

THE SLATON SLATONITE

VOLUME 6

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1917.

NUMBER 31

Party of Santa Fe Officials Make a Tour of Slaton Sunday

A party of Santa Fe officials of Amarillo enroute Sunday to Galveston, to attend an Overdraft, Shortage and Damage meeting of the Santa Fe system, spent an hour in Slaton while waiting for the eastbound train, and Supt. A. Ewing of the Slaton Division accepted the opportunity for taking the party on a tour over this city.

He secured the services of W. E. Olive, E. P. Nix, A. E. Whitehead and Virgil Brazell with their automobiles and escorted the officials and their families for a sight seeing trip over the Santa Fe city of Slaton. In the party were:

T. H. Sears, General Superintendent, his wife, and their daughter, Miss Ruth Sears.

L. L. Johnson, Agricultural and Industrial Agent.

H. C. Brandt, chief clerk to Mr. Sears, and Mrs. Brandt.

W. B. Lawler, chief clerk O. S. and D. Bureau.

J. B. McKinley and C. S. Cravens, transportation inspectors.

R. E. Johns, agent at Amarillo, and Mrs. Johns.

W. E. Ketcham, transportation inspector, and Mrs. Ketcham.

Grant Hale, superintendent of the special service department.

Superintendent Sears expressed much surprise and pleasure at the splendid development that Slaton has been making as a town in the past few months. He had read many reports about the growing Slaton but he did not realize extensive growth that has come to this division town, and he seemed very optimistic regarding Slaton's future. And the entire personnel of the party was

liberal in good words for our city. When it is recalled that six years ago the townsite of Slaton was a cow range and that all other South Plains towns of importance had twenty years the advantage of this little city, the development that has come in so short a time has been remarkable. And the coming twelve months will bring added developments.

Slaton was indeed pleased to have as her guests this party of Santa Fe folks and will be glad to entertain them again. And we thank Superintendent Ewing for the opportunity of putting these officials in closer touch with Slaton.

Slaton Methodists Will Erect Brick Church

The building committee of the Methodist Church of Slaton has decided to erect a new house of worship of brick construction and of modern design thruout. The building will be forty by sixty feet and will have a seating capacity of about four hundred. It will have a basement for auxiliary rooms for the Sunday School and with these rooms the new church will accommodate a Sunday School of about six hundred enrollment.

The building will be seated with modern pews and will be attractive and comfortable. The church will represent an investment of probably \$6,000, and the subscription list will be circulated at once to secure the money. The committee anticipates that the subscriptions should enable them to break ground for the new church in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Murray of Troy, Texas, were in Slaton the first of the week visiting Miss Alice McFaden.

Baby Born on Moving Santa Fe Passenger Train Near Slaton

An unusual distinction came to Conductor R. B. Clark of west-bound passenger train No. 921 early Monday morning in that he was inadvertently made foster father to a child born while the train was nearing the Slaton station.

Mrs. Ruth Gavin of Minneola, Texas, enroute to the home of her parents at Melrose, N. M., in anticipation of the birth of her child in the near future, had a call from the stork sooner than she had expected, and needed a physician. She was accompanied on the trip by her mother-in-law and was riding in a stateroom of the Pullman Harfworth. A physician for attendance was located in the same car and a good woman to act as nurse was found in the chair car. The physician was of elderly mien and the nurse was a good old motherly soul, and the setting of the birth of the babe was as conveniently attuned as tho it were arranged in the ward of a hospital. So while the wheels of the Santa Fe clicked off the miles with their rythmical clickety click the little bundle of humanity came into the world. It was a boy and weighed eight pounds, and was a perfect specimen of healthy babyhood, and the physician and the nurse gave as their verdict that baby and mother would survive the ordeal splendidly.

An S. O. S. call was put out at Slaton for supplies from a drug store, and the nativity party continued on to Melrose on the same train. The parents of Mrs. Gavin were no doubt truly surprised when they met their daughter to find that she had heired a son enroute.

It was Mrs. Gavin's first child. He has been named Slaton by his mother and his grandmother. The Santa Fe men and officials take much pride in this distinction of their train as a maternity home, and also in the knowledge that they had the appointments to take care of such an emergency so nicely, and to take the passenger on to her home without delay.

This is not Conductor Clark's first experience in this line, as he had to play foster father to twins born on his train out of Kansas City a few years ago. He could locate neither doctor nor nurse in that instance and he had to stop the train and send mother and children to a hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Robinson are out of the city this week on a motor trip to Brownwood, Texas. They will be away for several days and anticipate quite a pleasant trip.

Building activity in Slaton continues unabated, and there are fully twenty residence houses now under construction in this city. There has not been a period in the past year that there were not from ten to twenty houses under construction, and yet the demand for rental property is as great as it ever has been. Slaton is enjoying one of the best permanent growing periods of its history, and the year 1917 portends much development.

Jack Burrus, brakeman, and Miss Ruth Reeves, an employe of the Fred Harvey eating house in Slaton, were united in marriage at Lubbock last Friday.

New Highway Street Popular Auto Road

The new Slaton Highway to the east crossing over the railroad is proving to be one of the most popular roads ever laid out, and the cars travel over it by the hundreds every day. The roadbed is rough yet, but as soon as it rains and a drag can be put over the road it will be a smooth highway. The fame of this new road has reached to other towns, and it has the advantage of putting the tourists right thru the town from one side to the other instead of letting them pass the town by as they do when traveling along the railroad, and it also gives the tourists a much better road. After getting across the railroad the new road continues south until it reaches the section corner and then turns east to the railroad and then to Southland. The Southland road is now graded in fine shape and as soon as the rains come and the road bed is settled and dragged it will be one of the best roads on the Plains. There are two or three fills on the Slaton part of the road in this county that need attention at once before the rains come or they will be impassable.

A. B. Jungbecker and Theo. Rogge of Shiner, Texas, have opened real estate offices in Slaton and will be located here permanently. Mr. Rogge will remain at Shiner to handle the emigration business from that office. Mr. Jungbecker has purchased the J. W. Short residence in East Slaton and is making some additions to the house. His family joined him here yesterday morning. He is a hustling real estate dealer and a town builder and the Slatonite is pleased to welcome him and his excellent family to our city.

Joseph L. Beck of O'Donnell, a member of Troop B, First Texas cavalry, was in Slaton Wednesday on his way home. His troop was mustered out of service on March 24th.

The Robertson Dry Goods Company

announces the marriage of

Miss Highe Quality

to

Mr. Lowe Price

at this store

for Spring

Be sure to pay us a visit
this week.

100 Both Phones 100

Here and Southland

G. J. Russell took a car of hogs to market at Fort Worth Saturday. There were eighty-two head in the car and they were extra fine ones, and undoubtedly topped the market. T. J. Richardson and C. L. Griffin each contributed a few hogs to the shipment. Mr. Russell will soon have another car ready for the market.

Arbie Joplin came home Tuesday night from duty on the border as a member of Troop B, First Texas Cavalry, which has

been stationed at Ruidosa, Texas. Troop B was enlisted at Amarillo and they were mustered out of duty on March 24th. They may be called back to service at any time.

The Methodist Sunday School is to have a special Sunday School worker with them during the last week in April. They are planning for a great forward movement in the work of the Sunday School during the spring and summer months. Particulars of this meeting will be given later.

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

DON'T MISS THE MONDAY NIGHT FEATURE FILM SHOWS

A High Class Entertainment
Six Nights a Week
Show Starts Promptly at 7.30

Movie Theater
Slaton's Picture Playhouse

The Woman Who Signs the Checks Knows the Courtesy of Our Bank

The woman who signs the checks is the woman who knows how reliable, trustworthy and obliging the management of the First State Bank is. We loan money on good security, we are always ready and willing to oblige depositors. When you want your relations to be satisfactory, come to us.

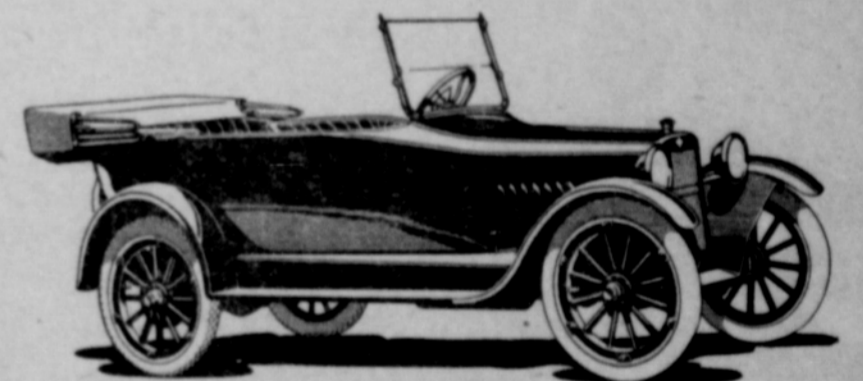


THE FIRST STATE BANK of Slaton

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

SAXON "SIX"

A BIG TOURING CAR FOR FIVE PEOPLE



Repeatedly has Saxon "Six" proved its superiority

Not once but many times has the Saxon "Six" shown itself a better car than those that claim rivalry by way of price. And these repeated proofs have had their effect. People now seem to know very definitely and decidedly why Saxon "Six" is the best car in its price class.

Quite evidently they have been comparing Saxon "Six" with others in its class. And quite as evidently they have usually arrived at the same deliberate opinion—that Saxon "Six" is a far abler performer, a far better car. Proof of its stability and strength is found in the fact that the average cost per car for repair parts over a period of two years is \$8.50. We urge your inspection of Saxon "Six" at once—preferably today.

Saxon "Six" is \$950 delivered

FORREST HARDWARE

Threatened Strike of Trainmen was Called Off Monday

New York, March 22.—The conference committee of railroad managers early Monday morning authorized President Wilson's mediators to make whatever arrangements were necessary with the railroad brotherhoods to call off the threatened strike.

The formal letter in which the authorization was made, signed by Elisha Lee, chairman of the managers' committee, was as follows:

"In the National crisis, precipitated by events of which we heard this afternoon, the National conference of railroads joins with you in the conviction that neither at home nor abroad should there be fear or hope that the efficient operation of the railroads of the country will be hampered or impaired, therefore you are authorized to assure the nation that there will be no strike, and as a basis for such assurance, we hereby authorize the committee of the Council of National Defense to grant the employees who are about to strike whatever adjustment your committee deems necessary to guarantee the uninterrupted and efficient operation of the railroads as an indispensable arm of National defense."

Secretary Lane issued this statement:

"Regardless of the decision of the Supreme Court on the Adamson law, the basic eight hour law will go into effect."

The decision referred to by the managers at their midnight conference means that the brotherhoods have won an important victory, although it does not bring them all of their original demands. By the agreement, it

is assumed, they will be awarded pro rata time for overtime on the basic eight hour day which they have been assured.

Their original demands called for time and a half for overtime on the same basic day.

The men will get their present pay for ten hours, for eight hours' work under the agreement. These concessions on the part of the managers are virtually what the employees contended they would gain under the Adamson law if it were declared constitutional.

Immediately after Secretary Lane had made his announcement the brotherhood leaders sent telegrams to all general chairmen informing them that the strike had been declared off.

A Stinging Rejoinder

Two hundred eighty six citizens of Jonesboro, Ark., sent thirty pieces of silver to Senator W. F. Kirby of their state as a rebuke against his stand on the armed neutrality resolution. Kirby responded in a way that perhaps made them feel foolish. He sent them this message:

"You may be curious to know what was done with the money that the thirty 10-cent patriots from Jonesboro sent me in derision of my position in the senate. I am using the money sent in derision of my standing by our country to inform you by wire that about 30,000 enlisted men are now needed in the army and navy and something like 4000 officers and probably an additional million be required in the next ninety days. The list of your names is kept so that they may be checked if any of you enlist, but I expect my young son will be gray with age before 2 per cent of you will go to the front unless conscripted. —W. F. Kirby."

Adamson Law Held Constitutional by the Supreme Court

Washington, March 22.—In an epochal decision holding congress to be clothed with any and all power necessary to keep open the channels of interstate commerce, the supreme court Monday, dividing five to four, sustained the Adamson law as constitutional and enforceable in every feature.

The immediate effect of the decision will be to fix a permanent eight hour basic day in computing wage scales on interstate railroads, for which a nation wide strike has twice been threatened, and to give, effective from January 1st of this year, increases in wages to trainmen of about 25 per cent at a cost to the railroads estimated at from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 a year.

The court, thru Chief Justice White, declared that both carriers and their employes are engaged in a business charged with a public interest, subject to the right of congress to arbitrate compulsorily a dispute affecting the operating of that business.

"Whatever would be the right of an employe engaged in private business to demand such wages as he desires, to leave the employment if he does not get them, and by concert of action to agree with others to leave on the same conditions," said the opinion. "Such rights are necessarily subject to limitation when employment is accepted in a business charged with a public interest and as to which the power to regulate commerce by congress is applied and the resulting right to fix in case of disagreement any dispute a standard of wages as we have seen necessarily obtained."

Alfalfa on a Sixteen-Inch Rainfall

Southwest Plainsman:

With the introduction of dairy cattle in the Plains country, the question of raising alfalfa to feed them is interesting many of our farmers. In the past it has been quite generally contended that alfalfa would not succeed on farms cultivated on the dry-land principle without irrigation. More recently, a large number of Plains farmers have been trying out this crop with the result that it has been found to do well in almost every case.

Alfalfa as a hay crop and pasture crop on the dry land farm has demonstrated its worth to A. L. Flemister of Lesbia, N. M. The Flemister ranch is located in northeast New Mexico, at an altitude of about 4,000 feet, with an annual average rainfall of approximately 16 inches, and high evaporation. There is no water for irrigation, except for the garden, all field crops being cultivated by dry farming methods.

The season of 1916 witnessed a hundred-day drouth, there having been no rain of use to plant growth in May, June or July. It was late in August, after heavy showers had revived the crops, that the writer visited the ranch. While the alfalfa on this ranch did not make a hay crop, it furnished hog pasture and paid for itself in pork.

Mr. Flemister's report on it is as follows:

"I pastured the pigs in the alfalfa all summer and late in the fall fed them a little milo while they were still on pasture. Then I put them in a floored pen and fed them all the milo they could eat for thirty days, following that with thirty days on corn. Three of the pigs dressed out 275 pounds, one at 400 and another at 475 pounds. I got 47 gallons of fine lard from the five and am carrying my little pigs over so I can put them on alfalfa pasture early in the spring.

"I sowed an acre and a half of rye but it is so dry that it will not do to pasture till spring. I

Second Anniversary Sale Of the Grand Leader at Slaton

Enjoy this feast! Special prices all over the house.

12 1-2c Gingham	10c
15c Gingham	12½c
75c Blue Chambray Shirts	45c
75c Dress Shirts	69c
\$1.00 Ladies' White Waists	65c

An elegant line of dress waists and skirts at ridiculous prices. See our popular priced new silk suits and coat suits. New shipment of children's wash Gingham and white dresses just opened. See the new white canvas dress shoes in five styles.

Remember, this sale reaches all over the house. We'll expect you to help us celebrate.

The Grand Leader


M. OLIM PROP.

EVERYTHING THAT MAN AND CHILD WEARS IS MADE TO WEAR.

Slaton Store No. 1 Post Store No. 2

Presto

LIGHT STATION



We have secured the Presto Station and can supply you with Presto Lights without delay. We are headquarters for Supplies, Accessories and Service.

Slaton Garage

PHONE No. 73

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

The Perfect Music Comes Only from the Master Instrument, the beautiful

COLUMBIA GRAFONOLA

at \$85.00

We keep a complete inventory of the latest records for our Columbia Patrons.

Howerton's



did not get to save any alfalfa seed this season, tho I let some go to seed two or three seasons ago and it did fine.

"It is a paying crop when planted in rows thirty inches apart and cultivated. It will make at least one good hay crop in a normal season, sometimes two, and then give a good yield of seed in the fall. I have another field with a much better growth of Turkestan alfalfa. The Turkestan makes more hay, but is coarser than the native. I got two good cuttings in 1915 off my Turkestan and a good fall pasture in addition.

"I have three acres of Johnson grass, two and a half of alfalfa, one and a half of rye, and in the spring I will put out an acre of sorghum and one of sudan grass, so I will have mixed pasture for my pigs in 1917."

John W. Young, tailor at De-Long's, last week bought the Russell Geer place two blocks south of the Square and moved into with his family Monday. Mr. Young recently bought a lot just south of the Square with the intention of building this summer.

Special Notice to Property Owners

Now is the time to render your property for taxation. State and county taxes are to be rendered to H. D. Talley. School district and city taxes are to be rendered to R. A. Baldwin. The law does not require the assessor to hunt you up for the purpose of assessing your taxes, and unless you render your property the assessors will make the rendition for you. Avoid trouble later on by making your renditions NOW yourself.

A special session of the Yeomen Homestead of Slaton is announced for the meeting on Thursday night, March 29th. Three of the head officials from Des Moines, Iowa, will be present and a class of thirty-five candidates will be adopted. A special big time is being prepared and a big supper will be served. An urgent invitation is extended to all Yeomen to attend and make this the biggest Yeomen night ever observed in Slaton.

Best coal, \$10.00 per ton. Place your order at once.—A. C. Houston Lumber Company.

In addition to the all star cast of writers and illustrators who contribute regularly to Cosmopolitan Magazine, it has been fortunate enough to again secure the services of Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy), whose serial, "The Shadow of Flames," attracted attention two years ago. In this April issue there appears a very remarkable short story by this famous writer, entitled "Egeria Unveiled." The story deals with the love affair of a man, who for eight years was content to worship from a distance the woman he loved, because she was the wife of another.

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.

T. W. COVINGTON

Slaton, Texas

LISTEN!

Choose for your friends those who stimulate you, who arouse your ambition, who stir you up with a desire to do something and be somebody in the world.

BUILD YOU A HOME

Slaton Lumber Company

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Major Mack Moore of Lamesa was in Slaton this week calling on old friends.

Miss Anna Thompson is again at Robertson's store, filling her former position as clerk.

Miss Anna Sarrett of Dallas, a milliner, has taken a position with Mrs. M. F. Davis at Robertson's store.

J. C. Stewart is in Waco this week attending the annual session of the Head Camp, W. O. W., as delegate from Slaton Camp No. 2871.

The work of building the baseball park and the grandstand is being done by H. C. Fraley, and the investment will give Slaton one of the best athletic parks on the South Plains. The boys will perhaps have the opening game of the 1917 season in a few days.

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.

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. Whiteley, Pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10 v. 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 . 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. W. 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. 555 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 Hannan, Guardian. Mrs. Nellie Wade, Clerk.

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

The ladies will find the newest in everything at Mrs. Graves.

PLAIN DRESSMAKING, at J. E. McCrites, two blocks west and two blocks south of the school house.

The Methodist ladies are planning a "Trip Around the World," to be held May 30th. Particulars will be given later.

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

Coal is now \$1.00 per ton cheaper. Lay in a supply at once that will carry you into the summer.—A. C. Houston Lumber Company.

P. O. Williams moved to Slaton this week from Hamlin, Texas, bringing with him one hundred head of Jersey and Durham cows.

Roy Richardson, bookkeeper in the First State Bank, is building a residence in South Slaton just south of T. A. Worley's property.

CALL ON ME and arrange for your spring sewing. I do DRESS MAKING of all classes.—Pearl Wood at Joe Montgomery's in East Slaton.

We extended you credit while you needed coal. We will appreciate your prompt payment of your coal bills.—A. C. Houston Lumber Company.

The Slaton schools have been busy this week holding contests to select representatives to attend the annual athletic meet in Lubbock Saturday.

About thirty soldiers of the Fourth Texas Infantry were in Slaton Sunday on their way home to Plainview. They were mustered out of service last week.

A. B. Robertson Jr. was in Lamesa Tuesday arranging for a style show and millinery opening in that city Saturday under the auspices of the Robertson Dry Goods Company.

L. A. H. Smith and his sons, L. W. and J. H. were called to Plainview last week to attend the funeral of Mr. Smith's brother-in-law, T. B. Irwin, who died at Corpus Christi last Thursday.

W. P. Wadsworth of Hartley, Texas, was in Slaton this week visiting his son, J. G. Wadsworth, of the Slaton State Bank. Mr. Wadsworth had been to Fort Worth to attend the Fat Stock Show.

The pastor's home for the Baptist Church is nearing completion and Bro. F. A. Whiteley will soon be "at home" therein. The building is quite a nice one, and the Baptists can well be proud of it.

J. R. Fox left Wednesday for Dalhart where he will make his home in the future, having bought an interest in the hardware business at that place with Geo. Ford and John White.—Lockney Beacon.

Theo. Rogge returned to Shiner Wednesday after a visit in Slaton with his partner, A. B. Jungbecker, of the firm of Jungbecker & Rogge, and with his brother-in-law, Mr. Dreyer, of the community seven miles south of this city.

There are so many new Fords driving up to the hitch racks in Slaton that it is difficult to pick out the new ones. It seems that all of our farmers have left old Beck and Pete for the plow and the pasture and are doing their marketing, running their errands and making their visiting calls in Fords.

Track laying on the road from Lubbock to Blythe began March 1st, says the Avalanche, and several miles of track have been laid. The track laying machine was put on the job Wednesday of last week and there will soon be thirty miles of railroad completed. In all probability trains will be running from Crosbyton to Blythe by July 1st.

ORIGINAL TOWNSITE AGENTS

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

Men's wear in all lines at Mrs. Graves.

Best coal, \$10.00 per ton. Place your order at once.—A. C. Houston Lumber Company.

J. G. Wadsworth is building two modern city residences on the new Highway street.

If quality and style at right prices in fine millinery be attractive, then come to Mrs. Graves.

IF YOU ARE NOT ashamed of your company phone No. 20—that's the Slatonite—and tell us about it.

PLANNING to build? Call and ask for one of our big books of house plans. They will help you.—A. C. Houston Lumber Company.

J. W. Short sold his home in Slaton last week to A. B. Jungbecker and he and his wife will leave next week for the North Plains to look after property interests. J. W. has made no announcements for the future, but will build in Slaton again.

CLASSIFIED LOCALS

STRAYED OR STOLEN—Two horses, one coming four year old sorrel filley, Branded AD connected, on left thigh; sorrel horse, 15½ hands high, weighs 1,100 pounds, unbranded, split in right ear, in good shape. If any one has seen these horses lately, or has them in possession, please notify me by letter at Brownfield, Texas, and you will be liberally rewarded.—Roy Cardwell.

HIGH GRADE PLAYER piano—Like new, will be sacrificed for cash or might trade for cattle.—Box 128, care Slatonite.

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

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCK eggs from thoroughbreds for sale. \$1.00 per setting of 15.—H. H. Booker in South Slaton.

INTERNATIONAL gasoline stationary engine, 6 h. p., good as new, guaranteed to be in first class condition, for sale for \$125; cost \$280.—G. W. Guinn.

IF THERE IS ANY ONE in town or in the country who has a small improved farm for sale please give me the right to sell it. I have the best chances to find a buyer.—Francis Joseph Reisdorf.

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.

FOR SALE—Registered Poland China boars, sired by the 1000 pound big bone boar No. 78896. Service fee \$1. Also single comb white leghorn eggs for sale, 50c per setting.—Henry Westerhoff, west of Catholic Church, Slaton, Texas.

FOR SALE—Lot and small house, close in. Apply to Zuma Jenkins, City.

SHORT HORN RED DURHAM BULL will make the season at my place in South Slaton. Terms: \$2.00 cash with return privilege.—I. W. Meyer.

Notice to Our Customers

We will deliver our store to the new purchasers on the first of the month, and it is imperative that all our accounts be settled at once so that we can close our books on the business. All those owing accounts at the store please call at once and pay them. We have taken a pleasure in accommodating you and we now ask you to accommodate us by paying us at once.

Yours very truly,
W. E. Smart, Prop.,
Slaton Sanitary Grocery.

To the Public

I will have my office located temporarily at my residence just north of the old Richey Lumber Company location.

My specialties are: being extraordinarily easy and careful with nervous patients, and being thoro in my work. Unless I can please you I don't care for the business, and if I have to murder a person to do the work I don't care for the work.

B. F. Gregory.

Slaton grows every day.

The latest in overalls for men and boys at Mrs. Graves.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Norwood of Slaton Monday.

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

BLACKSMITHING—I have a blacksmith shop at my farm just west of the Santa Fe wells and can do your work. Call and see me.—J. G. Maybin.

WE HAVE plenty of the good COAL that gives best satisfaction and can fill your orders promptly. Phone No. One.—A. C. Houston Lumber Company.

B. F. GREGORY
DENTIST
SLATON, TEXAS

Office temporarily at residence One Block North of Square.

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



Have Good Sport with our Good Sporting Goods.

We have the "authorized" baseball and sporting goods. Take a lot of exercise and it will keep you well.

Yet, should you become sick and need drugs and drug store things, come in and buy them from us and KNOW they are right.

SLATON DRUG COMPANY

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



Screen Time is Here
Protect Your Children
The weather is warming up.
Flies and Mosquitoes
will be here before you know it. Better prepare for them and have your windows and doors fitted with screens. We have everything here in the screen line that you could ask for and our prices are low enough to please anybody.
Don't spend your time swatting. Let us make you an estimate.

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

All Purchases Carefully Weighed

We are very particular about getting the right weight to you for all groceries bought at our store. We guarantee all our food stuffs to be pure and wholesome. Give us a trial.



For Quick Service Telephone No. 19
Slaton Sanitary Grocery
W. E. SMART, Proprietor

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.

Comptroller H. B. Terrell has been cancelling a large number of liquor licenses for alleged violations of the regulations under which saloons are permitted to operate.

The Brownfield Herald asks what has become of the Tahoka News, as it has not appeared on any exchange desks for over a month. We trust the editor of the News has not been indented by a submarine on the sea of journalism.

The tide of immigration to the Plains marches steadily westward. Citizens of Hockley County have petitioned the post office department for a post office, the first one for that county. The vast cattle ranges are being steadily claimed by the plow and by the dairy cow.

In making his tour of the Plains and the Panhandle as state fire insurance inspector, Ben F. Smith never fails to give the next meeting of the Panhandle Press Association a good boost and he exacts a promise from the newspaper boys to be in attendance. Mr. Smith is vice president of the P. P. A., and he will be the next president. A better man for president could not be selected.

M. B. Hereley, the man who has charge of the Santa Fe lands on the North Plains that are now being colonized for homeseekers, has purchased the Ochiltree News, and it is stated that he will purchase others of the papers that are being published in the counties that are to be developed by the building of the Santa Fe railroad. There are new towns to be established by the building of the railroad, and possibly some towns to be moved to the railroad.

We join the Brownfield Herald in wondering just what idea actuates the newspaper that puts in its publication a magazine section containing advertisements for mail order houses, and then pays the company that furnishes the magazines for the privilege of donating to them free advertising space. According to all standards of business calculation, the newspaper is taxing itself to maintain a charity advertising bureau—and that for firms that can well afford to pay for advertising space.

A remarkable news item to people of the Plains is one that appeared in the Taylor County Times last week in regard to the water situation in that part of the state. The item stated that the Tee & Pee is shipping daily from Abilene to Baird a train of twenty-five tanks of water. This amounts to 200,000 gallons of water daily, and the railroad shops at Baird have to have the water. Abilene can supply the water to the shops at Baird for a limited time only, and if a rain doesn't come they may have to come on west to Sweetwater for water. Sweetwater's water supply comes from a ground tank that stores rainfall, the same as that at Baird and at Abilene. The Taylor County Times has accepted the opportunity several times to speak adversely of the South Plains country, but if Abilene had only one such well of water as can be had on almost any acre of land on the South Plains they would not have to resort to shipping water around from one town to another.

Another triumph for decency and better living came this week when the supreme court at Washington issued a final decree sustaining the penitentiary sentences imposed on F. Drew Caminetti and Maury Diggs of Sacramento, Calif., for violating the Mann white slave law. The free lances who do not recognize any laws of refinement are again made to understand that the rights of good people must be respected.

THE HONORABLE CLAUD
Easy, Bre'r Loomis, easy! We concur in your expression of relief from the "gooseneck addition to the El Paso district, the Mexican stronghold," but except most vociferously to your conclusion that Claud Hudspeth will be the next representative in congress from the 18th district. Not on your paragraph, Bre'r Loomis. The Honorable Claud may feel, and doubtless does feel, that the largest place in the sun is his'n both by the laws of primogeniture and of selection. But he'll feel differently about the matter when the next congressman is nominated from the El Paso district. And the Record does not think his name will be Claud Hudspeth.—Colorado Record.

P'raps, p'raps. The Record may be right, and if the next congressman is not the Hon. Claud, we might place a second guess and not miss the man very far. But Claud will have to be disposed of even if his Mexican vote doesn't put him over. Hudspeth strenuously opposed every move in the legislature that had any appearance of curtailing the voting privileges of his mahogany stained clientele.

Cotton Report for 1916

The official report from the bureau of census at Washington gives the total cotton ginned in Lubbock County for 1915 at 1,212 bales and for 1916 at 3,496 bales.

Burn Paper and Trash

The Home Economic and Civic Improvement Club last week secured the promises of all the business houses in town not to throw paper and trash out to the wind hereafter, and they are starting an active campaign for a cleaner town. All residence houses are asked to assist the club in this work and by doing the same as the business houses do there will not any more be the need of having an unsightly landscape dotted with paper and trash.

Large Audience Greet Hood College Troupe

One of the largest audiences ever gathered in this city greeted the Hood College Entertainers at the High School Auditorium last Friday night and enjoyed their splendid program from the first number to the last.

The Hood College Entertainers of Frederick, Md., is one of the leading companies on the Santa Fe Reading Room Entertainment Course for 1916 17, and the large audience appeared in anticipation of their excellent program. The personnel of the company consisted of Grace H. Sponseller, reader; Jennie E. Steck, soloist; Naomi Coblenz, musical recitations; Louise K. Dietz, interpretations of literature; and Ruth Coblenz, pianist and manager. They are pleasing entertainers and they responded to many encores.

And we would not forget the courtesy and management of Geo. Marriott in taking care of audiences that attend the Reading Room entertainments. He is every moment solicitous for the comfort of the audience and works earnestly to make the program a success.

New Train Schedule Effective Sunday

The official time table for the Santa Fe to cover the new train service effective Sunday, April 1st, gives the time of train 905 from Sweetwater as leaving that city at 10.07 a. m. and arriving in Slaton at 1.45 p. m. It leaves Slaton at 2.10 p. m. and arrives in Amarillo at 7.20 p. m.

Train 906 leaves Amarillo at 11 p. m. and arrives at Slaton at 3.35 a. m. It leaves for Sweetwater at 3.50 a. m. and arrives in that city at 7.10 a. m.

The time of the other trains remains the same as heretofore.

The dispatcher's office in the Slaton Division has a new clock just installed by S. S. Mills, clock inspector, of Topeka, Kans. The clock is a new invention and an accurate timekeeper, and it is truly a splendid addition to the offices here.

Jake Etter dons the blue clothes Sunday as passenger conductor on trains 903 and 904 between Amarillo and Sweetwater.

W. B. Jones, special Santa Fe officer, is now at home in Slaton. His wife and children moved to this place from Amarillo last week.

R. J. Parker, General Manager for the P. & S. F. lines, was down from Amarillo this week in his special car on company business.

Mrs. R. L. Hicks and her daughter of Lubbock visited Mrs. Geo. Marriott in Slaton from Saturday to Monday.

Engineer R. L. Harris and his wife and son of Amarillo and are now living in their new home recently built here.

Engineer O. E. Plumlee takes one of the passenger runs since the new trains have been scheduled.

Engineer W. E. McCarty and his wife and their baby have moved to Slaton from Canadian.

The new trains mean new jobs and promotion for several of our conductors and engineers.

Notice to Our Customers

We will deliver our store to the new purchasers on the first of the month, and it is imperative that all our accounts be settled at once so that we can close our books on the business. All those owing accounts to the store please call at once and pay them. We have taken a pleasure in accommodating you, and we now ask you to accommodate us by paying us at once.

Yours very truly,

W. E. Smart, Prop.,
Slaton Sanitary Grocery.

Shoe Repairing

I have opened a shoe shop in the Covington Second Hand Store and can handle your shoe repairing promptly. Have a complete line of machinery and the best leather on the market, and am an experienced workman in all branches of leather repair work. Your patronage solicited.

F. A. Erdman.

J. H. Moore, county judge, and R. O. Tackett, county farm demonstrator, accompanied Mr. French of the Extension Department of the A. & M. College, to Slaton Tuesday, and Mr. French delivered an able address at the school house, urging as his central theme the organization of Boys Pig Raising Clubs. Several prominent citizens went to the school house to hear the address, in response to an invitation from J. L. Benton, county commissioner.

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

Mrs. L. C. Odom is visiting her father in Lockney this week.



YOU CAN BUY A SUIT Anywhere for TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS
But the Question is:
WHAT KIND OF A SUIT?

The quality of fabric that goes into our clothes at THIS PRICE is all you need as evidence that your money buys the BEST when you select an

INTERNATIONAL OR LAMM
Made-to-Measure and to Please Suit

We have a splendid array of Spring Samples for you to choose from and invite you to call and look them over.

DeLONG

The Merchant Tailor

They are coming to Slaton.

Mrs. John Brazell is visiting in Amarillo this week.

Mrs. Florence Coleman of Clovis, N. M., visited Mrs. John Brazell in Slaton last week.

We will be pleased to fill your lumber bill. Come and talk it over.—A. C. Houston Lumber Company.



ON THE SAFE SIDE the man is who has his insurance policy ready to realize on when his home or property has been laid waste and in ruins. No one knows what importance that little document is to them till misfortune overtakes him, and he knows that it is the insurance company that suffers the loss.

J. H. BREWER AGENCY

PLAN MOBILIZATION OF CIVILIAN ARMY

War College Heads Prepare for Handling of Great Volunteer Force.

RAPID TRAINING PROPOSED

Special Attention Given to Selection of Officers Qualified by Experience to Lead Men Properly.

Washington.—The war college division of the general staff of the United States army has complete plans prepared for the mobilization of a citizens' army. These plans were completed some time ago in anticipation of the time when the United States might be called upon to enter into hostilities against a first-class power. These plans were based, it is said, upon the possibility that the first call for volunteers might be for 1,000,000 men. The war college recently prepared an official paper dealing with the raising of a volunteer army.

"Under existing laws and under contemporary conditions therewith," says the war college, "it has heretofore been assumed that in the event of a war with a first-class power the United States would require not less than half a million of men for the first line, behind which could be prepared the greater army of citizen soldiers upon whom our main reliance for national defense is conditionally placed."

Subject to President's Call.
The organization of volunteer armies can only be undertaken following the presidential proclamation stating the number needed, and on this subject the war college says: "Volunteer forces may be raised, organized and maintained only during the existence or imminence of war, and only after congress shall have authorized the president to raise such forces. Congress could, however, by legislative enactment, authorize the president to raise such forces in time of peace."

"When so authorized, the president will issue his proclamation, stating the number of men desired for each arm, corps, or department, within such limits as may be fixed by law. It is probable that the proclamation will also recite the causes that make the call necessary and will state that the enlisted men shall be taken, as far as practicable, from the several states, territories and District of Columbia in proportion to the respective populations thereof."

"Following the call of the president for volunteers, the secretary of war notifies the governors, etc., as in a call for militia, informing them of the quota for their respective states, the existing militia organizations that will be received into the volunteers, the new organizations that it is desired to raise, and the maximum and minimum strength of organizations."

All terms of enlistments, it is pointed out, "will be the same as that for the regular army, exclusive of reserve periods," and no person can be enlisted for the volunteer forces "who is not effective and able-bodied," and who is not within the ages stipulated

for that service under the law as it exists at the time of the president's call. Neither can any man be enlisted who does not speak the English language, while persons under eighteen years of age can be accepted only with the signed approval and consent of the parent or guardian of that person.

Recruiting, Rendezvous and Depots.

The war college continues:

"With a view to recruiting and maintaining all organizations of the land forces as near their prescribed strength as practicable, the necessary rendezvous and depots will be established by the secretary of war and will be directly controlled by him. Here the recruits will be enlisted and trained. For the purposes of instruction and discipline, the troops at the recruit depots may be organized into companies and battalions, at the discretion of the secretary of war. The noncommissioned officers and privates will be of such grades and numbers as the president may prescribe."

"It is apparent that the recruits at the rendezvous and depots are intended to form a reserve battalion for each regiment or equivalent thereof of regulars and volunteers only; for the act also provides that in order to maintain the land militia organization at their maximum strength the recruit rendezvous and depots in any state or territory may, at the request of the governor thereof, enlist and train recruits for land militia in the service of the United States from such state or territory. All the officers required for such recruit rendezvous and depots will be volunteers of the proper arm of the service."

Appointment of Officers.

"All volunteer officers are appointed by the president, but the number and grade of such officers shall not exceed the number and grade of like officers provided for a like force of the regular army, and they will be subject to such assignment to duty and transfers as the president may direct."

"In order that the lives of those patriotic citizens who may volunteer for service may be safeguarded and conserved and not risked under persons lacking in experience in the care of soldiers in camp and in battle, the war department has decided and announced that the appointment to volunteer commissions will be made from those classes of our citizens who have had such experience, and that from those classes the selections will be made in the following order:

(A)—Persons who have had experience as commissioned officers in the regular army of the United States and ex-officers of volunteers of proved experience and efficiency.

(B)—Non-commissioned officers of experience in the regular army.

(C)—Persons who have had experience as officers in the militia.

(D)—Persons who have qualified according to law under prescribed examinations to test their fitness to command and control men in the field.

(E)—Graduates of educational institutions of military standing to which regular army officers are detailed as professors of military science under the law.

(F)—Should the necessary number of volunteer officers required not be furnished from the above classes, the war department will give civilians lacking in actual military experience an opportunity to appear for examination to test their fitness for commissions, before boards which the war de-

partment proposes to create in the several states.

Begin Training at Once.

Under the caption "Training of Volunteers" the war college pamphlet reads:

"The training of volunteer troops must begin without delay after their induction into the service. No time must be lost. It should begin at the company rendezvous, without waiting for complete mobilization. Under our traditional policy of relying principally for defense upon citizen soldiers, the larger part of our land forces will not be fully mobilized on the outbreak of war. It is more than probable that we shall have to employ some of them with little or no training as soon as they can be assembled in suitable units."

"The amount and character of the training will at first be directly proportional to the time consumed, provided a rational scheme be followed. How much time will be available it is impossible to predict. It is reasonable to assume, however, that in the event of a war with an overseas enemy it will be the time required for our enemy to establish at least a partial control of the sea sufficient to open the way for landing of expeditionary forces."

"Any system of training, however, good in itself, will fall to bring the desired results unless there are available a sufficient number of trained instructors, officers and noncommissioned-officers. The blind cannot lead the blind."

Referring to the mobilization of the volunteer armies, the war college points out that all points of mobilization have been selected, one in each state of the Union, and that these preliminary arrangements have been approved by both the federal and state authorities. These plans provide for the necessary buildings, for water supply, and all other essential needs which will arise.



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

KAZAN

By James Oliver Curwood

Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

He had in his hand the thing that killed.

"Kazan—Kazan—Ka-a-a-zan!" he shouted again.

Kazan sneaked cautiously back from the tree. He knew that distance meant nothing to the cold thing of death that Thorpe held in his hand. He turned his head once, and whined softly, and for an instant a great longing filled his reddened eyes as he saw the last of the girl.

He knew, now, that he was leaving her forever, and there was an ache in his heart that had never been there before, a pain that was not of the club or whip, of cold or hunger, but which was greater than them all, and which filled him with a desire to throw back his head and cry out his loneliness to the gray emptiness of the sky.

Back in the camp the girl's voice quivered.

"He is gone."

The man's strong voice choked a little.

"Yes, he is gone. He knew—and I didn't. I'd give a year of my life—if I hadn't whipped him yesterday and last night. He won't come back."

Isobel Thorpe's hand tightened on his arm.

"He will!" she cried. "He won't leave me. He loved me, if he was savage and terrible. And he knows that I love him. He'll come back—"

"Listen!"

From deep in the forest there came a long wailing howl, filled with a plaintive sadness. It was Kazan's farewell to the woman.

After that cry Kazan sat for a long time on his haunches, sniffing the new freedom of the air, and watching the deep black pits in the forest about him, as they faded away before dawn. Now



It Was Kazan's Farewell to the Woman.

and then, since the day the traders had first bought him and put him into sledge-traces away over on the Mackenzie, he had often thought of his freedom longingly, the wolf blood in him urging him to take it. But he had never quite dared. It thrilled him now. There were no clubs here, no whips, none of the man-beasts whom he had first learned to distrust, and then to hate. It was his misfortune—that quarter-strain of wolf; and the clubs, instead of subduing him, had added to the savagery that was born in him. Men had been his worst enemies. They had beaten him time and again until he was almost dead. They called him "bad," and stepped wide of him, and never missed the chance to snap a whip over his back. His body was covered with scars they had given him.

He had never felt kindness, or love, until the first night the woman had put her warm little hand on his head, and had snuggled her face close down to his, while Thorpe—her husband—had cried out in horror. He had almost buried his fangs in her white flesh, but in an instant her gentle touch, and her sweet voice, had sent through him that wonderful thrill that was his first knowledge of love. And now it was a man who was driving him from her, away from the hand that had never held a club or a whip, and he growled as he trotted deeper into the forest.

He came to the edge of a swamp as day broke. For a time he had been filled with a strange uneasiness, and light did not quite dispel it. At last he was free of men. He could detect nothing that reminded him of their hated presence in the air. But neither could he smell the presence of other dogs, of the sledge, the fire, of companionship and food, and so far back as he could remember they had always been a part of his life.

Here it was very quiet. The swamp lay in a hollow between two ridge mountains, and the spruce and cedar

grew low and thick—so thick that there was almost no snow under them, and the day was like twilight. Two things he began to miss more than all others—food and company. Both the wolf and the dog that was in him demanded the first, and that part of him that was dog longed for the latter. To both desires the wolf blood that was strong in him rose responsively. It told him that somewhere in this silent world between the two ridges there was companionship, and that all he had to do to find it was to sit back on his haunches, and cry out his loneliness. More than once something trembled in his deep chest, rose in his throat, and ended there in a whine. It was the wolf howl, not yet quite born.

Food came more easily than voice. Toward midday he cornered a big white rabbit under a log, and killed it. The warm flesh and blood was better than frozen fish, or tallow and bran, and the feast he had gave him confidence. That afternoon he chased many rabbits, and killed two more. Until now, he had never known the delight of pursuing and killing at will, even though he did not eat all he killed.

But there was no fight in the rabbits. They died too easily. They were very sweet and tender to eat, when he was hungry, but the first thrill of killing them passed away after a time. He wanted something bigger. He no longer slunk along as if he were afraid, or as if he wanted to remain hidden. He held his head up. His back bristled. His tail swung free and bushy, like a wolf's. Every hair in his body quivered with the electric energy of life and action. He traveled north and west. It was the call of early days—the days away up on the Mackenzie. The Mackenzie was a thousand miles away.

He came upon many trails in the snow that day, and sniffed the scents left by the hoofs of moose and caribou, and the fur-padded feet of a lynx. He followed a fox, and the trail led him to a place shut in by tall spruce, where the snow was beaten down and reddened with blood. There was an owl's head, feathers, wings and entrails lying here, and he knew that there were other hunters abroad besides himself.

Toward evening he came upon tracks in the snow that were very much like his own. They were quite fresh, and there was a warm scent about them that made him whine, and filled him again with that desire to fall back upon his haunches and send forth the wolf-cry. This desire grew stronger in him as the shadows of night deepened in the forest. He had traveled all day, but he was not tired. There was something about night, now that there were no men near, that exhilarated him strangely. The wolf blood in him ran swifter and swifter. Tonight it was clear. The sky was filled with stars. The moon rose. And at last he settled back in the snow and turned his head straight up to the spruce tops, and the wolf came out of him in a long mournful cry which quivered through the still night for miles.

For a long time he sat and listened after that howl. He had found voice—a voice with a strange new note in it and it gave him still greater confidence. He had expected an answer, but none came. He had traveled in the face of the wind, and as he howled, a bull moose crashed through the scrub timber ahead of him, his horns rattling against the trees like the tattoo of a clear birch club as he put distance between himself and that cry.

Twice Kazan howled before he went on, and he found joy in the practice of that new note. He came then to the foot of a rough ridge, and turned up out of the swamp to the top of it. The stars and the moon were nearer to him there, and on the other side of the ridge he looked down upon a great sweeping plain, with a frozen lake glistening in the moonlight, and a white river leading from it off into timber that was neither so thick nor so black as that in the swamp.

And then every muscle in his body grew tense, and his blood leaped. From far off in the plain there came a cry. It was his cry—the wolf-cry. His jaws snapped. His white fangs gleamed, and he growled deep in his throat. He wanted to reply, but some strange instinct urged him not to. That instinct of the wild was already becoming master of him. In the air, in the whispering of the spruce tops, in the moon and the stars themselves, there breathed a spirit which told him that what he had heard was the wolf-cry, but that it was not the wolf call.

The other came an hour later, clear and distinct, that same wailing howl at the beginning—but ending in a staccato of quick sharp yelps that stirred his blood at once into a fiery excitement that it had never known before. The same instinct told him that this was the call—the hunt-cry. It urged him to come quickly. A few moments later it came again, and this time there was a reply from close down along the foot of the ridge, and another from so far away that Kazan could scarcely hear it. The hunt-pack was gathering for the night chase; but Kazan sat quiet and trembling.

He was not afraid, but he was not ready to go. The ridge seemed to split the world for him. Down there it was new, and strange, and without men. From the other side something seemed pulling him back, and suddenly he turned his head and gazed back through the moonlit space behind him, and whined. It was the dog-whine now. The woman was back there. He could hear her voice. He could feel the touch of her soft hand. He could see the laughter in her face and eyes, the laughter that had made him warm and happy. She was calling to him through the forests, and he was torn between desire to answer that call, and desire to go down into the plain. For he

could also see many men waiting for him with clubs, and he could hear the cracking of whips, and feel the sting of their lashes.

For a long time he remained on the top of the ridge that divided his world. And then, at last, he turned and went down into the plain.

CHAPTER V.

Leader of the Pack.

All that night Kazan kept close to the hunt-pack, but never quite approached it. This was fortunate for him. He still bore the scent of traces, and of man. The pack would have torn him to pieces. The first instinct of the wild is that of self-preservation. It may have been this, a whisper back through the years of savage forebears, that made Kazan roll in the snow now and then where the feet of the pack had trod the thickest.

That night the pack killed a caribou on the edge of the lake, and feasted until nearly dawn. Kazan hung in the face of the wind. The smell of blood and of warm flesh tickled his nostrils, and his sharp ears could catch the cracking of bones. But the instinct was stronger than the temptation.

Not until broad day, when the pack had scattered far and wide over the plain, did he go boldly to the scene of the kill. He found nothing but an area of blood-reddened snow, covered with bones, entrails and torn bits of tough hide. But it was enough, and he rolled in it, and buried his nose in what was left, and remained all that day close to it, saturating himself with the scent of it.

That night, when the moon and the stars came out again, he sat back with fear and hesitation no longer in him, and announced himself to his new comrades of the great plain.

The pack hunted again that night, or else it was a new pack that started miles to the south, and came up with a doe caribou to the big frozen lake. The night was almost as clear as day, and from the edge of the forest Kazan first saw the caribou run out on the lake a third of a mile away. The pack was about a dozen strong, and had already split into the fatal horseshoe formation, the two leaders running almost abreast of the kill, and slowly closing in.

With a sharp yelp Kazan darted out into the moonlight. He was directly in the path of the fleeing doe, and bore down upon her with lightning speed. Two hundred yards away the doe saw him, and swerved to the right, and the leader on that side met her with open jaws. Kazan was in with the second leader, and leaped at the doe's soft throat. In a snarling mass the pack closed in from behind, and the doe went down, with Kazan half under her body, his fangs sunk deep in her jugular. She lay heavily on him, but he did not lose his hold. It was his first big kill. His blood ran like fire. He snarled between his clamped teeth.

Not until the last quiver had left the body over him did he pull himself out from under her chest and forelegs. He had killed a rabbit that day and was not hungry. So he sat back in the snow and waited, while the ravenous pack tore at the dead doe. After a little he came nearer, nosed in between two of them, and was nipped for his intrusion.

As Kazan drew back, still hesitating to mix with his wild brothers, a big gray form leaped out of the pack and drove straight for his throat. He had just time to throw his shoulder to the attack, and for a moment the two rolled over and over in the snow. They were up before the excitement of sudden battle had drawn the pack from the feast. Slowly they circled about each other, their white fangs bare, their yellowish backs bristling like brushes. The fatal ring of wolves drew about the fighters.

It was not new to Kazan. A dozen times he had sat in rings like this, waiting for the final moment. More than once he had fought for his life within the circle. It was the sledge-dog way of fighting. Unless man interrupted with a club or a whip it always ended in death. Only one fighter could come out alive. Sometimes both died. And there was no man here—only that fatal cordon of waiting white-fanged demons, ready to leap upon and tear to pieces the first of the fighters who was thrown upon his side or back. Kazan was a stranger, but he did not fear those that hemmed him in. The one great law of the pack would compel them to be fair.

He kept his eyes only on the big gray leader who had challenged him. Shoulder to shoulder they continued to circle. Where a few moments before there had been the snapping of jaws and the rending of flesh there was now silence. Soft-footed and soft-throated mongrel dogs from the south would have snarled and growled, but Kazan and the wolf were still, their ears laid forward instead of back, their tails tree and bushy.

Suddenly the wolf struck in with the swiftness of lightning, and his jaws came together with the sharpness of steel striking steel. They missed by an inch. In that same instant Kazan darted in to the side, and like knives his teeth gashed the wolf's flank.

They circled again, their eyes growing redder, their lips drawn back until they seemed to have disappeared. And then Kazan leaped for that death-grip at the throat—and missed. It was only by an inch again, and the wolf came back, as he had done, and laid open Kazan's flank so that the blood ran down his leg and reddened the snow. The burn of that flank-wound told Kazan that his enemy was old in the game of fighting. He crouched low, his head straight out, and his throat close to the snow. It was a trick Kazan had learned in puppyhood

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—to shield his throat, and wait.

Twice the wolf circled about him, and Kazan pivoted slowly, his eyes half closed. A second time the wolf leaped and Kazan threw up his terrible jaws, sure of that fatal grip just in front of

the forelegs. His teeth snapped on empty air. With the nimbleness of a cat the wolf had gone completely over his back.

The trick had failed, and with a rumble of the dog-snarl in his throat, Kazan reached the wolf in a single bound. They met breast to breast. Their fangs clashed and with the whole weight of his body, Kazan flung himself against the wolf's shoulders, cleared his jaws, and struck again for the throat hold. It was another miss—by a hair's breadth—and before he could recover, the wolf's teeth were buried in the back of his neck.

For the first time in his life Kazan felt the terror and the pain of the death-grip, and with a mighty effort he flung his head a little forward and snapped blindly. His powerful jaws closed on the wolf's foreleg, close to the body. There was a cracking of bone and a crunching of flesh, and the circle of waiting wolves grew tense and alert. One or the other of the fighters was sure to go down before the holds were broken, and they but awaited that fatal fall as a signal to leap in to the death.

Only the thickness of hair and hide on the back of Kazan's neck, and the toughness of his muscles, saved him from that terrible fate of the vanquished. The wolf's teeth sank deep, but not deep enough to reach the vital spot, and suddenly Kazan put every ounce of strength in his limbs to the effort, and flung himself up bodily from under his antagonist. The grip on his neck relaxed, and with another rearing leap he tore himself free.

As swift as a whip-lash he whirled on the broken-legged leader of the pack and with the full rush and weight of his shoulders struck him fairly in the side. More deadly than the throat-grip had Kazan sometimes found the lunge when delivered at the right moment. It was deadly now. The big gray wolf



Swift as a Whiplash He Whirled.

lost his feet, rolled upon his back for an instant, and the pack rushed in, eager to rend the last of life from the leader whose power had ceased to exist.

From out of that gray, snarling, bloody-lipped mass, Kazan drew back, panting and bleeding. He was weak. There was a curious sickness in his head. He wanted to lie down in the snow. But the old and infallible instinct warned him not to betray that weakness. From out of the pack a slim, lithe, gray she-wolf came up to him, and lay down in the snow before him, and then rose swiftly and sniffed at his wounds.

She was young and strong and beautiful, but Kazan did not look at her. Where the fight had been he was looking, at what little remained of the old leader. The pack had returned to the feast. He heard again the cracking of bones and the rending of flesh, and something told him that thereafter all the wilderness would hear and recognize his voice, and that when he sat

(CONTINUED TO NEXT ISSUE)

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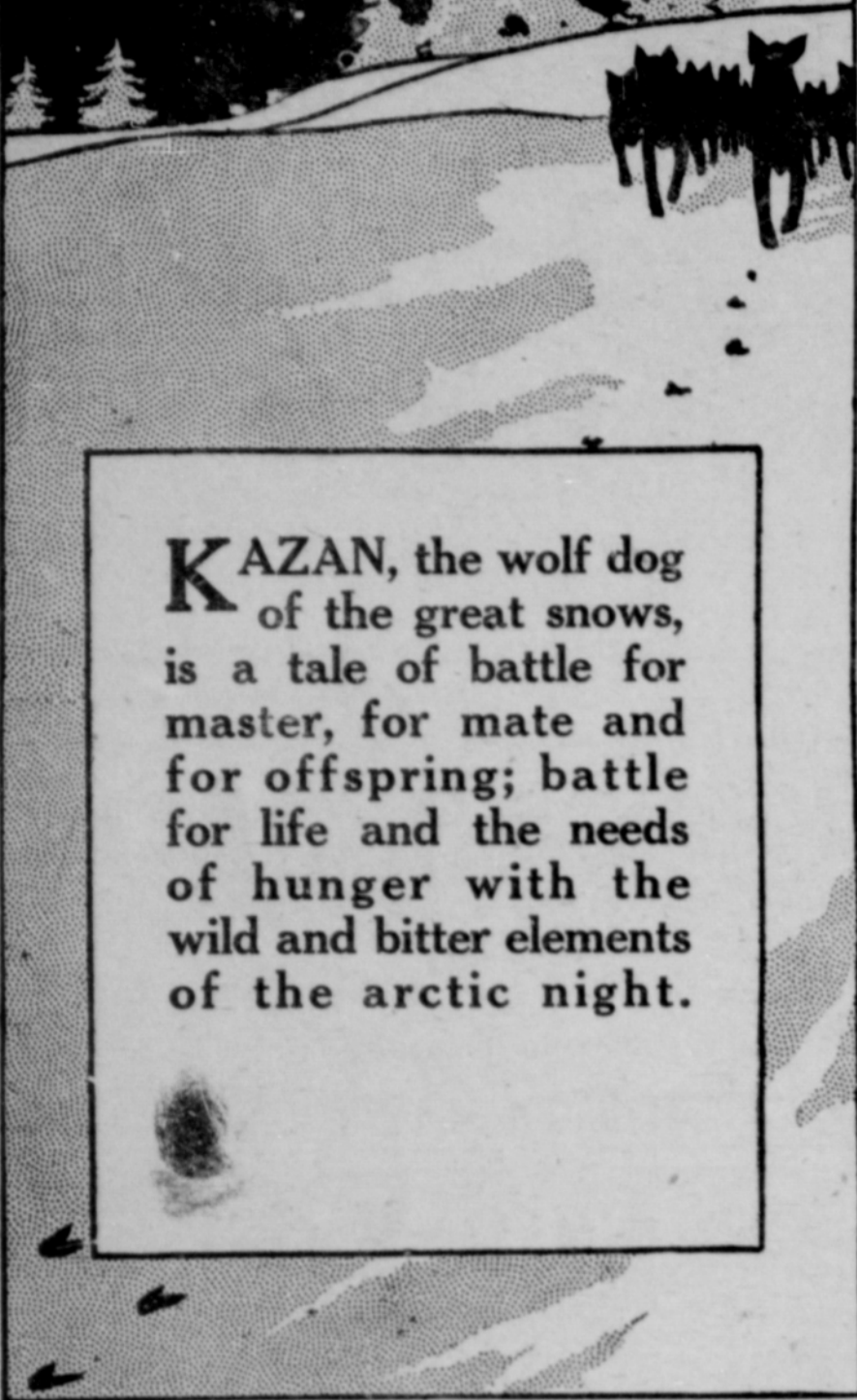
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—Elbert Hubbard.

KAZAN

by
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



KAZAN, the wolf dog of the great snows, is a tale of battle for master, for mate and for offspring; battle for life and the needs of hunger with the wild and bitter elements of the arctic night.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Kazan, the wild sled 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.

Only Kazan saw the stealthy movement of the hand, the fondling clutch of the fingers in her hair, and the mad passion burning in the eyes of the man. Quicker than a lynx, the dog had leaped the length of his chain across the sledge. McCready sprang back just in time, and as Kazan reached the end of his chain he was jerked back so that his body struck sideways against the girl. Thorpe had turned in time to see the end of the leap. He believed that Kazan had sprung at Isobel, and in his horror no word or cry escaped his lips as he dragged her from where she had half fallen over the sledge. He saw that she was not hurt, and he reached for his revolver. It was in his holster in the tent. At his feet was McCready's whip, and in the passion of the moment he seized it and sprang upon Kazan. The dog crouched in the snow. He made no move to escape or to attack. Only once in his life could he remember having received a beating like that which Thorpe inflicted upon him now. But not a whimper or a growl escaped him. And then, suddenly, his mistress ran forward and caught the whip poised above Thorpe's head.

"Not another blow!" she cried, and something in her voice held him from striking. McCready did not hear what she said then, but a strange look came into Thorpe's eyes, and without a word he followed his wife into their tent.

"Kazan did not leap at me," she whispered, and she was trembling with a sudden excitement. Her face was deathly white. "That man was behind me," she went on, clutching her husband by the arm. "I felt him touch me—and then Kazan sprang. He wouldn't bite me. It's the man! There's something—wrong—"

She was almost sobbing, and Thorpe drew her close in his arms.

"I hadn't thought before—but it's strange," he said. "Didn't McCready say something about knowing the dog? It's possible. Perhaps he's had Kazan, before and abused him in a way that the dog has not forgotten. Tomorrow I'll find out. But until I know—will you promise to keep away from Kazan?"

Isobel gave the promise. When they came out from the tent Kazan lifted his great head. The stinging lash had closed one of his eyes and his mouth was dripping blood. Isobel gave a low sob, but did not go near him. Half

blinded, he knew that his mistress had stopped his punishment, and he whined softly, and wagged his thick tail in the snow.

Never had he felt so miserable as through the long hard hours of the day that followed, when he broke the trail for his team-mates into the North. One of his eyes was closed and filled with stinging fire, and his body was sore from the blows of the caribou lash. But it was not physical pain that gave the sullen droop to his head and robbed his body of that keen quick alertness of the lead-dog—the commander of his mates. It was his spirit. For the first



"Not Another Blow!"

time in his life, it was broken. McCready had beaten him—long ago; his master had beaten him; and during all this day their voices were fierce and vengeful in his ears. But it was his mistress who hurt him most. She held aloof from him, always beyond the reach of his leash; and when they stopped to rest, and again in camp, she looked at him with strange and wondering eyes, and did not speak. She, too, was ready to beat him. He believed that, and that night he lurked in one of the deepest shadows about the campfire and grieved alone. None knew that it was grief—unless it was the girl. She did not move toward him. She did not speak to him. But she watched him closely—and studied him hardest when he was looking at McCready.

Later, after Thorpe and his wife had gone into their tent, it began to snow, and the effect of the snow upon

McCready puzzled Kazan. The man was restless, and he drank frequently from the flask that he had used the night before. In the firelight his face grew redder and redder, and Kazan could see the strange gleam of his teeth as he gazed at the tent in which his mistress was sleeping. Again and again he went close to that tent, and listened. Twice he heard movement. The last time, it was the sound of Thorpe's deep breathing. McCready hurried back to the fire and turned his face straight up to the sky. The snow was falling so thickly that when he lowered his face he blinked and wiped his eyes. Then he went into the gloom and bent low over the trail they had made a few hours before. It was almost obliterated by the falling snow. Another hour and there would be no trail—nothing the next day to tell whoever might pass that they had come this way. By morning it would cover everything, even the fire, if he allowed it to die down. McCready drank again, out in the darkness. Low words of an insane joy burst from his lips. His head was hot with a drunken fire. His heart beat madly, but scarcely more furiously than did Kazan's when the dog saw that McCready was returning with a club! The club he placed on end against a tree. Then he took a lantern from the sledge and lit it. He approached Thorpe's tent-flap, the lantern in his hand.

"Ho, Thorpe—Thorpe!" he called. There was no answer. He could hear Thorpe breathing. He drew the flap aside a little, and raised his voice.

"Thorpe!" Still there was no movement inside, and he unfastened the flap strings and thrust in his lantern. The light flashed on Isobel's golden head, and McCready stared at it, his eyes burning like red coals, until he saw that Thorpe was awakening. Quickly he dropped the flap and rustled it from the outside.

"Ho, Thorpe—Thorpe!" he called again.

This time Thorpe replied. "Hello, McCready—is that you?" McCready drew the flap back a little, and spoke in a low voice. "Yes. Can you come out a minute? Something's happening out in the woods. Don't wake up your wife!"

He drew back and waited. A minute later Thorpe came quietly out of the tent. McCready pointed into the thick spruce.

"I'll swear there's someone nosing around the camp," he said. "I'm certain that I saw a man out there a few minutes ago, when I went for a log. It's a good night for stealing dogs. Here—you take the lantern! If I wasn't clean fooled, we'll find a trail in the snow."

He gave Thorpe the lantern and picked up the heavy club. A growl rose in Kazan's throat, but he choked it back. He wanted to snarl forth his warning, to leap at the end of his leash, but he knew that if he did that, they would return and beat him. So he lay still, trembling and shivering, and whining softly. He watched them until they disappeared—and then waited—listened. At last he heard the crunch of snow. He was not surprised to see McCready come back alone. He had expected him to return alone. For he knew what a club meant!

McCready's face was terrible now. It was like a beast's. He was hatless. Kazan slunk deeper in his shadow at the low horrible laugh that fell from his lips—for the man still held the club. In a moment he dropped that, and approached the tent. He drew back the flap and peered in. Thorpe's wife was sleeping, and as quietly as a cat he entered and hung the lantern on a nail in the tent-pole. His movement did not awaken her, and for a few moments he stood there, staring—staring.

Kazan watched McCready as he entered, and suddenly the dog was on his feet, his back tense and bristling, his limbs rigid. He saw McCready's huge shadow on the canvas, and a moment later there came a strange piercing cry. In the wild terror of that cry he recognized her voice—and he leaped toward the tent. The leash stopped him, choking the snarl in his throat. He saw the shadows struggling now, and there came cry after cry. She was calling to his master, and with his master's name she was calling him!

"Kazan—Kazan—" He leaped again, and was thrown upon his back. A second and a third time he sprang the length of the leash into the night, and the babiche cord about his neck cut into his flesh like a knife. He stopped for an instant, gasping for breath. The shadows were still fighting. Now they were upright! Now they were crumpling down! With a fierce snarl he flung his whole weight once more at the end of the chain. There was a snap, as the thong about his neck gave way.

In half a dozen bounds Kazan made the tent and rushed under the flap. With a snarl he was at McCready's throat. The first snap of his powerful jaws was death, but he did not know that. He knew only that his mistress was there, and that he was fighting for her. There came one choking gasping cry that ended with a terrible sob; it was McCready. The man sank from his knees upon his back, and Kazan thrust his fangs deeper into his enemy's throat; he felt the warm blood.

The dog's mistress was calling to him now. She was pulling at his shaggy neck. But he would not loose his hold—not for a long time. When he did, his mistress looked down once upon the man and covered her face with her hands. Then she sank down upon the blankets. She was very still. Her face and hands were cold, and Kazan nudged them tenderly. Her eyes were closed. He snuggled up close against her, with his ready jaws turned toward the dead man. Why was she so still, he wondered?

A long time passed, and then she moved. Her eyes opened. Her hand touched him.

Then he heard a step outside.

It was his master, and with that old thrill of fear—fear of the club—he went swiftly to the door. Yes, there was his master in the firelight—and in his hand he held the club. He was coming slowly, almost falling at each step, and his face was red with blood. But he had the club! He would beat him again—beat him terribly for hurting McCready; so Kazan slipped quietly under the tent-flap and stole off into the shadows. From out the gloom of the thick spruce he looked back, and a low whine of love and grief rose and died softly in his throat. "They would beat him always now—after that. Even she would beat him. They would hunt him down, and beat him when they found him."

From out of the glow of the fire he turned his wolfish head to the depths of the forest. There were no clubs or stinging lashes out in that gloom. They would never find him there.

For another moment he wavered. And then, as silently as one of the wild creatures whose blood was partly his, he stole away into the blackness of the night.

CHAPTER IV.

Free From Bonds.

There was a low moaning of the wind in the spruce tops as Kazan slunk off into the blackness and mystery of the forest. For hours he lay near the camp, his red and blistered eyes gazing steadily at the tent wherein the terrible thing had happened a little while before.

He knew now what death was. He could tell it farther than man. He could smell it in the air. And he knew that there was death all about him, and that he was the cause of it. He lay on his belly in the deep snow and shivered, and the three-quarters of him that was dog whined in a grief-stricken way, while the quarter that was wolf still revealed itself menacingly in his fangs, and in the vengeful glare of his eyes.

Three times the man—his master—came out of the tent, and shouted loudly, "Kazan—Kazan—Kazan!"

Three times the woman came with him. In the firelight Kazan could see her shining hair streaming about her, as he had seen it in the tent, when he had leaped up and killed the other man. In her blue eyes there was the same wild terror, and her face was white as the snow. "Kazan—Kazan—Kazan!"—and all that part of him that was dog, and not wolf, trembled joyously at the sound of her voice, and he almost crept in to take his beating. But fear of the club was the greater, and he held back, hour after hour, until

now it was silent again in the tent, and he could no longer see their shadows, and the fire was dying down.

Cautiously he crept out from the thick gloom, working his way on his belly toward the packed sledge, and what remained of the burned logs. Beyond that sledge, hidden in the darkness of the trees, was the body of the man he had killed, covered with a blanket. Thorpe, his master, had dragged it there.

He lay down, with his nose to the warm coals and his eyes leveled between his forepaws, straight at the closed tent-flap. He meant to keep awake, to watch, to be ready to slink off into the forest at the first movement there. But a warmth was rising from out of the gray ash of the fire-bed, and his eyes closed. Twice—three times—he fought himself back into watchfulness; but the last time his eyes came only half open, and closed heavily again.

In his sleep he was leaping again at the end of his chain. His jaws snapped like castanets of steel—and the sound awakened him, and he sprang to his feet, his spine as stiff as a brush, and his snarling fangs bared like ivory knives. He had awakened just in time. There was movement in the tent. His master was awake, and if he did not escape—

He sped swiftly into the thick spruce, and paused, flat and hidden, with only his head showing from behind a tree. He knew that his master would not spare him. Three times Thorpe had beaten him for snapping at McCready. The last time he would have shot him if the girl had not saved him. And now he had torn McCready's throat. He had taken the life from him, and his master would not spare him. Even the woman could not save him.

Kazan was sorry that his master had returned, dazed and bleeding, after he had torn McCready's jugular. Then he would have had her always. She would have loved him. She did love him. And he would have followed her, and fought for her always, and died for her when the time came. But Thorpe had come in from the forest again, and Kazan had slunk away quickly—for Thorpe meant to him what all men meant to him now: the club, the whip and the strange things that spat fire and death. And now—

Thorpe had come out from the tent. It was approaching dawn, and in his hand he held a rifle. A moment later the girl came out, and her hand caught the man's arm. They looked toward the thing covered by the blanket. Then she spoke to Thorpe and he suddenly straightened and threw back his head. "H-o-o-o-o—Kazan—Kazan—Kazan!" he called.

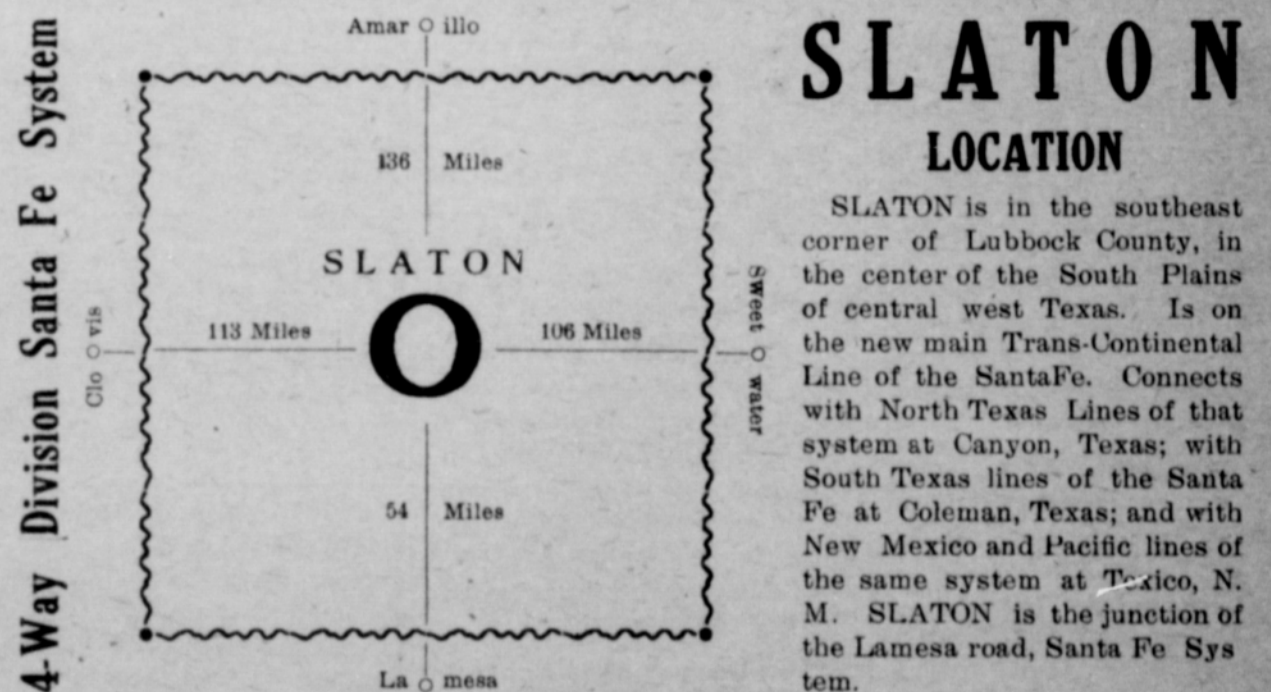
A shiver ran through Kazan. The man was trying to inveigle him back. (CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE)

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