

# THE SLATON SLATONITE

VOLUME 6

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1917.

NUMBER 32

## Kitten Brought Car of Holstein Cows to Slaton Saturday

Clem Kitten arrived home Saturday from a trip to Kansas to purchase Holstein cattle and he brought a car of twenty thoroughbred cows with him. The cows were purchased at Towanda, Kansas, from Robison Brothers, but they had just been shipped from Minnesota, and were a choice bunch. They cost \$105 a head. Mr. Kitten purchased also a Holstein bull which will come by express in a few days.

The cows all come fresh this spring, in fact the herd was increased by four calves on the road and the calves survived the trip nicely. Mr. Kitten said that he perhaps was fortunate to arrive home as soon as he did with the cattle or he might have had to charter another car.

He has sold all his other cattle and will specialize on Holsteins. He chose the Holsteins for their productiveness and for the quality of the milk. Holstein milk is valuable for cream marketing and for hog feed after being put thru the separator, and as Mr. Kitten is a hog raiser this item was carefully considered by him. The skim milk of some breeds of cows has but little more value than water after it is separated. And when a Holstein steer calf comes to the herd he makes a great big beef animal worth as much as the Hereford.

The Slatonite is pleased to record this introduction of Holstein cows into this vicinity by Mr. Kitten, who always is one of our most progressive and successful farmers and stock raisers, and we trust that many others will follow his lead. The Holstein has long been recognized as one of the best, if not

the best, breeds of all purpose cattle, and all progressive communities are adopting them as the farm favorite.

A daughter weighing nine pounds was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Levy last Friday evening.

## State Department Doesn't Like Report on Slaton Conditions

As a sequel to the visit of Inspector B. F. Smith, the mayor Monday received a letter from S. W. English, state fire marshal at Austin, which does not reflect much credit on our business men in taking care of the town. The letter states:

"We are sending you a portion of Inspector Smith's report made in connection with a recent inspection of Slaton showing DANGEROUS fire conditions noted as existing, and will thank you to give their correction or removal prompt attention, reporting to the Department. WE REGRET TO NOTE, from this report, that conditions in your town, from the viewpoint of fire prevention, show no improvement over former inspections, and that your business men do not seem interested in keeping their premises free of fire breeding agencies."

The mayor of Slaton has secured from the department a proposed Fire Marshal Ordinance which the city council will doubtless enact into a law, making a fire marshal with authority to enforce the provisions of the ordinance relating to fire prevention; and when this is done will ask the business men to cooperate and remedy these unnecessary penalties imposed on us by reason of our negligence or indifference.

## Brief Review of Work Done by the Thirty-Fifth Legislature

It has been said that the legislature has passed less constructive legislation than any of its predecessors for some years past. It has passed a goodly number of general bills and a great many local bills.

The thirty fifth legislature has been one of extreme excitement. In slang, "there was something doing all the time." If something was not being investigated or a personal row in progress, one or the other branch was recording one of the many votes on submission. This subject took up more time than any other. It was, to the fore constantly and the legislative hours given it would mount high. And it was defeated in both branches.

There were 855 bills introduced in the house and about 480 in the senate. In addition there were eighteen joint resolutions presented in the senate and nearly forty in the house. There were numerous concurrent resolutions and simple resolutions galore in both branches.

There are four important pieces of legislation which stand out above all the rest. They are, first, judicial reform; second, liberality toward education, and third, encouragement for good roads and for tick eradication. Bills were passed to extend relief to the supreme court and thus expedite the people's litigation; likewise the salaries of all higher court judges received a material increase. Many bills and a number of appropriations were recorded to assist in the cause of education. Then the thirty-fifth legislature gave the state its first highway commission and systematic effort for good roads. A constitutional amendment along the same lines is also being submitted.

The thirty fifth legislature found a new way to filibuster. The old style of never ending speeches went out of date with the rule which permits a majority to take a man off the floor when he is "speaking to delay." Nowadays he simply offers a resolution of a controversial nature. It may be an investigation or it may commend some man in public life, or invite him to address the legislature. Anyway, such a resolution will "inspire" more members to make speeches, and longer speeches, than the most important bill offered. Thus, when the opponents of a bill want to kill time or delay action, they simply had one of their number offer a resolution like those just described and the effect is like an electric shock; the members talked until they were breathless. It was the best filibustering seen in many a session.

This legislature kept off the railroads and did not enact rail road legislation.

The Slatonite will give here a brief resume of the important legislation enacted by the Thirty-Fifth legislature aside from local bills. New laws as follows:

Protecting antelope and mountain sheep for twenty five years.

Prohibiting the shipment of intoxicating liquors into dry counties.

Providing that elections shall be held in some school house, fire station or other public place.

Requiring Commissioners' Courts to publish notice of time and place for awarding all contracts over \$2,000.

Redistricting the jurisdiction of Supreme court so as to reduce

number of cases appealed to that tribunal.

Exempting buffalo and cattalo from taxation.

Reducing from \$100 to \$50 the annual tax on itinerant medicine vendors.

Stipulating that answers may be filed in cases where citation was by publication within the same time as if personal service had been secured.

Providing for citation by publication of non-residents; also persons absent from the state and unknowns.

Requiring publication in newspapers of legal notices heretofore posted.

Appropriating \$200,000 to pay bounties on predatory wild animals: \$1 for wolves, 5c for jack-rabbits, etc. Of this amount \$12,500 is for cooperative work with the federal government.

Authorizing sale or lease of State line of railroad or issue bonds for its extension to commercial centers from Rusk or Palestine. Best offer will get the extension.

Providing for a branch of the A. & M. College west of the ninety sixth meridian, location to be made by the Governor, Land Commissioner and Agricultural Commissioner.

Companion measure to the State Highway Commission bill. Patterned largely after the California law in licensing and regulating motor vehicles, also extracts from Maryland and Illinois laws. Makes rules of road eighteen miles in country, fifteen in city, six on obscure roads. Professional chauffeurs must pay \$3 annually. All motor vehicles stop within seventy-five feet of railroad crossings. License for all cars to be obtained from Highway Commission, annual fee graded between \$7.50 to \$15.00, based on horsepower. State supplies number plates. Severe penalties are imposed for violations of various provisions.

Requiring all automobile repair shops to keep accurate record of all cars repaired.

House Joint resolution No. 2 submits a constitutional amendment to the people permitting State to take depositions outside of Texas under the anti trust statute. Submitted at the general election in November, 1918.

House Joint Resolution No. 27 submits to the people the matter of increasing the State school tax from 20c to 35c on the \$100 valuation, likewise requires that free text books be furnished in the event of the adoption of such a tax. To be voted on in the general election in November, 1918.

Senate Joint Resolution No. 12 provides for the conservation of the natural resources of the State, authorizing the creation of levee districts, drainage districts, and the general reclaiming of idle lands and resources. To be voted on August 14, 1917.

Senate Joint Resolution No. 3 authorizes majority of taxpaying voters to levy a tax not exceeding 75c on the \$100 of valuation and \$1.00 on each vehicle, except horse drawn and those with tires over 3 13-16 inches in width, for road purposes. Same optional with counties and subdivisions thereof. To be voted on August 18, 1917.

A concurrent resolution was adopted submitting to the people the question of calling a constitutional convention. The election is to be held on the second Tuesday of November, 1917, to determine whether the convention shall be called and to elect two delegates from each senatorial district and ten at large. Convention, if ordered, is to meet in Austin on the second Tuesday

## 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

## 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

in January, 1918, and the Constitution there adopted to be submitted for ratification in the general election in November, 1918.

## Murray Elected Mayor Levy Elected Marshal

Quite an interest was taken in the city election Tuesday, and a heavy vote was polled. There were three candidates for mayor. R. J. Murray winning over Briggs Robertson and L. P. Loomis.

The contest of the day was

made over the marshal's race. J. C. Levy was elected the third time with a total vote of 74. J. P. Posey opposed him and received 60 votes.

Eleven men were voted on for aldermen. Ed Shoppell, G. W. Guinn, C. F. Anderson, J. S. McDonald and J. H. Teague Sr. were elected. Others on the ticket were Lee Green, Lamar Forrest, J. H. Brewer, J. S. Lanham, T. W. Austin, and R. H. Tudor.

C. W. Olive is in Fort Worth this week attending a state convocation of the Yeomen of Texas.

## 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

## Two Products of the Creator

When the Creator had made all the beautiful things of this world, He made the useful things and then the dangerous beasts, the reptiles and the poisonous insects. And when He had finished, He had some scraps left that were unfit even for the Rattlesnake, the Hyena, the Scorpion or the Skunk, so He fashioned them into a nondescript, covered it with suspicion, wrapped it with jealousy, marked it with a yellow streak, and named it a KNOCKER.

The thing was so repulsive that He had to make something that was as good as the Knocker was bad, so He took a Sunbeam and the heart of a child and placed them in the brain of a man, wrapped them in civic pride, covered the whole with brotherly love, gave it a cloak of velvet and its hands a grip of steel, and made the product a lover of fields and flowers and manly sports, made it a believer in equality and justice, and named it a BOOSTER.

And ever since these two were, mortal man has had the privilege of choosing his associates.

## Gardening Tools

Spades, hoes, rakes, shovels garden hose

Everything for preparing, planting and tending the garden

Let us supply your needs

FORREST HARDWARE

### Criminals From Dallas Taken to Penitentiary Chained in Gangs

While in the Union station at Dallas one day last week the Slatonite editor saw an incident that was indeed an interesting one to a westerner. The special agent of the state was making his periodical call to Dallas to escort to the penitentiary the output of the district court proceedings, and his "bag" on that trip consisted of ten negro men, one negro woman and four white men. The negroes were chained two abreast in a bunch, and the white men the same way in another bunch. The negro woman was not chained. The gangs were marched and berded thru the streets and the station to the waiting train, and indeed presented a touching scene. The entire gang had the appearance of having come from the gutters and dark alleys, and all but one were stolid and seemed indifferent to their journey to Huntsville. One white prisoner proved that he had lots of good and much pride left in him by going after his handkerchief and weeping copiously when he got to the waiting room of the station and found himself among law abiding people and the object of commiseration.

The display of human derelicts made some of the negroes about the station swallow pretty often, and to others it was quite a lark to witness the leave taking of the city. To a man from the west, where the taking of one man to the penitentiary is a notable event, the taking of a gang was indeed an interesting sight. And yet when we read the papers of the day before and noted the numerous crimes committed in the past twenty-four hours in the

city where a drunken man on the streets was so common that he was not noticed by the police, we could not help but wonder that so few finally were consigned to Huntsville.

### Central Texas Very Dry

On account of no rainfall this year to date, weather conditions seem pretty dry on the South Plains, and especially do the new farmers here carry an anticipating look. But we are in a better condition than is central Texas. The Slatonite editor was in central Texas last week, and it is actually and really dry there, so dry that the drinking water in many localities is about exhausted. They have not had rain for several months, and a country that has to depend on rainfall in surface tanks and cisterns for water is entitled to get serious over dry weather. We returned home feeling that the South Plains is indeed a splendid place for a home.

The work of fencing and grubbing the cemetery is now completed with the exception of hanging the gates, and this work will be done as soon as the material for the gates is received. The committee in charge of the work reports that Mrs. J. L. McNerling has paid to the cemetery fund the sum of \$30 which she collected for cemetery improvement purposes several months ago.

Pastor T. C. Willett of the M. E. Church announced last Sunday that he had secured the Rev. A. M. Martin of Stamford, Tex., to assist him in his summer revival which is to begin August 12th and last two weeks. The Methodist folks will remember Mr. Martin as the man who visited them last fall in the interest of missions and preached at the church a few times.

### Home Economic Club

The regular meeting of the Home Economic and Civic Improvement Club was held Thursday with Mrs. Robertson. After an interesting program on civic work, a delicious ice course was served to the following members and club guests: Mesdames Howerton, Paul, Proctor, Richards, Baldwin, Green, Cloud, Brannon, Wallace, Shankle, McGee, Smart, Forest, Robertson, Brewer, and the Misses Johnson and Helm.

The program for April 7th is: Leader—Mrs. Proctor. Civic Work Done by Other Towns—Mrs. Blundell.

How Those Cities Did the Work and Who Financed It—Miss Johnson.

What Should be Done to Beautify Slaton; How—Mrs. Baldwin. Plans to Interest Our People in Civic Work—Mrs. Butler.

General Discussion of Waste Paper—Leader, Mrs. Howerton. Press Reporter.

### 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.

### Baptist Church

Special services Sunday night for railroad men. Text: Job 3:26—"I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet, yet trouble came."

The morning theme will be, "New Testament Church Ordinances."

Sunday School at 10 a. m. Everyone welcome to all services. F. A. Whiteley, Pastor.

President Wilson announced Tuesday that he will accept Postmaster General Burleson's wishes and place all postoffices of the first, second and third class under the civil service, and that hereafter all persons who expect an appointment as postmaster will be required to pass a creditable examination. We can picture in our fancy the chagrin of many lifetime politicians in thus being pushed away from the post office pie counter. Many men who cannot write their names intelligently and who could not pass an examination in the fifth grade of the common schools expect to receive post office appointments in recognition of service to the party. The post masters will hereafter be appointed on merit.

Lubbock voted recently on adopting the commission form of government but the idea was defeated by fifty six votes. The commission form of government is being generally adopted by the progressive places, and the Avalanche places the failure to adopt it in Lubbock to the fact that probably many of the voters were not sufficiently informed about it to accept it. The time will be when all towns, both large and small, will be governed by the commission form.

The Methodist Church of Lubbock is now on a campaign to finance a handsome new brick church building to replace the one destroyed by fire on Feb. 3d. Bids on the building will be opened on April 10th. The Methodist Church of Lubbock is one of the strongest organizations in the conference.

Rolla Burns, county assessor, is in the Slaton vicinity recording the wealth of our farmers. Mr. Burns states that the large number of farmers in Lubbock County makes an entirely different job of assessing from what it used to be and that he will be busy for some time.

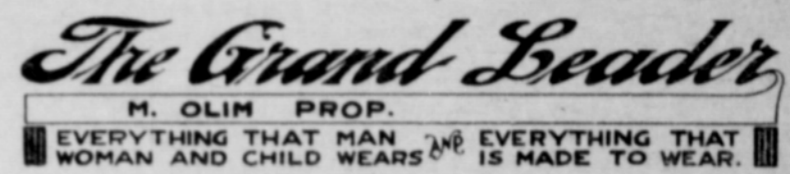
# Second Anniversary Sale Of the Grand Leader at Slaton

Enjoy this feast! Special prices all over the house.

- 12 1-2c Gingham . . . . . 10c
- 15c Gingham . . . . . 12c
- 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.



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

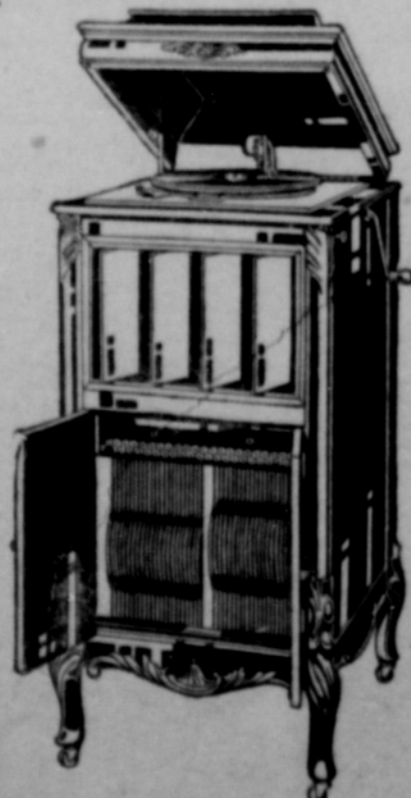
PHONE No. 73

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



### Chablis.

Chablis is one of the most typically French towns in all France. It lies in the heart of a region of famous vineyards, it has given its name to a famous wine; all the land and the air and the sky seem especially designed by providence to afford a proper luscious ripening to the big grapes that hang in great clusters from the gnarled black vine stumps. Chablis expresses itself in its wine. All the smooth lazy days, the long warm afternoons, the cool music of the little river and the hot blue of the sky seem to find their way into the casks, and the glasses that the people of Chablis sip leisurely in the inn of an evening.

All about Chablis lie the gentle rounded slopes of the vinehills, fragrant six months in the year with the various stages of the ripening grapes. The river winds its lazy way along the shallow valley, bordered by the inevitable French poplars, that stand stiff and straight in the clear sunlight. Long white roads—the endless straight white roads of France—stretch to the horizon on either hand. Chablis is like a lonely bead on a long white cord in its relation to these dusty roads.

### Why He Isn't Proud.

Bob—That boy of yours is a fine tall lad, Jack; you should be proud of him.

Jack—I ain't though.

Bob—No! How's that?

Jack—Why, he's eighteen inches taller than I am and his mother insists on cutting down his trousers to fit me!

### Newer Love.

Miss De Style—Does she think very much of that aviator?

Miss Gumbusta—Oh, yes. She worships the very ground he flies over.—Life.

### Germany's Motor Population.

According to official statistics, Germany has 60,876 motor cars, 22,457 motorcycles, 9,739 motor wagons of commercial type, and 100 motorcycle carts. The latter are motorcycles with goods transportation bodies. These figures are for January 1, 1914. The increases since January 1, 1913, are, respectively: 21,116, 2,132 and 2,036 for the first three classifications; motorcycle carts, so-called, decreased by 23.—Scientific American.

### Winter House for Hogs.

In planning to house the hogs for the winter season, do not crowd too many in one pen.

### Optimistic Thought.

The morning hour has gold in its youth.

"Say, paw," queried the little son of a railway conductor, "what's an exchequer?"

"An ex-checker, my son," replied the ticket puncher, "is a retired baggage-man."

## Read Kazan

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.

Slaton T. W. COVINGTON

## 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**

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas on April 2d.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Ward on March 29th.

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

The Slatonite editor and family were the guests of G. H. Witt, proprietor of the Singleton Hotel, for dinner Sunday, and we enjoyed the splendid menu that this popular eating place prepared for the noonday meal.

**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. 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.

A. E. Howerton was in Abilene last week on a business trip.

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

A. H. Woodward was in Fort Worth for a few days last week.

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

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.

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.

Geo. P. Gee of Little Sioux, Iowa, was in Slaton last week prospecting, and he purchased eighty acres of land near Fred Cooper's place south of this city.

Mrs. Joe Adams and her daughter, Miss Muriel, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Adams and their baby and a sister of Lubbock were visitors at the L. P. Imboden home Sunday.

Sunday's dailies contained the report of an attempted bank robbery at Handley, Texas, Saturday night. Handley is a town between Fort Worth and Dallas. The robbers ransacked a post office and a grocery store, but they failed to get into the bank vault and the bank did not lose anything. J. E. Brewer is cashier of the Handley bank. He is a brother of J. H. Brewer, cashier of the First State Bank of Slaton.

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

**Card of Thanks**

To our many friends who were so kind and helpful to us during the sickness of our little son, Georgia, we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Imboden, and family.

**Former Whitewright Editor Visits Grayson County Friends Now on Slaton South Plains**

W. Z. Spearman and his daughter, Miss Hazel, and Mr. Chas. Atkins of Ryan, Okla., were at Slaton last Friday and Saturday visiting Mr. Spearman's nephew, S. T. Montgomery, who lives just east of this city. Mr. Spearman is a newspaperman who was formerly publisher of the Whitewright Sun and he was pleasantly surprised to meet and shake hands with several Whitewright friends who now live in this vicinity.

"Zeb" Spearman is a splendid fellow to meet and he is incidentally he is one of the most popular newspapermen in Texas. He inadvertently fell heir to a statewide reputation a few years ago by indulging in a whim to become a poultry fancier. He purchased an incubator and filled it with store eggs and tended it more or less carefully for several weeks, the while writing news items about his farmer friends. If work permitted he was either watching the incubator or fishing over on Red River. He reported the progress of his plunge into poultry Wall Street week by week in the Whitewright Sun, and after he became convinced that the eggs would never hatch he buried them and wrote a book on how to become wealthy in the poultry business. As a humorist Spearman has an enviable reputation, and his chicken stories furnished a world of amusement for his subscribers. The Slatonite editor enjoyed a pleasant visit with him.

**ORIGINAL TOWNSITE AGENTS**

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

Slaton grows every day.

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

C. C. Hoffman is building a residence just south of the Baptist church.

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

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.

The rainfall over Travis county has amounted to one and eight-tenths inches for the past four months, and that has been scattered over light showers so that it has not been beneficial. The last good rain over that county was on Nov. 22, amounting to 1.22 inches. The season on the South Plains is better than it is in most any other section of Texas, and one thing we have them all out-classed on—our inexhaustible supply of good, pure, cool well water. Thank fortune we don't have to drink rain water stored in surface tanks or cisterns.

**CLASSIFIED LOCALS**

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.

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 thorobreds 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.

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.

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.

STRAYED OR STOLEN—Two horses, one coming four year old sorrel filley, Branded AD connected, on left thigh; sorrel horse, 15 1/2 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.

They are coming to Slaton.

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

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

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

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

Postmaster General Burleson has issued his order that all applicants for appointments as first, second or third class postmaster must pass examinations prepared by the civil service before being nominated for the place.

Two years ago Dr. G. H. Branham secured several small bass and placed them in the tank on his farm just south of the city. Recently the well needed some repairs and the water got low in the tank, killing some of the fish. One that he took out of the water weighed four pounds and was a beauty. With a little preparation to care for the fish in one of the dirt tanks on the South Plains where fresh water is so abundant, game fish can be raised for the family table just as easily as chickens can be raised.

**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 an experienced workman in all branches of leather repair work. Your patronage solicited.  
F. A. Erdman.

**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.

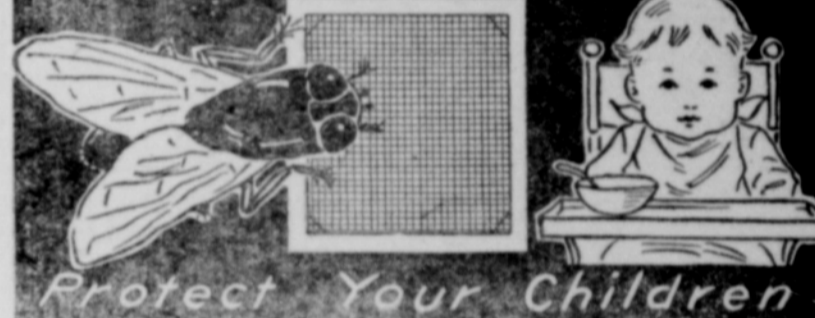
We have the "authorized" baseball and sporting goods. Take a lot of exercise and it will keep you well.

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.

**To the Grocery Buying Public of Slaton and the South Plains**

We have purchased the Slaton Sanitary Grocery from W. E. Smart and it is our purpose to carry a complete line of high grade Groceries and to give you the best of service, and we solicit your trade. We will maintain the high standard of excellence in this store and hope to merit your confidence. Our phone number is 19.

Call us often. Yours very truly,

**H. W. RAGSDALE**  
PROPRIETOR  
**Slaton Sanitary Grocery**

**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. 13, 1911 under the act of March 3, 1879.

**STATE PRESS IN HIS  
SANCTUM SANCTORUM**

While in Dallas a few days ago the Slatonite editor called fraternally on Joe J. Taylor, editor of the State Press column in the Dallas News and incidentally one of the most popular and best known men in the Lone Star state. It was with much apprehension as to our crude western culture carrying us thru the trying ordeal that we made our way to the office of State Press in the splendid new home of the Dallas News with its lavish appointments and many liveried servants. We had that at first we would brush formality aside and march to State Press' office, throw our sombrero in one corner, take a hitch or two in our chaps, grab Taylor's hand, exhortate in the direction of the waste basket, and throw the good fellow greeting something like this:

"Put 'er there, old scout! How's the old head anyway? Fishin' good anywhere along the Triality?"

But when we came to the print shop that makes the News we saw so many "No Admittance" and "Present Your Card and Wait" signs that our apprehension as to being able to get past the barriers to State Press' sanctum sanctorum was very grave. And the numerous floor men had all the appearance of being able to give any intruder a hasty and mayhap not altogether dignified exit. State Press is also a very busy and a very select personage to be reached only thru the mails.

However, our very crudeness must have been something of a novelty, as we were accorded entrance to Taylor's office in a remarkably short time, and were soon chatting in camaraderie style to an old friend. And to our surprise, amid all the splendor of the News building, State Press' office was very modestly appointed. The first thing that we noticed was a yawning waste basket beside Taylor's typewriter, and that waste basket is the biggest thing of its kind that is made. It is plenty big enough to hold the sobbing effusions of all the spring poets in Texas in addition to all of the country newspapers that go to State Press' office. We imagine that State Press has a goodly income from the daily bale of waste paper that goes out of his office.

One thing that we didn't see was the dictionary attachment to the typewriter that keeps it in such excellent spelling condition in spite of the endless vocabulary and phraseology that State Press employs. And nowhere in sight was the encyclopedia attachment to the typewriter that furnishes State Press with an exhaustless source of information. We presume that he has all these features to his machine patented and withholds them for his own exclusive employment.

However, State Press is a good old scout. He invited us to be at the meeting of the press association at Galveston, and inferred that there would be many hand some young ladies there who would be perfectly delighted for some good Samaritan to teach them to swim in the briny ocean. From all of which we conclude that State Press is more of a plutocrat than we suspected, and that he has been to the beach at other times. Also that jolly along country editors and spring poets isn't his only diversion.

Slaton grows every day.

Slaton has a distinction that entitles it to unusual consideration. This city has not announced as a candidate for the West Texas A. & M. College.

Governor Ferguson vetoed the appropriation bill for bounty on rabbits last Saturday and Monday vetoed the "bone dry" whiskey regulation law. Food for the paragrappers.

It has been generally accepted as an absolute fact that water could not be found on the Hood Ranch in Borden County, says the Gail Citizen, but recent prospects seem to indicate that there is water to be had on the ranch. The Citizen urges the prospecting for water over other places in the county, which is practically an exclusive grazing section. But very little farming is done there.

Editor Holford of the Taylor County Times comes forward as the most prosperous newspaperman in Texas, and the H. C. of L. has no terrors for him. His credit with his banker is sufficient to enable him to borrow money occasionally and to have a Sunday chicken dinner at his home. Say, Holford, what does chicken taste like, anyway? It is a little too high in price for us ordinary toilers.

And now comes Jesse Adams of the Plainview News and says that the stork overtook the Santa Fe train between Sweetwater and Plainview and left a fine baby boy. Is Plainview also jealous of Slaton that the News should seek to hide the place of the incident to keep from mentioning Slaton's name in connection with it? As a matter of fact the stork train did not pass Plainview and was not running on the Plainview branch road but was on the main line on its regular schedule for California.

Congressman Thos. L. Blanton is getting much space in the newspapers of his district, and every editor is watching closely to see how the judge is received in congress with his progressive ideas and his desire to curtail unnecessary expense and abolish so much red tape and needless time killing in that dignified body. Since the redistricting Judge Blanton is in an entirely new district and there are several politicians preparing to enter the race against him next year. The politicians will pocket Blanton if they can. He has entirely too much vim and desire to do actual work to suit the staid and ice tea drinking congressmen.

**Ragsdale Proprietor  
of Sanitary Grocery**

H. W. Ragsdale took charge of the Sanitary Grocery yesterday, as proprietor and W. E. Smart has retired from the business. Mr. Ragsdale came to Slaton several days ago from Green ville, Texas, prospecting, and the appearance of the city and the South Plains country was so pleasing to him that he purchased the Sanitary Grocery from Mr. Smart. J. S. Lanham remains with the store and there will be no change in the business other than the change in owners. Read Mr. Ragsdale's advertisement in this week's issue of the Slatonite.

**Important Notice**

To Our Customers and Friends: Beginning April 15th and continuing thru the summer months our coal business will be operated on a strictly cash basis. Have the cash ready when the coal is delivered. It is too much trouble for us to carry on our books the numerous small coal items during the summer.

Yours truly,  
Panhandle Lumber Co.  
(Houston Yard)

**C. M. McCullough Buys  
Stock of Messrs. Paul  
in Slaton State Bank**

C. M. McCullough of Amarillo recently purchased the stock in the Slaton State Bank held by Judge J. C. Paul and his son, J. H. Paul, and the transfer of the interests was consummated on April 1st when the Pauls retired from the bank and Mr. McCullough succeeded them. The stock held by Messrs. Paul carried the controlling interests of the Slaton State Bank.

Mr. McCullough was one of the first citizens of Slaton, coming here in June, 1911, as manager of the townsite for the Santa Fe Railway Company, and he sold the first town lots in this city. In 1912 he went to Tuscola to handle the Santa Fe interests there, and then he returned to Amarillo and organized the Guarantee Fund Bank, of which institution he is vice president, and it has enjoyed a remarkable growth in business. He will remain in Amarillo but will spend part of his time with the Slaton State Bank. "Mac," as he is more familiarly known, is one of the most optimistic men as to Slaton's future growth and commercial standing that the Slatonite editor has conversed with for some, and he unqualifiedly predicts a promising growth for years to come, and says that the history of the Plains is that the railroad division and shop towns are the ones that forge to the lead eventually. He cites all the division towns as proof of his assertion. Slaton in only six years has, thru the stimulus of its railroad industrial payroll, passed good towns that have had twenty years the start of our little city. As Slaton has in addition to a handsome railroad payroll a most splendid, prosperous, productive and rapidly developing farming and stock raising section contributory to our markets, we are fortunately situated as to the future. Mr. McCullough is a man who has kept in close touch with Santa Fe affairs for years and his return to Slaton is a good omen for our city. He states that it has been his desire for some time to again become affiliated with Slaton's business interests, and that he secured a controlling interest in one of our banking institutions at the first opportunity.

J. H. Paul will be in the bank for the present, and has made no announcements as to his future investments. He and his father have been in Slaton from its first history, and they have nice homes here and have built up the banking business that they have just sold. They have numerous friends here who regret their decision to sever connections with the bank.

J. G. Wadsworth will remain in the Slaton State Bank.

**Regarding Static  
Electricity in Presses**

Numerous complaints have been made by newspapermen over the South Plains about the presence of electricity in the paper giving them considerable trouble in printing, and perhaps the Slatonite can help them out a little. The electricity is static electricity, caused by the friction between the drum of the press and the type in printing and is present at all times but does not bother at certain seasons for the following reasons:

Water is the best conductor of electricity. All people know that a telephone line has to have a ground wire into moist or damp earth along its course to carry off static electricity for the phone to give good service. During the long dry spell in the winter on the Plains the ground becomes dry and will not conduct the static electricity away from



**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

the printing presses. In reality, the press becomes insulated high and dry and retains every particle of electricity generated while in operation. In rainy seasons the ground is moist and readily conducts the electricity into the ground.

To take this electricity away from the press it is necessary to get a good ground connection with the machinery. The foundation it usually sets on is a splendid insulator and this must be overcome by getting a connection between the press and the moist ground. The Slatonite has found that the most practicable way is to throw several buckets of water under the press. This moistens the foundation, the floor and the ground and conducts the electricity away from the press.

Then get a good wire connection from the table, where the papers are delivered from the press, to the ground and conduct the electricity away from the stack as the papers are laid, and you will have done all you can.

Try it and if it's worth anything, pass the good word along.

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

**MILITARY SCHOOLS  
TO GIVE OFFICERS**

Many Cadets in Private Institutions Available for War.

**CIVILIAN AID IS IMPORTANT**

Engineering, Signal and Aviation Corps of United States Army Could Be Quickly Recruited in Emergency.

By KENNETH MACDOUGALL.  
New York.—In the event of the calling out of militia and volunteer troops, there are many cadets in the various private military institutions in the United States who could speedily be made available for second lieutenantcies and some higher ranks in the volunteer forces.

One of the most prominent institutions in the country from a military standpoint is Norwich university, at Norwich, Vt., which has graduated numerous men into the army as second lieutenants. The graduating class is between eighty and one hundred and twenty men every year, and the institution has kept fairly good track of its available sons after they have left college. At a conservative estimate, Norwich could furnish a thousand men who have passed an examination required as entrance to the regular army as second lieutenant of infantry, five hundred second lieutenants of cavalry and about three hundred artillery second lieutenants.

Many of the men have kept well informed in military matters, while others, of course, would need considerable brushing up in modern tactics. Norwich has maintained the same standards of study and execution of military drill that the cadets at West Point are held to, and fully a sixth of its graduating classes have followed an army career.

In training, the graduates are probably superior in knowledge and executive ability to two-thirds of the militia captains and some majors in the National Guard.

They have served under military officers of the highest type for a four-year course, and during that time have had to work hard and faithfully in order to graduate.

7,000 Men Available.

A like condition is true of perhaps twenty-five other private military schools in the United States designated by the war department as "distinguished institutions." These schools could bring to the colors, about 7,000 fully or partially-trained lieutenants. Besides these there are some ten thousand college men who have attended training camps like Plattsburg, and who in a short time could be whipped into good enough shape to take command of volunteer infantry.

The Culver school at Culver, Ind., is perhaps a close second to Norwich university as regards cavalry material. The showing made by Culver boys while stationed on the border in the recent mobilization attracted widespread attention among army men.

The Engineering corps of the regular army could be readily recruited in officers and men from the civil population engaged in similar pursuits as a daily occupation. The supremacy of concrete construction in this country would indicate there would be no trouble in securing enough capable engineers and non-commissioned officers to erect or construct necessary gun emplacements and additional defenses.

The Signal corps picked from civilians engaged in like work would soon be as good as the regular units, in fact probably better, as the class of men in the New York militia units of that branch of service made the regulars on the border recently sit up and eat humble pie.

There are more civilian aviators than there are regular army aviators, and from present indications the former are more experienced.

The European war has shown that it does not take long to instruct military aerial observers and these could be trained in a short time.

Transport Difficulties Small.

As for transport and quartermaster corps there would be little or no difficulty in finding plenty of business men who would be capable of handling these branches of service in fitting manner. The system of supply and transportation might be slow at first, but when one is acquainted with the fact that in New York state alone there are 310,457 automobiles, fully half of which could be utilized as light or heavy transport trucks, and the remainder converted into cars for officers and for courier service, it will be understood that there are no very great obstacles in the way of supply trains.

Railroad transportation on account of the length of our coast line would

present some difficulties at first, but without doubt could be remedied with great speed.

The mobilization of the manufacturing industries of the nation has already been worked out by the authorities at Washington.

Of men we have plenty. Materials in the crude state we have sufficient, but rifles, heavy artillery and ammunition enough, let alone uniforms, blankets, equipment, medical supplies, etc., are a different story.

The Red Cross has plenty of nurses to put on the field for the first line hospitals. Ambulance corps such as were formed in France could be quickly put into commission and would undoubtedly do good service.

The militia of the country is probably in better shape from a military standpoint than it ever was in the history of its organization. If enough regular army officers were available to distribute among the various commands, it would be a fairly efficient fighting force. Unfortunately there are many officers in the militia of the country who have no right from military or mental qualifications to wear shoulder straps.

American Legion Intact.

The American Legion, while officially disbanded, is still intact. On the books of the organization, which have been preserved, are the names of some 18,000 men who have seen active service in various parts of the world, either as officers or enlisted men. Catalogued under proper headings are about 33,000 men or boys who are experts at some trade necessary to the army. There are telegraph operators, miners, high explosive men, railroad engineers, civil engineers, ammunition makers, draughtsmen, wagon makers, automobile mechanics and drivers, cowboys, hotel stewards, men in all branches of life suitable for the commissary departments, electricians, etc. This list should be of decided value to the war department.

These are but few of the ways, manners, men and materials which can be called into play if the country finds it necessary.

In conclusion, I would call attention to the Boy Scouts of America, who could help in the event of war in any number of ways, and who, I am sure, would rise to the emergency in the same plucky manner as their little brother scouts have done in every country in Europe.

That the women of America would shoulder their share of the burden, no true American for a minute doubts; they have done it in the past and can do it in the future.

To mobilize all the industries, men, organizations, etc., would of course require more time than it has in the countries of Europe, but it would be done. The American people have a habit of taking a lot for granted, but when an emergency arises they generally are able to meet it.

**Standard, Eclipse and  
Monitor Windmills**

**Pipe and Pipe Fittings  
Galvanized Tanks  
and Casing**

ALL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

**MORGAN & PETTY**  
Slaton, Texas

# KAZAN

By James Oliver Curwood

Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

old cat was strong upon him. He wanted to crawl in to it, and feel the girl's hand on his head, as he had felt that other hand in the world beyond the ridge. He would have gone—and would have urged Gray Wolf to go with him—but the man was there. He whined, and Gray Wolf thrust her warm muzzle against his neck. Something told them both that they were outcasts, that the plains, and the moon, and the stars were against them now, and they slunk into the shelter and the gloom of the forest.

Kazan could not go far. He could still smell the camp when he lay down. Gray Wolf snuggled close to him. Gently she soothed with her soft tongue Kazan's bleeding wounds. And Kazan, lifting his head, whined softly to the stars.

## CHAPTER VII.

Joan.

On the edge of the cedar and spruce forest old Pierre Radisson built the fire. He was bleeding from a dozen wounds, where the fangs of the wolves had reached to his flesh, and he felt in his breast that old and terrible pain, of which no one knew the meaning but himself. He dragged in log after log, piled them on the fire until the flames leaped up to the crisp needles of the limbs above, and heaped a supply close at hand for use later in the night.

From the sledge Joan watched him, still wild-eyed and fearful, still trembling. She was holding her baby close to her breast. Her long heavy hair smothered her shoulders and arms in a dark lustrous veil that glistened and rippled in the firelight when she moved. Her young face was scarcely a woman's tonight, though she was a mother. She looked like a child.

Old Pierre laughed as he threw down the last armful of fuel, and stood breathing hard.

"It was close, ma cherie," he panted through his white beard. "We were near to death out there on the plain than we will ever be again, I hope. But we are comfortable now, and warm. Eh? You are no longer afraid?"

He sat down beside his daughter, and gently pulled back the soft fur that enveloped the bundle she held in her arms. He could see one pink cheek of baby Joan. The eyes of Joan, the mother, were like stars.

"It was the baby who saved us," she whispered. "The dogs were being torn to pieces by the wolves, and I saw them leaping upon you, when one of them sprang to the sledge. At first I thought it was one of the dogs. But it was a wolf. He tore once at us, and the bear-skin saved us. He was almost at my throat when baby cried, and then he stood there, his red eyes a foot from us, and I could have sworn that he was a dog. In an instant he turned, and was fighting the wolves. I saw him leap upon one that was almost at your throat."

"He was a dog," said old Pierre, holding out his hands to the warmth. "They often wander away from the posts, and join the wolves. I have had dogs do that. Ma cherie, a dog is a dog all his life. Kicks, abuse, even the wolves cannot change him—for long. He was one of the pack. He came with them—to kill. But when he found us—"

"He fought for us," breathed the girl. She gave him the bundle, and stood up, straight and tall and slim in the firelight. "He fought for us—and he was terribly hurt," she said. "I saw him drag himself away. Father, if he is out there—dying—"

Pierre Radisson stood up. He coughed in a shuddering way, trying to stifle the sound under his beard. The fleck of crimson that came to his lips with the cough Joan did not see. She had seen nothing of it during the six days they had been traveling up from the edge of civilization. Because of that cough, and the strain that came with it, Pierre had made more than ordinary haste.

"I have been thinking of that," he said. "He was badly hurt, and I do not think he went far. Here—take little Joan and sit close to the fire until I come back."

The moon and the stars were brilliant in the sky when he went out in the plain. A short distance from the edge of the timber line he stood for a moment upon the spot where the wolves had overtaken them an hour before. Not one of his four dogs had lived. The snow was red with their blood, and their bodies lay stiff where they had fallen under the pack. Pierre shuddered as he looked at them. If the wolves had not turned their first mad attack upon the dogs, what would have become of himself, Joan and the baby? He turned away, with another of those hollow coughs that brought the blood to his lips.

A few yards to one side he found in the snow the trail of the strange dog that had come with the wolves, and had turned against them in that moment when all seemed lost. It was not

a clean running trail. It was more of a furrow in the snow, and Pierre Radisson followed it, expecting to find the dog dead at the end of it.

In the sheltered spot to which he had dragged himself in the edge of the forest Kazan lay for a long time after the fight, alert and watchful. He felt no very great pain. But he had lost the power to stand upon his legs. His flanks seemed paralyzed. Gray Wolf crouched close at his side, sniffing the air. They could smell the camp, and Kazan could detect the two things that were there—man and woman. He knew that the girl was there, where he could see the glow of the firelight through the spruce and the cedars. He wanted to go to her. He wanted to drag himself close in to the fire, and take Gray Wolf with him, and listen to her voice, and feel the touch of her hand. But the man was there, and to him man had always meant the club, the whip, pain, death.

Gray Wolf crouched close to his side, and whined softly as she urged Kazan to flee deeper with her into the forest. At last she understood that he could not move, and she ran nervously out into the plain, and back again, until her footprints were thick in the trail she made. The instincts of matehood were strong in her. It was she who first saw Pierre Radisson coming over their trail, and she ran swiftly back to Kazan and gave the warning.

Then Kazan caught the scent, and he saw the shadowy figure coming through the starlight. He tried to drag himself back, but he could move only by inches. The man came rapidly nearer. Kazan caught the glint of the rifle in his hand. He heard his hollow cough, and the tread of his feet in the snow. Gray Wolf crouched shoulder to shoulder with him, trembling and showing her teeth. When Pierre had approached within fifty feet of them she slunk back into the deeper shadows of the spruce.

Kazan's fangs were bared menacingly when Pierre stopped and looked down at him. With an effort he dragged himself to his feet, but fell back into the snow again. The man leaned his rifle against a sapling and bent over him fearlessly. With a fierce growl Kazan snapped at his extended hands. To his surprise the man did not pick up a stick or a club. He held out his hand again—cautiously—and spoke in a voice new to Kazan. The dog snarled again, and growled.

The man persisted, talking to him all the time, and once his mittened hand touched Kazan's head, and escaped before the jaws could reach it. Again and again the man reached out his hand, and three times Kazan felt the touch of it, and there was neither threat nor hurt in it. At last Pierre turned away and went back over the trail.

When he was out of sight and hearing, Kazan whined, and the crest along his spine flattened. He looked wistfully toward the glow of the fire. The man had not hurt him, and the three-quarters of him that was dog wanted to follow.

Gray Wolf came back, and stood with stiffly planted forefeet at his side. She had never been this near to man before, except when the pack had overtaken the sledge out on the plain. She could not understand. Every instinct that was in her warned her that he was the most dangerous of all things, more to be feared than the strongest beasts, the storms, the floods, cold and starvation. And yet this man had not harmed her mate. She sniffed at Kazan's back and head, where the mittened hand had touched. Then she trotted back into the darkness again, for beyond the edge of the forest she once more saw moving life.

The man was returning, and with him was the girl. Her voice was soft and sweet, and there was about her the breath and sweetness of woman. The man stood prepared, but not threatening.

"Be careful, Joan," he warned. She dropped on her knees in the snow, just out of reach.

"Come, boy—come!" she said gently. She held out her hand. Kazan's muscles twitched. He moved an inch—two inches toward her. There was the old light in her eyes and face now, the love and gentleness he had known once before, when another woman with shining hair and eyes had come into his life. "Come!" she whispered as she saw him move, and she bent a little, reached a little farther with her hand, and at last touched his head.

Pierre knelt beside her. He was proffering something, and Kazan smelled meat. But it was the girl's hand that made him tremble and shiver, and when she drew back, urging him to follow her, he dragged himself painfully a foot or two through the snow. Not until then did the girl see his mangled leg. In an instant she had forgotten all caution, and was down close at his side.

"He can't walk," she cried, a sudden tremble in her voice. "Look, mon pere! Here is a terrible cut. We must carry him."

"I guessed that much," replied Radisson. "For that reason I brought the blanket. Mon Dieu, listen to that!"

From the darkness of the forest there came a low wailing cry. Kazan lifted his head and a trembling whine answered in his throat. It was Gray Wolf calling to him.

It was a miracle that Pierre Radisson should put the blanket about Kazan, and carry him in to the camp, without scratch or bite. It was this miracle that he achieved, with Joan's arm resting on Kazan's shaggy neck as she held one end of the blanket. They laid him down close to the fire, and after a little it was the man again who brought warm water and washed away the blood from the torn leg, and then

put something on it that was soft and warm and soothing, and finally bound a cloth about it.

All this was strange and new to Kazan. Pierre's hand, as well as the girl's, stroked his head. It was the man who brought him a gruel of meal and tallow, and urged him to eat, while Joan sat with her chin in her two hands, looking at the dog, and talking to him. After this, when he was quite comfortable, and no longer afraid, he



"I Guessed That Much."

heard a strange small cry from the furry bundle on the sledge that brought his head up with a jerk.

Joan saw the movement, and heard the low answering whimper in his throat. She turned quickly to the bundle, talking and cooing to it as she took it in her arms, and then she pulled back the bearskin so that Kazan could see. He had never seen a baby before, and Joan held it out before him, so that he could look straight at it and see what a wonderful creature it was. Its little pink face stared steadily at Kazan. Its tiny fists reached out, and it made queer little sounds at him, and then suddenly it kicked and screamed with delight and laughed. At those sounds Kazan's whole body relaxed, and he dragged himself to the girl's feet.

"See, he likes the baby!" she cried. "Mon pere, we must give him a name. What shall it be?"

"Wait till morning for that," replied the father. "It is late, Joan. Go into the tent, and sleep. We have no dogs now, and will travel slowly. So we must start early."

With her hand on the tent-flap, Joan turned.

"He came with the wolves," she said. "Let us call him Wolf." With one arm she was holding the little Joan. The other she stretched out to Kazan. "Wolf! Wolf!" she called softly.

Kazan's eyes were on her. He knew that she was speaking to him, and he drew himself a foot toward her.

"He knows it already!" she cried. "Good night, mon pere."

For a long time after she had gone into the tent, old Pierre Radisson sat on the edge of the sledge, facing the fire, with Kazan at his feet. Suddenly the silence was broken again by Gray Wolf's lonely howl deep in the forest. Kazan lifted his head and whined.

"She's calling for you, boy," said Pierre understandingly.

He coughed, and clutched a hand to his breast, where the pain seemed rending him.

"Frost-bitten lung," he said, speaking straight at Kazan. "Got it early in the winter, up at Fond du Lac. Hope we'll get home—in time—with the kids."

In the loneliness and emptiness of the big northern wilderness one falls into the habit of talking to one's self. But Kazan's head was alert, and his eyes watchful, so Pierre spoke to him.

"We've got to get them home, and there's only you and me to do it," he said, twisting his beard. Suddenly he clenched his fists.

His hollow racking cough convulsed him again.

"Home!" he panted, clutching his chest. "It's eighty miles straight north—to the Churchill—and I pray to God we'll get there—with the kids—before my lungs give out."

He rose to his feet, and staggered a little as he walked. There was a collar about Kazan's neck, and he chained him to the sledge. After that he dragged three or four small logs upon the fire, and went quietly into the tent where Joan and the baby were already asleep. Several times that night Kazan heard the distant voice of Gray Wolf calling for him, but something told him that he must not answer it now. Toward dawn Gray Wolf came close in to the camp, and for the first time Kazan replied to her.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Message.

Kazan's howl awakened the man. He came out of the tent, peered for a few moments up at the sky, built up the fire, and began to prepare breakfast. He patted Kazan on the head, and gave him a chunk of meat. Joan came out a few moments later, leaving the baby asleep in the tent. She ran up and kissed Pierre, and then dropped down on her knees beside Kazan, and talked to him almost as he had heard her talk to the baby. When she jumped up to help her father, Kazan followed her, and when Joan saw him standing firmly upon his legs she gave a cry of pleasure.

It was a strange journey that began into the north that day. Pierre Radisson emptied the sledge of everything but the tent, blankets, food and the

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back from the State Highway Commission fifty per cent of the total tax collected in the county, which is to be expended by the County Commission for the of roads and highways.

Under the old statutes cars were registered with the county clerk and a number secured. A fee of fifty cents was required, which was the property of the clerk. Numbers were issued in each county running from one upward.

The beauty of the new law with reference to numbers issued by the Highway Commission running from one upward in the state was shown by County Clerk Sam B. Motlow Thursday, thus:

"Each county has been issuing its own numbers. It was not required that the county bearing the number should be shown. For instance, a man with car 00115 of Blank County might be in Dallas and run over a man, seriously injuring him. The number of the machine is seen as the car speeds away. But as many counties have the same number, officers are unable to tell who owned the car, and possibly the culprit will escape. The

State Highway Commission will give out the numbers and no other man will have a number similar to a man in another part of the state. When a number is seen after an accident officers can communicate with the State Highway Commission and quickly ascertain whether he lives in Potter or Harris County, regardless of where the accident may have occurred."—Amarillo News.

The name of the A. C. Houston Lumber Yard of Slaton has been changed to the Panhandle Lumber Company to conform to the name carried by all the Houston yards in Northwest Texas.



SLATON RED CROSS PHARMACY

## New Law Governing Operation of Autos Hits the Joy-Riders

Beginning July 1, 1917, all owners of automobiles and motor vehicles must register their cars every year with the State Highway Commission, in compliance with the new statutes. On account of the new law having been given little publicity, many are not cognizant of the details in connection with it.

Owners of auto and motor vehicle equipment must pay to the Commission a tax of 35 cents per horse power. Motorcycle tax will be \$3.00 each. The tax on autos will be no less than \$7.50 each per annum. Dealers of cars must pay \$15.00 on the first demonstration car and \$5.00 for each additional demonstration car number up to five.

Citizens of other states will be exempt for thirty days from paying a tax to the State Highway Commission of Texas. However, after that time out of state owners must register under certain rules and regulations specially provided for them.

To operate a car of any kind without a number will bring down a fine of from \$10 to \$25. Each day such car is operated without a number will constitute a separate offense against the statute.

The County of Potter will get

## Advertising

Advertising is the education of the public as to who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer in the way of skill, talent or commodity. The only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer in the way of commodity or service.

—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 sledge dog, one-quarter wolf and three-quarters "hukey," 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 V.**

**Leader of the Pack.**

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 back on his haunches and called to the moon and the stars, those swift-footed hunters of the big plain would respond to it. He circled twice about the caribou and the pack, and then trotted off to the edge of the black spruce forest.

When he reached the shadows he looked back. Gray Wolf was following him. She was only a few yards behind. And now she came up to him, a little timidly, and she, too, looked back to the dark blotch of life out on the lake. And as she stood there close beside him, Kazan sniffed at something in the air that was not the scent of blood, nor the perfume of the balsam and spruce. It was a thing that seemed to come to him from the clear stars, the cloudless moon, the strange and beautiful quiet of the night itself. And its presence seemed to be a part of Gray Wolf.

He looked at her, and he found Gray Wolf's eyes alert and questioning. She was young—so young that she seemed scarcely to have passed out of puppy-

hood. Her body was strong and slim and beautifully shaped. In the moonlight the hair under her throat and along her back shone sleek and soft. She whined at the red staring light in Kazan's eyes, and it was not a puppy's whimper. Kazan moved toward her, and stood with his head over her back, facing the pack. He felt her trembling against his chest. He looked at the moon and the stars again, the mystery of Gray Wolf and of the night throbbing in his blood.

Not much of his life had been spent at the posts. Most of it had been on the trail—in the traces—and the spirit of the mating season had only stirred him from afar. But it was very near now. Gray Wolf lifted her head. Her soft muzzle touched the wound on his neck, and in the gentleness of that touch, in the low sound in her throat, Kazan felt and heard again that wonderful something that had come with the caress of the woman's hand and the sound of her voice.

He turned, whining, his back bristling, his head high and defiant of the wilderness which he faced. Gray Wolf trotted close at his side as she entered into the gloom of the forest.

**CHAPTER VI.**

**The Fight in the Snow.**

They found shelter that night under thick balsam, and when they lay down on the soft carpet of needles which the snow had not covered, Gray Wolf snuggled her warm body close to Kazan and licked his wounds. The day broke with a velvety fall of snow, so white and thick that they could not see a dozen leaps ahead of them in the open. It was quite warm, and so still that the whole world seemed filled with only the flutter and whisper of the snowflakes. Through this day Kazan and Gray Wolf traveled side by side. Time and again he turned his head back to the ridge over which he had come, and Gray Wolf could not understand the strange note that trembled in his throat.

In the afternoon they returned to what was left of the caribou doe on the lake. In the edge of the forest Gray Wolf hung back. She did not yet know the meaning of poison-baits, deadfalls and traps, but the instinct of numberless generations was in her veins, and it told her there was danger in visiting a second time a thing that had grown cold in death.

Kazan had seen masters work about carcasses that the wolves had left. He had seen them conceal traps cleverly, and roll little capsules of strychnine in the fat of the entrails, and once he had put a foreleg in a trap, and had experienced its sting and pain and deadly grip. But he did not have Gray Wolf's fear. He urged her to accom-

pany him to the white hummocks on the ice, and at last she went with him and sank back restlessly on her haunches, while he dug out the bones and pieces of flesh that the snow had kept from freezing. But she would not eat, and at last Kazan went and sat on his haunches at her side, and with her looked at what he had dug out from under the snow. He sniffed the air. He could not smell danger, but Gray Wolf told him that it might be there.

She told him many other things in the days and nights that followed. The third night Kazan himself gathered the hunt-pack and led in the chase. Three times that month, before the moon left the skies, he led the chase, and each time there was a kill. But as the snows began to grow softer under his feet he found a greater and greater companionship in Gray Wolf, and they hunted alone, living on the big white rabbits. In all the world he had loved but two things, the girl with the shining hair and the hands that had caressed him—and Gray Wolf.

He did not leave the big plain, and often he took his mate to the top of the ridge and he would try to tell her what he had left back there. With the dark nights the call of the woman became so strong upon him that he was filled with a longing to go back, and take Gray Wolf with him.

Something happened very soon after that. They were crossing the open plain one day when up on the face of the ridge Kazan saw something that made his heart stand still. A man, with a dog-sledge and team, was coming down into their world. The wind had not warned them, and suddenly Kazan saw something glisten in the man's hand. He knew what it was. It was the thing that spat fire and thunder, and killed.

He gave his warning to Gray Wolf, and they were off like the wind, side by side. And then came the sound—and Kazan's hatred of men burst forth in a snarl as he leaped. There was a queer humming over their heads. The sound from behind came again, and this time Gray Wolf gave a yelp of pain, and rolled over in the snow. She was on her feet again in an instant, and Kazan dropped behind her, and ran there until they reached the shelter of the timber. Gray Wolf lay down, and began licking the wound in her shoulder. Kazan faced the ridge. The man was taking up their trail. He stopped where Gray Wolf had fallen, and examined the snow. Then he came on.

Kazan urged Gray Wolf to her feet, and they made for the thick swamp close to the lake. All that day they kept in the face of the wind, and when Gray Wolf lay down Kazan stole back over their trail, watching and sniffing the air.

For days after that Gray Wolf ran lame, and when once they came upon the remains of an old camp, Kazan's teeth were bared in snarling hatred of the man-scent that had been left behind. Growing in him there was a desire for vengeance—vengeance for his own hurts, and for Gray Wolf's. He tried to nose out the man-trail under the cover of fresh snow, and Gray Wolf circled around him anxiously. At last he followed her sullenly. There was a savage redness in his eyes.

Three days later the new moon came. And on the fifth night Kazan struck a trail. It was fresh—so fresh that he stopped as suddenly as though struck by a bullet when he ran upon it, and stood with every muscle in his body quivering, and his hair on end. It was a man-trail. There were the marks of the sledge, the dog's feet, and the snowshoe prints of his enemy.

Then he threw up his head to the stars, and from his throat there rolled out over the wide plains the hunt-cry—the wild and savage call for the pack. Never had he put the savagery in it that was there tonight. Again and again he sent forth that call, and then there came an answer and another and still another, until Gray Wolf herself sat back on her haunches and added her voice to Kazan's, and far out on the plain a white and haggard-faced man halted his exhausted dogs to listen, while a voice said faintly from the sledge:

"The wolves, father. Are they coming—after us?"

The man was silent. He was not young. The moon shone in his long white beard, and added grotesquely to the height of his tall gaunt figure. A girl had raised her head from a bear-skin pillow on the sleigh. Her dark eyes were filled beautifully with the starlight. She was pale. Her hair fell in a thick shining braid over her shoulder, and she was hugging something tightly to her breast.

"They're on the trail of something—probably a deer," said the man, looking at the breach of his rifle. "Don't worry, Jo. We'll stop at the next bit of scrub and see if we can't find enough dry stuff for a fire. Wee-ab-h-h, boys! Koosh—koosh—" and he snapped his whip over the backs of his team.

From the bundle at the girl's breast there came a small wailing cry. And far back in the plain there answered it the scattered voice of the pack.

At last Kazan was on the trail of vengeance. He ran slowly at first, with Gray Wolf close beside him, pausing every three or four hundred yards to send forth the cry. A gray leaping form joined them from behind. Another followed. Two came in from the side, and Kazan's solitary howl gave place to the wild tongue of the pack. Numbers grew, and with increasing number the pace became swifter. Four—six—seven—ten—fourteen, by the time the more open and wind-swept part of the plain was reached.

It was a strong pack, filled with old and fearless hunters. Gray Wolf was the youngest, and she kept close to Kazan's shoulders. She could see nothing

of his red-shot eyes and dripping jaws, and would not have understood if she had seen. But she could feel and she was thrilled by the spirit of that strange and mysterious savagery that had made Kazan forget all things but hurt and death.

The pack made no sound. There was only the panting of breath and the soft fall of many feet. They ran swiftly and close. And always Kazan was a leap ahead, with Gray Wolf nosing his shoulder. When at last he saw a moving blotch far out on the plain ahead of him, the cry that came out of his throat was one that Gray Wolf did not understand.

Three hundred yards beyond that moving blotch was the thin line of timber, and Kazan and his followers bore down swiftly. Halfway to the timber they were almost upon it, and suddenly it stopped and became a black and motionless shadow on the snow. From out of it there leaped that lightning tongue of flame that Kazan had always dreaded, and he heard the hissing song of the death-bee over his head. He did not mind it now. He yelped sharply, and the wolves roared in until four of them were neck-and-neck with him.

A second flash—and the death-bee drove from breast to tail of a huge gray fighter close to Gray Wolf. A third—a fourth—a fifth spurt of that fire from the black shadow, and Kazan himself felt a sudden swift passing of a red-hot thing along his shoulder, where the man's last bullet shaved off the hair and stung his flesh.

Three of the pack had gone down under the fire of the rifle, and half of the others were swinging to the right and the left. But Kazan drove straight ahead. Faithfully Gray Wolf followed him.

The sledge-dogs had been freed from their traces, and before he could reach the man, whom he saw with his rifle held like a club in his hands, Kazan was met by the fighting mass of them. He fought like a fiend, and there was the strength and the fierceness of two mates in the mad gnashing of Gray Wolf's fangs. Kazan wanted to reach the man who held the rifle, and he freed himself from the fighting mass of the dogs and sprang to the sledge. For the first time he saw that there was something human on the sledge, and in an instant he was upon it. He buried his jaws deep. They sank in something soft and hairy, and he opened them for another lunge. And then he heard the voice! It was her voice! Every muscle in his body stood still. He became suddenly like flesh turned to lifeless stone.

Her voice; the bear rug was thrown back and what had been hidden under it he saw clearly now in the light of the moon and the stars. In him instinct worked more swiftly than human brain could have given birth to reason. It was not she. But the voice was the

same, and the white girlish face so close to his own blood-reddened eyes held in it that same mystery that he had learned to love. And he saw now that which she was clutching to her breast, and there came from it a strange thrilling cry.

In a flash he turned. He snapped at Gray Wolf's flank, and she dropped away with a startled yelp. It had all happened in a moment, but the man was almost down. Kazan leaped under his clubbed rifle and drove into the face of what was left of the pack. His fangs cut like knives. If he had fought like a demon against the dogs, he fought like ten demons now, and the man—bleeding and ready to fall—staggered back to the sledge, marveling at what was happening. For in Gray Wolf there was now the instinct of matehood, and seeing Kazan tearing and fighting the pack she joined him in the struggle which she could not understand.

When it was over, Kazan and Gray Wolf were alone out on the plain. The pack had slunk away into the night, and the same moon and stars that had



Fought Like Ten Demons Now.

given to Kazan the first knowledge of his birthright told him now that no longer would those wild brothers of the plains respond to his call when he howled into the sky.

He was hurt. And Gray Wolf was hurt, but not so badly as Kazan. He was torn and bleeding. One of his legs was terribly bitten. After a time he saw a fire in the edge of the forest. The

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE)

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## SLATON LOCATION

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

### Advantages and Improvements

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

### BUSINESS SECTION AND RESIDENCES BUILT

3000 feet of business streets are graded and macadamized and several residence streets are graded; there are 30 business buildings of brick and reinforced concrete, with others to follow; 700 residences under construction and completed.

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