

THE SLATON SLATONITE

VOLUME 6

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1917.

NUMBER 37

Snow Falls Over South Plains Sunday Morning

The various and sundry samples of weather that we have been experiencing this spring culminated Sunday in a light flurry of snow. Saturday was a very cold and disagreeable day, and nearly one-half of an inch of rain fell that night, turning to snow Sunday morning. Monday morning the South Plains was covered with a heavy blanket of frost, and there was a heavy scum of ice over much of the water that was in vessels out in the open Sunday night.

Some of the early gardens were destroyed and the cotton was nipped. Many garden vegetables were not damaged by the frost. The moisture precipitation in all amounted to a little over one-half of an inch, and this will be of great benefit to the fields.

The apple crop in the Pecos Valley was killed by the frost, and at Amarillo the snow fall was registered at nine inches.

This snow in May is a very rare occurrence for the South Plains, and there are but very few of our citizens who recall a similar event. W. S. Adams tells the Slatonite that twenty-three years ago at his then new home in Floyd County there was a fall of snow on the fifth day of May that amounted to about the same as the snow Sunday. And seventeen years ago, in 1900, there was quite a heavy snow and frost on the seventeenth day of May. The fruit trees were then loaded with fruit and the peaches were as large as the end of a man's thumb. Again in or about 1903

there was a light flurry of snow in Floyd County on the first day of May.

Slaton has a greenhouse that is furnishing thousands of plants for early garden vegetables, and many flowers, and that greenhouse is owned by Joe Montgomery. Mr. Montgomery has his plans made to build a large greenhouse in the fall and raise plants extensively for the trade next spring. He has an ad in the Slatonite; look it up.

Roy Cobb of Wilson was in Slaton Tuesday on his way to San Antonio to join the army. He enlisted in the aviation corps, and he is a son of T. B. Cobb, the Wilson merchant.

Three More Slaton Boys Leave for Front

Earl Tomlinson, C. B. James, and Geo. Everline are three more Santa Fe boys at Slaton who have joined the army and departed for the front. The Santa Fe men take the lead in going to the defense of their country, and Slaton is proud of her representatives. Geo. Everline was chief clerk of Agent W. H. Smith in the Santa Fe offices, and he is a son of P. L. Everline. He has already been advanced to the position of officer in the army and he was placed in charge of a company of sixty men to take to the front.

Percy Brasfield of Trenton, Tenn., arrived in Slaton Sunday on a visit to his uncle, S. G. Brasfield. Percy is a son of Dr. A. Brasfield.

An Alfalfa Patch for Every Chicken Yard

The possibilities that await a family on the South Plains in gardening and fruit and berry raising are almost unlimited. This rich, productive soil and the unlimited supply of water that can be secured from an ordinary windmill grows an almost incredible amount of table supplies. There are gardens in Slaton now, new as the town is, that furnish more strawberries, dewberries, grapes, etc., than the households possessing them can consume from one season to another. Think of a family in Slaton having more strawberries than they can eat, can and preserve! And yet that is an actual situation in a few Slaton homes. It is a situation that might prevail in every Slaton home if only a little care and attention is given to gardening. And all these enterprises are so small compared to what this land is capable of that they are only a hint of the possibilities before the industrious owner of even a small patch of Slaton soil. Climate, soil and water form a combination that cannot be excelled in plant production, and South Plains folks have this combination.

R. O. Tackett, county farm demonstrator, while in the Slatonite office Wednesday last week, described a novel and valuable scheme for producing green poultry food, and the scheme is so good that we will have to pass it along to our readers.

The best food to keep poultry healthy and make the hens lay eggs is growing alfalfa, and while this is not an alfalfa country, perhaps, yet every man can have an alfalfa patch for the chickens without much effort and at practically no expense. This is the way:

Dig a trench a foot or so wide and, say, fifty feet long. Put good, rich dirt and manure in the trench and water it by turning the garden hose in at one end. Sow alfalfa seed. Anchor a small strip of a board firmly on each side of the trench and nail to the strips a small mesh chicken wire, making a complete protection over the top of the trench. Let the chickens eat off the alfalfa as it grows thru the wire top; they can't eat the plants too close and they can't get to the roots to scratch them out of the ground. Just as rapidly as the alfalfa leaves grow above the wire the chickens will clip it off, and this source of green feed will give Mrs. Hen a fine breakfast of green, crisp, fresh alfalfa every morning; and it will also increase the egg production.

When the weather gets dry just turn the garden hose into one end of the alfalfa trench and flood it with water, and you will have one of the finest alfalfa fields in the Southwest. Try the plan.

The idea of filling an old barrel with dirt and manure and boring holes around the sides and planting a strawberry in each hole

and raising this delicious berry in this way can be used to good advantage. Keep the barrel supplied freely with water and the plants will soon cover its sides completely, and in a short time the plants will be bearing more strawberries than several families can eat. The ornamented barrel would be a beauty spot for the front yard, and it would be a valuable asset for the table.

Instead of planting shade trees that make a quick growth and live only a few years, put out fruit trees that furnish the shade and pay for their keep in fruit.

These ideas are only the beginning of what can be done here by an agriculturist who has an abundant supply of pure water at his command.

Boy Scouts Will See Service on Border

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Marriott received a request the first of the week from their son, Dick, at Lake Charles, La., for permission to go to the border with the company of Boy Scouts from that city for actual service under the Stars and Stripes. The boys will do patrol duty along the Mexican border. Dick is only fifteen years of age but he is almost a man in size. His parents gave their consent for him to go with the Boy Scouts, and Slaton has the honor of sending a soldier boy to another branch of the service.

To preclude the possibility of a general exodus from Slaton homes, it may be well to state that boys must reach a certain age and size approaching young manhood before they are eligible for actual duty with the Boy Scouts, and they must have the written consent of their parents.

M. J. Talley of Mineral Wells, Texas, visited his son, H. D. Talley, in Slaton the first of the week. Mr. Talley Sr. said that he had learned several things on this trip about his son, facts that he had never even suspected, and he is glad that he didn't delay the trip any longer than he had. For instance, he learned that since the war preparations had become so ominous that his son had aged rapidly until he is now seventy-nine years old, two years older than his father. The South Plains is truly a marvelous country.

The work of grading the principal streets of the city under the direction of the city officials is progressing nicely and this work does more to improve the appearance of the town than any work that has been done since the town became a town. Before the work is finished it is quite likely that a person can drive in any part of the city on a graded street, and this will induce people to become better acquainted with their own town.

The big flag that is flying over the roundhouse is twenty by thirty feet in size, and it was given to the round house boys by Geo. Marriott. The flag was sent to Mr. Marriott by W. W. Davis, chief clerk of the Supply Department of the Santa Fe at Amarillo. Mr. Marriott, Mike Hanley, Pat Trammell and Howard Pratt had a little flag raising all by themselves when they put up the big flag over the round house.

S. L. Forrest was called to Chalk, Texas, Saturday to look after the business of the Forrest Hardware Company at that place, and he may remain with the Chalk store for some time.

Robertson's Ready-to-Wear Sale

Positively the Greatest Price Sacrificing Sale on Women's Ready-to-Wear ever held in Slaton

A LARGE STOCK TO SELECT FROM

BE HERE EARLY SATURDAY MORNING AND GET THE PICK OF THE STOCK

You can buy a Coat Suit in this sale for the price you would pay for a skirt of the same material anywhere.

Skirts, Wash Dresses, Silk Dresses, Coat Suits, Sport Coats and Underwear are going in this sale.

Also a high grade line of Ladies' Fancy Boots. Buy your high boots now, and save from two to seven dollars on them. These boots will be extremely good for fall.

Big lot of Children's Dresses cut to a price that will move them quick.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO SEE THESE BARGAINS

They are priced to sell and are going to sell fast. See the big circular for prices. Don't fail to come, and come early. The sale lasts till May 17th.

Sale on at both stores—Slaton and Southland

Robertson Dry Goods Company

Save 40 Per Cent on Your Clothing Bill

With every man's suit sold during this sale we will give the purchaser his pick of our \$3.50 or \$4.00 hats free. This offer on suits worth \$15.00 or over.

On the First of Next Month Pay All Your Bills with Checks



Pay all your bills with checks on The First State Bank and note with how much higher respect you are regarded. Besides you will have something left and won't feel like letting your balance get too small. That means you will cut down your spending and increase your saving.

THE FIRST STATE BANK of Slaton

J. S. EDWARDS, President J. H. BREWER, Cashier

The Close of Each Banking Day Marks a New Period in Growth of the SLATON STATE BANK.

The Growth is the result of service that meets every demand of a progressive bank that adheres to sound banking principles and serves our customers in a spirit of cheerfulness; and by these means we have won a place in the hearts of our customers.

Why not let us number you among our family of customers? To Loan Money—to Help You Make Money—that is our business. Call and see us.

THE SLATON STATE BANK

A GUARANTY FUND BANK

J. C. PAUL, President
A. L. ROBERTSON, Vice Pres.

J. H. PAUL, Cashier
J. G. WADSWORTH, Asst Cash

Immunize Your Calves Against Blackleg With Blackleg Aggressin

The New and Only Safe Biological Preparation for Immunizing Calves Against Blackleg

BLACKLEG AGGRESSIN is a filtered, germ free, muscle juice obtained from affected tissues of a calf dead of Blackleg. It is sterile and therefore can be used with safety. This material has been found very efficient in the immunization of calves and other cattle against Blackleg, one injection conferring life-long immunity. Blackleg Aggressin is one of the new Biologic preparations and is commanding the attention of progressive farmers and ranchmen everywhere that it has been used. The dose for calves and yearlings is 5cc. During the year 1916 this Aggressin was used and tested out on more than one hundred thousand head of calves and yearlings and there was not a single fatality. One injection of the serum properly used will absolutely render your calves immune from Blackleg for life.

Anyone Wanting Calves Immunized Are Invited to Call or Write Me

Best of service given to all business entrusted to my care

Dr. L. W. Kitchen Veterinary Surgeon
Post, Texas

Phones: Office 4140 and 1301
Residence: 2139

Geranium Sale

I have a large number of fine Geranium plants for sale and solicit your orders.

Garden Plants

Have lots of Tomato Plants and both sweet and hot Peppers and other vegetable plants. See me for plants.

Joe Montgomery
Slaton Green House

Gardening Tools

Spades, hoes, rakes, shovels garden hose

Everything for preparing, planting and tending the garden

Let us supply your needs

FORREST HARDWARE

Coming! Slaton Chautauqua! 3 Days! May 23, 24, 25

Biffs and Bingles With the Baseball Bunch

An interesting communication from "An Old Deacon" on baseball was received for the Slatonite this week but it was crowded out and will appear next week.

The Union boys came into town Tuesday for a game with the Slaton High School, and the Slaton boys won by a score of 21 to 4. Battery for Slaton, Guinn and Hanley; for Union, Johnson and Pierce.

The game at Slaton Sunday between Slaton and Ralls is reported to the Slatonite as being a "wampus cat" of a game—whatever that may be. In good English it was a game that made the fans hold their breath time after time as fortune favored first one side and then the other.

Slaton scored early in the game and Ralls could not do anything until the sixth when they fell

onto Skip Taylor's offerings for six runs. With none out Vaughn went in the box and struck out the Ralls batters, and held them close for the rest of the game. Slaton then went into the lead and Ralls tied the score in the ninth. In the last of the tenth Slaton won, the final score being 9 to 8.

Slaton plays ball at Lorena on Saturday, May 5th.

Lorena plays ball at Slaton on Sunday, May 6th.

Slaton plays ball at Crosbyton on Monday, May 7th.

The Slaton baseball team went to Ralls Wednesday and played a picked team of Ralls and Lorenzo players. Slaton won by a score of 8 to 9. Duke Bassenger, the left handed kid pitcher of Slaton High School team, pitched the game for Slaton, and deserves much credit because the Slaton team was not as strong as it has been in other games. Ashley caught the game.

The purported game of baseball between Slaton and Lubbock at the City Park Grounds in Slaton last Friday afternoon resembled more of a hippodrome performance than Slaton has seen for several moons. The final score was Slaton 25, Lubbock 3. Harry Burris, playing with Slaton, parked the first ball that has been knocked out of the new ball park. He put all he had into the swing and the ball was high in the air as it went over the left field fence. The fence is over three hundred feet from the home base.

REGARDING SUNDAY BASEBALL.

The Lubbock Avalanche of last week gave a review of "Sunday Baseball Games" at Slaton and handled the idea in a very decisive and conclusive manner. The Avalanche does not approve of baseball games on Sunday. Some think that the town deserves the censure for permitting playing of baseball on Sunday and requested the Slatonite to reprint the article. Others think that the Slatonite should take the Avalanche to task for presuming to criticize Slaton's method of handling the national game.

The Slatonite respectfully declines the issue on either side. We do not approve of Sunday baseball and we recognize the fact that the Sunday baseball in Slaton places our city in a position to be censured and criticised

What Firemen Do

is always to be praised and commended but they cannot make good your loss by fire. Only a policy of insurance in a reliable company will do this. We represent the very strongest insurance companies and policies placed by us are gilt edged. In addition we are always glad to give our patrons the benefit of our advice and experience in placing their insurance.

J. H. BREWER AGENCY

by all the neighboring towns. And yet Sunday baseball was the issue used in the city election in April and the advocates of Sunday baseball elected their ticket by quite a handsome majority, so why? The issue was decided by the voters, so there is nothing left for the Slatonite to say.

Back to the Farm Idea Will Help Solve the Food Question

"I do not believe it possible for United States to increase its food supply more than 10 per cent," says Clarence Ousley, Director of Extension of the Texas A. & M. College. Mr. Ousley is one of the best informed men on the crop situation, and is withal conservative.

"It will be practically impossible for the Dakotas, Minnesota, and other states to increase their food supply at all, because they are already up to the limit on wheat. It will be impossible for them to increase the acreage because of the scarcity of labor to plant and reap.

"The South can and will increase its annual food production by from 25 to 40 per cent. But the South's increase, taken into consideration with the remainder of the nation, will only bring the total up to about 10 per cent. The country will need an increase of 25 per cent. Where is the additional 15 per cent to come from?

"If the war should end to-day, it would take six months to demobilize the armies of Europe, and it would be impossible to increase the food supply in these countries this year.

"This war is not the only cause of high prices: the war only precipitated them. The situation has been coming for twenty-five years. The Urban population at present is 65 per cent as compared with 35 per cent at the time of the Civil War. More people will have to move back to the farm."

A. M. Hove.

Home Talent Carnival is Coming Tuesday, May 15th

A Home Talent Carnival will be held at the new gin just north of the Square on Tuesday, May 15th, under the auspices of the Yeomen lodge.

On the ground floor of the gin a musical program will be given by Mrs. J. P. Reynolds' music class, and a mystery supper will be served. A rest room for the ladies will be provided.

On the second floor will be amusements of various kinds, such as Parcel Post Window, Fortune Telling, Chinese Laundry, etc., and splendid music.

The carnival will last about two hours and a good social time will be provided for all.

Don't forget the date, and remember that it is for one night only. You will miss something if you are not there. General admission 10c.

To The Lumber Buying Public

Prices on lumber have recently increased as rapidly as have the prices on all other lines of merchandise, but we shall endeavor to meet the demands of our customers.

In coming to the yard PLEASE let us figure your bill before you load your wagon. Many patrons load their wagon without taking into consideration the new schedule of prices and then object to taking the lumber when we give them the bill. So please let us figure your bill first and then load the wagon. Respectfully, Panhandle Lumber Company.

You will find in the Want Ads. many things to interest you.

WANT ADS

Wanted, For Sale, Lost, Found, Etc.

FOR SALE, buggy and harness, good as new. Buggy has sunshade. Will take \$40 for the outfit.—J. G. Wadsworth.

WANTED—Man with team to break sod. Write 999, care Slatonite, Slaton, Texas.

FULL BLOOD DUROC Jersey boar pigs for sale, at weaning age. Priced right.—F. V. Williams, five miles northwest of Wilson.

LOST, LADIES BREAST PIN on streets of Slaton. Pin was round and scalloped with a set in the center. Will pay \$5.00 reward to the finder.—K. J. Flowers, Slaton.

WANTED—Cow, chickens and pigs. I want to buy some laying hens, a pig or two, and would like to get a milch cow for her feed that I could buy if she suits.—J. D. Autry, at the Berry place, one mile west of town.

FOR SALE—Mebane planting cotton seed from last season's guaranteed pure seed. \$1.25 per bushel on Wild Bros. farm.—J. S. Boone.

TAKEN UP—two mules, one dun and one black, about 14 hands high. Inquire at Slatonite office.

MEBANE TRIUMPH cotton seed, 37 per cent lint, at \$1.25 per bushel. Sudan Seed, re-cleaned, at 30c per pound f. o. b. Slaton. For sale by Fritz Braun.

FOR SALE—200 bushels of cotton seed and 200 lbs. sudan grass seed.—H. T. McGee.

FOR RENT—200 acres sod, all grubbed ready to be broke. Will take one fourth of crop and rent in any sized tract you want.—M. A. Pember.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING rooms furnished for rent at Cannon Rooming House.

EDISON DIAMOND POINT phonograph in fine condition and 150 records for sale very cheap.—G. L. Sledge.

BIG TENNESSEE RED Peanuts for sale, 10c per pound.—I. W. Meyer, South Slaton.

FOR SALE—My residence in South Slaton. House has five rooms, bath, running water; front room is 14x28. Building is plastered and has just been painted. Three lots, windmill and tanks, out buildings, grown trees, etc. For sale at \$1,950.00.—Briggs Robertson.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE—We will sell the Berry property, just west of the Catholic Church. Or if preferred will sell two acres or a forty acre tract with house. Very easy terms.—R. J. Murray & Company.



Bring them to us. We use Pure Fresh Drugs We take care.

When your physician "prescribes" for you or your loved ones you want to BE SURE that the medicines you get are full strength and pure.

You take no chance when we fill your prescriptions; we take just as much care in filling them for you as we would in filling them for our own use.

Yet we make only a moderate charge for the scientific compounding we do.

Have us fill your subscriptions and KNOW that they are filled right.

SLATON DRUG COMPANY

J. V. Hollingsworth, Prop. Phone No. 92

I WILL PAY CASH

For anything that you have for sale in the way of second hand furniture, stoves, wagons, hacks, harness, junk, hides and furs.

Highest Prices Paid for Poultry and Eggs

Call and see me. On Northeast Corner of Square.

Slaton T. W. COVINGTON

Standard, Eclipse and Monitor Windmills

Pipe and Pipe Fittings Galvanized Tanks and Casing

ALL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

MORGAN & PETTY Slaton, Texas



Don't Be Enticed by Cheap Prices

A suit of quality will outlast one that is shoddily built.

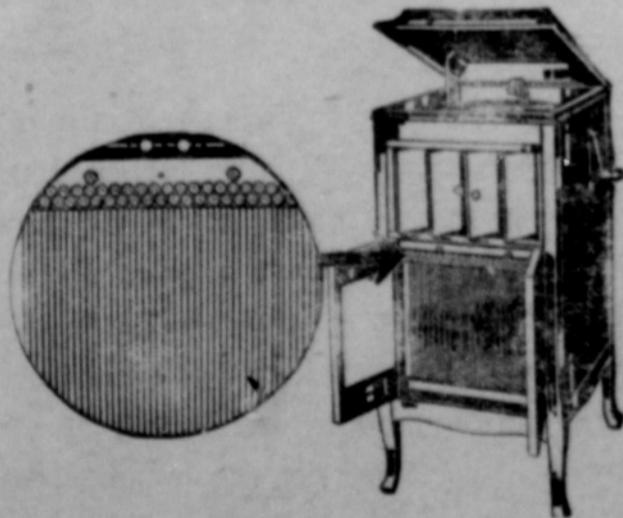
Spend \$25.00 at least and get a well wearing, style-holding suit made to your own measure and full of real tailoring value.

A Good Suit is a Good Investment

DeLong THE MERCHANT TAILOR



J. H. BREWER AGENCY



Prices range from \$15 to \$50

HOWERTON'S

The Woman Who Knows Our Groceries Always Extends a Hearty Welcome to An Order from This Store



She knows how fresh and clean they come from this grocery and how fine they taste on the table. Why don't you know them, too? They will cost you a little less than you now pay for groceries, and the quality will be unsurpassed.

We have RED RUST PROOF OATS Bran, Corn Chop, Shorts

We will pay you HIGHEST MARKET PRICE for Butter and Eggs

PHONE No. 5

DOWELL BROTHERS CASH GROCERY SLATON

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Slaton grows every day. You will find in the Want Ads. many things to interest you. A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lowry on May 8th. Fireman J. I. Stovall's family from Amarillo has moved to Slaton.

We will be pleased to fill your lumber bill. Come and talk it over.—Panhandle Lumber Co.

Mrs. S. G. Brasfield was called to Waco last week by a message telling of the death of her father. She was accompanied on the trip by Beulah Lev erett and Mrs. Rogers.

Henry Dreyer says that six years ago he planted fifteen acres of cotton on the seventeenth day of May, and that fall he gathered three fourths of a bale of cotton per acre from the late planting.

Geo. Marriott went to Amarillo Saturday night to be present at the flag raising Sunday. The storm prevented the holding of the services that had been planned in connection with the flag raising, and the program was postponed until next Sunday.

Pastor and Mrs. F. A. Whiteley of the Baptist Church were treated to an old fashioned surprise party and pounding Thursday night last week. About thirty members of the church called at the parsonage with a truck load of groceries.

Mrs. Thelma Oliver, head waitress at the Slaton Harvey House, has gone to Amarillo to work for the company at that place. Mrs. Oliver has been with the Slaton Harvey House the past three years and she has made many friends here.



FARM HORSES In the Spring

must spend long hours at hard work. Their systems should be strengthened—their blood purified—their digestion and assimilation made better through the use of

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD TONIC

By improving their digestion, the horses will get full nourishment from their grain feed and as the waste is prevented, the amount of feed can easily be reduced from 20 to 33 per cent.

FOR SALE BY
SLATON RED CROSS PHARMACY

FOR SALE—Modern Bakery and Cafe, Slaton, Texas.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Marcus McAlister on May 1st.

Plant sweet potatoes and black eyed peas this spring and you'll not worry about a food shortage.

Engineer Bill Eads of Amarillo has moved to Slaton with his family and is running out of this division.

PLANNING to build? Call and ask for one of our big books of house plans. They will help you.—Panhandle Lumber Co.

W. L. Norman sold his residence property in Slaton to C. S. Hanover and shipped his household goods to Las Vegas, N. M., where he has a good position in the Santa Fe yards. He transferred to Las Vegas from Slaton, and moved his family to the new home this week.

Miss Iva M. Buie left Slaton yesterday for her home at Canyon to attend the commencement exercises of the 1917 class of the Northwestern State Normal. Her sister, Edith, is a member of the graduating class. Miss Buie has been employed in R. A. Baldwin's office for several weeks as stenographer.

J. D. Autry was in the Blythe community the first of the week prospecting with Harry T. McGee, and while on the trip purchased the farm of two hundred forty acres surrounding the headquarters of the old Blythe ranch. This land is right at the townsite of Blythe where the new railroad terminates, and it is a splendidly improved property.

Geo. Marriott, manager of the Slaton Reading Room, received his new United States flag to float over the building Monday, and it was duly installed. The flag is a splendid one, five by eight feet, and Mr. Marriott is justly proud of it. The ornamental fence around the Reading Room grounds was duly placed this week, and this adds considerably to the attractiveness of the grounds and will enable Mr. Marriott to make better progress in improving the place with trees, shrubbery and lawns.

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

B. F. GREGORY
Dentist
First Door East of the Grand Leader
Telephone 21
SLATON, TEXAS

ORIGINAL TOWNSITE AGENTS

Any Lot in Townsite on Liberal Terms. R. J. MURRAY & COMPANY, Townsite Agents

MILLINERY

Special Sale on Hats

SATURDAY
May 12th

And All Next Week

Mrs. M. F. Davis
SLATON

Missionary Society

The Missionary Society will meet Monday, May 14th, with Mrs. Shopbell as leader. Following are the questions to be given, found in James 12, Peter 12, John and Jude:

- What is said of a double minded man?
- What is the royal law?
- What is said of faith?
- What can no man tame?
- Who shall save the sick?
- What is more precious than gold?
- To whose prayers are God's ears open?
- What official title did Peter claim?
- How was prophesy given?
- What became of the angels that sinned?
- Whom did God Spare at this time?
- In what should Christians grow?
- What is said of those who claim to be without sin?
- Who is the sinners' advocate?
- Why do we love God?
- What did Demetrius have?
- Who contended over the body of Moses?
- What prophesy did Enoch make?

Two Societies Meet Together

The Baptist ladies met with the Methodist ladies at the M. E. Church Monday, May 7, for the purpose of discussing the subject of federating the two church societies. An excellent program was carried out with Mrs. W. H. Proctor as leader, after which the subject of federation was taken up and decided. Mrs. Lee Green was unanimously elected president. Meetings will be held quarterly.

The meeting was closed with the Mizpah benediction and a social half hour was enjoyed, the Methodist ladies serving refreshments.

The Way Slaton Keeps the Sabbath

Because of the criticism by our neighboring towns against the way Slaton keeps the Sabbath, I shall preach on the following subject next Sunday morning:

"Sabbath Observance, or Shall Slaton Have a Wide Open Sunday?"

Come and bring somebody with you.

Evening subject: "America and the Great War."

T. C. Willett, P. C.

MUSIC PUPILS WANTED.

Will teach at my home three blocks south of school house. Am graduate.—Mrs. H. D. Farley. Phone 14.

Allen Duncan writes from Oklahoma City, Okla., to forward the Slatonite to him at that place.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Montie Dennis on May 2nd.

More Rain Yesterday

Rain fell at Slaton yesterday afternoon to the amount of .75 of an inch, making a total of 1.25 inches for the week.

Junior Missionary Band

Meeting Sunday, May 13th, at 2:30 p. m.

Leader, Dorothy Posey.

Bible lesson, "Victory Out of Defeat," Josh. 7, 7.

Prayer. Song.

Reports of officers.

Roll call, answered with scripture verses.

How our missionaries were saved from a mob in Mexico. Gilder Levy.

God's penny or yours. Edith Smith.

"Just kids who aint had a chance. C?" Sug Robertson.

Cuba—beautiful for little children. Noel Loomis.

Texas Road Material in Demand

Austin, Texas, May 10—Engineers of the United States Army wish to secure at the earliest possible date complete information about available materials for road construction in the Southwest. Persons owning gravel pits, sand pits or stone quarries, or who have information about such deposits, are urged to write and, if possible, to submit samples of the materials to Dr. J. A. Udden, University of Texas, Austin, Texas. By responding at once to this request a great service can be rendered to the work necessary for the defense of the nation and in the development of one of the important national resources of Texas.

Mrs. J. P. REYNOLDS Music Class at residence opposite school house. Two lessons weekly. Tuition \$4 per month.

To The Lumber Buying Public

Prices on lumber have recently increased as rapidly as have the prices on all other lines of merchandise, but we shall endeavor to meet the demands of our customers.

In coming to the yard PLEASE let us figure your bill before you load your wagon. Many patrons load their wagon without taking into consideration the new schedule of prices and then object to taking the lumber when we give them the bill. So please let us figure your bill first and then load the wagon. Respectfully, Panhandle Lumber Company.

No Car is Better Than Its Equipment and Extras Carried With It



It is easy to replace and repair a tire if you carry a kit of our auto tools and supplies with you, and so it is with hundreds of other little features about your car. That little extra equipment in the tool box will enable you to fix your car and go on in home. See us for extras and if your car needs a mechanic we will put it in first class condition.

LEE GREEN & SON
The Slaton Garage Phone No. 73

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

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

Dr. L. W. Kitchen
VETERINARY SURGEON

OF POST, TEXAS

Will Be in Slaton
Saturday, May 12

AND EVERY SECOND SATURDAY THEREAFTER

I would like to meet every citizen in this part of the country, and will examine all stock free of charge.

I treat with success all curable diseases that occur in domestic animals.

Operating and dentistry a specialty.

You Will Find Me at the
Hotel Singleton

Your Grocery Orders Delivered Promptly and Quickly

From the Slaton Sanitary Grocery



We can now make quicker deliveries of first class groceries because we have increased our service. We saw that we could not better the quality of the goods or cheapen the price of them, so we decided to improve our service in the delivery department. Whatever you order here will be of the purest and best, and it will be delivered to your house almost before you can get back home.

Slaton Sanitary Grocery

H. W. RAGSDALE, Proprietor

Best Builder's HARDWARE

ARE YOU ABOUT TO BUILD?

We carry a highly satisfactory line of Builders' Hardware.

It's a mighty good stock, complete in every detail.

We are proud of it.

We want you to know it.

If you are doing any building or repairing this spring come to us for your hardware and tools.

HARDWARE THAT STANDS HARDWEAR
A. L. BRANNON
SLATON, TEX.

KAZAN

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Kazan, the wild sledge dog, one-quarter wolf and three-quarter husky, distrustful of all men because of their brutal treatment of him, learns to love his master's wife when she is kind to him in new and strange surroundings.

CHAPTER II—He shows snarling enmity to McCready, who is to accompany Thorpe and his wife to the Red River camp.

CHAPTER III—Kazan knows that McCready is a murderer. McCready stealthily caresses Isobel's hair and Kazan attacks him. Thorpe whips Kazan. McCready tries to murder Thorpe and attacks Isobel. Kazan kills him and then, fearing the club in punishment, runs away into the forest.

CHAPTER IV—Torn between love of his mistress, the fear of his master's club and the desires of the wolf nature in him, he at length sends forth the wolf cry.

CHAPTER V—Kazan runs with the wolves, fights their leader, becomes master of the pack, and mates with Gray Wolf.

CHAPTER VI—Kazan and the pack attack Pierre Radisson, his daughter Joan and her baby, but in the battle Kazan turns dog again and helps drive off the wolves.

CHAPTER VII—Kazan's wounds are dressed and he is tied to the sledge.

CHAPTER VIII—Pierre and Kazan drag the sledge. Gray Wolf follows at a distance. Pierre dies, 40 miles away from their home on the Little Beaver.

CHAPTER IX—Out of a blizzard Kazan drags the sledge with Joan and the baby on it to safety and then goes back to Gray Wolf. He spends the long winter hovering between the lure of Joan and the baby and Gray Wolf.

CHAPTER X—In their den on the top of Sun Rock puppies come to Gray Wolf and Kazan in the spring.

CHAPTER XI—A lynx kills the puppies and blinds Gray Wolf. Kazan kills the lynx. Joan and her husband go away to the South. Kazan stays with Gray Wolf.

CHAPTER XII—Kazan and Gray Wolf travel. He is eyes to her and she is ears and nose to him.

CHAPTER XIII—Paul Weyman, scientist, and Henri Loti, trapper, capture and imprison Kazan and Gray Wolf. Weyman is permitted by Kazan to pet him, but Gray Wolf sulks and goes on a hunger strike. Weyman quietly releases them in the dead of night.

The Days of Fire.

From the night of the terrible fight with the big gray lynx on the top of the Sun Rock, Kazan remembered less and less vividly the old days when he had been a sledge-dog, and the leader of a pack. He would never quite forget them, and always there would stand out certain memories from among the rest, like fires cutting the blackness of night. But as a man dates events from his birth, his marriage, his freedom from a bondage, or some foundation-step in his career, so all things seemed to Kazan to begin with two tragedies which had followed one fast upon the other after the birth of Gray Wolf's pups.

The first was the fight on the Sun Rock, when the big gray lynx had blinded his beautiful wolf mate for all time, and had torn her pups into pieces. He in turn had killed the lynx. But Gray Wolf was still blind. Vengeance had not been able to give her sight. She could no longer hunt with him, as they had hunted with the wild wolf-packs out on the plain, and in the dark forests. So at thought of that night he always snarled, and his lips curled back to reveal his inch-long fangs.

The other tragedy was the going of Joan, her baby and her husband. Something more infallible than reason told Kazan that they would not come back. Brightest of all the pictures that remained with him was that of the sunny morning when the woman and the baby he loved, and the man he endured because of them, had gone away in the canoe, and often he would go to the point, and gaze longingly down-stream, where he had leaped from the canoe to return to his blind mate.

So Kazan's life seemed now to be made up chiefly of three things: his hatred of everything that bore the scent or mark of the lynx, his grieving for Joan and the baby, and Gray Wolf. It was natural that the strongest passion in him should be his hatred of the lynx, for not only Gray Wolf's blindness and the death of the pups, but even the loss of the woman and the baby he laid to that fatal struggle on the Sun Rock. From that hour he became the deadliest enemy of the lynx tribe. Wherever he struck the scent of the big gray cat he was turned into a snarling demon, and his hatred grew day by day, as he became more completely a part of the wild.

He found that Gray Wolf was more necessary to him now than she had ever been since the day she had left the wolf-pack for him. He was three-quarters dog, and the dog-part of him demanded companionship. There was only Gray Wolf to give him that now. They were alone. Civilization was four hundred miles south of them. The nearest Hudson's Bay post was sixty miles to the west. Often, in the days of the woman and the baby, Gray Wolf had spent her nights alone out in the forest, waiting and calling for Kazan. Now it was Kazan who was lonely and uneasy when he was away from her side.

In her blindness Gray Wolf could no longer hunt with her mate. But gradually a new code of understanding grew up between them, and through

her blindness they learned many things that they had not known before. By early summer Gray Wolf could travel with Kazan, if he did not move too swiftly. She ran at his flank, with her shoulder or muzzle touching him, and Kazan learned not to flap, but to trot. Very quickly he found that he must choose the easiest trails for Gray Wolf's feet. When they came to a space to be bridged by a leap, he would muzzle Gray Wolf and whine, and she would stand with ears alert—listening. Then Kazan would take the leap, and she understood the distance she had to cover. She always overleaped, which was a good fault.

In another way, and one that was destined to serve them many times in the future, she became of greater help than ever to Kazan. Scent and hearing entirely took the place of sight. Each day developed these senses more and more, and at the same time there developed between them the dumb language whereby she could impress upon Kazan what she had discovered by scent or sound. It became a curious habit of Kazan's always to look at Gray Wolf when they stopped to listen, or to scent the air.

After the fight on the Sun Rock, Kazan had taken his blind mate to a thick clump of spruce and balsam in the river bottom, where they remained until early summer. Every day for weeks Kazan went to the cabin where Joan and the baby—and the man—had been. For a long time he went hopefully, looking each day or night to see some sign of life there. But the door was never open. The boards and saplings at the windows always remained. Never a spiral of smoke rose from the clay chimney. Grass and vines began to grow in the path. And fainter and fainter grew that scent which Kazan could still find about it—the scent of man, of the woman, the baby.

One day he found a little baby moccasin under one of the closed windows. It was old, and worn out, and blackened by snow and rain, but he lay down beside it, and remained there for a long time, while the baby Joan—a thousand miles away—was playing with the strange toys of civilization. Then he returned to Gray Wolf among the spruce and balsam.

The cabin was the one place to which Gray Wolf would not follow him. At all other times she was at his side. Now that she had become accustomed to blindness, she even accompanied him on his hunts, until he struck game, and began the chase. Then she would wait for him. Kazan usually hunted the big snow-shoe rabbits. But one night he ran down and killed a young doe. The kill was too heavy to drag to Gray Wolf, so he returned to where she was waiting for him and guided her to the feast. In many ways they became more and more inseparable as the summer lengthened, until at last, through all the wilderness, their footprints were always two by two and never one by one.

Then came the great fire. Gray Wolf caught the scent of it when it was still two days to the west. The moon, drifting into the west, became blood red. When it dropped behind the wilderness in this manner, the Indians called it the bleeding moon, and the air was filled with omens.

All the next day Gray Wolf was nervous, and toward noon Kazan caught in the air the warning that she had sensed many hours ahead of him. Steadily the scent grew stronger, and by the middle of the afternoon the sun was veiled by a film of smoke.

The flight of the wild things from the triangle of forest between the junctions of the Pipestone and Cree rivers would have begun then, but the wind shifted. It was a fatal shift. The fire was raging from the west and south. Then the wind swept straight eastward, carrying the smoke with it, and during this breathing spell all the wild creatures in the triangle between the two rivers waited. This gave the fire time to sweep completely across the base of the forest triangle, cutting off the last trails of escape.

Then the wind shifted again, and the fire swept north. The head of the triangle became a death-trap. All through the night the southern sky was filled with a lurid glow, and by morning the heat and smoke and ash were suffocating.

Panic-stricken, Kazan searched vainly for a means of escape. Not for an instant did he leave Gray Wolf. It would have been easy for him to swim across either of the two streams; for he was three-quarters dog. But at the first touch of water on her paws, Gray Wolf drew back, shrinking. Like all her breed, she would face fire and death before water. Kazan urged. A dozen times he leaped in, and swam out into the stream. But Gray Wolf would come no farther than she could wade.

They could hear the distant murmuring roar of the fire now. Ahead of it came the wild things, Moose, caribou and deer plunged into the water of the streams and swam to the safety of the opposite side. Out upon a white finger of sand lumbered a big black bear with two cubs, and even the cubs took to

the water, and swam across easily. Kazan watched them, and whined to Gray Wolf.

And then out upon that white finger of sand came other things that dreaded the water as Gray Wolf dreaded it: a big fat porcupine, a sleek little marten, a fisher-cat that snuffed the air and wailed like a child. Those things that could not or would not swim outnumbered the others three to one. Hundreds of little ermine scurried along the shore like rats, their squeaking little voices sounding incessantly; foxes ran swiftly along the banks, seeking a tree or a windfall that might bridge the water for them; the lynx snarled and faced the fire; and Gray Wolf's own tribe—the wolves—dared take no deeper step than she.

Dripping and panting, and half choked by heat and smoke, Kazan came to Gray Wolf's side. There was but one refuge left near them, and that was the sand bar. It reached out for fifty feet into the stream. Quickly he led his blind mate toward it. As they came through the low brush to the river-bed, something stopped them both. To their nostrils had come the scent of a deadlier enemy than fire. A lynx had taken possession of the sand bar, and was crouching at the end of it. Three porcupines had dragged themselves into the edge of the water, and lay there like balls, their quills alert and quivering. A fisher-cat was snarling at the lynx. And the lynx, with ears laid back, watched Kazan and Gray Wolf as they began the invasion of the sand bar.

Faithful Gray Wolf was full of fight, and she sprang shoulder to shoulder with Kazan, her fangs bared. With an angry snap, Kazan drove her back, and she stood quivering and whining while he advanced. Light-footed, his pointed ears forward, no menace or threat in his attitude, he advanced. It was the deadly advance of the husky trained in battle, skilled in the art of killing. A man from civilization would have said that the dog was approaching the lynx with friendly intentions. But the lynx understood. It was the old feud of many generations—made deadlier now by Kazan's memory of that night at the top of the Sun Rock.

Instinct told the fisher-cat what was coming, and it crouched low and flat; the porcupines, scolding like little children at the presence of enemies and the thickening clouds of smoke, thrust their quills still more erect. The lynx lay on its belly, like a cat, its hind-quarters twitching, and gathered for the spring. Kazan's feet seemed scarcely to touch the sand as he circled lightly around it. The lynx pivoted as he circled, and then it shot in a round snarling ball over the eight feet of space that separated them.

Kazan did not leap aside. He made no effort to escape the attack, but met it fairly with the full force of his shoulders, as sledge-dog meets sledge-dog. He was ten pounds heavier than the lynx, and for a moment the big loose-jointed cat with its twenty knife-like claws was thrown on its side. Like a flash Kazan took advantage of the moment, and drove for the back of the cat's neck.

In that same moment blind Gray Wolf leaped in with a snarling cry, and fighting under Kazan's belly, she fastened her jaws in one of the cat's hind



Gray Wolf Drew Back, Shrinking.

legs. The bone snapped. The lynx, twice outweighed, leaped backward, dragging both Kazan and Gray Wolf. It fell back down on one of the porcupines, and a hundred quills drove into its body. Another leap and it was free—fleeing into the face of the smoke. Kazan did not pursue. Gray Wolf came to his side and licked his neck, where fresh blood was crimsoning his tawny hide. The fisher-cat lay as if dead, watching them with fierce little black eyes. The porcupines continued to chatter, as if begging for mercy. And then a thick black suffocating pall of smoke drove low over the sand bar and with it came air that was furnace-hot.

At the uttermost end of the sand bar Kazan and Gray Wolf rolled themselves into balls and thrust their heads under their bodies. The fire was very near now. The roar of it was like that of a great cataract, with now and then a louder crash of falling trees. The air was filled with ash and burning sparks, and twice Kazan drew forth his head to snap at blazing embers that fell upon and seared him like hot irons.

Close along the edge of the stream grew thick green bushes, and when the fire reached this, it burned more slowly, and the heat grew less. Still, it was

a long time before Kazan and Gray Wolf could draw forth their heads and breathe more freely. Then they found that the finger of sand reaching out into the river had saved them. Everywhere in that triangle between the two rivers the world had turned black, and was hot underneath.

The smoke cleared away. The wind changed again, and swung down cool and fresh from the west and north. The fisher-cat was the first to move cautiously back to the forests that had been, but the porcupines were still rolled into balls when Gray Wolf and Kazan left the sand bar. They began to travel up-stream, and before night came, their feet were sore from hot ash and burning embers.

The moon was strange and foreboding that night, like a spatter of blood in the sky, and through the long silent hours there was not even the hoot of an owl to give a sign that life still existed where yesterday had been a paradise of wild things. Kazan knew that there was nothing to hunt, and they continued to travel all that night. With dawn they struck a narrow swamp along the edge of the stream. Here beavers had built a dam, and they were able to cross over into the green country on the opposite side. For another day and another night they traveled westward, and this brought them into the thick country of swamp and timber along the Waterfound.

And as Kazan and Gray Wolf came from the West, there came from the Hudson's bay post to the East a slim dark-faced French half-breed by the name of Henri Loti, the most famous lynx hunter in all the Hudson's bay country.

And up from the South, at this same time, there was slowly working his way by canoe and trail a young university zoologist who was gathering material for a book on "The Reasoning of the Wild." His name was Paul Weyman, and he made arrangements to spend a part of the winter with Henri Loti, the half-breed. He brought with him plenty of paper, a camera and the photograph of a girl. His only weapon was a pocketknife.

And meanwhile Kazan and Gray Wolf found the home they were seeking in a thick swamp five or six miles from the cabin that Henri Loti had built.

CHAPTER XIII.

Always Two by Two.

It was January when a guide from the post brought Paul Weyman to Henri Loti's cabin on the Waterfound. "It is d— strange," said Henri. "I have lost seven lynx in the trap, torn to pieces like they were no more than rabbits that the foxes had killed. No thing—not even bear—have ever tackled lynx in a trap before. It is the first time I ever see it."

This aroused Weyman. He was one of that growing number of thoughtful men who believed that man's egoism, as a race, blinds him to many of the more wonderful facts of creation.

"There is one big wolf an' one smaller," said Henri. "An' it is always the big wolf who goes in an' fights the lynx. I see that by the snow. While he's fighting, the smaller wolf makes many tracks in the snow just 'out of reach, an' then when the lynx is down, or dead, it jumps in an' helps tear it into pieces. All that I know by the snow."

During the two weeks that followed, Weyman found much to add to the material of his book. Not a day passed that somewhere along Henri's trap-line they did not see the trails of the two wolves, and Weyman observed that—as Henri had told him—the footprints were always two by two, and never one by one. On the third day they came to a trap that had held a lynx, and at sight of what remained Henri cursed in both French and English until he was purple in the face. The lynx had been torn until its pelt was practically worthless.

Weyman saw where the smaller wolf had waited on its haunches, while its companion had killed the lynx. He did not tell Henri all he thought. But the days that followed convinced him more and more that he had found the most dramatic exemplification of his theory. Back of this mysterious tragedy of the trap-line there was a reason.

Why did the two wolves not destroy the fisher-cat, the ermine and the marten? Why was their feud with the lynx alone?

Weyman was strangely thrilled. He was a lover of wild things, and for that reason he never carried a gun. And when he saw Henri placing poison baits for the two marauders, he shuddered, and when, day after day, he saw that these poison baits were untouched, he rejoiced. Something in his own nature went out in sympathy to the heroic outlaw of the trap-line who never failed to give battle to the lynx. Nights in the cabin he wrote down his thoughts and discoveries of the day. One day the big idea came to Henri. Weyman was with him when they struck fresh signs of lynx. There was a great windfall ten or fifteen feet high, and in one place the logs had formed a sort of cavern, with almost solid walls on three sides. The snow was beaten down by tracks, and the fur of rabbit was scattered about. Henri was jubilant.

"We got 'em—sure!" he said. He built the bait-house, set a trap and looked about him shrewdly. Then he explained his scheme to Weyman. If the lynx was caught, and the two wolves came to destroy it, the fight would take place in that shelter under the windfall, and the marauders would have to pass through the opening. So Henri set five smaller traps, concealing them skillfully under leaves and

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE)

BANK STATEMENT.
No. 754
Official Statement of the Financial Condition of
The First State Bank

at Slaton, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 1st day of May, 1917, published in the Slaton Slatonite, a newspaper printed and published at Slaton, State of Texas, on the 11th day of May, 1917.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral.....	\$ 82,608.00
Loans, real estate.....	5,455.25
Overdrafts.....	434.15
Real estate (banking house).....	3,600.00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1,400.00
Due from Approved Reserve	
Agents, net.....	25,045.24
Due from other Banks and Bankers, subject to check, net.....	30,149.95
Cash Collections.....	654.54
Cash Items.....	1,734.05
Currency.....	4,620.00
Specie.....	4,767.00
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund.....	800.79
Other Resources as Follows:	
Assessment in Guaranty Fund.....	77.95
Total.....	\$161,527.82
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in.....	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	1,500.00
Undivided Profits, net.....	7,239.64
Individual Deposits, subject to check, net.....	123,328.64
Time Certificates of Deposit.....	7,285.00
Cashier's Checks.....	1,414.54
Total.....	\$161,527.82

State of Texas, County of Lubbock: We, J. S. Edwards as president, and J. H. Brewer as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

J. S. Edwards, President.
J. H. Brewer, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 7th day of May, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) W. E. Olive, Notary Public, Lubbock County, Texas.
Correct—Attest:
E. Shopbell,
C. C. Hoffman,
J. H. Brewer,
Directors.

Re-Capitulation

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$ 88,587.40
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures.....	5,000.00
Interest in Guaranty Fund.....	968.74
Cash and Due from Banks.....	66,971.68
Total.....	\$161,527.82
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock.....	\$25,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	4,250.64
Deposits.....	132,268.18
Total.....	\$161,527.82

BANK STATEMENT.

No. 1068

Official Statement of the Financial Condition of
The Slaton State Bank

at Slaton, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 1st day of May, 1917, published in the Slaton Slatonite, a newspaper printed and published at Slaton, State of Texas, on the 11th day of May, 1917.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral.....	\$ 70,659.00
Loans, real estate.....	4,700.00
Overdrafts.....	640.26
Real Estate (banking house).....	2,300.00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	2,000.00
Due from Approved Reserve	
Agents, net.....	22,157.39
Due from other Banks and Bankers, subject to check, net.....	15,273.34
Cash Items.....	1,408.00
Currency.....	5,924.00
Specie.....	1,368.45
Interest in Depositors' Guaranty Fund.....	750.00
Total.....	\$123,280.53
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in.....	\$ 25,000.00
Undivided Profits, net.....	3,067.25
Individual Deposits, subject to check, net.....	70,172.64
Time Certificates of Deposit.....	22,871.07
Cashier's Checks.....	2,159.47
Total.....	\$123,280.53

State of Texas, County of Lubbock: We, A. L. Robertson as vice president, and J. G. Wadsworth as asst. cashier, of said bank each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

A. L. Robertson, Vice President.
J. G. Wadsworth, Asst. Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 5th day of May, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) A. L. Brannon, Notary Public, Lubbock County, Texas.
Correct—Attest:
E. N. Twaddle,
J. H. Paul,
A. L. Robertson,
Directors.

Re-Capitulation.

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock.....	\$ 25,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	3,067.25
Deposits.....	95,213.18
Total.....	\$123,280.53
RESOURCES	
Loans.....	\$ 75,250.00
Overdrafts.....	640.26
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures.....	5,300.00
Guaranty Fund.....	750.00
Cash and Exchange.....	43,251.27
Total.....	\$123,280.53

The Advertised Article

is one in which the merchant himself has implicit faith—else he would not advertise it. You are safe in patronizing the merchants whose ads appear in this paper because their goods are up-to-date and never shoddy.

Go After Business

In a business way—the advertising way. An ad in this paper offers the maximum service at the minimum cost. It reaches the people of the town and vicinity you want to reach.

Try It—It Pays

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 (east 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.
Amarillo-Slaton-Sweetwater Trains Daily	
No. 905 (north bound) from Sweetwater arrives in Slaton at.....	1.45 p. m.
Departs for Amarillo at..... 2.10 p. m.	
No. 906 (south bound) from Amarillo arrives in Slaton at.....	3.35 a. m.
Departs for Sweetwater..... 3.50 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.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST CHURCH.
T. C. Willett, Pastor.
Preaching services every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m. L. P. Loomis, Superintendent,
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.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.
F. A. Whitely, Pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. J. G. Maybin, Supt.
Prayer meeting Wednesday nights.
Preaching services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m.
Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday at 3 p. m.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.
The Church of Christ meets every Lord's Day at 2.30 o'clock for communion. Preaching every Fourth Lord's Day in each month at the Methodist Church at 3 o'clock p. m. by Elder Liff Sanders.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
At the Movie Theater.
Sunday School at 10 a. m. followed by Communion Services.
J. S. Boone, Supt.

LODGES.

I. O. O. F.
Slaton Lodge No. 861 I. O. O. F. meets every Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brothers cordially welcome. J. Short, N. G. L. P. Loomis, Secy.

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. A. E. Howerton, W. M.; J. W. Richey, Secy.

O. E. S.
Slaton Chapter No. 535 O. E. S. meets the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month, in the Masonic Hall. Mrs. Lula Butler, Worthy Matron; Mrs. Janet B. Lee, Secretary.

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 every other Thursday at 2.30 o'clock in the MacRea hall. Visitors cordially welcomed. Mrs. Almira Fannan, Guardian. Mrs. Nellie Wade, Secy.

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

The Apollo Male Quartet



THE Apollo Male Quartet are not only individual artists, but through the natural quality of their voices they, with careful training, have been welded into the right kind of ensemble. These four young men are not only good singers, but they are capital funmakers. They will appear on the Chautauqua program afternoon and night of the second day.

Chautauqua "the Most American Thing in America."

Dr. George W. Truett says, "I believe thoroughly in the proposed cooperative Chautauqua movement, both for its educational and inspirational features."

Elbert Hubbard said, "Had my foresight in 1880 been equal to my hindsight in 1909 I would have dedicated my life to the Chautauqua idea."

Thomas Edison graduated in the literary work of the Home Chautauqua and kept on reading until his diploma is well high covered with seals.

William Howard Taft last year gave a large part of his vacation to the Chautauqua platform, to his own personal delight and to the betterment of his audiences.

William Jennings Bryan in one Texas town drew enough receipts at the gate to pay the whole expense of the Chautauqua.

Theodore Roosevelt said, "The Chautauqua is the most American thing in America."

President Wilson, Vice President Marshall, Champ Clark, Ople Read, Henry van Dyke, Senator La Follette, "Billy" Sunday and many others who may be properly listed as "Great Americans" have graced the Chautauqua platform and given the movement their unqualified support.

Indorsed by Nation's Great Men and Nation's Citizenship.

"It is not an institution with a formulated creed or a peculiar propaganda. It is in its essence a method by which the productions of great brains and the contagion of great spirits can be brought to every American community, from the crossroads village to the greatest city. It is the guardian of a free platform, on which men may speak without the hamper of tradition or the blight of intolerance. It is today the most effective instrument yet devised for the molding of public opinion. It is a pulpit from which the prophet may deliver his message unmenaced by tribunal or fogot. It is the people's university, where teaching is not restricted to partisan politics, dogmatic religion or selfish philosophy. It is one of the few forces in our democracy that wealth does not control."

DR. H. W. SEARS.



Dr. H. W. Sears, sometimes spoken of as "The Tuffy Man," "The Laughing Philosopher," is one of the most popular and best loved men on the public platform. It has been reported that his lectures are a "remedy for dyspepsia, despondency, worry—in

fact, for almost every human fault, and that the medicine is as palatable as ever mortal swallowed." To bear him is to discover that life is worth living, that joy can be found in every-day life no matter where we may be and that there is a place for everybody. Dr. Sears will lecture on the third day of the Chautauqua.

SABBATH RESPECTED

The Chautauqua movement grew out of a religious idea—really as a sort of Sunday School Normal Institute. It was natural, therefore, that it should run on Sunday the same as on a week day. In the evolution of the movement the moral idea has been retained, but the strictly religious idea has given way to education and entertainment.

NORINE MAE HIGH.



Mrs. High possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of unusual tone quality. Her singing is always a source of pleasure to music loving people. Her songs catch the heart of her audience and win well deserved applause. She is the soloist of the Lone Star Ladies' Trio and will appear on the second day of the Chautauqua program.

KENNARD BARRADELL.



Mr. Barradell, tenor and director of the Hinshaw Conservatory Party, has had wide experience in operatic work as a singer, stage manager and musical coach. He has sung with the Aborn Opera Company, the Hinshaw Opera Company and the College Theater Opera Company in Chicago. In addition to the operatic work Mr. Barradell specializes in a style of song rather different and amusing in the contents.

DELINQUENT TAX LIST OF SLATON INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICT AND TOWN OF SLATON

Following is a list of the property within the Slaton Independent School District returned delinquent for taxes to said District, for the year 1916, together with the taxes, penalty, interest and costs accrued and added in accordance with the law.

Also the following list contains a true statement of the property in the Town of Slaton, Texas, returned delinquent for the year 1916, showing the amount of taxes due thereon, with the penalty, interest and costs added in accordance with the law.

If said taxes are not paid, the tax lien claimed by said school District and by said town of Slaton, respectively, against said property will be foreclosed and said property sold as provided by law in such cases.

To Whom Assessed	Abst. Cert.	Grantee	Sur. Blk.	Acres	School Tax	Town Tax
J. C. Bowles	462	L. A. Case SE 1/4 48	S 157	\$19.46		
Fritz Braun	226	G. C. & S. F. 55	S 442	41.57		
F. A. Carl	257	H. E. & W. T. 19	24	17.61		
Clarence Johnson	257	H. E. & W. T. 19	24	37.93		
L. W. Rook		East End	37	22.30		
F. L. Wilbur	261	H. E. & W. T. 15	24	200.18		
Wild Bros.	405	H. E. & W. T. 27	24	640.83		
L. G. Wilson	462	L. A. Case	48	S 125.12		
Unknown	475	J. I. Case NW 1/4 32	S 160	19.65		

To Whom Assessed	Lots Nos.	Blk.	Division	School Taxes	Town Taxes
Fred A. Adams	1-2	104	South Slaton	\$2.13	\$1.72
W. M. Allison			Personal	2.99	2.13
J. W. Anderson	4-5-6	23	South Slaton	2.13	1.72
L. W. Ash	1-2-3	47	South Park	1.55	1.43
John G. Asels	9	39	South Park	1.55	1.43
John Benny	12	81	South Park	1.55	1.43
Lenora Benson	1-2	100	South Park	1.83	1.55
J. S. Blackwell	1-2-3-4	20	South Slaton	2.41	1.83
J. S. Blackwell	10-11-12	20	South Slaton	2.41	1.83
Bertha Beyer	7	50	South Park	1.43	1.55
H. A. Blakesley	10-11-12	46	South Park	2.13	1.72
G. G. Brinton	6	45	South Park	1.43	1.55
L. R. Broyles	10-11-12	22	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
E. R. Broyles	10-11-12	23	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Mike Brannon	11	29	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
T. D. Barton	10	5	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
C. A. Chambers	4	81	South Park	1.55	1.43
D. C. Clark	1-2-12	76	South Park	2.13	1.72
Fred J. Collins	7-8	102	South Park	1.83	1.55
Elmer Collier	12	78	South Park	1.55	1.43
A. J. Conard	2-3	72	South Park	1.83	1.55
A. J. Conard	9-10	72	South Park	1.83	1.55
A. J. Conard	5-6	98	South Park	1.83	1.55
J. S. Conard	3	54	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
Alexander Cramer	1-2	130	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
T. Carlson	5-6	55	South Slaton	1.95	1.60
T. Carlson	2	34	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
F. D. Craig	1	22	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
S. A. Coleman	5	56	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
Frank Day	3	76	South Park	1.55	1.43
J. R. Doran	4	48	South Park	1.60	1.43
M. H. Delzell	5	34	Original Town	1.55	1.43
T. H. Donnelly	8	2	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
Mayme Durking	2-3	101	South Park	1.83	1.55
P. L. Everline	4-5	42	Original Town	2.41	1.83
C. H. Fawcett	5-6	53	South Slaton	2.13	1.72
O. L. Garrett	2	21	South Slaton	1.55	1.43
Charlie Gende	6	108	South Park	1.55	1.43
H. E. George	1-2	77	South Park	1.83	1.55
A. A. Gatschet	12	77	South Park	1.60	1.43
B. J. Grant	6	104	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
W. E. Graham	3	70	South Park	1.55	1.43
G. C. Hager	9-10-11-12	108	South Park	2.41	1.83
Fred A. Hageman	1-2	73	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
W. N. Harris	12	73	South Park	1.55	1.43
J. R. Haynie	8-9-10	81	South Park	1.83	1.55
H. H. Harlbough	12	70	South Park	1.55	1.43
A. M. Hensley	8	28	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
Emil Johnson	2	98	Original Town	3.57	2.41
J. R. Joplin	7-8	110	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Ted W. Johnson	7	55	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
P. A. Kitterman	1-2	107	South Park	1.83	1.55
C. M. Kitterman	3	45	South Park	1.55	1.43
O. W. Larkin	12	48	South Park	1.55	1.43
Anna C. Luce	7-8-9	99	South Park	2.13	1.72
E. A. Little	11	105	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
W. A. Marshall	1-2	105	South Slaton	1.72	1.49
Kitty S. Madison	1-2	106	West Park	1.83	1.55
J. N. McReynolds	2	156	West Park	2.41	1.83
A. C. Munch	4-5-6	72	South Park	2.13	1.72
J. E. McGrillis	5-6-7	21	South Park	2.13	1.72
Joe McQuine	11	6	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
J. W. McQueen	3	7	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
R. W. Maupin	5-6	98	Original Town	2.41	1.83
Gladys Mauser	1-2	52	South Park	1.83	1.55
Frances Mauser	8-9	71	South Park	1.83	1.55
Edith Mauser	3	52	South Park	1.55	1.43
W. E. Morgan	2-3-10-11	42	South Park	2.41	1.83
J. W. Matheson	2-3	77	Original Town	2.41	1.83
Clem Nix	1-2	43	South Park	1.83	1.55
Charles Oles	2	108	South Park	1.55	1.43
T. C. Overstreet	4	68	South Park	1.83	1.55
P. O'Brien	6	2	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
J. L. Purcell	9	79	South Park	1.55	1.43
Jene Piper	4	68	South Park	1.55	1.43
J. R. Proctor	9-10-11	58	South Park	2.13	1.72
Fred C. Pope	11-12	32	South Slaton	1.95	1.60
Susie Renner	5-6	100	South Park	1.83	1.55
C. W. Parsons	5-6	19	South Park	1.83	1.55
C. P. Patterson	9	28	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
Anna E. Smeltzer	2-3	49	South Park	1.83	1.55
Anna E. Smeltzer	9-10-11	20	South Park	2.13	1.72
Anna E. Smeltzer	12	79	South Park	1.55	1.43
E. H. Schoburg	7-8	16	South Park	1.83	1.55
Jacob Sherer	1	45	South Park	1.55	1.43
Jacob Sherer	2	78	South Park	1.55	1.43
J. P. Steel	5-6	110	South Slaton	2.41	1.83
F. E. Schide	4-5-6	47	South Park	2.99	2.13
W. W. Sammons	4-5	27	South Slaton	2.99	2.13
Malinda Sanders	10-11	38	South Park	1.83	1.55
L. W. Sisler	1-2	102	Original Town	2.41	1.83
L. E. Swain	4	102	Original Town	1.83	1.55
N. A. Terrill	12	3	South Slaton	2.29	1.78
Mrs. Emma Thomas	1-2-3	80	South Slaton	2.29	1.78
Nora Veatch	5-6	15	South Park	1.83	1.55
Roy Ward	7	59	South Slaton	1.55	1.43
J. K. Wheeler	10	45	Original Town	1.83	1.55
F. V. Williams	8	27	South Slaton	2.41	1.83
I. O. Wilson	11	107	West Park	2.41	1.83
Dot G. Wilson	10-11-12	39	South Park	2.13	1.72
Dot G. Wilson	10-11-12	49	South Park	2.13	1.72
Bert Williams	1	101	South Park	1.55	1.43
Ella Weikel	1 to 6	44	South Park	2.99	2.13
L. L. Williams	2-3-4	75	South Slaton	2.99	2.13
Frank A. Wells	2	22	South Slaton	1.60	1.43
Loveta Woodward	1	41	South Park	1.45	1.53
J. C. Whitcomb	3-4	31	South Slaton	1.95	1.60
P. O. Williams	4	115	South Slaton	1.55	1.43
A. B. Zook	3	65	Original Town	1.55	1.43
Unknown	4	5	Original Town	1.72	1.49
Unknown	11	45	Original Town	2.71	1.91
Unknown	2	48	Original Town	1.83	1.55
Unknown	17	49	Original Town	1.83	1.55
Unknown	11-12	50	Original Town	2.18	1.72
Unknown	2-3	68	Original Town	2.18	1.72
Unknown	4	76	Original Town	1.83	1.55
Unknown	5	77	Original Town	1.83	1.55
Unknown	3	95	Original Town	1.72	1.49
Unknown	10	110	West Park	1.72	1.49
Unknown	7	111	West Park	1.72	1.49
Unknown	5-6	6	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Unknown	7-8-9	7	South Slaton	2.13	1.72
Unknown	8	8	South Slaton	1.55	1.43
Unknown	1	9	South Slaton	1.55	1.43
Unknown	4-5	9	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Unknown	7	9	South Slaton	1.55	1.43
Unknown	9	4	South Slaton	1.55	1.43
Unknown	1 to 10	13	South Slaton	3.57	2.41
Unknown	11-12	15	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Unknown	7	27	South Slaton	1.55	1.43
Unknown	2-3	28	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Unknown	5	31	South Slaton	1.55	1.43
Unknown	7-8-9-10	32	South Slaton	2.41	1.83
Unknown	1	34	South Slaton	1.55	1.43
Unknown	1-2	68	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Unknown	1-2	73	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Unknown	3-4	73	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Unknown	5-6	73	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Unknown	6	77	South Slaton	1.55	1.43
Unknown	9-10-11	77	South Slaton	2.13	1.72
Unknown	5	88	South Slaton	1.60	1.43

To Whom Assessed	Lots Nos.	Blk.	Division	School Taxes	Town Taxes
Unknown	4-5-6	98	South Slaton	2.13	1.72
Unknown	5-4	97	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Unknown	7	99	South Slaton	1.55	1.43
Unknown	9-10	105	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Unknown	12	105	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Unknown	1-2	109	South Slaton	1.83	1.55
Unknown					

SLATON SLATONITE

Slaton, Lubbock County, Texas

Issued Once a Week on Friday Morning
By L. P. LOOMIS
Owner, Editor, and Publisher

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, 1879.

The way the rains are coming this spring portends a good crop year. Then watch Slaton.

Sunday School and church services were stormed out Sunday and the people spent the day at home by the stoves.

The men who had been so adventurous as to "take 'em off" before the summer season was fairly here were wearing overcoats Sunday.

Stoves have come back into popular favor this week, and those who had taken the heaters down and stored them away made haste to recall them and get in touch with the coal man.

The Clarendon News says that Governor Ferguson approved a good bill when he signed the one creating an insane asylum to be located in northwest Texas. Maybe the Governor thought it would keep more of our people at home.

The election in Dallam County to determine whether or not saloons shall remain in Dalhart resulted in a tie vote, and another election will be held. It is stated that one voting box in the hands of the saloon adherents was held open for voters until ten o'clock at night.

Kindly remember your subscription to the Slatonite. If it is due please send a dollar along our way. A dollar isn't much these days, but it will buy a peck of potatoes—when there are any on the market. A peck isn't much potatoes, either, but every little bit helps.

"Dam situation is intolerable and must be solved," is a headline in the Austin American. Rather strong language it would appear, but this is a strenuous time. The American had reference to the dam across the Colorado River that furnishes the city with water.

The Panhandle Press Association holds its annual yarn swapping and free feed consuming conclave at Amarillo on next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and the press boys will all be there, each for his "take" and his overtime. On Friday the bunch will go on an annual picnic and outing at Palo Duro Canyon. The editor of the Slatonite has been placed on the program for the "Annual Poem." We can't help but wonder.

PATRIOTISM.

The Matador News thinks that that town is just as patriotic as is Slaton, but the News does not explain why the county commissioners refused to place a flag over the Motley County court house. Slaton is not a county seat and yet we have several large flags, the premier flag of them all being twenty by thirty feet in size—and this flag is the largest one in West Texas.

The News further adds that Matador will send a number of recruits to the front, regardless of the flag incident, and asks how many will go from Slaton.

In another column we read that Matador had sent three volunteers to the front, among the three being Wendell Johnson, a brother of Editor Bob. Wendell has several friends in Slaton.

Slaton already has over a dozen volunteers in the army, and as many more made application but did not pass the examination.

Sweet Potatoes Becoming a Valuable Food Crop

Austin, May 10.—More money can be made by raising sweet potatoes at the prices prevailing of late years than at raising almost any other crop, acreage and labor considered together, according to a statement issued today by the State Department of Agriculture; and considered as a food crop for the table only, there is none other of so much productivity per acre, the statement adds.

The statement in part is as follows: "Sweet potatoes afford a food that is highly nutritious and palatable. Rated at per acre of land and per day of labor, there are but few crops that can compare with this crop in point of food production.

"Potatoes are adapted to the sandy soils of Texas, and every farmer would do well to cultivate a plot sufficient to feed his own family with an equal amount, or more, to spare. This is in line with providing against the food contingencies of the world. For home use they can be put up in tins and glasses or banked in the fields. For commercial uses the modern drying plants are advisable."

The proposition has been agitated that since the streets are being graded that the practice of driving over lots be discontinued and that the public travel on the streets. A well worn road over a residence lot damages it to the extent that it will cost from \$25 to \$75 to make a building place of it.

The next best improvement would be an ordinance or tax or whatever is the proper method of arriving at the matter, requiring that all lots be cleared of mesquites.



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO)

moss and snow, and all were far enough away from the bait-house so that the trapped lynx could not spring them in his struggles.

"When they fight, wolf jump this way an' that—an' sure get in," said Henri. "He miss one, two, three—but he sure get in trap somewhere."

That same morning a light snow fell, making the work more complete, for it covered up all footprints and buried the telltale scent of man. That night Kazan and Gray Wolf passed within a hundred feet of the windfall, and Gray Wolf's keen scent detected something strange and disquieting in the air. She informed Kazan by pressing her shoulder against his, and they swung off at right angles, keeping to windward of the trap-line.

For two days and three cold starlit nights nothing happened at the windfall. Henri understood, and explained to Weyman. The lynx was a hunter, like himself, and also had its hunt-line, which it covered about once a week. On the fifth night the lynx returned, went to the windfall, was lured straight to the bait, and the sharp-toothed steel trap closed relentlessly over its right hindfoot. Kazan and Gray Wolf were traveling a quarter of a mile deeper in the forest when they heard the clanking of the steel chain as the lynx fought to free itself. Ten minutes later they stood in the door of the windfall cavern.

It was a white clear night, so filled with brilliant stars that Henri himself could have hunted by the light of them. The lynx had exhausted itself, and lay crouched on its belly as Kazan and Gray Wolf appeared. As usual, Gray Wolf held back while Kazan began the battle. In the first or second of these fights on the trap-line, Kazan would probably have been disemboweled or had his jugular vein cut open, had the fierce cats been free. They were more than his match in open fight, though the biggest of them fell ten paces under his swing. Chance had saved him on the Sun Rock. Gray Wolf and the porcupine had both addi-

ed to the creart of the lynx on the sand-bar. And along Henri's hunting line it was the trap that was his ally. Even with his enemy thus shackled he took bigger chances than ever with the lynx under the windfall.

The cat was an old warrior, six or seven years old. His claws were an inch and a quarter long, and curved like scimitars. His forefoot and his left hindfoot were free, and as Kazan advanced, he drew back, so that the trap-chain was slack under his body. Here Kazan could not follow his old tactics of circling about his trapped foe, until it had become tangled in the chain, or had so shortened and twisted it that there was no chance for a leap. He had to attack face to face, and suddenly he lunged in. They met shoulder to shoulder. Kazan's fangs snapped at the other's throat, and missed. Before he could strike again, the lynx flung out its free hindfoot, and even Gray Wolf heard the ripping sound that it made. With a snarl Kazan was flung back, his shoulder torn to the bone.

Then it was that one of Henri's hidden traps saved him from a second attack—and death. Steel jaws snapped over one of his forefeet, and when he leaped, the chain stopped him. Once or twice before, blind Gray Wolf had leaped in, when she knew that Kazan was in great danger. For an instant she forgot her caution now, and as she heard Kazan's snarl of pain, she sprang in under the windfall. Five traps Henri had hidden in the space in front of the bait-house, and Gray Wolf's feet found two of these. She fell on her side, snapping and snarling. In his struggles Kazan sprang the remaining two traps. One of them missed. The fifth, and last, caught him by a hindfoot.

Henri and Weyman were out early. When they struck off the main line toward the windfall, Henri pointed to the tracks of Kazan and Gray Wolf, and his dark face lighted up with pleasure and excitement. When they reached the shelter under the mass of fallen timber, both stood speechless for a moment, astounded by what they saw. Even Henri had seen nothing like this before—two wolves and a lynx, all in traps, and almost within reach of one another's fangs. But surprise could not long delay the business of Henri's hunter's instinct. The wolves lay first in his path, and he was raising his rifle to put a steel-capped bullet through the base of Kazan's brain, when Weyman caught him eagerly by the arm.

"Wait!" he cried. "It's not a wolf. It's a dog!" Henri lowered his rifle, staring at the collar. Weyman's eyes shot to Gray Wolf. "She was facing them, snarling, her white fangs bared to the foes she could not see. Her blind eyes were closed. Where there should have been eyes there was only hair, and an exclamation broke from Weyman's lips.

"Look!" he commanded of Henri. "What in the name of heaven—" "One is dog—wild dog that has run to the wolves," said Henri. "And the other is—wolf."

"And blind!" gasped Weyman. "Oui, blind, m'sieur," added Henri, falling partly into French in his amazement. He was raising his rifle again. Weyman seized it firmly.

"Don't kill them, Henri," he said. "Give them to me—alive. Figure up the value of the lynx they have destroyed, and add to that the wolf bounty, and I will pay. Alive, they are worth to me a great deal. Heavens, a dog—and a blind wolf—mates!"

He still held Henri's rifle, and Henri was staring at him, as if he did not yet quite understand. Weyman continued speaking, his eyes and face blazing.

"A dog—and a blind wolf—mates!" he repeated. "It is wonderful, Henri. Down there, they will say I have gone beyond reason, when my book comes out. But I shall have proof. I shall take twenty photographs here, before you kill the lynx. I shall keep the dog and the wolf alive. And I shall pay you, Henri, a hundred dollars apiece for the two. May I have them?"

Henri nodded. He held his rifle in readiness, while Weyman unpacked his camera and got to work. Snarling fangs greeted the click of the camera-shutter—the fangs of wolf and lynx. But Kazan lay cringing, not through fear, but because he still recognized the mastery of man.

Henri shot the lynx, and when Kazan understood this, he tore at the end of his trap-chains and snarled at the writhing body of his forest enemy. By means of a pole and a babiche noose, Kazan was brought out from under the windfall and taken to Henri's cabin. The two men then returned with a thick sack and more babiche, and blind Gray Wolf, still fettered by the traps, was made prisoner. All the rest of that day Weyman and Henri worked to build a stout cage of saplings, and when it was finished, the two prisoners were placed in it.

Before the dog was put in with Gray Wolf, Weyman closely examined the worn and tooth-marked collar about his neck.

On the brass plate he found engraved the one word, "Kazan," and with a strange thrill made note of it in his diary. After this Weyman often remained at the cabin when Henri went out on the trap-line. After the second day he dared to put his hand between the sapling bars and touch Kazan, and the next day Kazan accepted a piece of raw moose meat from his hand. But at his approach, Gray Wolf would always hide under the pile of balsam in the corner of their prison. The instinct of generations and perhaps of centuries had taught her that man was her deadliest enemy. And yet, this man did not hurt her, and Kazan

Remember The Home Talent Carnival Tuesday

May 15th at 8 p. m. at McDonald Gin. Four hours of entertainment and pleasure. Be there.

Given by Brotherhood of American Yoemen.

was not afraid of him. She was intrigued at first; then puzzled, and a growing curiosity followed that. Occasionally, after the third day, she would thrust her blind face out of the balsam and sniff the air when Weyman was at the cage, making friends with Kazan. But she would not eat. Weyman noted that, and each day he tempted her with the choicest morsels of deer and moose fat. Five days—six—seven passed, and she had not taken a mouthful. Weyman could count her ribs.

"She die," Henri told him on the seventh night. "She starve before she eat in that cage. She want the forest, the wild kill, the fresh blood. She two—three year old—too old to make civilize."

Henri went to bed at the usual hour, but Weyman was troubled, and sat up late. Midnight came.

He rose, opened the door softly, and went out. Instinctively his eyes turned westward. The sky was a blaze of stars. In their light he could see the cage, and he stood, watching and listening. A sound came to him. It was Gray Wolf gnawing at the sapling bars of her prison. A moment later there came a low sobbing whine, and he knew that it was Kazan crying for his freedom.

Leaning against the side of the cabin was an ax. Weyman seized it, and his lips smiled silently. He moved toward the cage. A dozen blows, and two of the sapling bars were knocked out. Then Weyman drew back. Gray Wolf found the opening first, and she slipped out into the starlight like a shadow. But she did not flee. Out in the open space she waited for Kazan, and for a moment the two stood there, looking at the cabin. Then they set off into freedom, Gray Wolf's shoulder at Kazan's flank.

In the swamp Kazan and Gray Wolf found a home under a windfall. It was a small, comfortable nest, shut in entirely from the snow and wind. Gray Wolf took possession of it immediately. She flattened herself out on her belly, and panted to show Kazan her contentment and satisfaction. Kazan kept close at her side. A vision came to him, unreal and dreamlike, of that wonderful night under the stars—ages

and ages ago, it seemed—when he had fought the leader of the wolf-pack, and young Gray Wolf had crept to his side after his victory and had given herself to him for mate.

The hair had now begun to grow over Gray Wolf's sightless eyes. She had ceased to grieve, to rub her eyes with her paws, to whine for the sunlight, the golden moon and the stars. Slowly she began to forget that she had ever seen those things. She could not run more swiftly at Kazan's flank. Scent and hearing had become wonderfully keen. She could wind a caribou two miles distant, and the presence of man she could pick up at an even greater distance. On a still night she had heard the splash of a trout half a mile away. And as these two things—scent and hearing—became more and more developed in her, those same senses became less active in Kazan.

He began to depend upon Gray Wolf. She would point out the hiding place of a partridge fifty yards from their trail. In their hunts she became the leader—until game was found. And as Kazan learned to trust to her in the hunt, so he began just as instinctively to heed her warnings. If Gray Wolf reasoned, it was to the effect that without Kazan she would die. She had tried hard now and then to catch a partridge or a rabbit, but she had always failed. Kazan meant life to her. And—if she reasoned—it was to make herself indispensable to her mate.

It was her habit, spring, summer and winter, to snuggle close to Kazan and lie with her beautiful head resting on his neck or back. If Kazan snarled at her she did not snap back, but slunk down as though struck a blow. With her warm tongue she would lick the long hair between Kazan's toes. For days after he had run a sliver in his paw she nursed his foot. Blindness had made Kazan absolutely necessary to her existence—and now, in a different way, she became more and more necessary to Kazan. They were happy in their swamp home. There was plenty of small game about them. Rarely did they go beyond the limits of the swamp to hunt.

(CONTINUED TO NEXT ISSUE)

Dr. Luther Wall, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Office next to City Market
North Side Square, Slaton
Office Phone No. 21
Residence Phone No. 60

Dr. L. W. KITCHEN
Veterinary Surgeon
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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 Sys tem.

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 30 business buildings of brick and reinforced concrete, with others to follow; 700 residences under construction and completed.

SURROUNDED BY A FINE, PRODUCTIVE LAND

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

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
J. C. Stewart Local Townsite Agent
R. J. Murray Local Townsite Agent
H. T. McGee Local Townsite Agent