

# The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: OCTOBER 30, 1914.

Number 9.

## FORTY SECTIONS OF SLATON LAND TO BE COLONIZED

There has come to the Slatonite's knowledge in the last few days the consummation of a real estate deal that is of great importance to the Slaton South Plains country.

Jas. Barbro of Williamson County, Texas, was in Slaton last week looking over the town in the interests of a Miss Alice McFadin who desires to build a nice residence here for her own use. The plans for the residence call for an expenditure of several thousand dollars.

Miss McFadin purchased this fall the J. R. Miller ranch 15 miles southwest of Slaton from A. D. Shook of Tahoka, and other lands, making 40 sections in all, and will colonize the land from Slaton. Her plans call for the building of 25 farm houses, and a large amount of other improvements.

This purchase of the property was made some time ago, but it was only recently that the plans in regard to the land were made known here.

## PAUL P. MURRAY NOW IN CITY

Paul P. Murray of Clifton, Ariz., arrived in Slaton the first of the week, and will make his home here for several months. He has considerable city property and will improve some of it. He owns a fine farming tract just south of town that he will improve with fences, a well, buildings, etc., and will put the land under cultivation. He says he will start this work as soon as he finishes looking at the many improvements that have been made in the city since his last visit here, and after he has seen some of the splendid farms and bumper crops that Slaton has.

Mr. Murray was here three years ago, and states that the Slaton country has certainly made rapid development since then. He says he has land in several different places, including the famed Mesilla Valley, New Mexico, but that he prizes his Slaton acres above them all. Also that the Slaton soil, the Slaton water and rainfall, and the Slaton climate is a combination for an ideal home that he believes cannot be equalled at any other place in the little old U. S. He sees a brilliant future for the city of Slaton, and that at no distant date.

Mr. Murray is master mechanic in the machine shops of the Shannon Copper Company of Clifton. The mines have shut down for the winter on account of the copper market being so low.

C. C. Hoffman sold two ten-acre tracts in South Slaton this week, one tract to Mrs. Maggie Brasfield and the other to I. W. Meyer. The consideration in each case was \$65.00 per acre. Mrs. Brasfield and Mr. Meyer will each build on their land and make home places of the tracts.



## Bring Us Your Orders for Choice Groceries and They Will Be Quickly and Honestly Filled.

Everything of the best with full weight or measure guaranteed. Teas, Coffees, Jams, Canned Fruits, Sugar, Cheese, Flour--in fact, everything for your table that is usually kept in a first-class grocery, is at our store in high-grade goods at very reasonable prices. We shall greatly appreciate your orders.

## Slaton Sanitary Grocery

Proctor & Olive, Proprietors

Sanitary Way is the Only Way. You Only Pay for What You Buy and at Lower Prices.

## WORTHAM LAND SOLD TO KANSAS WHEAT RAISERS

A deal that has been under transaction since Oct. 1st for the sale of the St. Augustine school land five miles north of Slaton was consummated last week, and the land was transferred from John L. Wortham and Sheb Williams to a syndicate composed of J. G. Edwards and V. O. Standish of Larned, Kans., and Harold Rippell of Dodge City, Kans. The land comprises two and two thirds leagues, 11,808 acres, and every acre of this large tract is tillable, smooth, and of rich soil. The consideration is announced as being \$35 per acre, the work horses and mules, farm machinery, tools, improvements, and crop being included in the deal. The improvements consist of several houses and barns, a traction engine for farm work, 1,000 acres under cultivation, and a big irrigation plant. The well has been rated at 2,800 gallons per minute.

Mr. J. G. Edwards is president of the Central Union Fire Insurance Company of Kansas City. He is one of the most extensive wheat raisers in Kansas. Dr. O. V. Standish, son-in-law of Mr. Edwards, will have charge of the land here and will give it his

personal attention. They intend to put three thousand more acres under cultivation, and to sell 5,000 acres in small tracts to farmers. They will open a system of roads on the land, and prepare to feed stock extensively for the market.

The development of this splendid body of land will be a valuable asset to Slaton and to Lubbock County.

H. L. Carroll of Limestone County, Texas, arrived in Slaton the first of the week prospecting, and after looking over the town said that this is the place he is looking for. So he bought a five acre tract to build a home on, and bought the Keightley blacksmith shop which he will open. Blacksmithing is his business.

## RAINS FALLS ON SLATON COUNTRY ---OVER 5 INCHES

Rain fell Thursday night last week to the amount of 2.38 inches, Friday night 1 inch, and Saturday and Saturday night 1.745 inches, making a total precipitation of 5.125 inches. The rain was general over west Texas. The Rio Grande at Eagle-Pass had the biggest rise known in twenty years, the river shanties being swept away. At San Antonio a flood swept away part of the city, and several lives were lost.

The Slaton soil is soaked, but didn't experience any floods.

Buy a "VORTEX HOT BLAST STOVE" and cut down your fuel bill.

They are the most economical stove on the market and the prices are reasonable.

We sell them.

BRANNON HARDWARE

## ELECTION COMES NEXT TUESDAY--- 3 AMENDMENTS

The general state election is held next Tuesday. There will be three amendments to the state constitution to vote on. The first is the initiative and referendum, and this move will probably be accepted by the voters without much opposition. Properly safeguarded so that the law will not overburden the tax-payers with frequent elections, there can be no serious objection to the initiative and referendum.

The next amendment is to increase the pay of the legislators. The principal argument in support of this law is that a larger salary will induce abler men to aspire to the office. In opposition to this is the fact that there are always lots of candidates for each office. A man will spend hundreds of dollars to get elected to office, and then spend as much more to be re-elected, and complain all the time about the meager salary he receives.

The third amendment is to permit the gulf coast counties to vote bonds for the building of seawalls.

## SOUTH LIKES SLATON COUNTRY

J. C. Stewart arrived home last week from Houston, Texas, where he had been on business. Mr. Stewart says that the farmers down in that part of the state are interested in the Slaton country, and will come here as rapidly as they can sell out down there. He had at least fifty men ask him to rent Slaton farms to them, and they were greatly surprised when he told them there were no unoccupied farms here. Another proposition made him by several land owners was to trade their land there for Slaton land. When he told them that the Slaton farmers would not entertain for half a minute a proposition to trade their land acre for acre for South Texas land, those mud farmers woke up in a hurry, and began to see the South Plains in a new light.

Mr. Stewart says that there will be a big immigration from that country to Slaton as soon as financial conditions change so the farmers can sell their land and their cotton.

Will M. Hays of Marble Falls, Tex., this week purchased 100 acres of the Davies land 5 miles southeast of Slaton, and will improve it with fences, buildings, etc., and put the land under cultivation. He has rented a house in Slaton and will move his family here at once, to remain until the house on the farm is ready for occupancy. Harry T. McGee made this sale, also the sale of the section to S. R. Cade.

Sovereigns, Take Notice! A Get-Together Supper will be held in Slaton next Friday night, Nov. 6th. Music, instrumental and vocal, will be rendered. Come and have a good time.

A. E. Arnfield, C. C.

PETTICOAT IS  
QIV'N CR  
so Exlet

**Maligned  
Magazine Writer**

O. C. Payne writing in Farm and Ranch of "Twenty-Five Hundred Miles by Auto" tells how highly enjoyable traveling was over the level South Plains roads, and among other things said in connection with the mounting of the Cap Rock to the Plains in Borden County:

"Right here and back in the breaks we saw more wild life than anywhere else on the trip. For mile after mile we passed one continuous prairie dog town, the little denizens sitting on their mounds and barking indignantly at our intrusion. Ground-squirrels and gophers scampered everywhere, and there were nearly as many owls as there were prairie-dogs, the little gray fellows standing sentinel-like at the entrance to the homes they forced the dogs to share with them. Small rabbits, like cottontails, but not half so large, were running here and there or taking refuge in dog holes. The prairie dog must be a marvelously well-natured creature, for it seems that he not only permits the owl and little rabbit to take up their abode with him, but the same privilege is accorded the rattlesnake."

Mr. Payne, who gave us this rather remarkable bit of natural history, is the same gentleman who said that the 1914 crop on the Plains was the first one for seven years, and intimated that we would not have another crop

like it for twenty years to come. His prairie dog information and Plains crop statistics must have come from the same source—an active imagination.

Rattlesnakes, owls, cottontails, young rabbits, and prairie rodents inhabit only abandoned prairie dog holes, and do so because the holes furnish the best, and for many of them the only, shelter to be found on a level plains country.

The rattlesnake goes into the holes for the purpose of trapping prey, and one of his choicest meals is a young prairie dog, or pup as they are called. Whenever a prairie dog discovers that a snake is making himself at home in a hole, or sees a snake enter a hole, he barks an emergency call which brings all his near neighbors, and they fill that hole almost before you know what they are doing, and tamp the dirt down so well that Mr. Snakeship is safely interred for all time to come.

The owl is there looking for a meal or a convenient ready-made shelter. The young rabbits and other small animals use prairie dog holes only for temporary shelter in time of danger.

A prairie dog doesn't share his home. If an intruder comes that he can't whip he quits the place, moves, and digs another home.

A badger will locate in a prairie dog town, and stay there until he kills all the dogs. It is

a mistake to kill a badger.

However, this article was intended only to show the discrepancies of a man who made the assertion that this is a one crop in twenty country.

A poor man dug a well at Spur recently and struck an abundance of good water at a depth of twelve feet. In peculiar contrast to this well is the one the Swensons had drilled. They had a well put down 4,489 feet in the same vicinity at a cost of \$50,000 without finding any water. Drilling operations were stopped by a drill bit becoming lost in the well.

The district court of Curry County, New Mexico, removed two county officials last week, a truly unusual occurrence. The county treasurer resigned while under trial, and the county clerk was found guilty by jury. The charges were incompetency and shortage in accounts.

The United States will provide the ship that will carry the Christmas packages to Europe, and it will sail about the first of November. Peanut packages would advertise the South Plains and 100 pounds would make 700 packages.

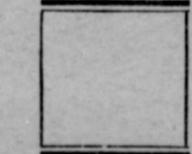
**SPOILED HIS FLOWERS.**

"Confound the luck!" fumed old Mr. Wasserby.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. Wasserby.

"When young Tompkins came in here to ask for Grace's hand I threw him out of the window and he fell into my favorite bed of tulips."

**The Last Shot**



By  
**FREDERICK PALMER**

(Copyright, 1914, by Charles Scribner's Sons)

**First Chapter Appears  
This Week. Read It.**

**NOTICE!**  
**To Friends and Patrons**

I have bought the entire Grocery Stock of Simmons & Robertson and will continue the business on the same square dealing basis that it has been conducted on heretofore. I respectfully solicit the patronage for the future that I have enjoyed in the past.

Yours for promptness and courtesy,

**J. M. SIMMONS**

**FRED HOFFMAN**  
**Painter and Paper Hanger**  
Interior Decorator. Expert Floor Finisher.  
Slaton, Texas

**City Directory and Railway Guide.**

MAYOR: R. J. Murray.

**CHURCHES.**

**METHODIST CHURCH.**

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

**BAPTIST CHURCH.**

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

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**

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

**LODGES.**

**INDEPENDENT ORDER ODD FELLOWS.**

Slaton Lodge No. 861 I. O. O. F. meets every Monday at 8.30 p. m. F. V. Williams, N. G. J. G. Wadsworth, Secretary.

**WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.**

Slaton Camp 2571 W. O. W. meets 1st and 3rd Friday nights in each month at MacRea Hall. A. E. Arnfield, C. C. B. C. Morgan, Clerk.

**WOODMEN CIRCLE.**

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

**A., F., AND A. M.**

Slaton Lodge A. F. and A. M. meets every Thursday night on or before each full moon, at 8.30 o'clock. J. H. Smith, W. M.

**YOEMEN.**

The Brotherhood of American Yoemen meets every second and fourth Fridays at 8.30 p. m. at the hall. A. E. Arnfield, Foreman. W. E. Olive, Deputy.

**RAILWAY TIME TABLE.—Santa Fe South Plains Lines**

SOUTH BOUND.	
No. 27, Arrives from Amarillo	2:30 p. m.
" " Departs for Sweetwater	2:55 p. m.
NORTH BOUND.	
No. 28, Arrives from Sweetwater	10:40 a. m.
" " Departs for Amarillo	11:05 a. m.
AMARILLO LOCAL.	
No. 93, Arrives from Amarillo	5:15 p. m.
No. 94, Departs for Amarillo	6:00 a. m.
LAMESA LOCAL.	
No. 803, Departs for Lamesa	3:20 p. m.
No. 804, Arrives from Lamesa	11:30 a. m.

**NOTICE!**

I WISH TO ANNOUNCE That I have purchased the Dry Goods Department of the firm of Simmons & Robertson, and after this date the Dry Goods Store will be known as.....

**“Robertson's”**

I also wish to announce that on and after Nov. 12th, 1914, my entire stock will be placed on a CASH BASIS, no goods charged. By making the above change it will enable me to sell at much lower prices. Thanking you for all future and past patronage.

**BRIGGS ROBERTSON**

**Bargain in Slaton Farm**

155 acres 1 mile from town, good five-room house, barn, well, windmill, storage tank stocked with fish. All fenced. 50 acres in cultivation. Can be bought next few days at \$27.50 per acre, one-third cash, balance easy. For further information see or write

**H. D. TALLEY, SLATON, TEXAS**

**GETTING ALONG IN DRY BELT**

**Farmer Whose Expenses Are Met by Cows, Hens and Garden Has No Debts in Years of Drought.**

A fair hog pasture can be made by sowing wheat and sorghum. An acre of milo will yield sufficient grain to make 400 pounds of good pork. Milo, sorghum and other dry crops make good poultry feed. The dry land climate is particularly favorable for poultry and hens that are selected from laying strains will each produce eggs worth \$2 a year if rightly cared for, writes H. M. Cottrell in Denver Field and Farm. Good houses can be made of sod, straw or lumber. The hens should be cared for and the houses cleaned daily. The dry land farmer who is willing to spend a little time each day with his hens can keep from 100 to 200 and add \$200 to \$400 a year to his cash income.

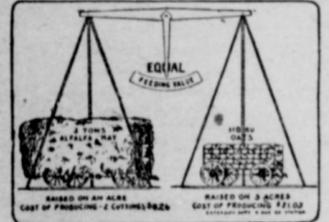
From one-fourth to one-half an acre close to the well should be plowed deeply and worked and reworked until it is thoroughly pulverized. This should be planted with garden seeds and potatoes in rows far enough apart to be cultivated with a horse. If a large tank is used for watering the stock it can be filled with water to irrigate. Open a narrow furrow the entire length of the row, pull a straight post through the furrow to smooth the ground and then run the ditch full of water. Apply the water after sundown and the next morning cultivate thoroughly to make a mulch that will hold the water.

The settler who follows this plan will have a steady cash income from his cows and hens, and the garden will supply his table. The chickens and hogs will furnish eggs and meat to sell and use. If the season is wet or dry, he will have a good living and cash to pay for everything he needs to buy. Then for surplus funds he can grow wheat which is a dry-land crop. It often yields more than the value of the land in a single season. Then there may be a year, sometimes two or three of total failure, and sometimes for two or three seasons in succession he will have good crops. The dry-land farmer whose expenses are met by his cows, hens and garden lives well and has no debts in the dry years.

**ALFALFA IS FAVORED CROP**

**Requires Less Work Than Grain—Improve Mechanical Conditions of Soil—Adds Nitrogen.**

"Dry-Farming and Rural Homes" has recently received from W. C. Palmer of the agricultural college of North Dakota an interesting little comparison between nutritive and cost values of alfalfa and oats, as indicated in the unique illustration shown herewith, leaving no room for argument in



Oats and Alfalfa Compared.

behalf of the point sought to be established.

In his statement, or poster which he is posting up all through his state, Mr. Palmer says:

- "Why grow alfalfa?"
- "It is the best hay crop."
- "Less work required to produce it than grain."
- "Less expensive to produce than grain."
- "It is a dependable crop."
- "It improves mechanical condition of soil."
- "It adds nitrogen to the soil, provided it is fed on the farm."

**THROW AWAY WATERING POT**

**When Water is Scarce Spade or Hoe Can Do Wonders in Hands of an Energetic Person.**

When water gets scarce throw away your watering pot, or rather your sprinkling pot. At such a time it is a menace to the life of the flowers when in the hands of the novice who "scatters pearly drops" upon the flowers' stalks and gives the roots none.

Remember that when water is scarce that the spade or hoe can do wonders when in the hands of the energetic person who knows how to use these tools.

Deeply dug soil retains moisture far longer than that stirred to a shallow depth.

Keep the surface soil loose and light, giving the plants a surface or dust mulch with a sharp hoe.

The lawn should never be "sprinkled," but if possible let the hose run on it for hours after sunset. Unless one has an unlimited supply of water do not water the lawn but save the water for the beds, borders and vegetable gardens.

**Rub-No-More is the slogan of the up-to-date woman.**

**She uses RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER because it cleans clothes quickly without rubbing and disinfects them at the same time.**



**RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER** is a sudless dirt remover for clothes. It cleans your dishes, sinks, toilets and cleans and sweetens your milk crocks. It kills germs. It does not need hot water.

**RUB-NO-MORE Washing Powder** **RUB-NO-MORE Carbo Naptha Soap**  
Five Cents—All Grocers  
The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

**A GOOD COMPLEXION GUARANTEED. USE ZONA POMADE**

the beauty powder compressed with healing agents, you will never be annoyed by pimples, blackheads or facial blemishes. If not satisfied after thirty days' trial your dealer will exchange for 50c in other goods. Zona has satisfied for twenty years—try it at our risk. At dealers or mailed, 50c.

**ZONA COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS**

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 40-1914.

**Evidently Knew Him.**

At a recent public meeting of retiring councillors in a certain ward in a country town, one of the speakers was boasting that he could bring an argument to a "pint" as quick as any other man.

On hearing this, one of the audience who was acquainted with the speaker shouted out:

"Aye, man, and ye can bring a quart tae a pint a guid bit quicker."—London Tit-Bits.

**ERUPTION COVERED BODY**

321 Lee St., Hampton, Va.—"In July of last year the eczema made its first appearance on my fingers and before the last of August my body was completely covered. I was unable to sleep at night the itching was so severe. I had to take sleeping medicines several times a week to get any sleep at all. It broke out as a rash and some of the eruption turned to boils. My chin was covered and I had several boils on my face. My hands looked so that I had to stop school and my clothes irritated the eruption so much that it kept me scratching all the time. I could not stay in a warm room and I could not put my hands in warm water at all.

"A friend advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent for samples and then bought a box of the Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap and I am completely healed." (Signed) Miss Dudley Trueblood, Jan. 28, 1914.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

**Parrot's Comment.**

A little while ago Jones managed to get a good record of his parrot's cries on a cylinder. By way of experiment he set it going while Polly was in the room.

"Pretty Polly! Scratch a Polly! Give me a bit of sugar, uncle!" whirled the machine.

The parrot looked scared. "I want some sugar, some sugar!" came from the gramophone.

"Great Scott!" screeched Polly, as she looked down the trumpet. "What a bleak for sweet stuff!"—London Ideas.

**Only One "BROMO QUININE"**

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. Stops cough and headache, and works off cold. 25c.

**The Difference.**

"Did Jack fall down on his new job?"

"No; he tumbled to it."

**Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's**

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

After a self-made man finishes the job he closes the factory.

**WORLD REALLY DOES MOVE**

**New Englander Tells Good Story to Illustrate the Progress That Marks Modern Times.**

Congressman William H. Murray, on his return from a vacation in the heart of the New England country, said in Tishomingo:

"The progress of the country is astonishing. The farmer of today drives his motor car, smokes his cigarette in a long amber tube, and, over his after-dinner coffee, listens to Caruso, singing the 'Star Song' from 'Tosca' on the phonograph, or hears his wife rendering on the player-piano Grieg's 'Peer Gynt' suite.

"My New England farmer host, in answer to my compliments, said, yes, things had changed on the farm, and, to accent this change, he told a story—a story of the past.

"In the general store of the village he began, the general storekeeper took a chew of tobacco and said:

"That thar new preacher of ours is certainly a dude. Gosh hang my buttons ef he don't comb out his whiskers every mornin'. I got it straight from his hired gal."

"Everybody stared at the general storekeeper in astonishment before this news. Then the old squire chuckled and said:

"Wall, by crinus, I don't see how he stands the torture of it. I comb my whiskers every Sunday, and danged ef the knots don't make me plumb near cuss an' swear."

**Shows the Folly of Toting a Gun.**

A little sermon on peace by Homer Hoch: "Old Bill Jones always carried a gun or two, and by much practice—when he should have been at work—he became a crack shot. He said that he didn't propose to be caught unprepared, and that he went armed in order to keep out of trouble. But old Bill Jones was in more brawls than anybody, and was finally gathered to his fathers by a gent who was a little quicker on the trigger. Nations have been proceeding on the Bill Jones theory. This theory—played up strong by the Honorable Krupp and others—has been that in order to insure peace they must be ready to fight the world on a moment's notice. But the nations are just like old Bill. The Bill Jones theory is ready for the junk pile."—Kansas City Star.

**Durable Snow.**

It was in the smoker of the limited, and the Yankee talking of Joe Knowles, the Boston artist, who took to the woods without food or clothing and lived there for some weeks, by way of proving that nature is an adequate provider. The man from the Soo was skeptical.

"Well," said he, "maybe he might do that in Maine, but out here where we have weather he never could have done it. Why, man, I've seen good sledding out here in August!"

The Pine Tree man never blinked, but replied: "Nothing wonderful about that! Why, up Farmington, Me., way, where Joe and I come from, they never think of using the snow until it's two years old!"

**Delays.**

"When you are angry, always count 20 before you speak."

"It's a good idea," replied Mr. Rafferty, "if you have an agreement with the other fellow to county 20 before he hits."

**Different Sorts.**

"The farmer and the comic opera director training a chorus are engaged in similar labors."

"How do you make that out?"

"Aren't they both raising chickens?"

**Not a Believer.**

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"No. But I know it happens, if that's what you want to know."

**Treatment of Sores.**

Apply Hanford's Balsam lightly and you should find that gradually the sore will diminish in size. The older the case the longer it will take, but it will help the hard cases, after other remedies fail. Adv.

**Youthful Distinction.**

"Oh, yes, we are so pleased with him! Just think! He's the fattest in his whole class!"—Paris Le Rire.

**YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU** Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

**A Natural Inquiry.**

"Try one of these cigars," old man, "they're the best thing out."

"How are they when lighted?"

**An Immense Help.**

The beautiful duchess of Marlborough, at a tea at Marble house in Newport, praised the toilets of a Baltimore girl.

"She dresses exquisitely," said the duchess, who, dressing exquisitely herself, is an admirable judge. "Her hats, her shoes, her coiffure—it's all exquisite.

"And I like to see her take such pains with her appearance," the duchess added. "It is wise. For a girl can't help her looks, but her looks can help her."

**Misunderstood.**

"Women are the spice of life."

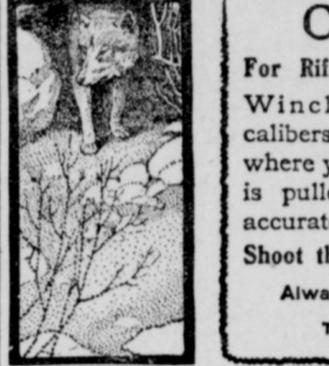
"That's the time you said something!"

"And life without-spice would be—"

"Spice? I thought you said spies!" replied the man whose wife had found a poker chip in his pocket.

There, will be fewer pessimists as soon as people learn what is fit to eat and are able to secure it.

The only real proof of success is an ability to hold onto it.



**Johnny's Geography.**

In the geography study period Johnny aroused the suspicion of his teacher by too frequent scratching of his slate pencil. When the schoolma'am investigated she found that Johnny had evolved his own method of memorizing troublesome names as follows:

"Arkansas Dela-wear a New Jersey when she went to See-Attle. On the way she bought Minn-a-soda. Every one had a name for the baby, but Uncle Sam said he would Col-er-Ada because that is what the United States. Misses-Ippi, Georgia and Miss-Ouri were sent to help Ida-ho and come back with Okla-home again. Instead they Rhode Island hilariously about the field until Old Virginia went out and screamed:

"Stop that ill-noise. I've told you once; I won't tell you Ore-again. I'll knock your I-way."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

**Why Water is Put in Stocks.**

"Pa, what do they put water in stocks for?"

"To soak the investors with, my son."

There is today in storage in the United States 263,786,070 gallons of whisky, an increase of nearly 50 per cent in ten years.

Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers. Adv.

Better times is said to be the explanation of the falling off of the army enlistments.

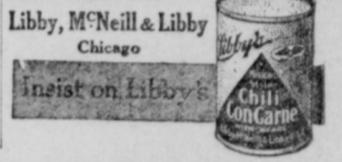
Pain in the side? Rub on and rub in Hanford's Balsam thoroughly. Adv.

Beauty is only skin deep, but ugliness sinks into the soul.

**The Popular Mexican Dish**  
**As Delicious as it is made in Old Mexico.**

**Libby's Chili Con Carne**

The most successful combination of the world's two best foods—meat and beans. Made from the genuine Mexican Chili Peppers, Mexican Chili Beans and selected meats, according to the native recipe, and it's good. Just the thing when you want something nice and spicy. Try this: Heat a can of Libby's Chili Con Carne in boiling water (according to directions on label) serve on squares of toast or with rice or mushrooms.



Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago  
Insist on Libby's

**WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES**

**For Rifles, Revolvers and Pistols**  
Winchester cartridges in all calibers from .22 to .50, shoot where you aim when the trigger is pulled. They are always accurate, reliable and uniform. Shoot them and You'll Shoot Well.  
Always Buy Winchester Make.  
THE RED W BRAND

**To Be Exact.**

Bella—What do you weigh now, dearie?  
Lena—One hundred and ten in my bath robe, and one hundred and nine dressed.—Judge.

**Moreover Also.**

"Did the new play get across?"  
"Did it get a cross? Well, it got the double cross."

Cool a burn with Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

If a woman has no other excuse she marries a man to reform him.

**One Way to Lengthen Life**

Late in life, when the organs begin to weaken, the hard-working kidneys often tire out first.

Falling eyesight, stiff, aching joints, rheumatic pains, lame back and distressing urination are often due only to weak kidneys.

Prevention is the best cure and at middle age any sign of kidney weakness should have prompt attention.

Doan's Kidney Pills have made life more comfortable for thousands of old folks. It is the best recommended special kidney remedy.

**An Oklahoma Case**  
W. S. Bledsoe, chief of police, Durant, Okla., says: "Kidney disease in a severe form clung to me for years. My back ached constantly and I had to get up nights to pass the kidney secretions. They were discolored and filled with sediment. After trying different remedies without relief, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and six boxes completely cured me."

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**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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If you would be healthy, strong and happy. Baths keep the skin clean and in good condition. But what about the inside of the body? You can no more afford to neglect it than the outside. It is just as important that the system be cleansed of the poisonous impurities caused by weakness of the digestive organs or by inactivity of the liver.

**DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery**  
(In Tablet or Liquid Form)

Cleanses the system—and more. It puts the liver in such a condition of health that it purifies the blood—as it should. It helps the stomach digest food so that it makes good blood—rich, red blood to nourish and strengthen all the organs.

You may avail yourself of its tonic, revivifying influence by getting a bottle or a box of tablets from your medicine dealer—or send 50c for a trial box. Address as below.

**FREE** "Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice"—a French cloth bound book of 1008 pages on receipt of 51 one-cent stamps to cover mailing charges. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**You Look Prematurely Old**

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.

# THE LAST SHOT

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by FREDERICK PALMER



**SYNOPSIS.**

At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galland and her mother, entertaining Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron, staff intelligence officer of the Browns, injured by a fall in his aeroplanes. Ten years later, Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, reinforces South La Tir, meditates on war.

**CHAPTER II—Continued.**

Rather idly, now, he drew a pad toward him and, taking up a pencil, made the figures seventeen and twenty-seven. Then he made the figures thirty-two and forty-two. He blackened them with repeated tracings as he mused. This done, he put seventeen under twenty-seven and thirty-two under forty-two. He made the subtraction and studied the two tens.

A swing door opened softly and his executive clerk reappeared with a soft tread.

"Some papers for your signature, sir," he said as he slipped them on the blotter in front of Westerling. "And the 132d—no order about that, sir?" he asked.

"None. It remains!" Westerling replied.

The clerk went out impressed. His chief taking to some of subtraction and totally preoccupied! The 132d to remain! He, too, had a question-mark in his secret mind.

Westerling proceeded with his mathematics. Having heavily shaded the tens, he essayed a sum in division. He found that ten went into seventy just seven times.

"One-seventh the allotted span of life!" he mused. "Take off fifteen years for youth and fifteen after fifty-five—nobody counts after that, though I mean to—and you have ten into forty, which is one-fourth. That is a good deal. But it's more to a woman than to a man—yes, a lot more to a woman than to a man!"

The clerk was right in thinking Westerling preoccupied; but it was not with the international crisis. Over his coffee the name of Miss Marta Galland, in the list of arrivals at a hotel, had caught his eye in the morning paper. A note to her had brought an answer, saying that her time was limited, but she would be glad to have him call at five that afternoon.

Westerling realized that the question of marriage as a social requirement might arise when he should become officially chief of staff with the retirement of His Excellency the field-marshal. For the present he enjoyed his position as a bachelor who was the most favored man in the army too much to think of marriage.

It was a little surprising that the bell that the girl of seventeen had rung in his secret mind when he was on one of the first rounds of the ladder, now lost in the mists of a lower stratum of existence, should ever tinkle again. Yet he had heard his note in the tone of her prophecy with each step in his promotion; and while the other people whom he had known at La Tir were the vaguest shadows of personalities, her picture was as definite in detail as when she said: "You have the will! You have the ambition!" She had recognized in him the power that he felt; foreseen his ascent to the very apex of the pyramid. She was still unmarried, which was strange; for she had not been bad-looking and she was of a fine old family. What was she like now? Commonplace and provincial, most likely. Many of the people he had known in his early days appeared so when he met them again. But, at the worst, he looked for an interesting half-hour.

The throbbing activity of the streets of the capital, as his car proceeded on the way to her hotel, formed an energetic accompaniment to his gratifying backward survey of how all his plans had worked out from the very day of the prophecy. Had he heard the remark of a great manufacturer to the banker at his side in a passing limousine, "There goes the greatest captain of industry of us all!" Westerling would only have thought: "Certainly, I am chief of staff. I am at the head of all your workmen at one time or another!" Had he heard the banker's answer, "But pretty poor pay, pretty small dividends!" he would have thought, "Splendid dividends—the dividends of power!"

He had a caste contempt for the men of commerce, with their mercenary talk about credit and market prices; and also for the scientists, doctors, engineers, and men of other professions, who spoke of things in books which he did not understand. Reading books was one of the faults of Turcas, his assistant. No bookish soldier, he knew,

had ever been a great general. He resented the growing power of these leaders of the civil world, taking distinction away from the military, even when, as a man of parts, he had to court their influence. His was the profession that was and ever should be the elect. A penniless subaltern was a gentleman, while he could never think of a man in business as one.

All the faces in the street belonged to a strange, busy world outside his interest and thoughts. They formed what was known as the public, often making a clatter about things which they did not understand, when they should obey the orders of their superiors. Of late, their clatter had been about the extra taxes for the recent increase of the standing forces by another corps. The public was bovine with a parrot's head. Yet it did not admire the tolling ox, but the eagle and the lion.

As his car came to the park his eyes lighted at sight of one of the dividends—one feature of urban life that ever gave him a thrill. A battalion of the 128th, which he had ordered that afternoon to the very garrison at South La Tir that he had once commanded, was marching through the main avenue. Youths all, of twenty-one or two, they were in a muddy-grayish uniform which was the color of the plain as seen from the veranda of the Galland house. Where these came from were other boys growing up to take their places. The mothers of the nation were doing their duty. All the land was a breeding-ground for the dividends of Hedworth Westerling.

At the far side of the park he saw another kind of dividend—another group of marching men. These were not in uniform. They were the unemployed. Many were middle-aged, with worn, tired faces. Beside the flag of the country at the head of the procession was that of universal radicalism. And his car had to stop to let them pass. For an instant the indignation of military autocracy rose strong within him at sight of the national colors in such company. But he noted how naturally the men kept step; the solidarity of their movement. The stamp of their army service in youth could not be easily removed. He realized the advantage of heading an army in which defense was not dependent on a mixture of regulars and volunteers, but on universal conscription that brought every able-bodied man under discipline.

These reservists, in the event of war, would hear the call of race and they would fight for the one flag that then had any significance. Yes, the old human impulses would predominate and the only enemy would be on the other side of the frontier. They would be pawns of his will—the will that Marta Galland had said would make him chief of staff.

Wasn't that the real cure for the general unrest? Wasn't the nation growing stale from the long peace? He was ready for war now that he had become vice-chief, when the retirement of His Excellency, unable to bear the weight of his years and decorations in the field, would make him the supreme commander. One ambition gained, he heard the appeal of another; to live to see the guns and rifles that had fired only blank cartridges in practice pouring out shells and bullets, and all the battalions that had played at sham war in maneuvers engaged in real war, under his direction. He saw his columns sweeping up the slopes of the Brown range. Victory was certain. He would be the first to lead a great modern army against a great modern army; his place as the master of modern tactics secure in the minds of all the soldiers of the world. The public would forget its unrest in the thrill of battles won and provinces conquered, and its clatter would be that of acclaim for a new idol of its old faith.

**CHAPTER III.**

**The Second Prophecy.**

Marta, when she had received the note from Westerling, had been in doubt as to her answer. Her curiosity to see him again was not of itself compelling. The actual making of the prophecy was rather dim to her mind until he recalled it. She had heard of his rise and she had heard, too, things about him which a girl of twenty-seven could better understand than a girl of seventeen. His reason for wanting to see her he had said was to "renew an old acquaintance." He could have little interest in her, and her interest in him was that he was head of the Gray army. His work had intimate relation to that which the Marta of twenty-

seven, a Marta with a mission, had set for herself.

A page came to tell Westerling that Miss Galland would be down directly. When she appeared she crossed the room with a flowing, spontaneous vitality that appealed to him as something familiar.

"Ten years, isn't it?" she exclaimed as she seated herself on the other side of the tea-table. "And, let me see, you took two lumps, if I remember?"

"None now," he said. "Do you find it fattening?" she asked.

He recognized the mischievous sparkle of the eyes, the quizzical turn of the lips, which was her asset in keeping any question from being personal. Nevertheless, he flushed slightly. "A change of taste," he averred.

"Since you've become such a great man?" she hazarded. "Is that too strong?" This referred to the tea.

"No, just right!" he nodded.

He was studying her with the polite, veiled scrutiny of a man of the world. A materialist, he would look a woman over as he would a soldier when he had been a major-general making an inspection. She was slim, supple; he liked slim, supple women. Yes, she was twenty-seven, with the vivacity of seventeen retained, though she were on the edge of being an old maid according to the conventional notions. Necks and shoulders that happened to be at his side at dinner, he had found, when they were really beautiful, were not averse to his glance of appreciative and discriminating admiration of physical charm. But he saw her shrug slightly and caught a spark from her eyes that made him vaguely conscious of an offense to her sensibilities, and he was wholly conscious that the suggestion, bringing his faculties up sharply, had the pleasure of a novel sensation.

"How fast you have gone ahead!" she said. "That little prophecy of mine did come true. You are chief of staff!"

After a smile of satisfaction he corrected her.

"Not quite; vice-chief—the right-hand man of His Excellency. I am a buffer between him and the heads of divisions. This has led to the erroneous assumption which I cannot too forcibly deny—"

He was proceeding with the phraseology habitual whenever men or women, to flatter him, had intimated that they realized that he was the actual head of the army. He Excellency, with the prestige of a career, must be kept soporifically enjoying the forms of authority. To arouse his jealousy might curtail Westerling's actual power.

"Yes, yes!" breathed Marta softly, arching her eyebrows a trifle as she would when looking all around and through a thing or when she found any one beating about the bush. The little frown disappeared and she smiled underste-dingly. "You know I'm not a perfect goose!" she added. "Had you been made chief of staff in name, too, all the old generals would have been in the sulks and the young generals jealous," she continued. "The one way that you might have the power to exercise was by proxy."

This downright frankness was another reflection of the old days before he was at the apex of the pyramid. Now it was so unusual in his experience as to be almost a shock. On the point of arguing, he caught a mischievous, delightful "Isn't that so?" in her eyes, and replied:

"Yes, I shouldn't wonder if it were!" Why shouldn't he admit the truth to the one who had rung the bell of his secret ambition long ago by recognizing in him the ability to reach his goal? He marvelled at her grasp of the situation.

"It wasn't so very hard to say, was it?" she asked happily, in response to his smile. Then, her gift of putting herself in another's place, while she strove to look at things with his purpose and vision, in full play, she went on in a different tone, as much to herself as to him: "You have labored to make yourself master of a mighty organization. You did not care for the non-essentials. You wanted the reality of shaping results."

"Yes, the results, the power!" he exclaimed.

"Fifteen hundred regiments!" she continued thoughtfully, looking at a given point rather than at him. "Every regiment a blade which you would bring to an even sharpness! Every regiment a unit of a harmonious whole, knowing how to screen itself from fire and give fire as long as bidden, in

answer to your will if war comes! That is what you live and plan for, isn't it?" "Yes, exactly! Yes, you have it!" he said. His shoulders stiffened as he thrilled at seeing a picture of himself, as he wanted to see himself, done in bold strokes. It assured him that not only had his own mind grown beyond what were to him the narrow associations of his old La Tir days, but that hers had grown, too. "And you—what have you been doing all these years?" he asked.

"Living the life of a woman on a country estate," she replied. "Since you made a rule that no Gray officers should cross the frontier we have been a little lonelier, having only the Brown officers to tea. Did you really find it so bad for discipline in your own case?" she concluded with playful solemnity.

"One cannot consider individual cases in a general order," he explained. "And, remember, the Browns made the ruling first. You see, every year means a tightening—yes, a tightening, as arms and armies grow more complicated and the maintaining of staff secrets more important. And you have been all the time at La Tir, truly?" he asked, changing the subject. He was convinced that she had acquired something that could not be gained on the outskirts of a provincial town.

"No. I have traveled. I have been quite around the world."

"You have!" This explained much. "How I envy you! That is a privilege I shall not know until I am superannuated." While he should remain chief of staff he must be literally a prisoner in his own country.

"Yes, I should say it was splendid! Splendid—yes, indeed!" Snappy little nods of the head being unequal to expressing the joy of the memories that her exclamation evoked, she clasped her hands over her knees and swung back and forth in the ecstasy of seventeen. "Splendid! I should say so!" She nestled the curling tip of her tongue against her teeth, as if the recollection must also be tasted. "Splendid, enchanting, enlightening, stupendous and wickedly expensive! Another girl and I did it all on our own."

"O-oh!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she repeated after him.

"Oh, what, please?"

"Oh, nothing!" he said. It was quite comprehensible to him how well equipped she was to take care of herself on such an adventure.

"Precisely, when you come to think it over!" she concluded.

"What interested you most? What was the big lesson of all your journeying?" he asked, ready to play the listener.

"Being born and bred on a frontier, of an ancestry that was born and bred on a frontier, why, frontiers interested me most," she said. "I collected impressions of frontiers as some people collect pictures. I found them all alike—stupid, just stupid! Oh, so stupid!" Her frown grew with the repetition of the word; her fingers closed in on her palm in vexation. He recollected that he had seen her like this two or three times at La Tir, when he had found the outbursts most entertaining. He imagined that the small fist pressed against the table edge could deliver a stinging blow. "As stupid as it is for neighbors to quarrel! It put me at war with all frontiers."

"Apparently," he said. She withdrew her fist from the table, dropped the opened hand over the other on her knee, her body relaxing, her wrath passing into a kind of shamefacedness and then into a soft, prolonged laugh.

"I laugh at myself, at my own inconsistency," she said. "I was warlike against war. At all events, if there is anything to make a teacher of peace lose her temper it is the folly of frontiers."

"Yes?" he exclaimed. "Yes? Go on!" And he thought: "I'm really having a very good time."

"You see, I came home from my tour with an idea—an idea for a life occupation just as engrossing as yours," she went on, "and opposed to yours. I saw there was no use of working with the grown-up folks. They must be left to The Hague conferences and the peace societies. But children are quite alike the world over. You can plant thoughts in the young that will take root and grow as they grow."

"Patriotism, for instance," he observed narrowly.

"No, the follies of martial patriotism! The wickedness of war, which is the product of martial patriotism!"

The follies of patriotism! This was the red flag of anarchy to him. He started to speak, flushing angrily, but held his tongue and only emitted a "whew!" in good-humored wonder.

"I see you are not very frightened by my opposition," she rejoined in a flash of amusement not wholly untempered by exasperation.

"We got the appropriation for an additional army corps this year," he explained contentedly, his repose completely regained.

"Thus increasing the odds against us. But perhaps not; for we are dealing with the children not with recruits, as I said. We call ourselves the teachers of peace. I organized the first class in La Tir. I have the chil-

dren come together every Sunday morning and I tell them about the children that live in other countries. I tell them that a child a thousand miles away is just as much a neighbor as the one across the street. At first I feared that they would find it uninteresting. But if you know how to talk to them they don't."

"Naturally they don't, when you talk to them," he interrupted.

She was so intent that she passed over the compliment with a gesture like that of brushing away a cobweb. Her eyes were like deep, clear wells of faith and purpose.

"I try to make the children of other countries so interesting that our children will like them too well ever to want to kill them when they grow up. We have a little peace prayer—they have even come to like to recite it—a prayer and an oath. But I'll not bother you with it. Other women have taken up the idea. I have found a girl who is going to start a class on your side in South La Tir, and I came here to meet some women who want to inaugurate the movement in your capital."

"I'll have to see about that!" he rejoined, half-banteringly, half-threateningly.

"There is something else to come, even more irritating," she said, less intently and smiling. "So please be prepared to hold your temper."

"I shall not beat my fist on the table defending war as you did defending peace!" he retorted with significant enjoyment.

But she used his retort for an opening.

"Oh, I'd rather you would do that than jest! It's human. It's going to war because one is angry. You would go to war as a matter of cold reason." "If otherwise, I should lose," he replied.

"Exactly. You make it easy for me to approach my point. I want to prevent you from losing!" she announced cheerfully yet very seriously.

"Yes? Proceed. I brace myself against an explosion of indignation!"

"It is the duty of a teacher of peace to use all her influence with the people she knows," she went on. "So I am going to ask you not to let your country ever go to war against mine while you are chief of staff."

"Mine against yours?" he equivocated. "Why, you live almost within gunshot of the line! Your people have as much Gray as Brown blood in their veins. Your country! My country! Isn't that patriotism?"

"Patriotism, but not martial patriotism," she corrected him. "My thought is to stop war for both countries as war, regardless of sides. Promise me that you will not permit it!"

"I not permit it!" He smiled with the kindly patronage of a great man who sees a charming woman floundering in an attempt at logic. "It is for the premier to say. I merely make the machine ready. The government says the word that makes it move. I able to stop war! Come, come!"

"But you can—yes, you can with a word!" she declared positively.

"How?" he asked, amazed. "How?" he repeated blandly.

Was she teasing him? he wondered. What new resources of confusion had ten years and a tour around the world developed in her? Was it possible that the whole idea of the teachers of peace was an invention to make conversation at his expense? If so, she carried it off with a sincerity that suggested other depths yet unsounded.

"Very easily," she answered. "You can tell the premier that you cannot win. Tell him that you will break your army to pieces against the Browns' fortifications!"

He gasped. Then an inner voice prompted him that the cue was comedy.

"Excellent fooling—excellent!" he said with a laugh. "Tell the premier that I should lose when I have five million men to their three million! What a harlequin chief of staff I should be! Excellent fooling! You almost had me!"

Again he laughed, though in the fashion of one who had hardly unbent his spine, while he was wishing for the old days when he might take tea with her one or two afternoons a week. It would be a fine tonic after his isolation at the apex of the pyramid surveying the deference of the lower levels. Then he saw that her eyes, shimmering with wonder, grew dull and her lips parted in a rigid, pale line as if she were hurt.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Utilize Former Waste Material.**

An interesting feature of the production of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania is the comparatively recent utilization of the smaller sizes of coal. Since the first washery was constructed in 1890 the total recovery of useful fuel shipped from the waste heaps or culm banks has amounted to 49,329, 376 long tons.

**Proof to the Contrary.**

"Johnny Twickenham is always bragging about having blue blood, ma." "Yes, dear." "But it ain't, ma. I punched his nose today an' it's red."

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A practically new four-room house in best residence district, never has rented for less than \$10 per month. Can be had at a very reasonable price on terms of \$50 cash and the balance at \$20 per month. Why not OWN YOUR HOME. It will be money in your pocket to investigate.

A dandy corner lot on Grand Avenue with good well. The price on this lot is practically only the cost of the well and can be had on terms of \$5 cash and \$5 per month. Here is where you need to purchase for a home sight and the time to do so is right now.

Can offer you for a few days a beautiful, slightly, well located tract of ground, about three acres, overlooking the city, and certainly a dandy location for that little suburban ranch you have been looking for. This to go at \$200 on terms of \$5 cash and \$5 per month. Won't last long.

If interested in buying see or write **C. C. HOFFMAN, CITY**

**4-W Breakfast Food**  
For the Whole Family

4-W Breakfast Food is especially designed to please the taste of every member of the family. Crushed from the whole grain of wheat, all the natural flavor and wholesomeness is retained in the food.

**YOUR GROCER HAS IT**

4-W Breakfast Food is giving the people of Amarillo entire satisfaction. The palatableness of the product and health giving qualities make new friends each day for 4-W.

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

**LOCAL GOSSIP**

A. B. Robertson went to Dallas to mingle with the State Fair visitors.

A. McLeod of Chicago is in Slaton this week looking after property interests.

WANTED — Woman to do housework for the winter. Inquire at the Slatonite office for address.

You will confer a favor on the Slatonite subscribers by telephoning news to us. We want to print the news.

Dr. I. E. Smith, Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat Specialist, will be in Slaton Monday, Nov. 9th. Special attention also paid to fitting glasses.

NOTICE—I will put my delivery wagon back in service Monday, and will make deliveries of large or small articles. Will deliver your trunks to or from the train. **GEO. L. SLEDGE.**

J. F. Wylie arrived in Slaton Tuesday from Forestburg, Tex., and will spend the winter with his daughter, Mrs. T. A. Worley. Mr. Wylie says the cotton crop was good at Forestburg, but the weather has been too dry to get any wheat planted.

**First State Bank**

The ever increasing number of depositors and the growth of this institution evidence that the service we are rendering is acceptable and appreciated by the community. Let us number YOU among our customers.

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**We Urge  
You**

To be among the first in the selection of our new dress goods which will arrive in 8 or 10 days.

We have spared nothing to make this line of Silks, Satins, Messalines, Crepes, Poplins, Roman Stripes, Gingham, Hoods, and Gloves complete.

We will also show something new in Men's Hats and Caps for the Fall and winter 1914 and '15.

Our line of Men's Work Shoes will deserve a trial.

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**DON'T CROSS THE STREET**

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Unnecessary waste of time impairs your efficiency. Get a Telephone.

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A monthly salary and a liberal commission on each order. Salaries run up to \$250.00 per month, depending on the number of orders. This work can be done in spare time, and need not conflict with your present duties. No investment nor previous experience necessary. We furnish full equipment free. Write for particulars to The Butterick Publishing Co., 326 Hudson St., New York.

to sell the most remarkable bargain in the magazine world this year.

J. J. Kendrix of Plains, Tex., was in Slaton Wednesday.

John Twaddle went to Dallas last week to visit the Fair.

A. L. Robertson returned the first of the week from Dallas where he had been attending the State Fair.

I have a Jersey Bull for service at W. P. Florence's farm. Terms, \$2.00 absolutely cash.—**I. W. HUDGENS.**

Remember the home paper at harvest time. A dollar or two on subscription will look mighty good to us right now.

Grover Farrell of Houston arrived in Slaton Wednesday on a visit at the Brasfield farm. He will make his home here.

B. O. Cloud is attending the Fair at Dallas. W. S. Barnes of Plainview has charge of the Slaton Lumber Company during Mr. Cloud's absence.

Attention Sovereigns! All committees are requested to be present at the hall Friday night, Oct. 30th, at 8 p. m.

**A. E. ARNFELD, C. C.**

Mrs. W. C. Buntin and her son of near Pecos City, Miss Flora Lee Smith of Nebraska, and G. Edwin Smith of Amarillo arrived in Slaton Saturday on a visit with the families of Joe H. Smith and Louis W. Smith, and with their father, Col. L. A. H. Smith.

Chas. Wild was the victim of an accidental gun shot last week, that luckily did not injure him seriously. A bullet from a 22 target passed down thru his right foot and lodged in the fleshy part of the sole. No bones were broken by the bullet, which was removed by Dr. S. H. Adams, and Charles is rapidly recovering.

H. H. Foreman of Seadrift, Texas, arrived in Slaton Tuesday with his immigrant car, and his family came Wednesday. Mr. Foreman had been reading after the Slaton country for some time, and concluded that this is the place he has been looking for, so he brought his possessions with him when he came to investigate. He will buy land here.

People say that the Slatonite is a good paper, a town booster and a country builder, and yet when strangers look over the paper, they say: "What does that editor mean? If they have such a fine country and such a natural place for a good town, why are there not more business men there? Looking over this paper I do not find a representative of several lines of business always located in even very small towns. Surely if the businesses were in Slaton they would get behind a paper like the Slatonite." When a paper has such a meager patronage as that accorded the Slatonite, is it any wonder that this boosting biz palls on us occasionally.

## The Slaton Slatonite

L. P. Loomis, Editor and Manager

**SUBSCRIPTION, A YEAR \$1.00**  
Entered as second-class mail matter September 15, 1911, at the post office at Slaton, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1897.

The new ruling on the liquor law became evident last week.

The idea has been advanced that the best way to cut down the cotton acreage is to pass a compulsory school attendance law.

The Texas corn crop is lighter this year than in 1913. If the South Plains had all been under cultivation it would not have been so.

Just why some people will persist in taking the trouble to spell Slaton with a y, thusly—Slayton, is about as explainable as the circumstance of a man walking around in a circle when he is lost.

Last Friday after the rain fell every fellow who came down the sidewalk was either whistling "Good Old Summer Time" or singing "Silver Threads Among the Gold." The world is musical when rain is falling.

The Post Office department reports that the Postal Savings Deposits have increased rapidly since the war in Europe started. The net gain in deposits in the last three months is larger than the gain for the entire fiscal year of 1914.

The Lubbock Avalanche is trying to agitate a new court house movement. A look at the tax receipts will be sufficient reason for heading off that idea. There are many things that Lubbock County needs before a new court house is necessary. For instance, more and better roads.

R. O. Barron of San Benito purchased a carload of Duroc Jersey sows from the stockyards at Fort Worth and shipped them to his town to lease out to farmers in the neighborhood. At the end of three months the lessees are to return the sows and half of the pigs they have raised in the meantime, keeping the other half of the pigs for their profit.

Many of the exchanges are printing recipes for making cakes, waffles, muffins, and other table delicacies from the product of milled maize and kafir. Even flour for bread is manufactured. And feterita flour is receiving quite a boost. They are all good for experiment, and are acceptable for a meal or two, but wheat flour will continue as the world basis for table food.

Put in a good word for the Slatonite whenever you can. We need the help, and you help the town when you help us. When you meet a man who is just moving to this district, tell him that you have a good newspaper (all jokers keep off of this seeming self praise—it's a serious bread and butter proposition with us) and that he will miss lots of good things if he doesn't subscribe at once. If you have a neighbor who is not a subscriber tell him that he is missing something. We print this paper for your benefit, and that is one way you can show your appreciation of a live paper.

### OVER THE EXCHANGE TABLE

Our office devil makes the positive statement that a widow can talk to a full grown man, while a girl just simply primps and giggles.—Merkel Mail.

The Snyder Signal was some paper last week. In addition to the usual line of smaller ads the Signal had two quarter-page ads, one half-page, two full-page, and one two-page ad. Such a circumstance in a country office is going some.

Editor Stricklin of the Brownfield Herald sort o' rocked the boat with his ultimatum laid down to the "whang dang merchants," but he says it takes a scare to make some business men wake up. He says he is sitting steady with his hand on the tiller; and furthermore that "he is boss of the captain's gig," and if the boys want to get right they can patronize the Herald.

Miss Ida Farrell, the editress of the Glazier Review, has leased her paper to Chas. W. Hamilton, and will travel for a year, visiting in Iowa, Ohio, and—would you believe it—will spend the winter in gay old New York. From there she goes to California to the Exposition, and then back to Glazier in the fall. What a lark for a country newspaper-woman! Miss Ida deserves the vacation. Bon voyage to you!

A new bird, to us, has invaded this part of the country. They are about the size of a lark, are of a smooty color, and make a noise resembling that of a cat. Some pronounce them a Mexican bird, having seen them in the Capitan mountains.—Brownfield Herald.

The bat appeared in Slaton this fall, the first that ninety-nine per cent. of the people had ever seen on the Plains. The squirrel will come as soon as a few groves get nicely started.

W. B. Smith, editor of the Pitchfork at Dallas, and one of the most striking language cartoonists of the day, has renounced Socialism, and says that a study of the traits and trends of the human animal has convinced him that socialism is impracticable and disastrous. "A Socialist," he says, "is a sincere and earnest gentleman who would like to see the great industries managed as the Ladies Aid Society would manage a lawn festival." Smith as a word juggler is a wonder, and his profusion of metaphors is inexhaustible and oftentimes amazing in their comparisons.

The Tuscola Valley Vidette has suspended publication, because of insufficient patronage, and the printing plant was moved to Abilene. Editor S. L. Neely says that the business at Tuscola has not proven as profitable as he had hoped for, and after waiting nearly three years for the business men to decide to support a local paper he is tired of the waiting policy, and is getting too advanced in years to work solely on futures. He is a good newspaperman, and earned the business that he didn't get. Tuscola will be a lonely place without the Vidette. This is only what eventually happens to any town that won't give its newspaper patronage enough so the editor can spend a nickel without kissing it good bye.

Next Sunday will be quail day. The quail are numerous, but the high grass will let them hide so they will be hard to get.

The fifth annual exposition of the Texas Cotton Palace, called The South's Most Unique Exposition, will be held at Waco from October 31st to November 15th.

The announcement that Aunt Mollie Bailey has quit the show business and retired to her farm near Houston is of interest to the whole people of Texas. She was one of the most liberal of show managers, and one of the most successful.

### DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES

Below are the nominees from this county who carried their announcements in the Slatonite before the primaries, and are now making the race on the Democratic ticket, subject to the general election in November, 1914:

- For District Attorney: G. E. LOCKHART.
- For County Judge: E. R. HAYNES.
- For Sheriff and Tax Collector: W. H. FLYNN.
- For County and District Clerk: SAM T. DAVIS.
- For Tax Assessor: R. C. BURNS.
- For County Treasurer: CHRIS HARWELL.
- For County Commissioner Precinct No. 2: C. A. JOPLIN.

Other nominees, who did not carry their announcements before the primary, may place them in this column, subject to the general election, on the Democratic ticket, running from now until the election for \$1.50.

## Furnitute Just Unloaded a Car

Buy, Sell, Trade Second Hand Furniture and Stoves  
**Cole's Original Hot Blast Heaters** Accept No Imitations  
Charter Oak Cook Stoves  
Licensed Embalmer  
**HOWERTON**

## South Park Heights FIVE ACRE TRACTS

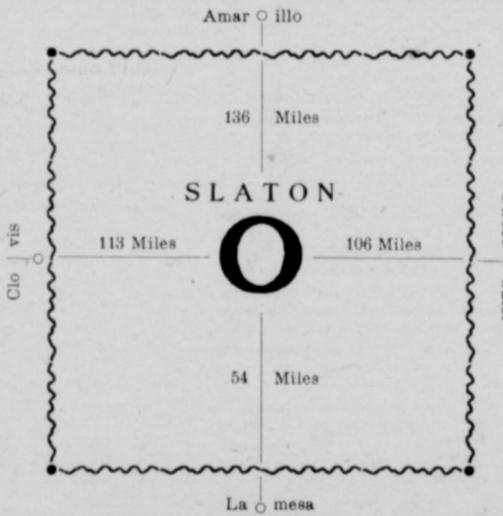
Will trade you one or more of these tracts for Maize, Kaffir, or Stock, or will sell them on easy terms. This affords you an opportunity to turn your feed or stock into a home.  
**R. J. MURRAY, SLATON, TEXAS**

## Slaton Livery Barn

G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor  
Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations.  
We have for sale at all times—  
**Hay, Grain and Feed, Chicken Feed  
Ground Oyster Shells, etc.**

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

4-Way Division Santa Fe System



## SLATON LOCATION

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

### Advantages and Improvements

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

### BUSINESS SECTION AND RESIDENCES BUILT

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

### SURROUNDED BY A FINE, PRODUCTIVE LAND

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

THE COMPANY OFFERS for sale a limited number of business lots remaining at original low list prices and residence lots at exceedingly low prices. For further information address . . . . .

**P. & N. T. RAILWAY CO., Owners.**

SOUTH PLAINS LAND COMPANY, and HARRY T. MCGEE,  
Local Townsite Agents, Slaton, Texas.

**MEANT FOR THE FALL**

**JAUNTY BOLERO SUIT THAT IS SURE TO BE POPULAR.**

Makes Splendid Street Costume or in Suitable Materials Will Be Most Serviceable for Wear in the Afternoon.

Even the tailor-made costumes are more or less elaborate, for the simplest of them is cut in some complicated fashion. The long jackets, with basques having a movement "en forme" and cut on the bias, are very new. They are worn with waistcoats of white satin or fancy brocade, which fasten with odd little buttons.

Fashion, however, is becoming more and more eclectic every day, so it is



Jaunty Bolero Suit for the Fall.

also possible to see the quite short jacket on the bolero order, whose general effect is completed by a tunic skirt, making it look like a long jacket. This gives a very youthful effect.

The idea is interestingly exploited in the model here shown, which is developed in Saxe blue Deauville cloth and black taffeta. The jacket, in the form of a little bolero, has a soutache trimming in self-color appearing in a narrow border around the neck and sleeve ends, but spreading out over the front edge in a larger motif. The peplumlike pieces that are hung over either hip are also trimmed with soutache. There is a deep girde of black taffeta tied in a bow at the front, and above this a shallow bib running off to nothing at either side. Then the sleeves are oddly lengthened on the outside, covering the elbow, with a fold of taffeta. The guimpe may be of white net or chiffon, is crossed over the bust between the jacket edges, and given an upstanding collar of batiste.

Both tunic flounces are laid in folds and are quite straight and plain. The upper one shows two smart little triangular "patch" pockets, both of which are braided with the soutache trimming. The lower skirt is of taffeta.

This will make a splendid street costume for the fall, or in crepe de chine will be found most serviceable for the afternoon.

**Schoolgirl's Hair.**

The fashion of bobbing the hair is not quite as popular as it was, although for a really practical and becoming way of wearing the hair short it is unrivaled. The small girl now wears her hair long, whether it is straight or curly, and tied with a big ribbon bow at the back of the head. Such a bow takes a yard and a quarter of six-inch taffeta ribbon.

**Silk Shirts.**

To launder silk shirts which have the tucked bosom that cannot be ironed proceed as follows: After washing the shirt wring and fold in a Turkish towel, roll up solid and let it lie a while. Then iron the shirt except the bosom, which you place over a bosom board and pin firmly to it and place where it will dry, and it will look as good as new.

**Black Net Roses.**

Black net is used for making roses for trimming. On a model of white net was seen one black rose, which made an effective decoration. The black rose has been borrowed from the prevailing vogue for black, so popular in every detail of woman's dress.

**ROUND SHOULDERS A DEFECT**

Exercise of Will About the Best Method of Prevention—Condition is seldom Outgrown.

The general appearance of one afflicted with round shoulders and flat chest is quite familiar to the observer. The head projects forward, the shoulders droop and the chest is narrow and flat. The shoulder blades stick out prominently and the abdomen protrudes. Children with round shoulders are as a rule below the average in muscular development and lack vigor, are clumsy in their movements and walk heavily.

There are three kinds of round shoulders—the ordinary round back, the round hollow back and the round back due to forward displacement of the shoulders. During the years of growth, posture will usually take care of itself, if constant changes are allowed. Change is instinctive and automatic in the child and the varied activities are sufficient to lead it along normal lines. If from inherent weakness or confinement of school life without the relief of games and play, this normal development be hindered, the result will soon show in the spine.

The causes of round shoulders are those general conditions which produce muscular or constitutional weakness, like rapid growth, overwork, bad air in schools or the home, acute illness, unhygienic surroundings, or general lack of exercise. It is probable that a weakness of the will is a more important cause than weakness of the muscles.

Round shoulders are not likely to be outgrown, as the victims usually become permanently and structurally set in the faulty position, with flattened chest walls and distorted figures.

**FRIEND OF THE TRAVELER**

Rucksack Has Many Advantages Over the Always Popular Knapsack.

What is a rucksack? According to Outing it is a bag made of denim, or heavy cloth. It has one or two pockets on the back, in which books or articles frequently required by the tourist are readily accessible. The top is fastened by a cord, so the rucksack, filled with a couple of suits of underwear, toilet articles and the like, resembles a meal sack, except in color. Most of those sold in Europe are green, harmonizing with the landscape. But khaki is suitable in color and material. The rucksack has a number of advantages over its cousin, the knapsack. It is easier to get at, for one thing. It is not necessary to unfasten any straps to open the rucksack. Untying the string around the top by pulling one free end of a bow-knot enables the tourist to select anything contained therein in a jiffy.

**SIMPLE FROCK OF TUB SILK**

One of the Most Acceptable Garments of the Season is Pictured for Our Readers.



This is a simple little frock of tub silk in a delicate shade of violet. The deep collar with points over the shoulder is of white silk, so also are the sleeve ruffles headed by a plaiting of purple silk. The tunic which hangs from the hip yoke is full and long and is joined to the yoke with a heading of the plaited purple silk. The yoke and tunic are of the violet silk hung over an underskirt of white. The front is fringed with ribbon of purple satin. The satin ribbon is also used for the girde.

**GERMAN AVIATOR DESCRIBES BATTLE IN THE AIR OVER HOSTILE ARMY**

By RAYMOND E. SWING.

Berlin.—A hero has stepped out of H. G. Wells' "The War of the Air" in the person of Feldwebel Werner, one of the hundreds of German aviators, who has the distinction of being one of the first Germans to fly over Paris and to fight a remarkable battle in the air with two of the enemy's aeroplanes. He was a passenger for a short distance in the special car put at the disposal of correspondents on their way to Liege and told us a graphic story of his experiences.

Werner's first assignment was to find the English army near Mons. The army was about 100,000 strong and was retiring before a German force of double its strength.

**Where Were French Aviators?**

Here, at the start, one wonders how the French could have allowed their allies to be so misled about the strength of the opposing forces. Where were the French aviators? I know of a man who had been over the field and who told the war office in France that at least 200,000 Germans were in the flanking army advancing through Belgium, but he was told: "Impossible! There is only cavalry."

The French were completely outwitted by this flank movement. The flower of their army was at the Alsace frontier. Their mistake will cost them Paris.

At Mons the English forces took up a strong position, filling houses at the edge of the city with troops and machine guns and covering the road of the advancing German troops. When the enemy approached they directed a terrific fire upon them and could be dislodged only at heavy cost. They then retired to a position behind great mountains of slag behind the city, where the Germans were unable to dislodge them with howitzer fire.

**Flyer Watches the Battle.**

Again, they could be driven back only by flanking movements from both sides. This time our flyer, who watched this battle, told us the English retired hastily along the road in the direction of Le Cateau.

"The English have reached their new position successfully," said a London report in its account of this retreat. "And out of breath," added a correspondent on reading the dispatch.

The fighting at Mons was furious and the Germans were enraged by the British method of fighting, which throughout at Mons was done under cover. Never had German soldiers fought with such frenzy as against this foe.

**Attacked by Two Airships.**

When the enemy retired Airman Werner was assigned to the duty of following and discovering their new position. He found the army near Le Cateau, where, at the edge of a wood, he saw them taking up a strong position in a semi-circle before the forest. While watching these operations from a height of 1,700 yards Werner suddenly saw a double-decker Bristol aeroplane coming down on him from the clouds. The Bristol is a faster but a less sure machine than the Taube which Werner was piloting. There was no safety in running away; the Bristol could overtake him. He could not alight, as the English were underneath. There was nothing to do but to face the worst and to fly gradually lower and lower in the direction of the German army. As the Bristol came nearer Werner espied a second aeroplane, a little Bleriot, another swift flier, also bearing down on him.

**Revolver Battle in Air.**

The Bristol drew closer and closer flying down upon Werner in large circles, gradually getting within range. With one hand on the wheel the German officer drew out his revolver and emptied his magazine at the approaching foe. But the Bristol continued, coming always nearer.

"When they get over me they will drop a bomb," thought Werner, and felt most uncomfortable. His observer reloaded Werner's revolver and both kept on firing. But the Bristol kept always coming closer in its circles, firing constantly on the German monoplane. The Bleriot had come close enough to fire also and bullets punctured the wings of the German machine at intervals of seconds only.

There was no sound reaching the Germans except that of their own motors. They only knew the English and French pilots were shooting from the vivid flashes from their revolvers. But no bombs fell; it was evident that the English and French were not carrying them.

**Escaped to the German Army.**

Firing continued as Werner descended gradually, reducing his elevation from 1,700 yards to 850, always coming closer to the German army. Every moment he faced the risk of being wounded or of a bullet striking his steering apparatus.

For hours, it seemed to him, the conflict continued until he saw the German army in the distance. He then sent his car rapidly downward and descended beside his army. The Bristol and the Bleriot retired hastily. The battle had covered seventy-five miles.

On descending Werner found his plane riddled with bullets, but he patched up the punctures and later witnessed the battle of Le Cateau over the position that he had discovered.

Here again the English, after plucky resistance, were driven back. The Germans attacked with two flanking movements and a storming advance against the middle of the English position, and through main strength and the extraordinary spirit of the attack, forced the enemy back. The army of 100,000 had in a few days been reduced to 30,000.

**Drops Bombs on Paris.**

Later on Werner was instructed to fly over Paris. Here he dropped several bombs, some with good effect, though others did not explode. He carried two kinds of bombs, one a round shell about the size of a baseball and weighing 1.1 pounds, the other shaped like a small artillery shell and weighing 4 1/2 pounds. These latter, when they exploded, were powerful enough to tear up paved streets and wreck houses. Werner also told of dropping notes into Paris, calling the French such hated names as "cochon."

The flyers are the only men who really are seeing this war. They have the enemy's position under them and can study it to their heart's content. Only a lucky shot can dislodge them, and their chief danger is from the attacking aviators. The German scouts usually fly at a height of 1,700 yards. On dark days they fly at the edge of the clouds and slip in and out for observation from this excellent screen.

**Accurate Aim at 2,000 Yards.**

Extraordinary stories about Zeppelins are to be heard in Germany, some of which are almost incredible. One account is of the method used by Zeppelins in throwing bombs. A recent invention, I am told, permits a Zeppelin, when there are clouds, to fly high and unseen from the ground and to let down a basket containing a man, who then, by telephone, signals the airship what position to take.

In cloudless times the bombs are dropped from an apparatus hung directly below the airship, the bombs being hung on two fingers. When the position of the target is determined, the fingers open and the bomb falls.

These bombs are said to be twelve inches in diameter and two feet long. The damage they can do is terrific. Houses in the neighborhood of the explosion collapse as though made of cards, and they can tear up streets for a distance of scores of yards.

**Zeppelins to Attack Fleet.**

I am told that practically all Zeppelins have retired from active assistance in taking fortifications and are centered around the North sea, where they are to assist in an attack on the British fleet. The outcome of such a battle will be highly important, for it will determine whether a dirigible can measure up against a warship. If it can, the German fleet will not be badly outnumbered in the conflict about to take place, for the British fleet is insufficiently supplied with balloon guns, as only a few of these are in existence.

We hear, too, remarkable stories about the number of Zeppelins. At the outbreak of the war there were twenty-two on record. Today the report of their number varies from fifty-six to ninety. Material for Zeppelins is said to have been stored at points throughout the empire, where it could be put together in a few days, and this scheme has added Zeppelins to the air fleet at the rate of two a week.

This story is improbable, for the German army does not possess a sufficient number of men trained in operating dirigibles.

**Differ on Bomb-Hurling Ethics.**

The German aeroplanes have done excellent service. There are several hundred machines in operation, and comparatively few have been shot down.

I know of one young man, a son of one of Germany's most prominent men who flew to Paris early in the war. He was fired on repeatedly, and each time descended gradually to a prearranged depot, whence, after the enemy believed him to have been killed, he continued his trip.

When asked if he had thrown bombs on Paris, he answered simply: "No, I don't carry bombs." This would indicate that there may be a difference of opinion in the army itself as to the ethics of bomb throwing.

The astounding advance of the Germans has been analyzed by a military expert, who says that it is due to four points; heavy artillery, aviators, field kitchens and pedestrian feats of large troop groups. The first two points are now generally recognized.

**WAS MISERABLE COULDN'T STAND**

**Testifies She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

Lackawanna, N. Y.—"After my first child was born I felt very miserable and could not stand on my feet. My sister-in-law wished me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and my nerves became firm, appetite good, step elastic, and I lost that weak, tired feeling. That was six years ago and I have had three fine healthy children since. For female troubles I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it works like a charm. I do all my own work."—Mrs. A. F. KREAMER, 1574 Electric Avenue, Lackawanna, N. Y.



The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

**ADVICE TO THE AGED**

Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and torpid liver.

**Tutt's Pills**

have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, gives natural action, and imparts vigor to the whole system.

**BLACK LEG**

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutler's Blacking Pills. Low priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkg. Blacking Pills \$1.00. 50-dose pkg. Blacking Pills 4.00. Use any injector, but Cutler's best. The superiority of Cutler's products is due to over 12 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Insist on Cutler's. If unavailable, order direct. The Cutler Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

**Pettit's Eye Salve**

Never call a woman an old hen because she is set in her ways.

The cities of Europe are generally cleaner than those of this country.

For nail in the foot use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Put your best foot forward and you won't have so many kicks coming.

Red Cross Ball Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from any grocer. Adv.

The Indian ocean in its deepest parts is 18,582 feet. Its area is 28,000,000 square miles.

About fifty workmen are permanently employed in keeping St. Paul's cathedral in repair.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not gripe. Adv.

Rouchefoucauld said that there are no pleasant marriages. But he had not tried them all.

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

Some marriages may be failures, but we have noticed that most widows and widowers are anxious to try again.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure. The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

The princes of India are abandoning the gorgeous equipages and adopting American automobiles.

How To Give Quinine To Children FEBRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for genuine original package. The name FEBRILINE is blown in bottle—no counterfeits.

# GOLDEN WEDDING IS CELEBRATED BY THE ROCKEFELLERS

Wife of Oil King, at Seventy-Five, Realizes Life's Ambition.

## SOME GLIMPSES OF HER LIFE

Points in the Career of a Woman Never Before Given to the Public—Family Was Always Her First Consideration.

New York.—In a secluded corner of the state of New York, a quiet little old woman of seventy-five years enjoyed the realization of her life's ambition on Tuesday, September 8.

On that morning she attained her golden wedding anniversary—the goal of her existence. Surrounded by all the luxuries that belong to the wife of the richest man in the world, she cares only for the pleasures of the thrifty housewife and the bestowing of little charities that might be the pride of a prosperous business man.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, one of the principals in a golden wedding anniversary that is golden in every sense, is the personification of simplicity in dress thought and manner.

There are plenty of 50-year wedding anniversaries in these days. But seldom do the very rich and less often do the very richest dwell together in peace and companionship through half a century of nuptial experience, resisting the onslaught of time and the wear and tear incident to the amass-



John D. Rockefeller.

ing of fortune and all the burdens that money brings until they reach an age sufficiently ripe to plan for golden weddings.

So the Rockefeller anniversary, which fell on September 8, was unique in many ways.

It was in Cleveland, O., on a bright autumn day in 1864 that Laura Celestia Spelman and John D. Rockefeller took their nuptial vows. The bridegroom was twenty-five and the bride was almost the same age, her birthday succeeding her wedding day.

Their romance had its foundation in an acquaintanceship when both were in grammar school at Cleveland, and ripened after Miss Spelman had finished her education at a boarding school in Worcester, Mass., and returned in 1859 to Cleveland to teach. Mr. Rockefeller had been a clerk in a Cleveland commission house, but about this time he entered into the partnership of Clark & Rockefeller in the commission business, and laid the foundation for his fortune in furnishing food supplies to the Union army at the outset of the Civil war. His

sweetheart agreed to wait for him until he had firmly established himself, and their wedding was deferred until John, with the fruits of his commission business invested, launched into the oil industry with Andrews, Clark & Co., in 1862.

The story of how Rockefeller rose to fortune subsequently by the formation of the successive concerns of William Rockefeller & Co., and the various Standard Oil companies, culminating in the Standard trust, is familiar to almost every schoolboy. But what of his wife, this little woman of today?

Never a strong girl and of less than average physical size, she was always of the sweetest disposition and most kindly thought. She was the daughter of Harvey Buel Spelman, who emigrated from his native Massachusetts to Akron, O., where he became a successful dry goods merchant. He was an educator and a member of the Ohio legislature, an ardent Congregationalist and abolitionist. He removed to Cleveland when Laura was a child. In Cleveland she attended grammar school, and after a course in the East taught in Cleveland for five years, giving up pedagogy for matrimony. Her mother was an active W. C. T. U. worker, and the daughter followed in her footsteps. She was indefatigable in her work for temperance, for the poor, for those ill. She "went about doing good."

Despite her long residence in New York city and her immense wealth, she never figured in the society of the metropolis. She sought, rather, the hospitals to visit, comfort and give financial help to those ill. And when her children were large enough they made their regular visits to the sick, carrying flowers. She has taken a deep interest in the welfare of colored girls in the South, in which work her father was interested before her. In fact, Spelman pater established the Spelman seminary at Atlanta, Ga., for negro girls, and since his death this institution has been supported by Mrs. Rockefeller.

Mrs. Rockefeller's chief occupation in life has been the rearing of her four children. Another child died in infancy. Society never claimed her from her children and she never has had any interest that was considered as approaching her family in importance.

Mrs. Rockefeller trained her children in the ways of thrift just as she might have done if she had expected that they would be compelled to make their own way in life. She set them an example in this respect in her manner of dress and in the direction of her household, even when this involved the great home and grounds at Pocantico Hills, Tarrytown, N. Y. Her social circles always included only the old friends of the family—friends made during the early days when nobody suspected that John Rockefeller, commission merchant, ever would be the richest man in the world. Even this limited number of friends often was neglected in order that the mother might devote all of her time to her children.

During recent years when Mrs. Rockefeller appeared in public she always was clad in the same simple style. She wore a black silk gown with white lace trimmings at the throat and cuffs, with a neat black coat to match.

Nobody ever discovered that Mrs. Rockefeller was greatly interested in the wealth that her husband spent his life in amassing. She suffered much because of it. She suffered when her husband faced numerous attacks in newspapers and magazines that had to do with his methods of making money and she suffered when he was the defendant in several government prosecutions that were brought on for the same reason.

But that practically was the only interest she had in the money credited to her husband's account at the bank—or his numerous banks, to be exact. Any business man with an income of \$5,000 a year could have provided his wife with the same luxu-

ries that Mrs. Rockefeller enjoyed. Most of the charities of the Rockefeller family were left to the husband or his aids to handle. Mrs. Rockefeller, however, enjoyed bestowing funds in certain directions herself.

A needy distant relative was incapacitated. A home was built and given to him free of all cost by Mrs. Rockefeller.

The church interests of this richest wife have always been important in her eyes. She was originally a Congregationalist, but upon her marriage transferred her allegiance to the Baptist denomination of her husband, and is now a member of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church in Cleveland. As long as her health permitted, she was never absent from her pew on Sunday.

But it is in her home that she shows to her best advantage. To her guests she is a hostess royal. Always she talks of those subjects which are closest to the hearts of those she entertains—the rare secret of a successful hostess. She makes all feel at ease at once. There is nothing of the snob in her. Lovable and companionable at all times, she is a woman to whom wealth has brought no change of character save to emphasize its highest qualities.

In recent years she has been in very infirm health. But for the tender and persistent care which she has received at the hands of her husband she would probably not have lived until now.

She never sought to buy titles for her children, though she might easily have done so. And she never aspires to the title of "oil queen" or any other queen, though she has some excuse, for the blood of royalty actually flows in the veins of her "oil king" husband.

Such is the fact, for though not many know of it, John D. Rockefeller is a direct descendant of the reigning house of England, a lineal heir of Edward Ironsides, once king, and of all the succeeding rulers down to Edward III. Through the third Edward's son, the earl of Leicester, he traces his ancestry to the daughter of the third earl of Lincoln, who married John Humphrey, early magistrate of Massachusetts Bay colony, and whose granddaughter, Susanna Palmes, wed Samuel Avery, progenitor of Lucy Avery, who married Godfrey Rockefeller, the grandsire of John D.

## MODERN CRUSOES ARE TIRED

Life on South Pacific Island a Little Bit Too Lonesome for People There.

San Francisco.—Sunday island, a verdant tract of seven by five miles, in the Kermadec group of the South Pacific, is to be abandoned, the 13 persons who have been living a Crusoe-like life there being driven to desperation by loneliness, rats, volcanic rumblings and other afflictions. The New Zealand government is to return the party to civilization.

Thomas Bell, who was landed on the island by a whaler in 1878, held undisputed possession of the place for 20 years, but the New Zealand government later apportioned the island among a number of settlers. Since then frequent attempts have been made to colonize the place, but Bell is the only one who stuck it out from the first. Even now, though the other 12 settlers are sick of the place, Bell says he would remain if the government would recognize his ownership. The crops which the handful of islanders try to plant are destroyed by the small Pacific rats which infest the place, and a surging volcano frequently gives the whole island a shiver.

Dapper Private Was a Girl. Quebec, Canada.—Determined to go to war with the Canadian troops, a young woman was discovered in the full uniform of a private in the Valcartier camp, near Quebec. A sentry became suspicious of the dapper looking private and challenged him. The suspect was taken to headquarters and later placed on a train for Quebec.

## FRICK'S FRENCH CHEF TO WAR

Millionaire's Noted Cook Causes Dismay By Going Home to Fight for Country.

Boston.—Inspired by patriotism of so high an order that he willing gave up his highly paid position, the famous French chef employed by Henry Clay Frick at his North Shore summer home resigned his place and announced his intention of returning to France to fight.

The consternation in the Frick family at this unexpected move, however, was duplicated in several other homes, where nearly all the men servants have either gone or have announced their intention of leaving.

The Frick chef is the highest salaried servant of the lot, receiving a salary that is said to rival that of some bank presidents and many business men who are considered in comfortable circumstances. Many of those, however, who are going back to Europe are well paid, and in addition live in quarters that will make life in

the army seem especially miserable. The fashionable residents of the North shore are in a quandary as to what to do without their servants. The maids are left, but in few instances do these know how to cook, and more than one society woman, it is rumored, is making experimental trips into the kitchen.

The French predominate among the North shore servants, but some are German and a few Italian and English. The war has been responsible for no little wrangling among them.

## SLAVERS SEEK GIRL TOURISTS

Station Crowds Are Being Combed for Lolliters—Unprotected Women Cared For in London.

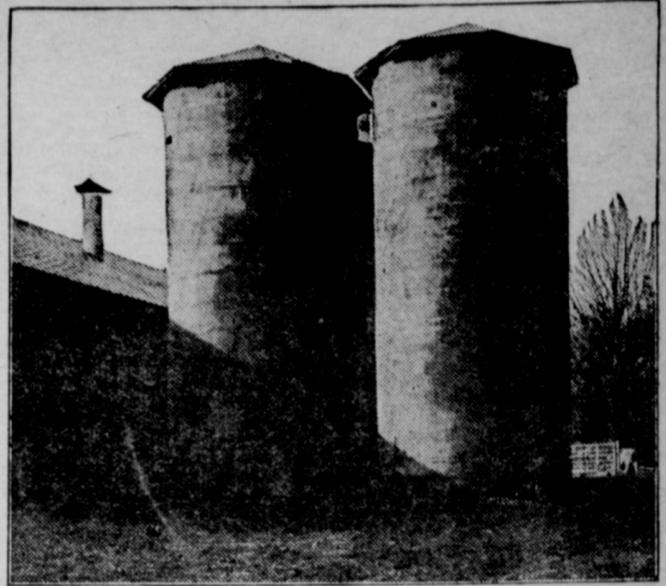
London.—Scotland yard detectives are co-operating with the Citizens' committee in London in safeguarding women and girls stranded in England because of the European war. Two detectives are on duty at the Ameri-

can embassy. Crowds at depots are being combed for objectionable characters to prevent their forcing their attentions on unaccompanied women and girl tourists. The activities of steamship speculators, spurious and otherwise, have given detectives the excuse to watch these men, though their chief mission is to look out for white slave traders.

One such miscreant in particular is being watched for. An American now in Antwerp found that his daughter, a minor, had been lured to London. He went to the American consul general in Antwerp, Henry W. Diederich, and begged him to enlist the aid of the embassy and the relief organization in London in running down the pair. The matter is now in the hands of the Citizens' committee and the police are on the track.

In a number of instances parents in the United States have cabled appeals to the Citizens' committee to see that their daughters are put safely aboard steamships. This has been unflinchingly done by women members of the committee.

## PLAN FOR CONSTRUCTING CONCRETE SILO



Well-Constructed Silos.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A well-constructed home-made silo will last indefinitely, and there is no danger of its blowing down, rotting out or being attacked by vermin, says Farmers' Bulletin 689 of the United States department of agriculture.

The cost of the home-made silo depends so much on the size of the silo and on the local price of materials that no definite amount can be assigned which would be applicable to all conditions. Recently collected data on the cost of home-made silos show an average cost of concrete silos to be \$2.58 per ton capacity. The stave silos cost \$1.63 and the modified Wisconsin \$1.61 per ton capacity. Silos of small diameters cost more per ton capacity than silos of large diameters.

There are some features which are essential to the construction of all silos and without which silage will not be kept in perfect condition.

1. The walls should be air-tight. Since the keeping of silage depends upon the exclusion of air it is imperative that the walls of the silo be built in such a way as to keep out the air. The lumber should be well matched, and that containing large knots should be rejected. In concrete silos a wash on the inside with cement or with raw coal tar thinned with gasoline is effective in making the walls impervious to air. Care should be taken that the doors fit closely into their frames.

2. The walls should be smooth and plumb so that the silage will not adhere to them in settling and thus cause air spaces in the outer edge of the silage. Furthermore, the walls should be capable of standing considerable lateral strain without cracking or bulging. This is one reason why rectangular silos are unsuccessful.

3. The silo must be deep enough so that the pressure from above will thoroughly pack the silage and force out the air. The greater the pressure the less air in the silo and the less will be the loss of nutrition materials by fermentation.

4. The only form of silo to be recommended is one which is round. This form is the cheapest, capacity considered, and the walls are more rigid than those of the rectangular or octagonal forms. This results in more perfect preservation of the silage.

The silo should be placed outside rather than inside the barn. As a silo ordinarily does not need the protection of a barn, it is not economical to use barn space for this purpose. An exception to this rule may be made in the case of the round barn. A silo in the middle of a round barn serves to support the superstructure as well as to place the silage in a position for convenient feeding. A silo so placed,

however, is liable to be very inconvenient to fill. The most popular location is not more than a few feet from the barn and opening into a separate feeding room. The door of the barn can then be closed and the silage odors kept out of the stable at milking time.

The silo should not be built in the ground so deeply as to make it necessary to lift the silage more than five feet in getting it out from the bottom. In other words, the bottom should not be more than five feet below the lowest door.

### The Size and Capacity of the Silo.

The diameter of the silo will depend upon the amount of silage to be fed daily. The silage should be removed from the top at the rate of 1½ to 3 inches per day, depending upon climatic conditions. The warmer the weather the more silage must be removed from the surface daily in order to prevent spoiling. For the winter feeding season it is safer to figure upon removing two inches daily rather than a smaller amount. A common error in building is to make the diameter too large for the size of the herd. The weight of a cubic foot of silage varies according to the pressure to which it is subjected, but in a silo 30 feet deep it will average about forty pounds. So, by knowing the amount of silage to be fed daily, it is possible to estimate what the diameter of the silo should be to permit the removal of a certain number of inches in depth each day.

The following table will prove of interest to those contemplating building silos:

Relation of size of herd to diameter of silo for winter feeding, on basis of 40 pounds of silage per cubic foot:

Diameter of silo, feet	Quantity of silage in depth of 1 in., pounds	Number of animals that may be fed allowing—			
		10 lbs. per head	20 lbs. per head	30 lbs. per head	40 lbs. per head
10	524	12	17	21	25
11	634	16	21	26	31
12	754	19	25	31	37
13	886	22	29	36	44
14	1,028	25	34	41	51
15	1,178	29	39	48	58
16	1,340	32	44	54	65
17	1,512	35	50	61	73
18	1,696	42	58	71	84
20	2,094	53	70	86	103

### Corn Crop in the Silo.

The feed-cutter should be in use on every farm, the corn-shredder is an excellent thing, but why not put all of the corn crop in a silo as the best probable position to get every pound of value out of it.

## INFLUENCES TOUCHING SOIL

Thorough Pulverization of Soil Following Drought Tends to Increase Yields—Frost is Factor.

Big crops usually follow a year of drought, in the main due to the thorough pulverization of soil from that agency. Frost is another factor that gives big crops whenever it enters the ground deeply, and either of these agencies will till the soil deeper than any tools can reach.

There is yet another agency which should never be neglected, deep-rooting plants, which, beside their mechanical and acid action on the soil, bring to the surface again fertility that has washed or that which is out of reach of the shallower rooted plants, or those with less subsoil penetration. Wheat or oats will attack the subsoil to a limited extent. Alfalfa and sweet clover will work with us and for us all the time.

While we work the top soil free of weeds, and retain the soil mulch, which will enable the alfalfa to sur-

vive, the plant roots are doing an infinitely greater work below, besides adding bacteria, bringing a soil to life that has lain practically dead, except at the very top, for all the ages that have gone.

### Gain From Use of Manure.

The net return realized from a ton of yard manure under general farming conditions depends upon the soil, method of cultivation and crops grown.

The Ohio experiment station has obtained an increase amounting to \$4.60 per ton from yard manure used at the rate of eight tons per acre in a five-year rotation of corn, oats, wheat, clover and timothy. Four tons being supplied to corn and four tons to wheat, this return being the average for the third five-year period, the average return from the yard manure used in all tests in which rotation is practiced has been \$2.97 per ton for the whole time.

Alfalfa Excels. No forage crop excels alfalfa as a pork producer.