for Samson, should he have proved recreant to the mission of reprisal in which he was bidding his time, yet the coming of the day when the truce must end haunted her thoughts. She came close, and her voice sank with her sinking heart.

"What air hit?" she tensely demanded. "What air hit, Samson? What fer hev ye fatched yer gun ter the field?"

The boy laughed. "Oh, hit ain't nothin' pertic'lar," he reassured. "Hit hain't nothin' fer a gal ter fret herself erbout, only I kinder suspicious strangers jest now."

"Air the truce busted?" She put the question in a tense, deep-breathed whisper, and the boy replied casually, almost indifferently.

"No, Sally, hit hain't jest ter say busted, but 'pears like hit's right smart cracked. I reckon, though," he added in half-disgust, "nothin' won't come of hit."

Somewhat reassured, she bethought herself again of her mission.

"This here furriner hain't got no harm in him, Samson," she pleaded. "He 'pears ter be more like a gal than a man. He's real puny. He's got white skin and a bow of ribbon on his neck—an' he paints pitchers."

The boy's face had been hardening with contempt as the description advanced, but at the last words a glow came to his eyes, and he demanded almost breathlessly:

"Paints pitchers? How do ye know that?"

"I seen 'em. He was paintin' one when he fell offen the rock and busted his arm. It's shore es beautiful es—" she broke off, then added with a sudden peal of laughter—"es er pitcher."

The young man slipped down from the fence, and reached for the rifle. The hoe he left where it stood.

"I'll git the nag," he announced briefly, and swung off without further parley toward the curling spiral of smoke that marked a cabin a quarter of a mile below. Ten minutes later his bare feet swung against the ribs of a gray mule and his rifle lay balanced across the unsaddled withers. Sally sat mountain fashion behind him, facing straight to the side.

So they came along the creek bed and into the sight of the man who still sat propped against the mossy rock. As Lescott looked up he closed the case of his watch and put it back into his pocket with a smile.

"Snappy work, that!" he called out. "Just thirty-three minutes. I didn't believe it could be done."

Samson's face was masklike, but as he surveyed the foreigner, only the ingrained dictates of the country's hospitable code kept out of his eyes a gleam of scorn for this frail member of a sex which should be stalwart.

"Howdy?" he said. Then he added suspiciously: "What mout yer business be in these parts, stranger?"

Lescott gave the Odyssey of his wanderings, since he had rented a mule at Hixon and ridden through the country, sketching where the mood prompted and sleeping wherever he found a hospitable roof at the coming of the evening.

"Ye come from over on Cripple-shin?" The boy flashed the question with a sudden hardening of the voice, and, when he was affirmatively answered, his eyes contracted and bored searchingly into the stranger's face.

"Where'd ye put up last night?"

"Red Bill Hollman's house, at the mouth of Meeting House fork; do you know the place?"

Samson's reply was curt.

"I knows hit all right."

There was a moment's pause—rather an awkward pause. Lescott's mind began piecing together fragments of conversation he had heard, until he had assembled a sort of mental jigsaw puzzle.

The South-Hollman feud had been mentioned by the more talkative of his informers, and carefully tabooed by others—notable among them his host of last night. It now dawned on him that he was crossing the boundary and coming as the late guest of a Hollman to ask the hospitality of a South.

"I didn't know whose house it was," he hastened to explain, "until I was benighted and asked for lodging. They were very kind to me. I'd never seen them before. I'm a stranger hereabouts."

Samson only nodded. If the explanation failed to satisfy him, it at least seemed to do so.

"I reckon ye'd better let me help ye up on that old mule," he said; "hit's a-comin' on ter be night."

With the mountaineer's aid, Lescott

clambered astride the mount, then he turned dubiously.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," he ventured, "but I have a paint box and some materials up there. If you'll bring them down here, I'll show you how to pack the easel, and, by the way," he anxiously added, "please to handle that fresh canvas carefully—by the edge—it's not dry yet."

He had anticipated impatient contempt for his artist's impediments, but to his surprise the mountain boy climbed the rock and halted before the sketch with a face that slowly softened to an expression of amazed admiration. Finally he took up the square of academy board with a tender care of which his rough hands would have seemed incapable and stood stock still, presenting an anomalous figure in his rough clothes as his eyes grew almost idolatrous. Then he brought the landscape over to its creator, and, though no word was spoken, there flashed between the eyes of the artist, whose signature gave to a canvas the value of a precious stone, and the jeans-clad boy whose destiny was that of the vendetta, a subtle, wordless message. It was the countersign of brothers-in-blood who recognize in each other the bond of a mutual passion.

The boy and the girl, under Lescott's direction, packed the outfit and stored the canvas in the protecting top of the box. Then, while Sally turned and strode down creek in search of Lescott's lost mount, the two men rode upstream in silence. Finally Samson spoke slowly and diffidently.

"Stranger," he ventured, "ef hit hain't askin' too much, will ye let me see ye paint one of them things?"

"Gladly," was the prompt reply.

Then the boy added covertly:

"Don't say nothin' erbout hit ter none of these folks. They'd devil me."

The dusk was falling now, and the hollows choking with murk.

"We're nigh home now," said Samson at the end of some minutes' silent plodding. "Hit's right beyond that thar bend."

Then they rounded a point of timber and came upon a small party of men whose attitudes even in the dimming light conveyed a subtle suggestion of portent.

"Thet you, Samson?" called an old man's voice, which was still very deep and powerful.

"Hello, Unc' Spencer!" replied the boy.

Then followed a silence unbroken until the mule reached the group, revealing that besides the boy another man—and a strange man—had joined their number.

"Evenin', stranger," they greeted him, gravely; then again they fell silent, and in their silence was evident constraint.

"This hyar man's a furriner," announced Samson, briefly. "He fell offen a rock an' got hurt. I 'lowed I'd fetch him home ter stay all night."

The elderly man who had halted the boy nodded, but with an evident annoyance. It seemed that to him the others deferred as to a commanding officer. The cortege remounted and rode slowly toward the house. At last the elderly man came alongside the mule and inquired:

"Samson, where was ye last night?"

"Thet's my business."

"Mebbe hit ain't." The old mountaineer spoke with no resentment, but deep gravity. "We've been powerful oneasy erbout ye. Hev ye heered the news?"

"What news?" The boy put the question noncommittally.

"Jesse Purvy was shot this mornin'."

The boy vouchsafed no reply.

"The mail rider done told hit. . . . Somebody shot five shoots from the laurel. . . . Purvy hain't died yet. . . . Some says as how his folks has sent ter Lexington fer bloodhounds."

The boy's eyes began to smolder hatefully.

"I reckon," he spoke slowly, "he didn't git shot none too soon."

"Samson!" The old man's voice had the ring of determined authority. "When I dies ye'll be the head of the Souths, but so long es I'm a-runnin' this hyar fam'ly I keeps my word ter friend an' foe alike. I reckon Jesse Purvy knows who got yore pap, but up till now no South hain't never busted no truce."

The boy's voice dropped its softness and took on a shrill crescendo of excitement as he flashed out his retort.

"Who said a South has done busted the truce this time?"

Old Spicer South gazed searchingly at his nephew.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Attracted Him.

A mother took her four-year-old son to a restaurant for his first luncheon outside of the nursery at home. He behaved with perfect propriety, and watched the elaborate service with keen interest. When the finger bowls were placed on the table, he noticed the square white mint on the plate at the side of the bowl, and exclaimed: "Oh, mother, look at the cunning little cakes of soap he brought us!"—Harper's Magazine.

Write R. J. Murray & Company

Slaton, Texas, About Agricultural
Lands and City Property

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Howerton crates, ships, stores or buys second hand furniture.

Mrs. H. H. Robinson, now of Tahoka, was visiting in Slaton a day or two last week.

Best residence lots in Slaton, \$5.00 down, \$5. per month. Phone 59—C. C. Hoffman.

Folders descriptive of Sudan Grass and how to grow it, for sale at Slatonite office.

Try our line of perfumes and toilet water; the quality is the best.—Red Cross Pharmacy.

Willie Johnston sustained a broken arm while at play at the school house Thursday last week.

Dallas Capps of Dundee, Tex., arrived in Slaton the first of the week to locate. He will operate R. H. Tudor's well drill.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Geer Wednesday morning. The new girl weighed eight and one-half pounds.

The Missionary Society of the First Baptist Church will hold a Market Day on Saturday, April 3rd, at the Central Grocery, J. M. Simmons store.

R. L. Blanton accompanied J. B. Birge on a trip over Crosby county Monday buying cotton. W. T. Knight took them in the Ford. Mr. Birge recured 172 bales of cotton.

J. W. Richey is in San Augustine, Tex., this week on business, and making arrangements to bring his family to Slaton. R. H. Tudor is looking after the lumber yard during Mr. Richey's absence.

M. A. Pember of Onawa, Iowa, is in Slaton this week seeing about getting the land broke on his farm land south of town, which he purchased this last winter. He will move to the land with his family next June.

J. H. Tackett of Floydada was in Slaton Tuesday looking after property interests. While here he sold his residence in north Slaton to Mrs. Florence Rutherford. This house is known as the J. W. McCarty property.

W. A. McMahan of Amarillo was in Slaton last Friday on a prospecting trip over the South Plains looking for a business location. He is very favorably impressed with Slaton and its future, and said that he might move here. Slaton looked the best to him of the South Plains towns.

C. C. Hoffman let a contract Wednesday for the erection of a five-room residence.

Up to date this week there has been no moisture precipitation at Slaton of either rain or snow.

J. K. Bassenger of Alief, Tex., arrived in Slaton Monday to look after improving his farm land here.

Judge J. C. Paul is having a five-room residence built in Slaton. He is putting up the building as an investment.

The Christian Church places its card in the church directory of the Slatonite this week. They have preaching services next Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Doddridge have moved to Amarillo, as Mr. Doddridge, who is a Santa Fe conductor, has a local run between Amarillo and Canadian.

NOTICE.—The Cemetery Association will meet at the Movie Theater Friday night, April 2nd, immediately after the show. All citizens urged to be in attendance.

The delicate odor of the bloom is entrapped in each crystal drop of our Blocki perfume, the popular perfume of today for the particular taste.—Red Cross Pharmacy.

The Methodist ladies will hold markets of cooked food at the Sanitary Grocery and E. N. Twaddle's Grocery, Saturday, March 27. Get your Sunday goodies at one of these markets.

J. W. Patterson had bad luck in shipping his furniture from Brady to Plainview. The car that contained his furniture was in a wreck and was wrecked itself, destroying the furniture. The piano was torn to "smithereens."

Prof. W. B. Bishop of O'Donnel was in Slaton yesterday on his way to Canyon to attend the Teachers Association annual meeting. Mr. Bishop has been appointed conductor of the South Plains Summer Normal to be held in Tahoka in June.

Aubrey Baker, son of Jno. W. Baker, formerly of Lubbock, died at Crosbyton recently. Aubrey was well known to Slaton baseball fans. He was a pitcher on the Lubbock team last year when the team played here. He died of tuberculosis.

DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr. W. B. Norris, dentist, now in Slaton. Office at Cap's Hotel.

Thousands Lose Their Sight in European Conflict.

Many Cases Are Reported Among Hungarian Soldiers Back From the Front—Specialists Plan Home for Victims.

Budapest.—A few days ago the newspapers reported that Michael Chomsa, a Hungarian soldier patient at the Budapest hospital, had lost his eyesight, and they started a collection for him, the Pester Lloyd alone raising 14,000 kronen (\$5,600) within two days. Michael Chomsa's misfortune was looked upon as exceptional, and it was considered a public duty to provide for his future.

But the publicity given to this soldier's blindness brought out the fact that there were many other similar cases. In the opinion of physicians there will be in Hungary alone several thousand such victims of the war if the fighting is to continue much longer.

It is a disheartening spectacle to look upon these blind soldiers at the hospital. One sees many wounded, disfigured, ulcerating eyes. Some of these eyes have sunk far into their sockets. Others show the upper, transparent part of the eyeball sprinkled with white, gleaming grains of sand, whirled there by a bursting shrapnel shell. Two otherwise healthy eyes blink and quiver unceasingly, the nervous system of the man having been shattered by an exploding bomb. Another soldier has his eyelids seemingly grown together, they having lost their power to open and to close. Opened, they disclose empty cavities.

One of the blind soldiers wears the silver cross for bravery. Though wounded he returned to the firing line in order to carry away his seriously wounded lieutenant. While doing this he was hit by another bullet, which destroyed his eyesight.

It is remarkable that most of these sufferers lost their vision in the same peculiar manner. The bullet entered the cheek and bored its way upward, emerging on the opposite side by way of the eyesocket, after smashing the eyeball and destroying the optic nerve. At times the bullet's path was horizontal, the root of the nose being also shattered.

Appalled by the great number of blinded soldiers, the Hungarian specialists, Professors Grosz and Szilly, have started a subscription for the erection of a special institution destined to assure a livelihood for these unfortunate victims of the war. There they would be taught occupations suitable to their infirmity.

On the other hand Professor Blesalski of Berlin and Professor Lorenz of Vienna are concerned not only in caring for the wounded soldiers, but in preparing the numberless war cripples for their future tasks of gaining a livelihood. Every time Professor Blesalski visits his patients he endeavors to bring it home to their minds that they will have to follow their former occupations. A teacher who had lost his right arm has learned to write with his left hand and each day he becomes more and more convinced that he will again be able to exercise his profession. A gardener who lost his lower limbs was convinced by Professor Blesalski that he will be able to resume gardening; a farmer that he will be able to mow and to rake. A mason was made to understand that despite the loss of his right forearm he would be able to do brick and mortar work with the aid of an artificial hand.

Pennsylvania Schoolday Friends Become Sweethearts at Ages of Sixty and Sixty-Two.

Philadelphia.—A chance meeting last summer, after they had not seen each other in 40 years, led to the marriage of Frank H. Conner, a wealthy Colorado ranch owner, and Mrs. Katherine E. Parker, a widow of Philadelphia. Conner is sixty-two years old and his bride is sixty.

The pair were born in Girardville, Pa., and attended school together. As a young man Conner went West and engaged in silver mining. Amassing a considerable fortune, he invested in cattle, and now has one of the largest ranches in Colorado.

Some years after leaving Girardville he married. His childhood friend became a bride, and neither saw nor heard from the other until Conner came East several months ago. Then, at a reception, he met Mrs. Parker.

She told him her husband died 20 years ago. He told of the death of his wife three years ago. They talked over old times in Girardville, and when Conner left for the West he had her promise to become his wife.

COME, TELL US YOUR NEEDS

The management of this bank has endeavored to preserve a progressive policy, to be liberal in its treatment and adhere to the legitimate line of banking in supplying the constant needs of its customers, and we hope and expect to continue. Come, tell us your needs.

First State Bank

of Slaton

The Richey

Lumber Yard

To Figure Your Bill for Less

Slaton Livery Barn

G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor

Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations.

We have for sale at all times—

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

SLATON PLANING MILL

R. H. TUDOR, Proprietor

Contracting and Building

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

FRED HOFFMAN

Painter and Paper Hanger

Interior Decorator. Expert Floor Finisher.
Slaton, Texas

S. C. Marrs

Contractor
and
Builder

Slaton . . Texas

J. D. Haney

Slaton, Texas

Contractor
and
Builder

Estimates Furnished Promptly
Let Me Figure Your Job.

REAL ESTATE BULLETIN OF CITY BARGAINS

FOR SALE—Bargain in good corner lot; east front, excellent well of water, three blocks from either of the churches and from the public school. Must be sold by Saturday evening at \$125.00. Cost originally \$225.00. Can loan \$100.00 on same.

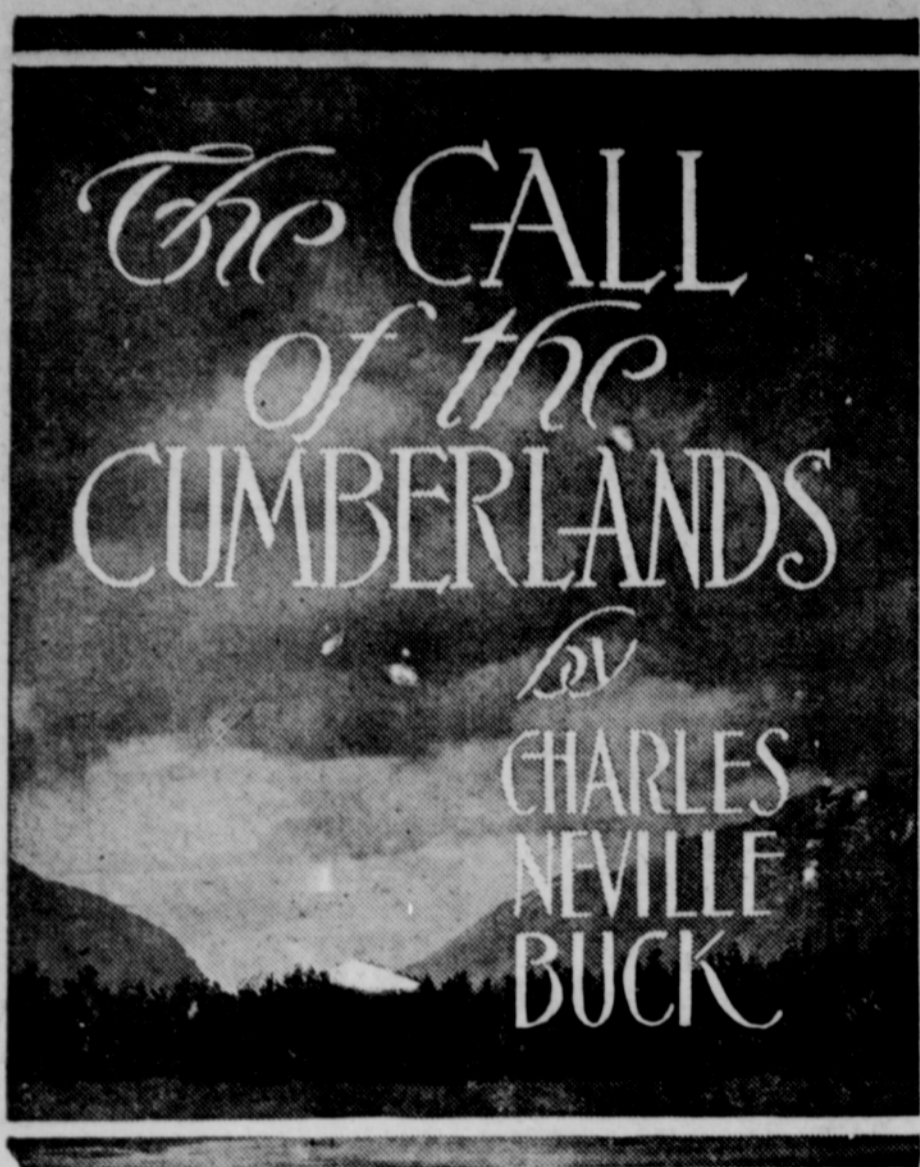
FOR SALE—Practically new five-room bungalow, has two closets, pantry, three porches; extra large corner lot, northeast front, excellent well of water. Easy distance from depot and business district. Price \$1,250.00. \$250.00 in cash or residence lots; balance \$25.0 per month.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Large, full two-story twelve-room house, large halls both up and down stairs. Property in excellent condition throughout, and will bear closest inspection. All rooms well lighted and ventilated, good new frame out-buildings. Two lots on corner high and dry, drain nicely. Good cased well of soft water. Price \$2,000.00. Would take half in vacant residence lots, balance to suit purchaser.

For information on above or any property you may be interested in phone 59 or write

C. C. HOFFMAN

SLATON, TEXAS



A Stirring Romance of the Kentucky Mountains

Do Not Fail to Get the Issue With the First Chapter!

A GRIPPING tale of red-blooded people in the country where feuds are handed down from generation to generation, by a writer thoroughly familiar with these people.

A story of pathos and laughter, excitement and powerful climaxes from beginning to end. You will enjoy every installment of our coming serial—

The Call of the Cumberlands

Opening Installment This Week

Notice to Piano Contestants:

I have made arrangements with the SLATONITE to again give votes on subscriptions, and for a limited time BEGINNING APRIL 1st we will give Special Service Checks with each subscription making 10,000 votes.

A. E. Howerton

Local and Personal.

To double and treble your money in Slaton residence lots
C C. C. Hoffman.

Clean up the lots and alleys before vegetation starts. Spring will soon be here.

Dollar day sales at the stores are the popular thing among the merchants this spring.

You need a spring tonic. We have the standard preparations.—Red Cross Pharmacy.

Slaton shoppers had a picnic the first of the week attending the special sales at the Slaton stores.

Gaines Pledger of Alief, Tex., arrived in Slaton the first of the week to visit his aunt, Mrs. J. D. Haney.

The letter from L. C. Robertson is held over until next week on account of the rush of work this week.

The entire corps of Slaton school teachers is in Canyon in attendance to the Teachers Association meeting.

The printing office force has been pretty heavily besieged with work the last few days, but we'll never Przemysl.

"Robertson's" put on a dollar shoe sale Monday and sold 150 pairs of shoes in ten hours. Other bargains went with the shoe sale.

The Crosbyton South Plains Railroad won its suit against the Lubbock Bonus Committee in the district court at Tahoka. The total of the judgment was \$10,000. It is said that the suit will not be appealed.

M. Olim reports heavy sales in the opening days of the Grand Leader. See his ad in this week's paper. In two weeks from the time he first arrived in Slaton he had rented a building, shipped in his stock, and had the store open to the trade.

We notice by the Slatonite that the Harvey house at that place is forced to depend on the Lamesa, O'Donnel and Tahoka markets for their eggs. Well this part of the country feeds a good portion of the state, and is perfectly able to take care of the Slaton People too.—Tahoka News.

When your town gets to be a city, sonny, your people, also, may have to send to the rural burghs for butter and eggs.

M. Olim, proprietor of the Grand Leader, called on the Slatonite editor Tuesday and demanded a year's contract on his adv. as you see it this week. It is unnecessary to say that he made a deal. There are many advantages to be gained by a merchant taking a year's contract on his advertising, and many merchants desire to place their business with the paper on this kind of a basis.

BOLD BURGLAR ROBS A JAIL

Breaks Into Workhouse Stable and Leaves Livery Force Penniless.

St. Louis.—A burglar broke into the city workhouse and robbed James Topping, a guard in the livery stable, of \$68.

The workhouse inclosure is surrounded by a high fence. The thief chopped away a board and crawled through. He came up behind Topping, knocked him down and bound him, and then demanded his money. Topping told him the cash was in his trousers. The thief found \$1 in change, rolled his prisoner over and threw a mattress on top of him. Under the mattress was \$67.

The burglar told Topping that he would come back and kill him if he made an outcry. Topping believed him and waited two hours before giving the alarm.

CLASSIFIED ADS

LOST—Plain gold bracelet; finder please leave at Slatonite office and receive reward of \$1.00.

FOR SALE or trade, cheap.—Fine young jack and three fine jennets.—I. W. Meyer, Slaton.

FOR SALE.—One bay mare 8 years old, 15 1 2 hands high, will foal next month. Also one two-year old colt.—G. W. Dudley.

STRAY PIG taken up. Red male pig about 3 months old. Owner can get same by paying for this notice. Call at the Slatonite office for information.

TO AID VICTIMS OF QUAKE



Mrs. Philip van Valkenburgh, the \$10,000,000 widow, has gone to Italy to aid the victims of the earthquakes. She is shown here in one of her "Made in America" gowns.

ONLY OFFICEHOLDER IN CITY

This Oklahoma Man Apparently Runs the Town and Surrounding Country.

McAlester, Okla.—The town of Massey, Pittsburg county, is not exactly boasting that it is a "one-man town," but the records show officially that it comes as near that as any town in the state that has as many as 250 population. At any rate there is one man in the town who does all the work. The record doesn't show what the others do, but one is left to conjecture that they are busy making a living.

W. K. Terry is that one man. He is postmaster, station agent, telephone manager, school trustee, notary public and mayor—at least he bears the title "mayor of Massey." Just to fill up his idle moments he looks after a 600-acre farm and hay ranch, and on the side he is a railway tie contractor and operates the only general store in the town.

HERE'S A TIMELY WARNING

If You Break Your Teletermoscope You Can't Get a New One Until War Is Over.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Until the warring nations of Europe sheathe the sword and get down to the business of making scientific instruments again, the Pittsburgh station of the weather bureau will have to work along without a teletermoscope.

The teletermoscope is a useful little instrument in that it allows the observer sitting in his comfortable office to tell the temperature at a glance.

Without it, he must climb a 60-foot ladder on top of a 300-foot building when he desires the information.

Pays Way Washing Dishes. Chehalis, Wash.—Stillman Dempsey, one of the graduates at the State college, finished his term with \$51 cash balance to his credit. It is now learned, after washing dishes in Stevens hall to pay for his board and firing the furnace to meet other obligations. The past two seasons Dempsey was the champion strong man at the college.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE. SANTA FE.

California and Gulf Coast Trains. Limited, daily.

No. 921 (west bound) from Galveston arrives in Slaton at 4.25 a. m. Departs for all points west to California 4.35 a. m.

No. 922 (south bound) from California arrives in Slaton at 12.10 p. m. Departs for central Texas and Galveston 12.35 p. m.

Slaton-Amarillo Trains, Eastern and Northern Points, daily.

No. 903 leaves Slaton for Amarillo at 6.40 a. m.

No. 904 from Amarillo arrives in Slaton at 11.55 a. m.

Slaton-Lamesa Local. Daily Except Sunday.

No. 908 from Lamesa arrives in Slaton at 11.15 a. m.

No. 907 departs from Slaton for Lamesa at 2.00 p. m.

LODGES.

I. O. O. F.
Slaton Lodge No. 861 I. O. O. F. meets every Monday at 8.00 p. m. Visiting brothers cordially welcome. G. L. Sledge, N. G. L. P. Loomis, Secy.

WOODMEN.

Slaton Camp No. 2871 W. O. W. meets 1st and 3rd Friday nights in the month at the MacRea Hall. W. E. Olive, C. C. B. C. Morgan, Clerk.

WOODMEN CIRCLE.

Slaton Grove Woodmen Circle No. 1320 meets on first and third Friday afternoons in the month at 3.30 o'clock in the MacRea hall. Visitors cordially welcomed. Mrs. Pearl Conway, Guardian. Mrs. Carrie Blackwell, Clerk.

A. F. AND A. M.

Slaton Lodge A. F. and A. M. meets every Thursday night on or before each full moon, at 7.30 o'clock. Joe H. Smith, W. M.



The Brotherhood of American Yeomen meets every second and fourth Fridays at 8.00 p. m. at the hall. C. W. Olive, Correspondent.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST CHURCH.

C. H. Ledger, Pastor. Preaching services every second and fourth Sundays in the month at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m. C. C. Hoffman, Superintendent. N. A. Terrell, Asst. Supt. Womans' Missionary Society meets every Monday at 3 p. m. Union Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock at the Methodist church. Everyone welcome.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

J. D. Lambkin, Pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. E. S. Brooks, Supt. Preaching services every first and third Sundays in the month at 11 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets every Monday at 3 p. m.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

At the McRea Hall. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Preaching services every fourth Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 8 p. m. J. F. Matthews, Pastor and Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev. Word, Pastor. Preaching every fourth Sunday in the month at 11 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m.

If You Want

**R
E
S
U
L
T
S**

YOU can get them by advertising in this paper. It reaches the best class of people in this community.

Use this paper if you want some of their business.

Use This Paper

American Spends Month With the German Army

By C. LEROY BALDRIDGE.

(Correspondent Chicago Post.)

Amsterdam.—The German occupation of Antwerp had already become a matter of routine when I arrived from Rosendaal. In five days the new city government had adapted itself perfectly to the burgomaster's offices and was working smoothly. It had even instituted a regular motor bus service to Brussels. But finding a certain cheese merchant who owned a wobbly-kneed animal, too hopeless to be requisitioned, and who said he didn't care where he went with it, I chose to go that way.

We found a war-swept road to the capital; on either side rich growing fields plowed with trenches; tattered remnants of villages and scattered graves. The way was jammed with homeless people carrying their belongings in carts, wheelbarrows, baby buggies—ever fleeing.

At Brussels, through the courtesy of Brand Whitlock and the kommandantur, a certain amount of bluff and phenomenal luck, I obtained a pass to travel anywhere within the German lines in Belgium. Moreover it worked—for three weeks.

Tries to Go Through Lines to Paris.

Thus armed, I decided to attempt the impossible, and go through to Paris, in which I was encouraged by a French Red Cross nurse who was taken prisoner when the city surrendered, and who had a similar ambition. But not even my freshly stamped papers would tempt any cabman or chauffeur to start with us. There was nothing for it but to walk.

During two days we saw little of war except occasional sentries and speeding military automobiles of that famous greenish-gray which blends so well with distance. Peasants were already replanting crops on tops of trenches and gathering beets, stolidly taking it all as a matter of course.

Mme. Lottin, the French nurse, had been named by my Brussels landlord "le Grenadier;" and she was. We made 45 kilometers a day. But at Namur she found an opportunity of reaching Paris through Holland, so I proceeded along the Meuse to Dinant, town of terrible memories.

This seems the most terribly picturesque city in Belgium. Its jagged walls and falling chimneys rise up hopelessly from heaps of debris in the midst of all that majestic natural grandeur along the two banks of the river. There is the Grotto where 800 women and children crouched in the darkness while the battle ebbed back and forth above them for two days; and the sidewalk near the water where hundreds of civilians were said to have been lined up and shot.

Gets Lift in a Supply Wagon.

From Dinant a military supply wagon gave me a lift to Givet, France. But here for the first time my pass was not sufficient, and I narrowly escaped arrest.

Walking by way of Florennes I arrived at Thuin. On high ground near the clock tower I stood by a Belgian trench, with the country spread out maplike all around, while an eye-witness explained graphically about the siege; how the Germans came down under continuous fire, where they built a bridge; how the allies were forced back from point to point and the climax of bayonet charges on the hills behind. And he told me how in the midst of the fight a French officer turned mad and ran frothing at the mouth about the street, terrifying the few people who had remained hid in cellars. I advised my guide to practice up on his English to be ready for the curious American tourists of a few years hence. For none will miss Thuin.

At the Hotel de Ville a newsboy was crying his papers. Thinking these were newspapers he carried under his arm, I bought one. It was an official death list, and sold at a penny.

By this time my heavy United States army shoes were worn thin. Again I tried to rent some kind of vehicle, but not one remained in the city. Finally, however, I was offered a bicycle for 100 francs, which the owner had taken to pieces and hid from the Germans. So, secreting ourselves that night in a basement room, we reconstructed this machine.

Stopped at Maubeuge.

At Maubeuge, France, a soldier who could talk English was kind enough to explain that, though he had orders to shoot on sight any civilian riding a bicycle, he would be gentle and merely arrest me. Fortunately, the officer in charge had been in the Philippines for 20 years and considered himself almost an American. But I must return to Brussels, he said, and after much difficulty procured a pass for me "mit fahrrad." I decided to take the long way back.

One noon I stopped at a little "estaminet." It was half demolished and had been rechristened, for over the door was a newly painted sign: "Cafe de la Bataille de Quatre Bras."

Within, several soldiers were drinking. But one sat alone, holding the inn-keeper's little girl in his lap. He stroked her hair and sobbed, declaring

that she was like his own whom he never expected to see again.

A train of ten siege guns moved ponderously along the road. Each piece had its ammunition and equipment wagons, and company of soldiers tramping behind; and each was pulled with a large steam traction engine. On the engine boilers were stamped the words: "Made in Leeds, England."

The few people remaining in the villages grouped themselves on the high ground, discussing whether the sound of firing were stronger or fainter than in the days before; whether the Germans were retreating or advancing.

Killing and Baking.

The commissary was at work, killing cattle and hogs, baking bread and sending food to the trenches; ambulance wagons rushed by; wounded who were strong enough came walking to emergency hospitals; and occasionally mid the booming of German guns one heard the long whistle of English shrapnel. Meanwhile soldiers marched by always, with their monotonous swinging stride.

My pass still worked. And I rode slowly on among scenes which leave in the mind a nightmare of horror; a red vision of machine guns and dead men in bundles; and a feeling more of disgust than admiration for the cold business efficiency with which it is accomplished.

At Roulers two men of the cycle corps offered to take me to the firing line, and we rode to Westroosebeke. There the gray men loaded and fired, loaded and fired, never saw the enemy and were hauled back wounded and dead. Some 300 yards in front were the trenches. There other gray men thrust in their "clips of five" and shot at other men's heads in other trenches. All around the men fell quickly like targets in a shooting gallery. Shells broke and left small clean-white clouds hanging in the sky till the wind waved them away.

I sat on a railing with a group of privates—several college boys, one professor—by a cottage used as a Red Cross station. We talked of many things, and there was wine—Belgian wine—and there were lots of good cigars—Belgian cigars. These men were resting. They had been out in the trenches and soon were going back. One had seen four classmates killed. Occasionally the sound of shrapnel would turn from whistling into a screech, and then all would duck instinctively, grin at each other and wonder where it would break. A game, and an interesting one. Twenty feet away a shot struck, splintered a tree and left the top half to fall, in yellow smoke, across the road.

"Too Good to Be True."

This, I felt, was quite near enough. But two of my new friends insisted upon getting permission to visit the trenches with me. We saw an officer.

"How did you get here?" he glared. Then, turning to the soldiers: "Put him under arrest!"

"Isn't my pass good?" I asked.

"Too good to be true," said he. My friends of the bicycle corps, now with loaded guns, one in front, one behind, took me on a day's ride to Thielt. Here I was stripped and searched and kept with a guard for several days. Then by two armed chauffeurs and a special messenger I was conducted to Ghent. My automobile belonged to a general's staff and great was my conceit when at our approach all soldiers stiffened to a salute. From Ghent another machine returned me at last to Brussels for further examination. I was left out on parole, however, and after a week, at the instigation of the American consul, most of my papers and sketches, which had previously been taken from me, were returned and I was escorted to the Holland border. My officer hosts assured me that they were most happy to have made my acquaintance, but that really all artists were "verboten."

CHILD DIES FOR ITS MOTHER

Four-Year-Old Girl Killed by Flames While Attempting Rescue.

Camden, N. J.—Rose Lorenzo, four years old, of Williamstown, gave her life to save her mother. She was burned to death. Her mother's burns were serious, but she probably will live.

Mrs. Lorenzo was preparing breakfast when her clothing caught fire. She screamed and little Rose ran to her. As the woman beat frantically at the flames enveloping her, Rose imitated her mother and her own clothes were fired.

Neighbors extinguished the flames and brought the mother and daughter to the Cooper hospital here, 20 miles, in an automobile, but Rose died.

Set Spring Fashions.

Berlin.—German tailors and dress-makers, in session at Frankfurt, decided that the prevailing color for fashions shall be the field gray of the German uniform, cut military style.

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

R. B. HUTCHINSON
DENTIST
Citizens National Bank
Building
Lubbock, Texas

L I S T E N !

Prosperity is at hand. Every indication assures it. Take advantage of the situation, and the next period of depression will not affect you. Remember, we all grow old, and very few of us have pensions. Let it not be said of you: "He waited too long."

BUILD YOU A HOME.

Slaton Lumber Company
LUMBER DEALERS

Jno. P. Lewis & Co.

Beginning

Saturday, March 20th

And Continuing Thru the Remainder of This Month

We shall conduct our

Great Anniversary Cash Raising Sale

This is one of the Special Bargain Events which our customers expect occasionally and to which we have to resort. It means that for ten days the profit on our ENTIRE STOCK will be remitted. Ten days of UNRIVALED and UNAPPROACHABLE value giving.

Our Sole Object Is Cash and Accelerated Sales

A glance at our large circular sent you will convince you that our reductions are material and extensive. Now, as ever, we can assure our customers that every price will be made and every promise fulfilled; that we live up to our advertisements even in a cost sale.

Note the Low Prices Named in Our Large Folder: Read All of It

And be sure to attend this sale. Here your dollars will do double duty. We always expect you when we have anything good to offer.

Jno. P. Lewis & Co.

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.

Slaton is now a union town. The barber shops close at 7.30 p. m.

Sorry the national congress adjourned. Cyclone Davis was just waiting to be heard.

The legislature has finished its labors for this term and adjourned. It is an incontrovertible fact that Texas knows who Don Biggers is.

Is it possible that Uncle Sam passed up the spanking of the Mexicans just to match a full grown scrag with the European warring nations?

The Clovis, N. M., Journal reached us last week with a blaring green clover leaf on the front page. Sure, an' we know blarney when we see it.

While the new dreadnaught Pennsylvania is the most formidable battleship in the world, it is hoped she may never take part in any engagement but a dress parade.—Amarillo News.

Some hunters make the statement that coyotes destroy as many quail as jackrabbits. The assertion is often made that where the coyotes are destroyed the rabbits multiply rapidly.

Last week's Slatonite truly was some Slatonite from an advertising point of view. The paper perhaps contained more bona fide advertising than any previous issue in its history. Slaton is growing and the Slatonite is growing with the town.

The redistricting bill lost again in the legislature. Oh well. I guess that the politicians think that west Texas will have to keep so busy raising grain to feed the rest of the state that we don't need to exercise our franchise on an even basis with them.

The editor of the Slatonite was invited to inspect Mrs. Graves millinery display previous to the opening and sample the refreshments. Now while we may be an authority on refreshments we are a poor criterion of the pretty and delicate bits of ribbon, lace, flowers, and wire that are made into millinery and sold at the rate of 'steen dollars a pound, and frankly acknowledge that we are out of our class in attempting to describe millinery. All pretty hats look pretty to us.

The governorship of Texas is not such a poorly paid job. For the year ending August, 31, 1914, the legislature appropriated the following amounts for the governor: Salary, \$4,000; telephoning, telegraphing and other expenses, \$3,500; traveling expenses, \$1,000; books and stationery, \$500; postage and freight, \$500; ice, \$36; mansion expenses, \$3,500; labor at mansion, \$1,000; fuel, lights, water, groceries and incidentals, \$2,000; making a total of \$23,536 for the year, not counting the "punch and chicken salad" deficiency items.—Plainview News.

MORGAN SEES PRESIDENT



This snapshot shows J. Pierpont Morgan leaving the White House executive offices after a call on President Wilson, during which they discussed the general financial situation.

QUAIL THRESH WHEAT CROP

Pennsylvania Farmer Tells How the Birds Get Enough to Eat.

Ebensburg, Pa.—John Newton, a farmer living at Munday's, near Ebensburg, tells a remarkable story of the sagacity of a flock of quail.

Following the instructions of Doctor Kalbfus, Newton has been placing grain in his barnyard for the benefit of the birds. Apparently the amount was not sufficient to satisfy the needs of a flock of quail, which fed at the farm daily. Inside the barn was a quantity of unthreshed wheat, the heads of which are closed tightly. Other birds pecked at these heads unsuccessfully, but the quail solved the difficulty.

According to Newton, a wise old quail flew out of the barn on Sunday with a stalk of wheat in its beak. Leading into the barn is a wooden bridge. The quail stuck the lower part of the stalk through a crack in the bridge. Three quail seized it on the other side and tugged away lustily. The stalk was stripped clean. Newton says the quail took turns carrying out wheat and threshing it until all were satisfied; and that since they have repeated the performance daily.



Feeding a death-dealing shell into one of the guns of a German battery.

REAL FLY-BY-NIGHT CHICKS

Energetic Kentucky Fowls Stay Up Late to Hunt Bugs by Electric Light.

Danville, Ky.—Thomas Cox left Danville Friday night at ten o'clock for Crab Orchard with a party of tourists who came on a late train. He arrived in Stanford about eleven o'clock, and was amazed to encounter a flock of chickens catching bugs in the street under an arc light.

Returning home, he reached Stanford at one o'clock Saturday morning, and the chickens were still under the light gathering bugs, and apparently having a most delightful time. So eager were the fowls in pursuit of the bugs that Mr. Cox had to stop his machine, get out and frighten them to keep from killing any.

**We Solicit Your Tailoring
Cleaning and Pressing Trade**

Mr. S. D. Glascock, a first class tailor, is now employed in our Gents Furnishing Department and will handle all tailoring work promptly.

He understands all branches of the tailoring business and his work will be pleasing to the fastidious dresser. Satisfaction guaranteed. We call for and deliver your clothes.

PROCTOR & OLIVE. GENTS FURNISHING DEPT.

ROLL TOP DESK for sale; a good one, very low price. Ask at Slatonite office.

A few cents will pay for a Slatonite classified ad.

Shipping tags for sale at the Slatonite office.

**J. G. WADSWORTH
Notary Public**

INSURANCE and RENTALS

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

Office at FIRST STATE BANK
Slaton -:- Texas

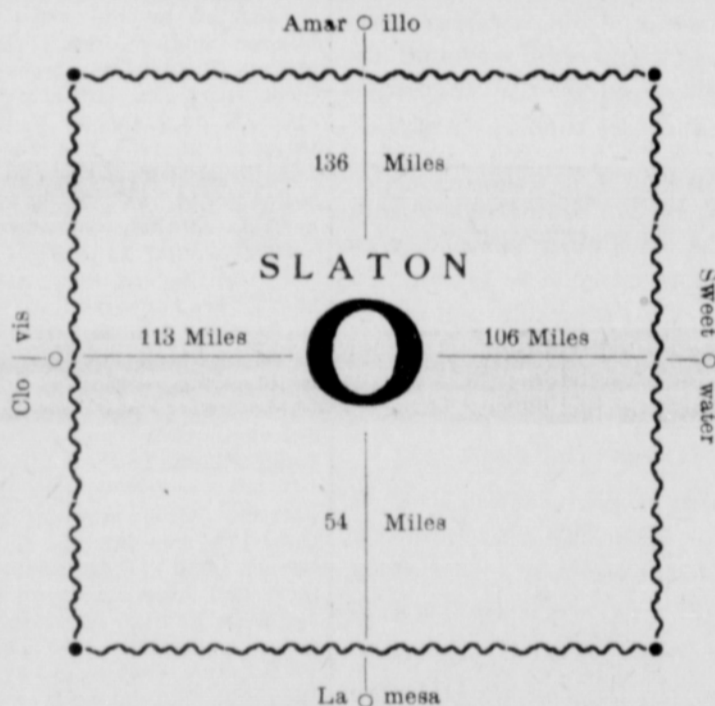
What Have They at the
Picture Show To-Night?
TELEPHONE and Find Out.



The Western Telephone Company

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

4-Way Division Santa Fe System



**SLATON
LOCATION**

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

Advantages and Improvements

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

BUSINESS SECTION AND RESIDENCES BUILT

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

SURROUNDED BY A FINE, PRODUCTIVE LAND

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

P. and N. T. Railway Company, Owners
THE COMPANY OFFERS for sale a limited number of business lots remaining at original low list prices and residence lots at exceedingly low prices. For further information address either
South Plains Land Co.or.... Harry T. McGee
Local Townsite Agent, Slaton, Texas Local Townsite Agent, Slaton

ALFALFA ON DRY LAND

There Is No Crop More Profitable for Hay.

Plant Is Deep-Rooted and Must Have Soil in Which to Sink That Long Tap Root—Subsoiler Is Often Necessary.

Most of this western country can grow alfalfa. To be sure there are some failures, especially with those just starting out, but when the conditions necessary for the crop are known it will be grown with as much success as the farmers to the east of us grow clover. As far as its value is concerned there is no more profitable hay crop. A ton of alfalfa is worth in feed value about what a ton of bran is worth. Say it is worth \$15 and that an acre yields from one and one-half to three tons per acre, then the crop would be worth from \$22.50 to \$45.00 per acre. Easy figures, you say. Yes, and also they are figures that anyone with a little effort can obtain.

Alfalfa is a deep-rooted plant and therefore it must have ground in which it can sink that long tap root, writes Leon H. Robbins in Dakota Farmer. Break up that plow sole, for no root can penetrate that, and if the undersoil is hard it should be loosened up as deep as possible. Sometimes it is necessary to use a subsoiler. Use a field that is clean and free from standing water. If the early spring water freezes on the field it will kill the alfalfa by freezing out the crown of the plant.

If the field is not free from weeds then the farmer should spend at least one year killing out the weeds on the field. Summer-till the land to kill the weeds. Work the field early in the spring by disking it, and then plow the land so that the plowing will be finished at least by the first of July. Plow deep, and by that the writer means plow so that the plow sole will be broken up. Till the field the remainder of the season to conserve moisture and kill every weed. The next season, disk shallow early in spring to conserve the moisture and work as often as is necessary with the disk or harrow until seeding time. Seed in June, about the 10th to the 25th, after the ground is good and warm so that the alfalfa will come up quickly. In many places it is best to sow the crop in rows about 24 to 30 inches apart. If sown in rows two pounds of seed per acre will do. When sown broadcast, five pounds of good seed is enough per acre.

Do not clip the crop the first season unless necessary to kill the weeds. Clipping sets the crop back too much and it is also liable to come too late so that the crop will not get enough growth for winter protection. It is best not to cut even a hay crop too late. Or in other words, late enough so that there is not time between the cutting and cold weather for the crop to get six inches high. This is also true about pasturing.

Give the crop the best of care until it is well established at least. Then the returns will be gratifying. Most all alfalfa fields will need inoculating. This is best done by dirt from some well-inoculated field. If dirt is used, it should be used on a cloudy day at the rate of not less than 200 pounds of dirt per acre. Scatter the dirt by hand broadcast and harrow it in at once. Fields that are not inoculated never produce well, the plants always look yellow and sickly. Maximum yields are obtained from well-tilled, well-inoculated alfalfa fields.

Businesslike Dairying.

The facts that so many dairy farmers prosper in spite of their methods is convincing proof that the same business conducted in a businesslike way could be made very profitable.

ECONOMICAL USE OF WATER

Dry Farmer Should Carefully Select Drought-Resistant Plants for Forage and Grain Crops.

To use as economically as possible the water stored in soils one must needs make up a list of crops from those known to be drought-resistant. Among those plants of known ability to resist drought to a great degree are alfalfa, kochiang, milo, sudan grass and other grain sorghums, common sorghum to a lesser degree, and corn, though a heavy feeder on soil moisture, is yet able to live through all but extreme conditions of drought because of the fact that it is inter-tilled.

Some of the varieties of the small grains are notably superior as drought resistors, such as Gatami and Swan Neck barley and Kubanka wheat. From the list of drought-resisting forage and feed and grain crops the dry farmer will do well to select carefully and wisely. The experimental data on this point is readily available.

THE EMBARGO ON WHEAT

The United States Wheat Production Admits of 100 Million Bushels for Export.

The talk in the press some little time back of placing an embargo on wheat, brought forcibly to the minds of the people of the United States a condition that may at some time in the near future face them. 100 million bushels of an export of wheat means a splendid revenue to the country as well as to the farmer, and if this were assured year after year, there would be reason for considerable congratulation. But last year's magnificent and abundant crop, which was estimated at 891 million bushels, cannot be expected every year. With a home consumption of 775 million bushels, and a production in many years of little more than this, the fact is apparent that at an early date the United States will have to import wheat. It will be then that the people of the United States will be looking to other markets for a supply. And it is then that the value of Western Canada lands will be viewed with considerable favor. The great area of wheat lands in Canada will then be called upon to provide the greatest portion of the old world's supply, and also, in the opinion of the writer, that of the United States as well. At present there are only about 12 million acres of these lands producing wheat. There are five times that many acres that can be brought under successful cultivation. Apart altogether from the value of these lands as wheat producers there is an increased value to them from the fact that the soil is especially adapted to the growing of many other kinds of grain as well as all manner of cultivated grasses, while the native grasses are a wonderful asset in themselves. The climate is especially favorable to the raising of live stock, such as horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. All these bring into the limelight the adaptability of the soil, the climate and all other necessary conditions, to the carrying on of dairy farming, in a most profitable way.

There is no question that high prices for all that the farmer can grow or raise will continue for some years, and this is the great opportune time to take advantage of what Western Canada offers. Lands may be had as a free grant. These are mostly located some little distance from railways at the present time, but sooner or later will be well served by railways that are projected into these districts. Land may also be secured by purchase at reasonable price, and on easy terms from holders of same. In many cases farms partly improved may be rented. A Winnipeg paper said recently: "Canada wants American immigrants. They make good Canadian citizens." And then speaking of the erroneous impression that has gained some publicity in a portion of the United States press, says: "It cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the American mind that in coming to Canada they place themselves under the freest democracy the world knows. No citizen of this country, whether native or naturalized, can be compelled to military service. The only compulsion is the compulsion of conscience and patriotic duty. That is the motive that has prompted thousands of Canadians to offer their lives. They are fighting as free men."—Advertisement.

Scooping It Out.

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

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Vox Populi.

"What is public sentiment, pa?"
"The capital by the manipulation of which politicians acquire fortunes."

Millions of particular women now use and recommend Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

Grips to be stropped to the hands and feet have been invented to aid a man to climb ropes.

To Develop Fishing Industry.
To control the fishing industry as far as possible, the government of New South Wales has decided to buy a number of North sea trawlers. It is, moreover, proposed to build others of the same type at Sydney. A fleet of 50 vessels is the ultimate aim of the authorities. In this way it is hoped to lower the prices charged by private firms. It cannot be said, however, that the experience of other Australian states in the matter of government-owned enterprises has been a success. More than one, in fact, has been abandoned with heavy loss to their promoters.

Self-Protection.

"I always take my wife with me when I buy a new hat."
"That's considerate."
"No it isn't. If I buy one by myself she blames me for the way I look in it. If she goes along, I blame her."

Every man who thinks he does all the work he is capable of doing would probably do more if offered a bonus.

Lack of interest in a story is enough to prove its truthfulness.

Inventions by Women.
Thirty-nine letters patent were granted to woman inventors by the United States government during the month of November, 1914. Some of these inventions were: War games, a coasting sleigh with a single runner, a golf-bag support, a cup-supporting attachment for use in buffet lunches, an improved metallic railway tie, a fencepost, a washable quilt cover, a ceramic basket to hold a rod for towels, a device for whipping cream, a sanitary paper cuff, a shoe with flexible sole, a bottle protector and numerous others.

When? Never!

Representative Henry of Texas, apropos of an international alliance that had turned out disadvantageously, said:

"When will American girls learn that you can't judge a book by its title, nor a man by his?"

Between the Acts.

"That man who just came in has a strong face."
"Yes, and a breath to match."

Philadelphia has a professional women's club.

TRADE PROSPECTS ARE ENCOURAGING

Improvement in business since depression reached low tide several months ago has been gradual. Confidence has been restored and unless all signs fail, the country is scheduled for a boom almost unparalleled.

In order to overcome the depression that attacks a person in poor health it is necessary that particular attention be paid to the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. These organs are the controlling power in all matters pertaining to health and there is nothing will make you feel "so blue" and discouraged as to be without appetite—to be subject to spells of headache, indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness—or to have constipated bowels.

Nature never intended anyone to be in such a condition and the only way to improve matters is to give necessary aid promptly. This suggests a trial of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, because it has an established reputation as a tonic and appetizer, and will be found very helpful in any Stomach, Liver or Bowel ailment.

It is well known as a real "first aid" and for over 60 years has held a permanent place in thousands of homes. You will make no mistake in purchasing a bottle today, but be careful to see that the Private Stamp over the neck is unbroken. This is your protection against imitations.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 9-1915.

Winter Chills Bring Kidney Ills

A spell of cold, damp weather is always followed by a fine crop of kidney troubles and backache.

Colds and chills damage the kidneys. Other troubles common to winter weather are just as bad. Grip, tonsillitis, quinsy, pneumonia or any other infectious disease hurts the kidneys by overloading the blood with poisons. The kidneys get worn, weak and inflamed trying to work it off.

It isn't hard to strengthen weak kidneys though, if you act quickly. At the first sign of backache, dizzy spells, headaches, loss of weight, nervousness, depression and painful, irregular kidney action, start using Doan's Kidney Pills. Rest the kidneys by simple eating, avoidance of overwork and worry, and getting more rest and sleep. A milk diet is fine.

This sensible treatment should bring quick benefit and prevent serious kidney diseases like dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease.

Clip this advertisement and mail it to the address below for a free trial of Doan's Kidney Pills, the best rec-



"I'd be all right only for my back."

ommended kidney remedy in the world. You'll decide it worth a trial, when you read this enthusiastic testimony.

After Intense Suffering Oklahoma Man Was Restored to Health by Doan's

John T. Jones, carpenter, 213 S. Pine St., Pauls Valley, Okla., says: "I was often confined to bed for days from weak kidneys and sciatic rheumatism. The trouble was probably brought on by the hardships I endured in the Civil War. A terrible pain ran from my kidneys down my limbs and I also suffered from a dull ache through my hips and back. The action of my kidneys was too frequent. The kidney secretions scalded in passage and were profuse. I had a poor appetite, was weak and tormented to death. I had about given up hope of ever getting rid of the trouble, as the doctor's medicine and everything else I tried had brought no benefit. Finally I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and at the end of the third day I had much less pain in my kidneys. I rapidly grew better, my appetite came back and by the time I had finished four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I was a well man. I am now in the best of health."

When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name!

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Sold by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Proprietors

Troubles for Him.
The big cousin was talking to the small one. "Buryl," she said, "are you anxious to be a man?"
"Sure I am," the six year old answered promptly.
"Why? When you're grown up you'll just have a peck of troubles."
"I won't," drawled Buryl, confidently. "When I'm a man I won't have any troubles, 'cause I'm goin' to be a bachelor."

BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

According to Lipton, Joffre is the most silent man in the world, considering the noise he makes.

Telephone exchanges in Kansas employ 1,182 women.

The Queer Sex.
Mary—Do you and Marguerite still decline to speak as you pass by?
Hazel—Oh, no; we are friends again.
Mary—Kissed and made up, did you?
Hazel—Yes—that is, we kissed—she was already made up.

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

It takes a man to offer an explanation to his wife that doesn't explain anything.

For motorists there has been invented a cloth-lined rubber pall that folds flat when not in use.

Can't Teach an Old Dog New Tricks.
"Funny things happen, even on street cars," stated old Dad Bing. "Tuther day I got on one that was entirely empty, and at the next corner it stopped and let another gent on. He was a middle-aged person with a far-away look in his eye, and instead of taking his choice of seats he grabbed a strap and hung there, swaying and flopping like a fresh-caught fish.

"I don't aim to be inquisitive, podner," says I, "but if it's a fair question, why don't you set down?"
"Why—why—" says he, "I could do that, couldn't I? But no—alas! it is too late to change the habits of a lifetime. I never saw an empty seat before!"

"So saying, he clung and swayed clear downtown, and I went along, just to look at him."—Kansas City Star.

We would gladly heap coals of fire on our enemies' heads if they would stand still.

Cheer up. The fool who rocks the boat may live to ride in an aeroplane.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

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

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



Brentwood

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

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use RENOVINE. Made by Van Vleet-Manfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

INDIGESTION, GAS OR SICK STOMACH

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, jot this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food. Go now, make the best investment you ever made by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or bad stomach. Adv.

Time Wasted.

"Dinah, did you wash the fish before you baked it?"

"Law, ma'am, what's de use ob washin' er fish what's lived all his life in de water?"

MEAT CLOGS KIDNEYS THEN YOUR BACK HURTS

Take a Glass of Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers You—Drink Lots of Water.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.—Adv.

Way Back.

The Lady—You say the dog has a long pedigree?

The Dealer—Yes, marm, 'e has. One of 'is ancestors chewed off th' corner of th' Magny Charty, an' another of 'em bit a hole in good King Halfred. Yes, marm.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SELF SHAMPOOING

With Cuticura Soap is Most Comforting and Beneficial. Trial Free.

Especially if preceded by touches of Cuticura Ointment to spots of dandruff and itching on the scalp skin. These supercreamy emollients meet every skin want as well as every toilet and nursery want in caring for the skin, scalp, hair and hands. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Its Class.

"The law forbids this kind of dog on the cars, sir."

"What laws can forbid one kind of dog?"

"The laws against expectation, sir. Your dog is a Spitz."

When Your Eyes Need Care

Use Murine Eye Medicine. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Sore Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by druggists at 50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 50c and 50c. Write for Book of the Eye. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago. Adv.

The Busy Bee.

"What has become of the founder of the Homemakers' club?"

"She is suing for divorce."

YOUNG SOLDIER PROVES A HERO

Carries Colonel to Safety and Returns Under Fire to Rescue Englishman.

SUCCORS A DYING GERMAN

French Boy's Thrilling Deed That May Win the Victoria Cross of Great Britain—Cyclist Wins French Decoration.

London.—The Daily Chronicle publishes the following from its special correspondent at Angers:

"Jean Berger, 'simple soldat' of the Second regiment of infantry, should, after the war, be Jean Berger, V. C. He is a Frenchman—yes, but listen to his story.

"He, a boy of about eighteen years of age, lies in hospital here; wounded badly, but not dangerously, in the side and also in the hand.

"Jean joined the Second regiment of infantry, which was soon under orders for Upper Alsace.

"It was during one of the almost innumerable fights which, battles in themselves, are making up that Homeric struggle of the nations on the River Aisne that the colonel leading the gallant Second was shot down. Machine guns were raking the quickly thrown-up trenches; showers of rifle bullets were falling everywhere around. With that heroism which takes account of nothing save the object in view, Jean rushed out of his shelter to carry his colonel to safety.

"Through a rain of leaden death he passed scatheless, reached his colonel, and carried him to safety.

"Back Through Hail of Lead. "As he was performing his glorious act he passed an officer of the Grenadier guards wounded severely in the leg, who called out for water.

"All right!" cried Jean, "I'll be back in a minute or two."

"He put the colonel in the shelter of a trench where the Red Cross men were at work, procured some wine from one of the doctors, and set forth again to face the bullet showers. And again he went out untouched.

"Reaching the English officer, Jean held up the flask to the wounded man's lips, but, before he could drink, a bullet struck the young Frenchman in the hand, carrying away three fingers, and the flask fell to the ground. Quickly, as though the flask had merely slipped out of one hand by accident, Jean picked it up with the other; and, supported by the young Frenchman, the English officer drank.

"While he was doing so a bullet drilled Jean through the side. Yet, in spite of the intense pain, he managed to take off his knapsack, and, searching in it, discovered some food, which he gave to his English comrade.

"As the guardsman was eating, he and Jean discovered that near them was a wounded German soldier, who, recovering from the delirium of wounds, was crying out for food and drink. The Englishman, taking the flask which had still some wine in it, and also the remainder of the food from the Frenchman's knapsack, managed, though suffering great pain, to roll himself along till he reached the spot where the German soldier lay. There, however, he found he was, by himself, too weak to give the poor fellow anything.

"So he shouted to Jean to come to his assistance, and, though movement could only be at the cost of great pain, the young Frenchman managed, too, to reach the place, and together, Englishman and Frenchman, succored the dying German. One held him up while the other poured wine between his parched lips.

HE IS SOME CORN HUSKER

Michigan Man Claims Championship and May Do Husking Act in Vaudeville.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—P. E. Thomas of this city claims the championship of Michigan for corn husking. He established a new record this year on the farm of R. G. Brumm, near Nashville, in Barry county, when he husked 146 bushels in ten hours, an average of 14.35 bushels per hour, or one bushel to each 42.7 minutes. His best time during the day was 15 bushels in 40 minutes.

Mr. Thomas' grandfather was an expert husker and at one time did even better than the grandson's best record, husking 168 bushels in ten hours. His father husked 147 bushels in ten hours.

Mr. Thomas has made a business of husking corn for 17 years. He says the corn in Mr. Brumm's field is the best in which he ever worked. The corn is of the Folsom yellow dent variety, which was introduced into

COMMANDS BIG ARMY



Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton is in command of the home army of Great Britain. He has a force of 500,000 men drilling in defense work all around the islands in readiness for a possible German invasion.

"Then human nature could stand no more, and all three fell, utterly exhausted, in a heap together. All through the long night, a night continuously broken by the roar of cannon, death watched over that strange sleeping place of the three comrades of three great warring nations.

"In the morning shells bursting near them aroused the English officer and the French soldier. Their German neighbor was dead, and for a long time they could only wonder how the day of battle was going. When the forenoon was well advanced they saw Germans advancing.

"Jean, who can speak German, called out, 'We are thirsty; please give us something to drink.' He was heard by some officer of uhlans, who rode up, and, dismounting and covering them with his revolver, asked what was the matter.

"We are thirsty," replied Jean. "The German looked at the little group. He saw his countryman lying dead with an empty flask beside him, and guessed what was the scene of comradeship and bravery which the spot had witnessed. He gave instructions to an orderly, and wine was brought and given to the two wounded men. Surely, that is a scene and a deed which will wipe out many a bitter thought and memory of war!

"Just then the cannonade burst forth again with tremendous fury, and the German force which had come up had to retire. Shells were soon bursting all around, and fragments struck the English officer. He became delirious with pain, and the young Frenchman, stiff, feverish, and weak himself, saw that it was necessary to do something to bring the officer to a place where he would be safe and would receive attention.

"Jean tried to lift the Englishman, but found that he had not sufficient strength left to take his comrade on his shoulder. So, half lifting him, and dragging and rolling him at times, the gallant little piou-piou brought the wounded English officer nearer and nearer to safety and help. The journey was two miles long! . . . But at last it was over.

May Get Victoria Cross.

"The two men came upon some trenches occupied by the allied forces; they were recognized and taken in charge by an officer of the English Red Cross. They had both just enough strength left to shake hands and say good-bye.

"If I live through this," said the officer of the guards, "I shall do my

best to get you the British Victoria Cross."

"For the two nations have become one by bloodshed and bravery displayed, and, in addition, a little incident which I can relate will show that there is a precedent for a union of honors as there is evidence of a complete union of hearts.

"In the British expeditionary force there is an English soldier, a member of a cyclist corps, who is proud to wear upon his breast the 'medaille militaire' of the French army.

"The story of the stirring incident has been told to me by Henri Roger, a young soldier of the Fifth infantry, who saw it from the trenches and who is now lying wounded in hospital here.

"During one of the engagements last week on the River Aisne, the Fifth was holding an entrenched position and was faced in the distance by a strong force of the enemy. To the right and left of the opposing forces were large clumps of trees, in one of which a force of English troops had taken up a position, a fact regarding which the Germans were unaware. In the other wood, it was soon discovered, lay a considerable body of German infantry with several machine gun sections.

"A road ran beside the wood in which the enemy lay hidden, and along it a force of French infantry was seen to be advancing. How were they to be saved from the ambush into which they were marching? That was the problem, and it was a difficult one.

"Every time the French troops in the trenches endeavored to signal to their oncoming comrades, hidden German sharpshooters plucked off the signalers. Soon the position seemed to be almost desperate; every moment the entrenched French soldiers expected to hear the hideous swish of the Maxims mowing down their unsuspecting comrades.

"Suddenly, however, something happened which attracted the attention of the French and German trenches. From the wood where the English lay hidden a cyclist dashed—the English, too, had seen the danger, and a cyclist had been ordered to carry a message of warning to the advancing French column, several hundreds strong.

"The cyclist bent low in his saddle and darted forward; he had not gone a hundred yards before he fell, killed by a well-aimed German bullet. A minute later another cyclist appeared, only, in a second or two, to share his comrade's fate.

"Then a third—the thing had to be done! The bullets whizzed round him, but on he went over the fire-swept zone. The Frenchmen held their breath as they watched the gallant cyclist speeding toward the French column.

"The Frenchmen could not resist a loud 'Hurrah!' when they saw the daring cyclist dismount on reaching the officer in command of the troops which he had dared death to save.

"The officer heard the message and took in the position at a glance. He gave an order or two instantly, and turned to the Englishman.

"Then was there a fine but simple battle picture which should live.

"The French officer saluted the gallant fellow standing by the cycle. Then, with a simple movement, took the 'medaille militaire'—the Victoria Cross of France—from his own tunic and pinned it on the coat of the Englishman.

"I am glad," young Roger told me when he had finished relating the story, "to have lived to see that deed it was glorious!"

Self Lighting Cigar.

Berlin.—"Haben sie ein streichholz?" no longer is heard in the German trenches. Streichhoelzer (matches in English) are no longer necessary to the soldier who desires to smoke. Self lighting cigars—perfectos with match heads embedded in the end—are being distributed by tens of thousands among the soldiers.

It is the man who takes himself too seriously that gets laughed at.—Pittsburgh Sun.

WHEN PASSION TAKES HOLD

Terrible Spectacle When Fury Supplants Dull Courage in the Soldier.

Paris.—The following scene was described by an officer who took part in it:

"For long hours the soldiers have lain in sodden burrows exposed to terrible fire. Nerves are unstrung, tempers on edge. At last they are upon the enemy; they can now prove their valor with cold steel. At last it is man to man.

"Suddenly the sound of loud and continuous laughter is heard. One of the soldiers has passed the border of restraint. He is transformed, a very figure of destruction; it is no longer dull courage, but a blaze of fury that sweeps the ranks of the enemy like a fire.

"Machine guns have no reply to such zeal of passion; no machine conceived could oppose this living flood of wrath. The sound of that terrible laughter will ring in my ears as long as I live."

Catarrh of Kidneys Cured By Peruna

"I had Catarrh of the Kidneys and Bladder. I Am Very Thankful For Peruna. I Feel Well, My tongue is clear, I



have no bitter taste in my mouth. I am glad to say I do not need Peruna any longer, I am perfectly well. I have Peruna in the house all the time. When I have a cold or when I do not feel well I take Peruna. We were all sick with the grip last winter. We took Peruna and it helped us. Peruna is the best medicine for grip or colds."

Mrs. Gus. H. Carlson, Box 261, Ortonville, Minn.

Only Worse.

A Philadelphia school teacher has lately been instructing her pupils in Grecian mythology. It is the plan to have the children read the tales aloud, and the next day recount them in their own language. One lad, to whom was given the assignment to render in his own language the story of the Gorgons, did so in these terms:

"The Gorgons were three sisters that lived in the Islands of Hesperides, somewhere in the Indian ocean. They had long snakes for hair, tusks for teeth and claws for nails, and they looked like women, only more horrible." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

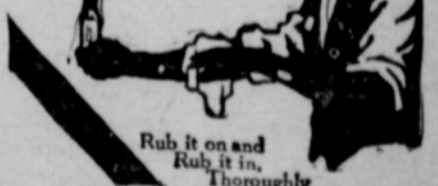
Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

Except for their vanity, it would be impossible to please some people.

Always sure to please, Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell it. Adv.

Some people would rather die a natural death than send for a doctor.

For Every Kind of Lameness



HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chilblains, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00

All Dealers G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.